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THE
UTAH MAGAZINE;

A Weekly Journal:

DEVOTED TO

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART, AND EDUCATION

E. L. T. HARRISON, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

VOLUME I.

FROM JANUARY 11 TO JULY 4, 1868. Nos. 1 TO 26 INCLUSIVE.

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CHARLES ELLIOTT PERKINS
MEMORIAL COLLECTION

PREFACE.

The First Volume of Magazine literature published in Utah is herewith presented to the Public.

As a Magazine, the present Volume is but a miniature embodiment of what it is ultimately designed to be. All things in nature commence small and weakly at first, and the infantile attempt of Literature in Utah to walk alone must be tolerated, somewhat, for the sake of the effort.

So far as the future of the Magazine is concerned, the purpose is to enlarge it from time to time, and, as fast as possible, to add to it in succession such choice Literary and Artistic features as will make it a worthy representative of progress in Utah.

To those Patrons of Literature and Education, by whose kind aid and favor the present enterprise has so far been successful, this Pioneer Volume of Home Literature in the Rocky Mountains is respectfully dedicated

By the

PUBLISHER.

Salt Lake City, July 4, 1868.

OFFICE OF "DESERET EVENING NEWS."

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[Vol. I.

POETRY.

SCATTER THE GERMS OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY MRS. L. A. COBB.

SCATTER the germs of the beautiful
By the wayside let them fall,
That the rose may spring by the cottage gate,
And the vine on the garden wall;
Cover the rough and the rude of earth
With a veil of leaves and flowers,
And mark with the opening bud and cup
The march of summer hours.

Scatter green germs of the beautiful
In the holy shrine of home;
Let the pure and the fair, and the graceful there
In their loveliest lustre come;
Leave not a trace of deformity
In the temple of the heart,
But gather about its hearth the gems
Of nature and of art.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful
In the temple of our God—
The God who starred the uplifted sky,
And flowered the trampled sod;
When He built a temple for himself
And a home for His princely race,
He reared each arch in symmetry,
And curved each line in grace.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful
In the depth of the human soul;
They shall bud and blossom, and bear the fruit,
While the endless ages roll;
Plant with the flowers of charity
The portals of the tomb,
And the fair, and the pure, about your path
In Paradise shall bloom.

THE KEYS OF ST. PETER;

OR,

VITTORIA ACCORAMBONI.

A TRUE ITALIAN HISTORY.

CHAPTER I.—GOING UP TO TOWN TO BE BROUGHT OUT.

It was in the last quarter of that stormy and many-colored sixteenth century that the following facts occurred. They really did occur. No filling in of historical outline with lights and shadows of fictitious detail, and no heightening of color for the sake of effect, shall be attempted in this narrative; the reader is invited to receive the tale as a piece of well-authenticated history: showing, somewhat strikingly, how the world went in the good old times three hundred years ago.

There lived in the remote little city of Gubbio an ancient but obscure family of provincial nobles, named Accoramboni. Gabbio was a long way from Rome—a longer way, taking all the difficulties of the journey into account, than London is now-a-days. And in proportion to its distance from Rome, the centre of life, wealth, honour, preferment, and all good things, was life at Gubbio stagnant and obscure. Count Claudio Accoramboni and his countess, however, might have been content to live and die, and make their wine and press their olives on the paternal acres, as a long line of unrecorded Accorambonis had done before them, had they not chanced to have a daughter, who grew in this rustic retirement so rare a perfection of loveliness and grace, that her parents felt it to be their duty to the dear girl to give her a few seasons in town. In fact, Vittoria Accoramboni was rightly judged by her judicious parents to be far too superior an article for the native Gubbio market.

All the chroniclers—and they are many—who have left records of Vittoria and her eventful history, vie with each other in their enthusiastic accounts of her surpassing beauty. And yet this, we are assured, was but one portion of the irresistible charm with which she enchanted all who came within the sphere of her influence. One grave old monk writes—crossing himself, one may fancy, the while—of the “portentous power of attraction” which her tongue exercised when she spoke. Others speak of the inimitable grace of her movements, the sylph-like perfection of her form, her artless elegance, and entire freedom from all affectation. Her talents, too, were no less admirable than her beauty. She was a poetess; and if the productions of her muse, whether printed or preserved in manuscript, cannot be said to be much read by her countrymen of the present generation, yet they sufficed to obtain a place for her name in the huge volume of the literary historians of her country.

It has often been remarked that the wide differences of social habits, and still more of moral feeling, which exist between one age and social system and another, make it exceedingly difficult for us duly to appreciate and understand the life of the middle ages, and to estimate fairly the characters of its actors. And, doubtless, the entire difference of our own practice and modes of thought with respect to such matters must have the effect of making the conduct of Count Claudio Accoramboni and his wife, in this business of the disposal of their peerless daughter to the best advantage, seem altogether strange and unnatural. As soon as ever her surpassing beauty, and rare endowments of

mind and body, manifested themselves, Vittoria seems to have been considered by this sixteenth century family as a valuable piece of marketable property, to be disposed of in such manner as would produce the greatest amount of advantage to the family. The means adopted to this end, and the differences of opinion on the subject between various members of the family, will further illustrate the enormous difference of our own ways of thinking and acting on such subjects.

Rome, of course, was the only market for such merchandise as Count Claudio had to offer for sale; and to Rome, accordingly, the Accoramboni family removed. Vittoria had a good escort on her long and far from safe journey to the capital of the world; for, besides father and mother, four adult brothers accompanied her—remarkably noble and needy youths, all trusting to Vittoria, the family treasure, to open for them some of the numerous roads to fortune, which in those days all converged on the Papal city.

This wonderful Rome had still in the sixteenth century very legitimate pretensions to take rank as the capital of the civilised world. The authority which the popes claimed over all the civil powers of Christendom, and which, though often rebelled against in practice, was still admitted almost universally in theory, caused their capital to be the centre of all the political intrigues and schemes of Europe; caused it to be perpetually thronged with ambassadors and diplomatists of every grade, with petitioners, adventurers, fortune-hunters, and notabilities of every sort from every part of the world. Most of the special peculiarities which stamped the age with its own social character existed in a concentrated degree at Rome. The system of superseding law by privilege, which lay at the root of most of the social disorders of the age, existed in greater intensity in Rome than in any other society. The turbulences and disorders arising thence were more constant, more audacious, and more serious there than elsewhere. The wonderful encroachment of ecclesiastical power, and its strange and curious intermixture in all the affairs of life, which also was one leading characteristic of the time, was, as might have been expected, most remarkable, and most mischievously active in Rome.

Every new pope brought up fresh swarms of relatives, dependents, friends, countrymen, to seek their fortune in the great world-carnival. In the papacy of a Genoese pope, Rome would swarm with Ligurians. With a Medici in St. Peter's chair, Florence almost monopolised the good things which flow from the hand of Heaven's vicegerent. With the Bolognese pope, who held the keys at the time we are writing of, Bologna had her turn. And the hot pursuit of Fortune was all the hotter, and the means used for attracting her smile were all the more unscrupulous, because popes' reigns are mostly short. In no case was the need of hurry to make hay while the sun shone, more imperative. A pope's death was as a sudden and entire turn of the wheel of Fortune. Those who were at the top found themselves, between the rising and the setting of the sun, hurled to the bottom; and those who were at the bottom as suddenly were lifted to the top. And the recurrence of these violent changes, which threw the whole Roman world into tenfold confusion, turbulence, and trouble, was strangely frequent. During the whole of the sixteenth century

the popes reigned, on an average, only six years each. In the natural course of things it must be expected that the mode of making a pope would ensure his being an old man. But this probability was further increased by the frequent policy of the College of Cardinals. The different parties who found themselves, as would of course frequently happen, unable to secure the election they wished, would unite in selecting as pope some member of their body whose age and infirmities seemed to promise that they would very shortly have another opportunity of trying their strength in the conclave. Many popes owed their elevation, solely to this consideration.

A thirteenth Gregory was seated in the chair of St. Peter at the time Vittoria and her family made their appearance on this seething, many-coloured, and turbulent scene. We have not the precise date of their journey. But it is certain that it was after 1576, and before—probably not much before—1580. Rome was in a yet more turbulent and lawless condition than usual during these years. For the reigning Pope was a particularly weak and incapable ruler. Gregory the Thirteenth, we are told, was not stained by any of those more glaring vices which had marked many of his recent predecessors. He simply neglected every portion of his manifold duties. His father, as one of the Venetian ambassadors reports to the Senate, lived to be eighty, and his grandfather to be ninety. And the great and absorbing object of the Pope's thoughts and cares was to live as long. With this view, says the ambassador, he systematically refused to occupy himself with any troublesome business, on the ground that nothing is more conducive to longevity than a mind at ease! When reports were made to him of the scandalous scenes of anarchy and violence which were continually occurring, and were rendering his capital as unsafe a residence for quiet citizens as a field of battle or a den of robbers, he never was betrayed into expending more of his carefully treasured vital force than was needed for tranquilly observing that he would pray for the evil-doers.

During this and the preceding centuries the great feudal princes and barons of the ancient and powerful clans of Savelli, Orsini, Colonna, Gaetani, and others, were the pest and ever-present danger of Rome. Constantly in open warfare with each other, and often with the popes themselves, these haughty and unruly subjects, and their numerous bodies of armed retainers, who knew no law save the will of their employer, often tasked to the utmost the strength of the most vigorous of the popes. And under such a ruler as Gregory the Thirteenth their utter lawlessness reduced Rome to a state of anarchy which, had it continued unchecked, must have entirely sapped the foundations of all civil society. A notice of one of the ordinary street tumults that took place about the time in question, as it has been preserved in the pages of a contemporary chronicler, will serve to give an idea of the sort of deeds which were wont to pass in Rome unchecked and unpunished, and will, at the same time, introduce to the reader one of the principal personages in the tale we have to tell.

The "Bargello," as the principal police-officer of the city was called, had, with his band of armed followers, arrested certain outlaws belonging to the territory of Naples; and it would seem that these men were in the pay, or otherwise under the protection, of some one

of the great Roman barons. While the bargello, therefore, was conducting his prisoners through the streets, he was met by a cavalcade of noble youths, Raimondo Orsini, Pietro Gaetani, Silla Savelli, and others, who disputed his passage. The bargello, writes the chronicler, "spoke to them cap in hand, with great respect, endeavoring to quiet them, and persuaded them to let him do his duty. They, however, would hear nothing, but attacked him and his men, killed several, took others into houses, and flung them from the windows, to the great ignominy and contumely of public justice." All this, however, could not have mattered much, or have been worth recording, but that an unlucky shot from one of the bargello's men killed the noble Raimondo Orsini. The bargello at once fled from Rome, knowing full well that neither pope nor law could save his life from the vengeance of the Orsini. But the noble anger of that proud house was not to be thus balked. And Ludovico Orsini, the brother of Raimondo, and the gentleman with whom the reader will have to make further acquaintance, avenged his brother, and asserted the honor of the clan, by murdering the lieutenant-general of police, the officer on whom the bargello depended, as he was coming down from the papal palace on Monte Cavallo.

Such was the Roman world to which Count Claudio Accoramboni was bringing his daughter and four sons to seek their fortunes about the year 1578

But in accordance with the saying, that when things are at the worst they must mend, there was a change preparing for Rome and its lawless nobles, and almost equally villanous outlawed bandits, in a manner and from a quarter from which no human being in Rome dreamed of expecting it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR HER.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

THE ancestors of the good people of these United States came to this country ostensibly to escape the persecutions of aristocratic England, but, alas for the inconsistency of human nature, they were very far from abandoning aristocracy when they left the mother country. They brought it with them, together with all its accompanying notions and absurdities, and have left it to their children as an inalienable legacy which we seem to be trying to increase every day.

In the days of the good colony of Virginia, the distinctions between rich and poor were based upon laws which, like those of the Medes and Persians, altered not. One of the most devout followers of this code was a wealthy planter living in what is known as the Northern Neck. He was in all other respects a frank, open-hearted, manly gentleman, but his estimate of his fellow men was founded upon the principles that governed his selection of his horses—blood. Wealth, too, was by no means an unimportant feature with him. He had our human weakness, and like all of us was influenced more than he even believed by pounds, shillings and pence.

This Mr. G— had quite a large family, and among them was a daughter whose beauty was the standing boast of the country. She was just eighteen, and

budding into a lovely womanhood. Not only was she beautiful in person, her amiable disposition and many accomplishments made her more than ordinarily attractive, and half the gentlemen of the Northern Neck were already sighing for her love.

There was in the country, at this time, a young man who was already rising high in the esteem of his neighbors. He came of a good family, but was, as yet, a poor young surveyor, who had taught himself his profession, and who had spent much of his manhood traversing unknown forests, with nothing but his compass for his guide, and his chain for his companion, locating lands and settling disputed titles. He was a model of manly beauty, and excelled in all the varied feats of strength in which the olden time Americans took such pride. He was calm and reserved, and there was about him a dignified sweetness of demeanor that accorded well with his frank independence of character. He was a great favorite with all who knew him, and there was no gathering to which he was not asked.

Mr. G— seemed especially to like the young man, and it was not long before he insisted that the latter should abandon all ceremony in his visits to him, and come and go when he pleased. The invitation was heartily given, and as promptly accepted. The young man liked the planter, and he found the society of the beautiful Mary G— a very strong attraction. The result was that he was frequently at the planter's residence, so frequently, indeed, that Mrs. G— felt called upon to ask her husband if he did not think it wrong to permit him to enjoy such unreserved intercourse with their daughter. The father only laughed at the idea, and said he hoped his daughter knew her position too well to allow anything like love for a poor surveyor to blind her to her duty to her family.

Nevertheless, Mary G— was not so fully impressed with this conviction of duty as was her father.— She found more to admire in the poor surveyor, than in all her wealthy and aristocratic suiters, and, almost before she knew it, her heart passed out of her keeping, and was given to him. She loved him with all the honesty and devotion of her pure heart, and she would have thought it a happiness to go out with him into the wilderness, and share his fatigues and troubles, no matter how much sorrow they brought to her.

Nor did she love in vain. The young man, whose knowledge of the world was afterwards so thorough, had not been learned to consider as binding the distinctions which society drew between his position and that of the lady. He knew that in all that makes a man, in integrity and honesty of purpose, he was the equal of any one. He believed that, except in wealth, he stood upon a perfect equality with Mary G—, and he loved her honestly and manfully, and, no sooner had he satisfied himself upon the state of his own feelings than he confessed his devotion, simply and truthfully, and received from his lady's lips the assurance that she loved him very dearly.

Scorning to occupy a doubtful position, or to cause the lady to conceal aught from her parents, the young man frankly and manfully asked Mr. G— for his daughter's hand. Very angry grew the planter as he listened to the audacious proposal. He stormed and swore furiously, and denounced the young man as an ungrateful and insolent upstart.

"My daughter has always been accustomed to riding in her own carriage," he thundered. Who are you, sir?"

"A gentleman, sir," replied the young man, quietly, and rising he left the house.

The lovers were parted. The lady married soon after a wealthy planter, and the young man went out again into the world to battle with his heart, and conquer his unhappy passion. He subdued it, but although he afterwards married a woman whom he loved honestly and truthfully, and who was worthy of his love, he was never wholly dead to his first love.

The time passed on, and the young man began to reap the reward of his labors. He had never been to the house of Mr. G— since his cruel repulse by the planter, but the latter could not forget him, as his name soon became familiar in every Virginian household. Higher and higher he rose every year, until he had gained a position from which he could look down upon the proud planter. Wealth came to him, too. When the great struggle for independence dawned, he was in his prime, a happy husband, and one of the most distinguished men in America. The struggle went on, and soon the "poor surveyor" held the highest and proudest position in the land.

When the American army passed in triumph through the streets of Williamsburg, the ancient capital of Virginia, after the surrender of Cornwallis, the officer riding at the head of the column chanced to glance up at one of the neighboring balconies which was crowded with ladies. Recognizing one of them he raised his hat and bowed profoundly. There was a commotion in the balcony, and some one called for water, saying Mrs. Lee had fainted.

"Henry, I fear your mother has fainted. You had better leave the column and go to her."

The speaker was George Washington, once the "poor surveyor," but then commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States. The young man was Colonel Henry Lee, the commander of the famous "Light Cavalry Legion," and the lady his mother, was formerly Miss G— the belle of the "Northern Neck."—*The Flag of our Union.*

CATCHING BEARS WITH A LASSO.

A NAVAL Officer, many years ago, made the experiment of hunting with the lasso, but his success was by no means decisive. The officer had, it appeared, by constant practice upon the ship, while making the long and tiresome voyage round the Horn, acquired very considerable proficiency in the use of the lasso, and was able at twenty or thirty paces to throw the noose over the head of the negro cook at almost every cast. So confident had he become in his skill, that, on his arrival upon the coast of Southern California, he employed a guide, and mounted upon a well trained horse, and with his lasso properly coiled and ready for use, he one morning set out for the mountains, with the firm resolve of bagging a few grizzlies before night.

He had not been out a great while before he encountered one of the largest specimens of the mighty beast, whose terrific aspect amazed him not a little; but, as he had come out with a firm determination to capture a grizzly, in direct opposition to the advice of

his guide, he resolved to show him that he was equal to the occasion. Accordingly he seized his lasso, and, riding up near the animal, gave it several rapid whirls above his head in the most artistic manner, and sent the noose directly around the bear's neck at the very first cast; but the animal, instead of taking to his heels and endeavoring to run away, as he had anticipated, very deliberately sat up on his haunches, facing his adversary and commenced making a very careful examination of the rope. He turned his head from one side to the other in looking at it; he felt it with his paws, and scrutinized it very closely, as if it was something he could not comprehend. In the meantime the officer had turned his horse in the opposite direction and commenced applying the rowels to his side most vigorously, with the confident expectation that he was to choke the bear to death and drag him off in triumph; but, to his astonishment, the horse, with his utmost efforts, did not seem to advance.

The great strain upon the lasso, however, began to choke the bear so much that he soon became enraged and gave the rope several violent slaps, first with one paw and then with the other; but finding that this did not relieve him, he seized the lasso with both paws and commenced pulling it in hand over hand, or rather paw over paw, and bringing with it the horse and rider that were attached to the opposite extremity—The officer redoubled the application of both whip and spurs, but it was all of no avail—he had evidently "caught a Tartar;" and, in spite of all the efforts of his horse, he recoiled rather than advanced. In this intensely exciting and critical juncture he cast a hasty glance to the rear, and to his horror, found himself steadily backing towards the frightful monster, who sat up with his eyes glaring like balls of fire, his huge mouth wide open and frothing with rage, and sending forth the most terrific and deep-toned roars. He now for the first time, felt seriously alarmed, and cried out vociferously for his guide to come to his rescue. The latter responded promptly, rode up, cut the lasso, and extricated the amateur gentleman from his perilous position. He was much rejoiced at his escape, and, in reply to the inquiry of the guide as to whether he desired to continue the hunt, he said it was getting so late that he believed he would capture no more grizzlies that day.—*Thirty Years of Army Life on the Border.*

A SINGULAR WILL.

PROFESSOR Morlot, who for some years filled the chair of geology in the Academy of Lausanne, and died a few months since, left a curious will, which amused many of his countrymen, and occasioned some embarrassment to his executors. One of the conditions was that his head should still be useful to science after his death, and he directed that it should be preserved in the Museum at Berne, with his name legibly engraved on the skull, so as to prevent its ever being mistaken for any other. This condition has been complied with, and the skull of the once active thinker, inscribed as desired, may now be seen in the anatomical department of the collection at Berne.

The real "Bill" of the play—Shakspeare.

SELECTIONS FROM MODERN HUMORISTS.

THE PICKWICK CLUB.

(BY CHARLES DICKENS.)

"THE Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club," especially in its opening chapters, presents a rich satire on the proceedings of various learned societies in England and elsewhere, who meet from time to time to record the results of their investigations for the benefit of an astonished world. Some of the members of such bodies are famed for the wonderful theories they are capable of constructing from the tooth of a defunct hyena, or a scratch on a boulder. The extravagant importance to science attached to the most trivial indications by men of this class, is humorously portrayed in the history of the club. Mr. Pickwick, of course, is its founder, with the majestic title of G. C. M. P. C.—which means no less than General Chairman—Member Pickwick Club! At the period when the history commences, that learned man, who had already communicated to it a valuable paper entitled—"Speculations on the Source of Hampstead Ponds" with some "Observations on the Theory of Tittlebats"—was assembled with the Club in question. We find him surrounded by a host of adventurous spirits, like himself unwearied in the pursuit of science under difficulties. These noble men, impelled by a magnanimous desire to enlarge the operations of the Club, from which the world had already derived so much, had resolved to constitute a select portion of their number into a "Corresponding Society," whose duties were to travel and report the result of their observations, as set forth more fully in the following resolution passed on this occasion:

"Resolved, that the Corresponding Society of the Pickwick Club is hereby constituted; and that Samuel Pickwick, Esq., G.C.M.P.C., Tracy Tupman, Esq., M.P.C., Augustus Snodgrass, Esq., M.P.C., and Nathaniel Winkle, Esq., M.P.C., are hereby nominated and appointed members of the same; and that they be requested to forward from time to time authenticated accounts of their journeys and investigations; of their observations of character and manners; and of the whole of their adventures, to the Pickwick Club stationed in London."

This important resolution, we are informed, was passed May 12th, 1827, Joseph Smiggers, Esq., P.V.P.M.P.C. (Perpetual Vice-President—Member Pickwick Club) presiding!!! with "M. P. C.'s" in attendance too numerous to mention.

These interesting circumstances give rise to the adventures of the Club, from which we shall select for the edification of our readers. The gentlemen referred to surrounded their great leader on this memorable occasion, "when starting into full life and animation, as a simultaneous call for 'Pickwick' burst from his followers, that illustrious man slowly mounted into the Windsor chair on which he had been previously seated, and addressed the Club himself had founded." Such of our readers as have attended vestries, clubs, or similar meetings abroad, will recognize the oratory and style of proceedings peculiar to such affairs, as satirically sketched by the author, which will constitute

SCENE No. 1.

MR. PICKWICK'S ORATION.

Mr. Pickwick's oration upon this occasion, together with the debate thereon, is entered on the Transactions of the Club. Both bear a strong affinity to the discussions of other celebrated bodies; and, as it is always interesting to trace a resemblance between the proceedings of great men, we transfer the entry to these pages.

"Mr. Pickwick observed (says the Secretary) that fame was dear to the heart of every man. Poetic fame was dear to the heart of his friend Snodgrass, the fame of conquest was equally dear to his friend Tupman; and the desire of earning fame, in the sports of the field, the air, and the water, was uppermost in the breast of his friend Winkle. He (Mr. Pickwick) would not deny that he was influenced by human passions, and human feelings, (cheers)—possibly by human weaknesses—(loud cries of 'No'); but this he would say, that if ever the fire of self-importance broke out in his bosom, the desire to benefit the human race in preference effectually quenched it. The praise of mankind was his Swing; philanthropy was his insurance office. (Vehement cheering.) He had felt some pride—he acknowledged it freely; and let his enemies make the most of it—he had felt some pride when he presented his Tittlebatian Theory to the world; it might be celebrated or it might not. (A cry of "It is," and great cheering.) He would take the assertion of that honorable Pickwickian whose voice he had just heard—it was celebrated; but if the fame of that treatise were to extend to the farthest confines of the known world, the pride with which he should reflect on the authorship of that production, would be as nothing compared with the pride with which he looked around him on this the proudest moment of his existence. (Cheers.) He was a humble individual. (No, no.) Still he could not but feel that they had selected him for a service of great honor, and of some danger. Traveling was in a troubled state, and the minds of coachmen were unsettled. Let them look abroad, and contemplate the scenes which were enacting around them. Stage coaches were upsetting in all directions, horses were bolting, boats were overturning, and boilers were bursting. (Cheers—a voice 'No.') Nol (Cheers.) Let that honorable Pickwickian who cried "No" so loudly come forward and deny it if he could. (Cheers.) Who was it that cried 'No'? (Enthusiastic cheering.) Was it some vain disappointed man—he would not say haberdasher—(loud cheers), who, jealous of the praise which had been, perhaps undeservedly, bestowed on his (Mr. Pickwick's) researches, and smarting under the censure which had been heaped upon his own feeble attempts at rivalry, now took this vile and calumnious mode of —

"Mr. Blotton, of Aldgate, rose to order. Did the honorable Pickwickian allude to him? (Cries of 'Order,' 'Chair,' 'Yes,' 'No,' 'Go on,' 'Leave off,' etc.)

"Mr. Pickwick would not put up to be put down by clamor. He had alluded to the honorable gentleman. (Great excitement.)

"Mr. Blotton would only say then that he repelled the hon. gent's false and scurrilous accusation with profound contempt. (Great cheering.) The hon. gent. was a humbug. (Immense confusion, and loud cries of 'chair' and 'order'.)

"Mr. A. Snodgrass rose to order. He threw himself upon the chair. (Hear.) He wished to know whether this disgraceful contest between two members of that club should be allowed to continue. (Hear, hear.)

"The Chairman was quite sure the hon. Pickwickian would withdraw the expression he had just made use of.

"Mr. Blotton, with all possible respect for the chair, was quite sure he would not.

"The Chairman felt it his imperative duty to demand of the honorable gentleman, whether he had used the expression which had just escaped him in a common sense.

"Mr. Blotton had no hesitation in saying that he had not; he had used the word in its Pickwickian sense. (Hear, hear.) He was bound to acknowledge that, personally, he entertained the highest regard and esteem for the honorable gentleman; he had merely considered him a humbug in a Pickwickian point of view. (Hear, hear.)

"Mr. Pickwick felt much gratified by the fair, candid, and full explanation of his honorable friend. He begged it to be at once understood that his own observations had been merely intended to bear a Pickwickian construction. [Cheers]"

Here the entry terminates, as we have no doubt the debate did also, after arriving at such a highly satisfactory and intelligent point.

DEDICATORY.

THIS morning we present the first pages of THE UTAH MAGAZINE, a journal "devoted to Art, Science, and Education," and most appropriately, for we open them amidst a people whose theology assigns a mission—a perpetuity and a glory to Science and Art, to which the creeds of the world furnish no parallel.

To those who have never studied how much the natural tendencies of the faith of this mountain people necessarily does for Art and Science in comparison with other faiths this statement will of course appear extravagant—we expect it to do so;—but this idea will subside when such readers have answered to themselves the practical question, what does their own religion or any other they are acquainted with say directly in behalf of these pursuits, and to give the question a still fuller scope, what relationship and utility to man, as an eternal being, does their religion assign to Art and Science. The "Christian"—and we need think of no other religionist at this moment—will reply, mine assigns him none. Art and Science are matters, outside of religion, destined only for mortality and prepared to perish with the dust of their admirers. A true answer of the creeds of all Christendom to such a question would be:—"Art and Science are not constituent parts of our Theologies; they are practised by our believers but not *because* of our beliefs; we know of no eternal future for such employments." Speculative men like Sir David Brewster or Doctor Dick, venturing beyond the limits of their creeds, have, it is true, supposed it probable that researches into the wonders of Nature and Science may form one of the pursuits of man's future life, but they have done so on their own authority as philosophers and not as religionists—no presbytery, no assembly, or synod has declared such an idea divinely true. As far as all such creeds are concerned, Art and Science have developed themselves unaided and alone—no priest has crowned them with divine sanction,—no creed has associated them in the faith and hope of a people. At the best, they have been entitled "Handmaids to Religion,"—but Handmaids destined to be left outside the gate when celestial life is opened to humanity.

Not so with the faith of the people we address;—they have a nobler creed concerning man. In the comprehensive immortality declared by them, all his faculties and powers are included—the skill of his hand, the wit of his brain and the ambitions of his soul. Art and Science are the essentials of his intellect, if that lives—and it will eternally—they must live also. "Mormonism" alone, therefore, of all creeds, recognizes and declares the immortality of the intellect associated with its natural pursuits—subordinate in that condition, it is true, as it should be now, to the moral and higher qualities of our nature; but no less there. This it declares with its whole force as a religion. It cries to Art and Science, "Thou art immortal." To every faculty of the human mind it says, "You can never die." The artist, under the impulse of this belief, rejoices like a giant preparing to run an eternal race; mechanical genius sees an endless road for its explorations, while the philosophical mind has double joy in its studies, for it has no pursuits to drop this side the grave.

Thus, as a community, we back Art and Science with a force unheard of in the world before. Instead of considering them mere "Handmaids" to Theology, we include them in the Theology itself. Instead of regarding them as matters of temporary utility and binding up their records at the hour of death in the dead-clothes of their professors, we assign them an eternal value, and prophesy their victory o'er the grave, and envelop them in the immortality of the race to whom they belong. To that people, then, first to preach the full mission of Art and Science, and to their cause, we dedicate this little tributary to that mighty stream of moral and intellectual truth destined to refresh and invigorate a world. And here let us ask the question, if science unaided by religious authority, has traveled so far, and so much benefited our race with the darkening prospect of its shortlived life ever before its professors, where shall its explorations cease, and what shall be its results in the hands of a people who have a clear vision of its endless destiny, and with whom all the benefits or pleasures derived from its pursuits to-day are but faint shadows of far grander results in worlds to come?

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THINKER, 13TH WARD.—Is metaphysical and almost beyond our depth. Here's a question: "What makes one person decide to do good, and another, under precisely similar circumstances, decide to do evil." "Thinker" warns us not to tell him that it is because they both are free agents, and that they choose differently. He wants to know why they should choose differently unless it is because of difference of organization, or enlightenment. He thinks that where a person decides to do good, it is because of superior moral training and experience, and that, therefore, the superior circumstances should have the credit of the good choice, and not the man. We cannot afford to side with our correspondent; his mode of reasoning leaves us nothing to congratulate ourselves upon at all. We should have to agree that all our remarkably excellent conduct, as an individual, up to to-day, has been the result of our great-grandfathers' superior organization to that of the great-grandfathers of other people, which is by no means pleasant to our vanity. "Thinker" may be a very excellent philosopher, but he is not a comfortable one to get acquainted with. Seriously, doubtless no human spirit chooses anything but according to the view of the matter suggested by its passions or its conception of the relative benefit or pleasure to be obtained in the respective courses. One will listen to its judgement, the other to its propensities. Why one should prefer to be dictated by judgment or enlightenment, and the other by its lower powers—further than the simple fact that they do so, is not our province to decide. "Thinker," evidently holds that no one ever did choose good more than his fellow, but by a bias caused by training, received here or elsewhere; or because of physical or moral tendencies already inherent in the creature. What we do know is just this: Man has the power to will, and upon the fact of the existence of that power, depends the beauty and the justice of exaltation or degradation in worlds to come. Without that fact, there could be no salvation or condemnation legitimately awarded to a single soul.

A. ROOMS, Sugarhouse Ward, writes:—Is it according to Webster to pronounce the indefinite article A as a child does when learning the alphabet, giving it its first and long sound, as:—A man, A woman, &c? 2d.—Is it correct to say A void, Again, Along, &c? 3d.—Is it proper to pronounce the definite article as if it were written thus, as:—this man, this woman, this house, &c., giving to it its long sound. I am informed that this is Webster's method by persons who ought to be well acquainted with the renowned Lexicographer's writings; and having some doubts on my mind, on this subject, I solicit an answer from you, through the Magazine. —The modes of pronouncing the articles, &c., as referred to above, are incorrect; Webster says concerning the letter A:—"As the name of a letter of the alphabet, and when used emphatically as a noun or an article, it is always pronounced A; but whenever it occurs as an unemphasized word in a purely English phrase, or forms or ends an unaccented syllable, its regular sound is that of A in far, somewhat shortened; but it is apt to lose this distinctive character and to fall into a faint and obscure sound like that of U in tub." Webster further says,—"Some speakers give the same brief sound of long A to this letter when it occurs in an initial unaccented syllable followed by a consonant in an accented syllable, as in a-bound, fa-tality; but this practice is not sanctioned by the best orthoepists."—The above principle governs the pronunciation of the word The; but we need no lexicographer's opinion on such a subject—the tongue will regulate itself on these matters; words and letters have to accommodate themselves to our rapidity of speech, and they must suffer the compression necessary to enable us gentlemen and particularly us ladies to say what we have to say in the short time allotted us. To pronounce A and The always with the long sound, puts us in mind of an old gentleman, an acquaintance of ours, who was fond of reading the Bible aloud to his friends, but persisted in pronouncing Unto, Un-tow—"And they answered and said Un-tow him, &c."

NOTE.—Correspondence is invited from our friends.

OUR LECTURER.

THE EARTH AND EARTH-CRACKS.

Our earth is one of an infinite series of globes ranging from suns, planets and satellites, down to globular plants and animals, or monads, so small that they can only be perceived by aid of the microscope. Some philosophers hold that all the atoms of matter in existence are globular, and that, thus, we live in a universe of globes differing only in size. One advantage—and perhaps one reason, at any rate, why worlds are globular, lies in the fact that this shape presents more surface—and consequently more room for inhabitants—for the amount of space it occupies than any other.

The situation of our Earth in the little family of planets revolving around Old Grandfather Sun, is said to be a very happy mean between two extremes,—neither too near nor too far from the sources of warmth and light. So great, however, is the wisdom and provision for happiness that pervades the Universe that, without a doubt, all other planets are equally well situated. Their position as to heat, cold, and light, being, doubtless, modified by suitable arrangements. In every division of nature that we are yet acquainted with, the absence of one benefit is always compensated by the presence of another. So far as the situations of these planets go, however, Mercury is nearest to the Sun; then Venus; then Ourselves. Beyond us comes Mars; then a group of little planets sixty or seventy in number. Then comes Jupiter; and still further out Saturn; and beyond him Uranus; and, so far as we are acquainted, finally comes Neptune; who is supposed to be about thirty times farther from the Sun than we are, and that is not a little seeing we are over ninety million of miles from it ourselves.

Big as we seem to ourselves in the planet-line, as a globe we count but for little in the universe. As to size we are only about the three-hundredth part of Jupiter, which is not the thousandth part of the Sun, who again is a mere fraction of the bulk of Sirius; which, said, Sirius is not very far from here, seeing that light—which can go seven times round the world in a second—would take only two-and-twenty years to get there! While a million of years would be consumed in sending light from us to the furthest perceivable stars.

We must not, however, say a great deal about these larger bodies of the universe at present, as we wish to talk about the peculiarities of Mother Earth—its windings and tremblings, its hot springs, and similar curiosities. One explanation which has been given of these matters is that the Earth is a huge mass of fiery or gaseous matter the outer surface of which has cooled down and formed a surface for us to walk upon; similar to the peeling of an orange supposing all its juicy contents to represent so much fiery matter. This thin peeling upon which we reside is not considered more than forty miles thick, some suppose not more than half that distance. Beneath this solid crust of the Earth lies, we are told, a layer or stratum of lava, and beneath this the great mass of elastic gaseous fluid. When this thin crust cracks and lets houses and tracts of land into its depths, we call this an earthquake; and where a big hole is rent, and the boiling lava is sent bubbling up with some of the flames, smoke, gasses, etc., from below, we say a volcano has burst forth. It is evident from this that earthquakes are caused by a pliable flooring liable to be rent in given directions. Mountains and vales have, it is thought, been caused by the upheaving of the internal mass of confined heat pushing out this crust of the Earth.

In most cases these cracks in the Earth run in the same direction; as also do the swellings or ridges called mountains. In France, the whole extent of the Rhine is one uninterrupted series of cracks and inactive volcanoes. In this country the mountain chains exhibit an abundance of clefts and openings caused in the same way.

And now as to hot springs, how are they caused? Such springs as go down a great way come in contact with the sides of the hot rock, and consequently issues in a warm or boiling condition above the ground. Supposing the rocks through which it passes to contain minerals, the spring becomes not only a hot but a mineral spring, as seen in many places in this Territory.

Some mountains have been burning as long as the history of man contains any record; while some hot springs were visited for their virtues, at least a thousand years ago. Hence, the quantity of internal heat must be no trifle, which has not expended itself in all that long period.

But are we not in great and perpetual danger from these internal fires? Not very great danger. The Earth, the air, the

water, and the clouds, are all bad conductors of heat, and bind it with a threefold band, so that it cannot escape except in places. This internal heat is a friend and not a foe. Probably the great mass of water and moisture on the surface of the globe would filter in and disappear altogether, but for the heat which drives it back to the surface, to act in conjunction with other elements in sustaining and promoting life in the vast vegetable and animal kingdoms, as well as in you and I.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

BY

"OUR HIRED MAN."

We introduce our occasional assistant by the above expressive title in order to ensure a clear distinction between his weak-minded productions and those of "The Editor;" and tearing moreover, that, unless we did so, some ignorant individual might imagine that the Editor himself—who never sits to write, except in an arm chair of immense dimensions, trimmed with purple velvet and gold edging, in which he is always attended by a couple of negroes bending on one knee and each holding four bottles of ink apiece, lest he should run out—could possibly stoop to pen the following.

Having thus, we trust, made plain the wide distinction between this ordinary individual and "OURSELF," we shall let him speak for himself when space will permit.

CRAGIN'S UTAH JURY BILL.—We have waded through this "little bill." This is a beautiful bill and well got up. We are sorry, however, to observe some typographical errors in it. For instance instead of "Utah" the reader should read Siberia. and instead of "citizen" he should read serf. There are also some omissions in this bill, to which, for the good of the country, we draw attention. It is omitted to be provided that every citizen, that is serf, of Utah, that is to say Siberia, shall rise at exactly the same hour in the morning, and comb his hair the same way as Mr. Cragin. We are surprised at this omission, so clearly essential to the glory of true American citizenship. The intention of this bill being, very properly, to corner the Utahites, we are sorry to see it so loosely constructed. To "catch 'em alive oh" and ensure that no polygamic marriages are practised without being duly recorded, it should be provided that no inhabitant of Utah shall ask any woman to be his wife except before a District Court of the United States. To make matters still more sure, every district judge should be licensed to act as a midwife. This would give him an excellent opportunity of examining all juveniles of supposed polygamic origin as to their real descent. Any child obstinately remaining silent on this subject, should be held guilty of concealment of the fact, and deprived of citizenship forthwith. These provisions added the bill would be complete, provided a little more "repealing" be done. Everything a Utahite ever did—down to saying his prayers, and receiving his Christian name—should be repealed instantly. The climate should also be altered if possible. These peals and re peals added and the whole would go "merrily as a marriage bill."

REVIEW OF BOOKS.—Among the numerous works adorning our table we turn with pleasure to the 305th number of "The Keep-a-Jumpin'," an illustrated magazine published now and then and sometimes oftener. Our first exclamation on opening these illuminated pages was—"By George!" This periodical, we are informed, is very popular which may be attributed to the fact that most of its early numbers were published with a pound of sugar or a "quarter of tea" between the leaves—a fact sufficient of itself to ensure the popularity of any journal. The "Keep-a-Jumpin'" will make a very handsome volume when bound? The enterprising editor, however, asserts that his papers are bound-less, and that nothing can bind him.—It gives us pleasure to turn to the illustrations of this work, they are certainly unique—that is to say a-nick, being "nicked" out of the best cardboard with a fifty-cent penknife, Sheffield manufacture.—We learn that some person, envious of the high reputation of this classical journal, intends to bring out another shortly to be called "The Keep-a-Ticklin'." Now we have no objection to using up the waste talent around us, but such contemptible rivalry is disgusting, to say the least.—One word more and we have done. The title of this celebrated periodical was, we understand, derived from the early recollections of its editor. Being, as Mr. Squeers would say, "eager arter wittles" when he was a boy—a fact peculiar to most editors when they are boys, including ourselves—and his mother keeping the "wittles" [as ours didn't] on too high a shelf, it kept him all the time a-jumpin'—hence the title. We merely mention this to show upon what trifling matters great events sometimes turn. Who would have supposed that merely judicious parental restraint would have led to the production of such a work as the "Keep-a-Jumpin'" in its glory?

THE CREAM OF THE PAPERS.

[NOTE.—The extracts are distinguished from comments or abbreviations by quotational marks.]

"HOW I FELL INTO THE CLUTCHES OF KING THEODORE."

[From London Society.]

The notorious King Theodore of Abyssinia, against whom the British Government is now sending an expedition on account of the defiant detention of its consul, Mr. Cameron, is the subject of the following narrative. How the author fell into the clutches of this notable personage, excepting the details of the journey, can be summed up in a few words. Enchanted with delightful descriptions of the country and the wealth to be accumulated there, he resolved to penetrate to the lion's den himself. After a series of adventures he arrived at an Abyssinian village called Wochnee, where he was captured by one Ras Yakob, who despatched four soldiers to summon him into his presence, and coolly informed him that he had no business to come to Abyssinia, and, secondly, once there he might consider himself lucky in remaining in possession of his arms and legs; as for his ever returning that was out of the question, and he would have to fulfil his duty in taking him as a present to King Theodore himself," remarking, "If our Negus has imprisoned your consul, how much must you who are merely a subject of this consul, be confined during his majesty's pleasure."

Accordingly our author was marched to Gondar, the residence of Theodore. On the road they were entertained at a place called Woggara by an old patriarchal-looking Jew, who, in answer to a question from the captive as to what kind of a man King Theodore was, emphatically, and in the most comforting manner, replied "Half a devil and half an Abyssinian."

As soon as they arrived at Gondar "a number of soldiers rushed out upon us and demanded who and what I was, and whether I had brought any presents to the king. Answering in the negative, and adding 'besana,' only myself, they shook their heads in a very ominous fashion, and led me through the massive portal into the court-yard, where I was taken to a spacious chamber in which Ras Yakob bade me wait, leaving half-a-dozen men to guard me till he came back. He soon made his re-appearance in company with a person whom I recognized by his habiliments to be a priest, though I might have looked in vain at his bloated, sensual face for any external evidence of the slightest internal fitness for his post, or any Christian duties whatever. This gentleman in black was the Abuna Salama in person, and had evidently come to gloat over the misfortunes of the heretic Frank, and satisfy himself as to the probability of extorting something of value, presents or money, before his imperial majesty should prevent it by sending the possible donor out of the world.

"Are you another of those accursed heretics, the enemies of our holy religion, the religion which was brought to us by the Saints Frementius and Aedelius themselves?"

"Not so, holy father, I have nothing whatever in common with the missionaries: my business as doctor is with the body and not with the soul."

"Have you not come here to strive to overthrow our ancient church, and sow the seeds of strife and dissension amongst our flock?"

"Far, far be it from me, whose beard is but scarcely grown, to act against the wisdom of your gray hairs."

"But ye are liars and robbers, you English. You come to us disguised as workmen, pretend to occupy yourselves solely with your profession, but all the time are undermining the authority of the church and ruining the people."

"Your holiness! Englishmen as a rule are not liars. And I beg your Holiness to remember that we are both men of the world, and very well know the meaning of 'ruining the people.' We can easily leave that to you."

This seemed to stagger him somewhat, but he soon regained his self-possession, launching forth into a torrent of abuse against the missionaries, Messrs. Flad, Stern, Rosenthal, etc.

"These people," I replied, "have had nothing to do with your flock, but have limited their efforts to the conversion of the Falashas. But even supposing they have exceeded the bounds of their authority, you must not blame us for it, for they are no Englishmen, but Germans, consequently, we are not responsible for them."

Again was the Abuna forced to acknowledge the truth of my remarks, and rising, bade me follow him to the apartments

of the king. We had to pass through a number of intricate passages, all built of solid masonry, which, however dilapidated and out of repair, still bears ample evidence of the great strength the place must formerly have possessed.

At last we arrived at the "sanctum sanctorum," where his Abyssinian Majesty was to be seen in all his glory. The room was small but crowded with articles of luxury—silks and damasks, gold and silver brocades, either used as carpets or laid on the divan. Surrounded by his guard stood the man Stern named the Abyssinian Wild Beast, but whose appearance at the time by no means struck me as unfavorable. There was a dignity and grace about his movements which may truly be termed royal, and a calmness which, with his determined cast of countenance and projecting under jaw, could by no means be mistaken for want of will. In fact he is obstinate in the highest degree, and the piercing glance of his eye indicative of wild, irresistible passion. He is rather above the middle height, well and strongly built, a frame capable of great endurance, with a high forehead, denoting no mean intellectual capabilities; but it was easy to observe what ravages a continual indulgence of intoxicating liquors has already caused in his constitution, and the wild look with which he surveyed me only too plainly showed that even then he was under the influence of some recent orgie.

"You are an Englishman?" he asked imperiously. I answered in the affirmative. "How could you venture to enter my dominions without my previous permission?"

I answered that I intended to have done so; but that from Matamma there had been no means of communication with him, and that on my arrival at Wochnee, Ras Yakob had seized me and brought me to Gondar.

"And here you will remain as long as your head is on your shoulders."

With this comfortable assurance, he gave orders to lead me away. Naturally I inquired what my crime or offence was supposed to be.

"Oh!" said he, "I do not know yet. But until I do, the gimp is the best place for you. Besides, as I have already imprisoned your consul and other countrymen, you can have no reason to be particularly friendly disposed towards me; and whoever is not with me is against me."

"But what ground of suspicion can your Majesty have against me?"

"You English are all in a plot against me; I know that. What business has an English doctor in Abyssinia? He comes either from curiosity or business. The first is very reprehensible; the second, as it is not ostensible, must be so also. You have come to spy out the land no doubt."

And here, upon a sign from his imperial Majesty, four gigantic fellows sprang upon me and hustled me out of his presence in a most unceremonious fashion, too painful to be described; and thus ended my first interview with King Theodore."

The locality to which I had been led after my first audience with the king, and the manner in which I was treated were better than I expected; and knowing his Majesty's penchant for trenching arms and legs from the bodies of his unfortunate victims, I congratulated myself on having escaped as well as I had, at any rate for the time being. Not far from the king's apartments a long, low gallery connected two parts of the castle, and in this gallery, forming a place of imprisonment for divers Abyssinians and Moslems, amongst whom was a certain Armenian, Serkis Ciackigian, was I to take up my abode. How long I should have to remain in this place was an interesting question for me in my position, but somehow or other I never felt any serious misgivings as to the ultimate result. In fact, the overpowering feeling with me was that of hunger, and on ascertaining that there was nothing eatable to be obtained, I became perfectly ravenous. However, the Moslems, though captive, did not forget the precepts of the Koran, and sustained their reputation for hospitality by inviting me, in the name of Allah, to partake of their repast. After dinner (shall I call it?) I became comparatively comfortable, and twisting up a cigarette with some tobacco which Ciackigian, who spoke excellent Italian, had given me, I felt inclined to banish all thoughts of the past and future, and merely live for the present.

But when the sun sank lower in the western sky, pouring his golden rays, tinged with evening crimson, through the barred windows of my dungeon, lighting up the squalid, filthy interior, and beaming upon the ghastly features of the unhappy creatures who had been languishing there for years, a solemn sadness stole over me, truly not so much on my account, but sorrow for the ravages in mind and body a cruel incarceration causes upon man, when the noblest gift of nature—liberty and

freedom—is torn away from him. And as the soft, full moon, gradually emerging from the glowing play of colors in the sunset sky, gained the ascendant, overflowing the landscape around with her misty, ethereal light, forlorn and helpless I certainly did feel; and pressing my burning face to the cold iron bars of the window to which I had clambered up, I gave full vent to my feelings, and managed to look and feel as miserable as any one of my companions in grief, who were all steeped in the deepest slumber—in blest oblivion of all their woes. I envied them; and, closing my eyes, strove to imitate them. Long it was before I succeeded, not before the stars began to pale; then I did at last manage to obtain a little sleep.”

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DR. DODDRIDGE'S DREAM.

[From Phrenological Journal.]

DR. DODDRIDGE was on terms of very intimate friendship with Dr. Samuel Clarke, and in religious conversation they spent many happy hours together. Among other matters, a very favorite topic was the intermediate state of the soul, and the probability that at the instant of dissolution it was introduced into the presence of all the heavenly hosts, and the splendors around the throne of God. One evening, after a conversation of this nature, Dr. Doddridge retired to rest, and “in the visions of the night” his ideas were shaped into the following beautiful form:

He dreamed that he was at the house of a friend, when he was taken suddenly and dangerously ill. By degrees he seemed to grow worse, and at last to expire. In an instant he was sensible that he had exchanged the prison-house and sufferings of mortality for a state of liberty and happiness. Embodied in a slender, aerial form, he seemed to float in a region of pure light. Beneath him lay the earth, but not a glittering city or a village, the forest or the sea were visible. There was naught to be seen below save the melancholy group of his friends, weeping around his lifeless remains. Himself thrilled with delight, he was surprised at their tears, and attempted to inform them of his happy change, but by some mysterious power, utterance was denied; and as he anxiously leaned over the mourning circle, gazing fondly upon them and struggling to speak, he rose silently upon the air, their forms became more and more indistinct, and gradually melted away from his sight. Reposing upon golden clouds, he found himself swiftly mounting the skies, with a venerable figure at his side, guiding his mysterious movements, and in whose countenance he discovered the lineaments of youth and age blended together, with an intimate harmony and majestic sweetness.

They traveled together through a vast region of empty space, until, at length, the battlements of a glorious edifice shone in the distance, and as its form rose brilliant and distinct among the far off shadows that flitted athwart their path, the guide informed him that the palace he beheld was, for the present, to be his mansion of rest. Gazing upon its splendor, he replied that while on earth he had often heard that eye had not seen, nor ear heard, nor could the heart of man conceive, the things which God hath prepared for those who love him; but, notwithstanding, the building to which they were rapidly approaching was superior to anything he had before beheld, yet its grandeur did not exceed the conceptions he had formed. The guide made no reply; they were already at the door, and entered. The guide introduced him into a spacious apartment, at the extremity of which stood a table, covered with a snow-white cloth, a golden cup, and a cluster of grapes, and then said that he must leave him, but that he must remain, for in a short time he would receive a visit from the lord of the mansion, and that during the interval before his arrival, the apartment would furnish him sufficient entertainment and instruction. The guide vanished, and he was left alone. He began to examine the decorations of the room, and observed that the walls were adorned with a number of pictures. Upon nearer inspection he perceived, to his astonishment, that they formed a complete biography of his own life. Here he saw depicted, that angels, though unseen, had ever been his familiar attendants; and sent by God they had sometimes preserved him from imminent peril. He beheld himself first represented as an infant just expiring, when his life was prolonged by an angel gently breathing into his nostrils. Most of the occurrences delineated were perfectly familiar to his recollection, and unfolded many things which he had never before understood, and which had perplexed him with many doubts and much uneasiness. Among others he was particularly impressed with a picture in which he was represented as falling from a horse, when death would have been inevitable had not an angel received him in his arms

and broken the force of his descent. These merciful interpositions of God filled him with joy and gratitude, and his heart overflowed with love as he surveyed in them all an exhibition of goodness and mercy far beyond all that he had imagined.

Suddenly his attention was arrested by a knock at the door. The lord of the mansion had arrived; the door opened and he entered. So powerful and overwhelming, and withal of such singular beauty was his appearance, that he sank down at his feet, completely overcome by his majestic presence. His lord gently raised him from the ground, and taking his hand led him forward to the table. He pressed with his fingers the juice of the grapes into the golden cup, and after having drank himself, he presented it to him, saying, “This is the new wine in my Father's kingdom.” No sooner had he partaken than all uneasy sensations vanished, perfect love had cast out fear, and he conversed with the Savior as an intimate friend. Like the silver rippling of a summer sea he heard fall from his lips the grateful approbation: “Thy labors are finished, thy work is approved: rich and glorious is the reward.” Thrilled with an unspeakable bliss that pervaded the very depths of his soul, he suddenly saw glories upon glories bursting upon his view. The doctor awoke. Tears of rapture from this joyful interview were rolling down his cheeks. Long did the lively impression of this charming dream remain upon his mind, and never could he speak about it without emotions of joy, and with tender and grateful remembrance.

PORTRAIT GALLERY.

BULWER.

Bulwer lives in his beautiful villa in Fulham, a quiet, lonely village above London. A tranquility disturbed by nothing, reigns in the house. Notwithstanding the warm spring day, Bulwer sits near the fire-place, where a bright coal fire is burning. Outside, the branches of a cherry tree, covered with an exuberance of blossoms, hang down on the window, and the low, chirping notes of the birds penetrate into the room.

The celebrated author—a tall, slender form, wrapped in a sky-blue, soft-lined, silken morning gown, which is fastened with a strong cord around his waist—sits at his large empty table, and has before him only a blank book, in which he writes his new novels. His large, light-blue eyes cast longing glances out of the window; his auburn hair flows in ringlets down on his high, narrow forehead; the large, slender nose hangs over his small mouth, and his red whiskers fall from his long and narrow chin on his breast. The whole face looks decidedly too long. He has a sickly appearance, and is abstracted. His family affairs are at the bottom of his melancholy, which no one can fail to perceive. His little daughter died; his son, the heir of his baronetcy, is estranged from him; and his wife, Lady Bulwer, has long since been separated from him, and lives in the city.

Let us enter her room. She sits at her writing table, for she is likewise at work upon a novel. Her corpulent form, her round face, her radiant, deep blue eyes, her raven hair, every thing forms a striking contrast with the appearance of her husband. She contemplates the portrait of her son; she charges her husband with being another Lovelace, and refusing to pay her debts. Her large eyes look at us languidly; her full cheeks contain a number of dimples, such as Rubens liked to paint; her lips are still as swelling, fresh, and red as those of Titian's daughters, and yet she is much over forty. On thinking of this our suspicions are aroused; the crimson on her cheeks is too fragrant; the heavy braids surmounting her forehead are too black; her manners are decidedly too kind and polite, and cannot be sincere—we escape from her, bearing in mind the bleeding heart of her melancholy husband, and the mournful tone of his novels.

DICKENS.

Let us go now to Charles Dickens. There are several aristocratic carriages and plain backs in front of his elegant residence, where a numerous party is assembled. The celebrated romancist has recently returned from an extended trip to Switzerland and Genoa, and gives to night a soiree, such as are the order of the day, at his hospitable house. He is blonde, his eyes are light blue, his face flushed with wine, neither meagre nor round, but brimful of good humor and kindness. He is conversing with two ladies, who cannot refrain from bursting into loud laughter. You can tell at once, on looking at his face, which is by no means expressive in itself, when Dickens describes, recites, or satirizes. Dickens

is precisely as he writes—lively, sanguine, a bon vivant, now in a poetical mood, now observing, all seemingly, superficially, and yet what a deep heart is concealed under this restless surface! If it is said that the currents of the world are injurious to genius, Dickens' example proves the contrary, for his creations spring from the observation of life; he would be nothing without seeing, observing, and living with what he beholds.

In former times his wife, a stately lady, was to be seen on such occasions. Her black eyes, her full form, her measured conduct, were in striking contrast with those of her husband, and we regret to say that the quarrel which disturbed their relations and their happiness after a blissful wedded life of many years has not yet been settled. They are not yet reconciled. The husband drowns his cares in his literary activity and in the noisy bustle of the world.

GOSSIP OF THE DAY.

Gossip informs us that Napoleon III. has preserved all the furniture used by him during his exile, and that his cabinet at the Tuileries is a small room with a single window, containing a shabby bookcase without glass doors, on the shelves of which are seen the old books which Prince Napoleon carried about with him wherever he went. In this room, we are informed, is woven the intricate threads of diplomacy which spread like a network over the whole of Europe. His Majesty is said to wear an old paletot during his hours of work that his ministers would utterly disdain. Gossip is also good enough to give us the reason of Maximilian's rash perseverance in Mexico as follows:—While the Emperor Maximilian was traveling through some disturbed provinces with General Castlenau, he received a telegram from his brother, the Emperor of Austria, informing him that if he returned, his title of Emperor would not be recognized; and furthermore, that his rights as Archduke and member of the Imperial family would only be restored to him at the expiration of the five years recognized by the family arrangements signed at Miramar. It appears that this dispatch was the sole cause of the determination taken by the Emperor Maximilian to continue the struggle against the Liberals without the aid of France. From Maximilian we fly to Kossuth, of whom it is said, Ludwig Kossuth has fallen from his high estate, and is now at war with the different more moderate, or rather rational Hungarian journals. Kossuth being disposed of, Gossip protests against the "John Brown" scandal with which certain gossiping journals are associating the spotless name of Queen Victoria, in the following handsome manner: "Brown, it seems, is a highland 'gillie' (or henchman) who was a particular favorite of Prince Albert, and after the death of the Consort, retained his place in the royal household. Being a faithful, attached servant of mature years, with a very rare knack of being around when wanted, and of making himself generally useful, he soon came to be a personal attendant of the Queen in places where a male servitor was absolutely necessary. All this was natural and proper, and provoked no remark until the Queen sat for a full-length portrait to Sir Edward Landseer, and caused to be painted in the background a horse held by the gigantic John Brown. The man and the horse were reminders of Prince Albert; and as the painting was intended to represent the Queen in her widowed state (in complete black) the introduction of these accessories was appropriate and affecting. Upon this single circumstance the foul bird of scandal fastened its beak.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

EDITORIALLY and Typographically, we ask a gentle criticism for our first number. Having been under the necessity of purchasing just such type as could be obtained in Salt Lake city, our selection has, of course, been limited. It will take the experience of one or two numbers to discover how, with the material we have on hand, to set up the proposed departments in the greatest possible variety and fulness.—The Educational, as well as some other divisions, do not yet present all the features we desire. Give us time.

LADIES' TABLE.

CROCHET WORK.

To work the following beautiful edging, procure Walker's crochet book, No. 29, and a woman's crochet thread, No. 18:
Make a chain of fourteen stitches—turn back. 1st row, miss 4 chains of last row, work 4 double, chain 4, miss 4, work 2 double, turn back.
2d row, chain 4, work 4 double in the four chains of last row, chain 4, work 4 double in the next four chains of last row, turn back.
3d row, chain 4, work 4 double in the four chains of last row, chain 4, work 2 double in the four chains of last row, turn back.
4th row, chain 4, work 4 double in the four chains of last row, chain 4, work 4 double in the four chains of last row, chain 6, work 1 double in the same four chains of last row, turn back.
5th row, chain 4, work 1 double for four times in the six chains of last row, chain 4, work 4 double in the four chains of last row, chain 4, work 1 double in the four chains of last row, turn back.
6th row, chain 4, work 4 double in the four chains of last row, chain 4, work 4 double in the four chains of last row, chain 5, work 1 double in the center of the four chains of last row, chain 5, work 1 double in the center of the four chains of last row, turn back.
7th row, work in the center of the five chains of last row 1 double, 3 treble 1 double, repeat this four times in the following five chains of last row, chain 4, work 4 double in the four chains of last row, chain 4, work 2 double in the four chains of last row. Repeat from the second row for the length required.

PRESERVING FRUIT.

MANY persons fail in preserving the fruit which they put up, by not heating the jars and sealing while the contents are scalding hot. It is also important that the jars be full. Any vacancy, let, contains air, which may cause fermentation and consequent injury.—Country Gentleman.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS.

The first amusements we shall introduce will be those of Sleight of Hand, and which require no special apparatus, but will produce a great deal of fun for our young folks, these winter evenings. The first is entitled:

THE FLYING DIME.

This trick must be frequently practiced before it is produced in public. Borrow two colored silk handkerchiefs from the company, and have three dimes in your hand, but only show two, keeping the other one firmly fixed against the first joint of the second and third fingers. You must also have a fine needle and thread stuck inside the cuff of your coat. Then take one of the handkerchiefs, and put in both dimes, but pretend that only one is in the handkerchief into a hat, leaving one corner hanging out. Now hold up the third dime (which the spectators imagine is the second), and ask some of the company to lay the second handkerchief over it. You then ask him to hold the dime tight between his finger and thumb, while you twist up the handkerchief. While doing so, with both hands concealed under the handkerchief, you pass a few stitches under the dime, and replace the needle. This being done, spread one corner of the handkerchief over the hand of the person who is still holding the dime, and taking hold of another corner, tell him to drop the dime when you count three. At the word "three" he lets go the dime, and you whisk the handkerchief into the air, when the dime appears to have vanished, but is really held in the handkerchief. You then tell the astonished individual to draw the other handkerchief out of the hat by the corner that is hanging out. The two dimes are heard to fall into the hat, and every one is persuaded that you have conjured one of the dimes out of a person's hand and sent it into the hat.

SCIENTIFIC AND AGRICULTURAL.

GRANITE-CUTTING MACHINE.

A correspondent says of this machine:—It does not effect results as I thought at one time, by a series of revolving chisels, but by cutting instruments not unlike the large cheese-knife of the cheesemonger. This is made of a surprisingly well tempered steel. The machine being brought to the block of granite, the quarry-side, or a cliff, a series of these knives cut their way into the solid material with accuracy and depth. You can divide a huge block in two, or pare off the least piece of surface, in either case the chisels leaving their work so smooth that the face of the stone is at once fit for the polish bed or lathe. All kinds of the most obdurate material have been successfully acted on; and one of the machines has been or is to be tested as a tunneler and driver of rails.

A NEW PROCESS OF COLORING MARBLE.

VARIETY-GIVEN marble, it is announced, may be imitated in all the rich colored veins for which some species of it are distinguished. For this purpose a solid block of marble to be treated is first warmed in an oven, after which the colors are applied. These consist of an alcoholic solution of alkanet root, to produce a lilac lavender; a madder lake, to make a crimson; indigo, to produce a blue; verdigris, green; and gamboge, yellow.—They are put on according to the fancy and taste of the artist, so as to form the desired patterns; after which the marble is again warmed, to make it absorb the colors.

WIRE CLOTHES LINE.

GALVANIZED iron wire has long been used by many for clothes lines and can usually be procured at hardware stores.

THE STRAWBERRY.

OPINIONS differ as to growing strawberries in hills or broadcast. This is owing to difference in soils. A cultivator will fail if he do not, by experiment, find out the nature of his own land.

GRAFTING.

ORCHARDS grown from root grafts are short-lived, and never can be profitable. Plant only stock-grafted trees.

EDUCATIONAL AND PRACTICAL.

LESSONS IN FRENCH.

LESSON I.

WE must begin at the beginning—and that happens to be a point which we can convey with less completeness in these written instructions than a personal teacher may afterwards do by a few inflections of his voice. We speak of the sound of the letters in the French alphabet, as well singly as in combination; and, though we shall give the means of learning how to read, to understand, and to write French, it will be necessary, for the purpose of learning to converse in that pleasant language, either to pay the most rigorous attention to the rules of pronunciation we shall now, once for all, lay down, and to add to that attention a good deal of reading aloud; or else, at the end of our instructions, to attend some class where in a very short time, some one, by word of mouth, may supply the last remaining desideratum. Meantime, if no sound comes from the words we write on this page, yet we can furnish a method of approaching towards the required tones.

The French alphabet contains exactly one letter less, the *w*, than our own. The rest are all written as we write them, but are differently pronounced. The shortest way to explain this is to say at once that, to our ears, they sound as if they were written thus:—

a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j
ah,	bay,	say,	day,	eh,	eff,	zhay,	ashe,	ee,	zhee,
k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t
kah,	ell,	emm,	enn,	o,	pay,	ku,	err,	ess,	tay,
u	v	x	y	z					
ue,	vay,	ix.	ecgrek,	zed.					

The French *g* we have represented by *zhay*, but the *z* melts into the *h*, just as an *s* would. So with *j*.—The reader will perceive that the only letter which is pronounced in two syllables is the *y*—*ecgrek*, which, in French, means “Greek *i*.” They call their *y* the “Greek *i*.” To an Englishman, by far the most difficult French sound is that of the *u*, which we have endeavored to make intelligible by spelling it *ue*.—The fact is, it is a sound between *oo* and *ee*. The best rule we can give is to pronounce *u* as if you were going to whistle. Alfieri, the great Italian dramatist, said the attempt to pronounce the French *u* always made him feel as if he were sea-sick; and indeed it is very different from the *oo* of his own countrymen and of the Germans. But it is well not to be too timid or scrupulous. *Execution*, whether in music or in languages, is to be acquired only by fearless confidence. Take two men, one of them is afraid to speak till he can speak without an error, the other is determined to endeavor to express himself, even though he should make several blunders. The latter is certainly the one who will make the quicker progress. Well, we have read the alphabet; now for the sound of the letters in words. And here we must remark that any more highly educated persons into whose hands these lessons may fall should bear in mind that our instructions are designed for those who, in a life of toil, may not have had time to acquire the principles of grammar, even in connection with their mother tongue. We start with the very supposition that even the most elementary points must be made clear by us as we go on.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

INSTRUCTIONS TO MECHANICS.

In this Department, we shall not only seek to give instructions to Mechanics and Artists, but to furnish hints and suggestions useful to all intending to provide themselves with durable, comfortable and economical homes.

COVERING OF ROOFS.

BY VAUX.

“For covering roofs of houses in the country there is scarcely any good material so available as shingles; if the pitch is not too flat. Slate forms an excellent covering, if of superior quality and well put on, so as not to be loosened or blown off in fierce storms. Tin expands and contracts, and has a tendency to get out of order, but still is a good roofing material when properly put on. Zinc is worthless. Thick canvass is good for flat veranda roofs or small surfaces, being preferable to tin, inasmuch as it suffers less by alterations of temperature, reflects less heat, makes less noise in rainy weather, and takes less time to put on.”

[When slates are obtained of two different colors, it has a good effect to arrange them in stripes] or patterns. In laying slates, “precautions should be taken to prevent any drift of fine snow from getting under the slates. The joints should be laid in mortar, the boarding should be matched, and the pitch of the roof not be at all flat. In some cases tarred paper is laid over the boarding as an additional safeguard from drift.

The great advantage of a shingle roof is, that while it is, comparatively speaking, almost impossible to get out of order, if the shingles be really good and the work well done, it allows of considerable expansion, contraction, and even settlement without the slightest injury to its efficacy. It is agreeably varied in surface and assumes by age a soft pleasant neutral tint that harmonizes with any color that may be used in the building.”

[The above directions about slate roofs will be considered superfluous, by builders of houses calculated to last only from five to ten years. Where houses, however, are designed for homesteads to last for generations, no real builder would feel safe in omitting such precautions.]

LESSONS IN PRONUNCIATION.

THE letter *r* is often imperfectly sounded, and sometimes omitted altogether in pronunciation. The Irish, however, sound it too strongly, giving it a lengthened trill. It has properly a gentle rolling sound, and should always be heard. Practice on this:

Around the rugged rocks the ragged rascals ran.

Do not say waw-um for warm; not staw-my, but stor-my; not lib ah-ty, but lib-er-ty.

If you are a Yankee, observe carefully how you pronounce your long *a* and long *i*. You are liable (in fact, unless you have received special training on the point, almost certain) to sound them *thin* and *sharp*; and be careful not to pronounce shoot, *shute*; and boot, *bute*! The Western man must beware of the other extreme; he pronounces bear, *bar*; father, *faother*; and brute, *broot*. Some Henglishmen hoften misplace their haitches. “Do you drink hale in your country?” an English cockney asked of an American. “No,” the latter replied, “we drink thunder and lightning!”

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HUMOROUS READINGS.

THE Scriptures say, "The glory of woman is in her hair;" but it nowhere says that the glory of any woman is in any other woman's hair.

"WHAT brought you to prison, my colored friend?" "Two constables, sah." "Yes, but I mean, had intemperance anything to do with it?" "Yes, sah, they was bofe of 'em drunk."

EPITAPH BY A LADY.

Encumbrance sore long time I bore,
Derision was in vain;
But when short skirts became the mode,
They eased me of my train.

LIVELY AGAIN.—The boy who sang, "I'm lonely since my mother died," isn't quite so lonely now. The old man married again, and his step-mother makes it lively enough for him with the broom handle.

At a crowded theatre a woman fell from the gallery into the pit, and was picked up by one of the spectators, who, hearing her groaning, asked her if she was much injured. "Much injured!" exclaimed the woman, "I should think I am. I have lost the best seat in the very middle of the front row."

A YANKEE left his down-east village to visit Washington. On his return he astonished his neighbors by telling them how very late people dined there. "What time," he was asked, "do the storekeepers dine at Washington?" "Not till two, sometimes three." "My, how late; and the Members of Congress?" "Well, I guess they don't dine till six." "And the senators?" "Oh, not till eight or nine." "And the president, when does he dine?" "Oh, he don't dine till next day."

A MIXTURE OF BROWNS.

The following amusing illustration of the perplexities of a village where there were too many Browns, is presented for the edification of our readers.

"During my stay at Brownham, a case was tried at the neighboring assize town involving a disputed right of way. As frequently happens in such cases, a large body of witnesses had been summoned, and of those engaged in the cause, 'Brown and another v. Browne Browne,' it chanced that at least four-fifths belonged to our village and vicinity. Need it be added, that these, almost to a man, were Browns?"

"It was puzzling enough for the sharp-witted counsels to keep their Browns from entangling. But the real labour devolved upon the unfortunate judge, who, in endeavoring to collate and present to the jury the whole body of evidence, was driven almost to his wits' end.

"The testimony, gentlemen," said his lordship, 'of that very intelligent witness, James Brown—confirmed in all its leading particulars by that of the witness Brown—I mean James Brown—that is the other James Brown—demands your most serious attention. For, while on the one hand, the respective affidavits of Peter Brown and George Brown,—not to speak of the oral testimony of Stephen, Philip and—(consulting his notes)—yes, and William—William,—William, gentlemen,—Brown,—point to the conclusion that the connection of James Brown with the property of the Browne Browne family dates from so early a period as the decease of Peter Brown the

elder;—on the other hand, we have the combined declaration of Samuel, George, Josiah, and John Thomas Brown,—fortified by that of another witness—ah! yes!—also named Brown,—that the appointment of James Brown as land steward to the Browne Browne estates supplied John Brown, James Brown's son and agent, with all the opportunity—Peter—that is, George,—of course, I mean James Brown, himself, enjoyed.

"The evidence of the succeeding witness, Brown,—Josiah—stay, gentlemen,—George Brown,' continued his lordship, wiping his brow; 'the son I take it, of William Brown (this similarity of surname is most embarrassing),—Brown, I say, our tenth witness and ninth of the name!—this young Brown's testimony contradicts in one material particular that of Stephen Brown. George Brown asserts,—Stephen Brown as positively denies,—that James Brown, Thomas Brown, and a third individual named,—let me see, ha!—I should have been surprised to find it otherwise!—also Brown—that these three Browns, together with James Brown of Brownham,—which, gentlemen?—why, gentlemen, the Brown—the—the witness—father Brown, the Brown brother—I protest, gentlemen, in all my judicial experience I never met with so singular a case."

Here the unfortunate judge wound up, being, as we suppose the reader is also, by this time—perfectly done—brown.

KOURTING IN THE SEASONS.

I love to kourt in winter
The many girls I no,
When awl outside is drey
And kivered up with sno;
I love to kourt in winter,
Bekawse the old folks dred
The kold and stormy weather,
And hurri oph to bed.

I love to kourt in spring time,
When all is bright and gay,
When natur smiles so sweetly,
To chase the kold away;
I love to kourt in spring time,
Bekawse the gurls, you no,
They look so orful pretty
In dresses kut so lo.

I love to kourt in summer,
When all things are in blume,
And yet I think that kourting
Will ever be my dume;
For I have asked just twenty-one
Of all the gurls I no,
To have me for their loving one,
And they have answered—No!

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

No. 2.]

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, JANUARY 18, 1868.

[Vol. I.]

POETRY.

"OLD TIMES."

A GEM.

There's a beautiful song on the slumbrous air,
That drifts through the valley of dreams;
It comes from a clime where the roses were,
And a tuneful heart and bright brown hair
That waved in the morning beams.

Soft eyes of azure and eyes of brown,
And snow-white foreheads are there,
A glimmering cross and a glittering crown,
A thorny bed and a couch of down,
Lost hopes and leaflets of prayer.

A breath of spring in the breezy woods,
Sweet wafts from the quivering pines—
Blue violet eyes beneath green hoods,
A bubble of brooklets—a scent of buds,
Bird warblers and clambering vines.

A rosy wreath and a dimpled hand,
A ring and a slighted vow,
Three golden links of a broken band,
A tiny track on the snow-white sand,
A tear and a sinless brow.

There's a tincture of grief in the beautiful song
That sobs on the slumbrous air,
And loneliness felt in the festive throng,
Sinks down on the soul as it trembles along
From a clime where the roses were.

We heard it first at the dawn of day,
And it mingled with matin chimes,
But years have distanced the beautiful lay,
And its melody floweth from far away,
And we call it now Old Times.

THE KEYS OF ST. PETER;

OR,

VITTORIA ACCORAMBONI.

A TRUE ITALIAN HISTORY.

CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

Among the cardinals resident in the city was an old man whose infirmities made him seem yet older than he was, and whose quiet and retired life was remarkable only for its purity and for its perfect inoffensiveness to any man alive. Nor were the social position or connexions of this good old man more calculated to draw attention on him than the unpretending modesty of his blameless life. For the old Cardinal di Montalto, who was the son of a peasant of the March

of Ancona, had begun life as an humble mendicant friar; and having first risen by his virtues and talents to be the general of his order, had by this road reached the cardinalate. Yet it was on this obscure old man that the eyes of his fellows of the Sacred College had turned as the most likely candidate for the papacy, on the evidently not distant day when Gregory the Thirteenth, despite all his precautions, should not be able to live any longer. There were not wanting members of the college bearing the names of Medici, Este, Farnese, and others of the great princely families of Italy. But every man was afraid of his fellow. Most men in Rome at that day, whether clerical or lay, had so much cause to fear! And it was thought that no man need fear poor old Cardinal di Montalto, who had never given offence to any one, or seemed capable of conceiving a feeling of animosity or resentment. Besides the very manifest infirmities of old Peretti—that was the Cardinal di Montalto's family name—his tottering gait and bent body were, on the principle above mentioned, all recommendations in his favor. It was clear he could not last long. And his short papacy would give rival parties time, as each hoped, to strengthen itself, and to be ready then for the struggle which they feared to undertake at the present moment. As for the old man himself, when spoken to on the subject, he would treat the matter as one in which a man so near the grave could have little interest; and with a mild sigh and gentle shake of his bent head, followed by a hollow cough, would give his hearers to understand how entirely his mind was occupied on other things.

Rome, however, though quite agreeing with the Cardinal di Montalto, in the opinion that he could not last long, yet thought it probable that he would last longer than the octogenarian pope; and considered that for such brief space he would be the most convenient, inoffensive, meek pope that could be found. Despite himself, therefore, Felix Peretti, Cardinal di Montalto, occupied an important position in the Roman world when the Accoramboni family arrived in the Eternal City.

CHAPTER II.—THREE STRINGS TO THE HEROINE'S BOW.

The "sensation" caused by the first appearance of the beauty on this great theatre and focus of all the grandeurs of the world, exceeding all that the proprietors of the new "great attraction" had promised themselves. All Rome talked of nothing else than the lovely and all-accomplished Vittoria.—Cardinals met to discuss the rival pretensions of the French and Spanish courts, but found themselves neg-

lecting such trifling matters to expatiate, quite en connaisseurs, on the marvellous perfections of the young provincial from the Marches. Princes of the noblest and most powerful families of Italy, young and old, single or married, swore that the bewitching stranger was worthy of promotion to the honor of becoming—the plaything of an hour to any one of them. Father, mother, and brothers, all found themselves suddenly changed into people of importance; sought for, courted and made much of by magnates lay and ecclesiastical, into whose presence they would have hardly ventured to come cap in hand a few short weeks ago. In a word, their speculation promised excellently well; and only prudence was needed to make the most of it. Very much prudence; Italian prudence, of a far more long-sighted and subtly calculating kind than is ordinarily known to the more off-hand and open men of a less guileful race.

The game now to be played out by the combined sagacity of the Accoramboni family was one which called forth all the resources of this favorite faculty.—If the prizes in the wheel were numerous and splendid, so also were the dangers which lay thick and various round about them; so many things had to be considered in that strangely constituted and cynically corrupt Roman world, which the members of a simpler, because a more law-governed, state of society would never dream of.

No part of the difficulty which lay before Vittoria's judicious father and anxious mother, arose from lack of eligible candidates for their daughter's favor. Suitors on all sorts of terms came forward in abundance. To choose wisely and prudently among them, was the point. And the difficulty of the case was sadly increased by a discordance of opinion between Vittoria's papa and mamma. The case was as follows: From among the crowd of pretendants, three stood forward prominently as the most promising. The first was Francesco Peretti, the favorite nephew of poor quiet old Cardinal di Montalto. The Perettis were poor, and not even noble. What then had simple Francesco Peretti to offer that could justify him in dreaming of carrying off a prize that princes and cardinals were disputing? His personal qualifications may have been high, or may have been none at all. Of the many contemporary writers who have expressly or incidentally mentioned the facts of this history, no one has thought it worth his while to advert even to such irrelevant circumstances. But Francesco Peretti was the nephew of the uncle; and it might well be that the nephew of old Fra Felice (Friar Felix, as we should say) would turn out to be the greatest catch in all Rome. For all the world in the Eternal City seemed to have made up their minds that the decrepit old cardinal friar was to be pope. And a pope's favorite nephew! And such a pope; a meek old man used to the quietest retirement, without worldly sense or passion in him enough to resist the taking of his cloak off his back! Why, it would be as good as having the papacy itself for one's dower! "And then, my dear Vittoria, it is your duty, you know, to think of your family. There are four brothers! God knows, it's little enough that I can do for them. But with the position that such a marriage would place you in, there are no limits—positively no limits to the hopes that might open before all of us." It is true that in catching Peretti, Vittoria was playing her

great stake for a bird not in the hand, but still in the bush of the future. It was possible, after all, that the Cardinal di Montalto might never be pope. But, on the other hand, the Peretti marriage was free from great risks and perils which surrounded the union with another of the trio of aspirants, who, out of all those that at first entered their names, finally ran for the plate.

All these things duly meditated and calculated, papa Accoramboni declared himself decidedly in favor of knocking down all that desirable lot, with magnificent head of hair annexed, lovely eyes, attractive form, brilliant accomplishments laid on regardless of expense, &c., &c., known by the name and title of Vittoria Accoramboni to Francesco Peretti, as the best bidder.

But, as has been said, there was an unhappy difference of opinion between the chiefs of the Accoramboni councils. And while in reply to Peretti's proposals, "papa said, yes! she may; mamma said, no! she shan't!" For the female imagination was dazzled by the brilliant magnificence of the second candidate for her daughter's hand. This was no less a man than the Italian historical reader's old acquaintance, Prince Paolo Giordano Orsini! There was an offer! the head of all the Orsini clan! the noblest family in Rome! The owner of immense territorics, and so powerful, that popes themselves quailed before him, and hesitated to put the law in execution against him or his. Was such a son-in-law to be for a moment compared to the obscure nephew of an old monk, who might or might not one day be pope? In this case, the bird was a bird in the hand, and not one in the bush, and a bird of such dazzling plumage! The prince was the man for the lady mother's money; and if her word was worth anything, no trumpery commoner should ever have her darling child, &c., &c., &c.—a whole page of etceteras!

There were, however, some drawbacks to the brilliant advantages of a union with the prince, that must be admitted. In the first place—and this was the consideration that chiefly weighed with the prudent and wary father—the whole of the powerful and unscrupulous Orsini clan would doubtless be furious at such a mismarriage on the part of its chief. And there were other very influential personages likely to be highly offended by the marriage. It was not without reason, in short, that Count Claudio Accoramboni considered the connexion, however flattering, as doubly hazardous. Then, again, the noble Orsini had, about two years previously, murdered his first wife. Not that such a circumstance could be held in anywise to sully the character of one in the untackable position of the Prince Orsini, or that any great weight should be attributed to an accident that would frequently happen in the noblest families.—Still, Vittoria's father thought that, all other things being equal, it might be held to be an objection to a son-in-law in the eyes of a fond parent; while her mamma felt strongly that in the case of a prince, it was mere invidious cavilling to rake up matters of a kind that were never alluded to in really good society. Again: though of course no nobility could be more exalted, more undoubted, more ancient and celebrated than that of the chief of the great house of Orsini, whose names are to be found on every page of the history of their country for hundreds of years

back as the constant disturbers of peaceful life and social progress by their noble determination to be subject to no law save that of their own fierce will, though all the world recognised this nobility as of the purest water and most genuine dye, yet, somehow or other, old Dame Nature, obstinately taking note only of his highness's manner of life, had got it into her stupid old head that he was not noble at all, but to a remarkable degree the reverse. Not that it would have signified a rush what Dame Nature, with her old-fashioned notions, might have thought about the matter, had it not been that she had unfortunately found the means of expressing her opinion so emphatically, that it was impossible not to be more or less annoyed by it. It was now fifty years that she had been making up her mind as to the genuineness of the nobility of the most noble prince; and she now announced her opinion on the subject to the world by fashioning him into the most hideously bloated caricature of the human form and face divine that a nightmare fancy could conceive. He was, we are told, so enormously fat, that his leg was as large round as an ordinary man's body. And one of these huge unnaturally bloated limbs was afflicted with a loathsome cancerous affection, named, we are told by the science of that good old time, a 'lupa,' or she-wolf, because it was necessary continually to supply it with abundant applications of raw flesh, in order that, exerting on them its' destroying power, it might so the more spare the living tissues of the noble patient's body. It might seem, on the whole, to the livers in a degenerate age, that these circumstances might also have weighed somewhat in the estimate of the prince as a bridegroom, formed by the young lady and her family. But they do not appear to have done so. And the facts have been preserved by the contemporary writers only as the envious talk of other Roman ladies, mothers and daughters, who would fain have secured the noble prince, lupa and all, for themselves.

That other little circumstance of the removal of his first wife by the agency of his highness's own noble hands; though it was by no means felt to have cast any stain on the prince's fair fame as a knight and a gentleman, or to have rendered him generally on that account a less desirable family connexion, yet was one of the causes that, as prudent Count Accoramboni perceived, contributed to surround a marriage between his daughter and the prince with especial danger. For the first Princess Orsini, thus removed, was no other than Isabella dei Medici, the sister of Francis, the reigning Duke of Florence, and of the Cardinal Ferdinand dei Medici, one of the most powerful of the Sacred College. Now this poor Isabella had unhappily been led, by the total neglect of her noble husband, to requite his conduct to her in such sort, as to make her death no less necessary to the honor of her 'serene' and 'most reverend' brothers, than to that of her husband. So much so, that the former, far from feeling any estrangement from their brother-in-law on that account, considered themselves beholden to him for his nice care for the reputation of the family. And, notwithstanding any little unpleasantness as to the manner of their dear departed sister's death, the duke and the cardinal would have felt that the 'honor' of the Medici family was dreadfully compromised by their brother-in-law making so shock-

ing a misalliance. And Count Accoramboni wisely considered that it might not pay in the long run to encounter such enmities, even to make his daughter Princess Orsini.

But no prudent considerations of this kind could induce his lady wife to give up the dear vision of becoming mother-in-law to a prince. Despite his fifty years, his infirmities, and his monstrous unwieldy person, she felt that a prince is a prince for a' that, and a' that, and twice as muckle's a' that. And the Orsini offer had, accordingly her consistent and unflinching support.

As for the third proposals, perhaps it would have been better to say nothing about them, were it not for the paramount obligation to tell the truth, and, as far as in him lies, the whole truth, which is binding on whosoever presumes to meddle with history.

Well, then, the beautiful Vittoria's third suitor was his eminence the most reverend sexagenarian Cardinal Bishop Farnese. Suitor? Proposals? Why, the old man was a priest irrevocably vowed to celibacy! Yes, indeed. That was unquestionably the state of the case. And yet his 'proposals' had the energetic support of two of the brothers. What! when it has been just related how two other brothers, acting according to the ideas prevalent in that age, thought it necessary to connive at their fallen sister's murder, to purge the family of the disgrace brought on it by her fault! And these two Accoramboni brothers, too, were of 'noble birth.' But they were reprobate castaways then, these young Gubbio counts? Far from it! One of them, we are assured by a monk who has written a biography of Sixtus the Fifth, was 'a young man of saintly morals,' and was shortly afterwards made a bishop. And, doubtless, if proposals of the nature of those of his venerable eminence the Cardinal Farnese had come from any one of the same rank as the Accorambonis, the young brother of saintly morals would have duly resented them. That is the whole explanation of the matter. What but honor could accrue to an obscure provincial count's daughter and her family from any connection with a cardinal and a Farnese?

CHAPTER III.—THE BROTHERS-IN-LAW.

Thus Vittoria's three suitors had each their partisans in the family councils. The father was strong in favor of Francesco Peretti, the nephew of his uncle; the mother was desperately bent on having "the sweet prince;" and the brother of saintly morals was of opinion that most might be made out of the noble and reverend Farnese. And what about the lovely maid herself? Did she remain aloof and fancy-free while her elders were debating her destiny? Did she take either side in the momentous question? Did she tell one lover to "ask mamma," and the other to "speak to papa?" Or are we to suppose that she was looked upon by her parents as an article to be disposed of, and as having no voice in the matter? If we could discover any hint that could indicate a preference on the young lady's part at this stage of the matter, it would be held to throw a light upon some subsequent parts of the story. But no word of the sort is to be found.

(To be continued.)

STRATAGEM.

"He's a dear darling, clumsy old bookworm," said Clara Lennox, cutting the dead leaves off her pet geranium with a pair of tiny scissors; "but as for marrying Charlie Penn, why, I should as soon think of marrying the big book-case, or the piano, or any other solid, substantial piece of furniture!"

"Then why do you encourage him and flirt with him, and receive attentions from him?" said Sybil Waite, indignantly.

"Why? Oh because——"

Sybil replied:

"Clara, you're a coquette, and I think you deserve to live and die an old maid, if you trifle with the feelings of such a noble young man as Charlie Penn."

But Clara made no answer and went on with her scissors, singing some merry air to herself, while the warm sunshine, falling full on her blue eyes, turned them into rills of liquid light.

Yes, Clara Lennox was very pretty, and she knew it; and so, alas! did Charlie Penn.

How the saucy little beauty tormented the faithful, true-hearted fellow! Sometimes she rained sweet words and sweeter smiles upon him—sometimes she would hardly notice him—and sometimes, again, her cold, ceremonious dignity would chill him to the very heart. And through it all he hoped and trusted on, as men will do.

"It's too bad, Charlie," said Sybil, who was Charlie's cousin and faithful ally: "if I were you I wouldn't bear it a minute longer!"

"Yes," said Mr. Penn, sorrowfully; "but suppose you couldn't help yourself? Imagine that all your happiness depended on a girl's fancy—as—as mine does?"

"Are you really as far gone as *that*, Charlie?" said Sybil, pityingly.

"I'm afraid I am," said honest Charlie. Sybil dear! if I only knew whether or not she cared for me!"

"I'll ascertain that, Charles," said Sybil, nodding her head significantly.

"How?"

"Ha! What an absurd question to ask! How can I tell how? Only—I'll do it! Promise me one thing, Charlie. Don't see Clara until I give you permission."

"I promise," said Charlie, looking very much puzzled, and a little amused. "How long is it likely to be?"

"Well," said Sybil thoughtfully, not very long."

And she tripped away full of sly little plots, plans, and machinations

Clara was busy making some attractive kind of head-dress out of pink ribbons and artificial pink buds, one bright June evening, a little subsequently, when Miss Sybil Waite, was announced.

"Clara," said Miss Waite, mysteriously, "I've some news for you!"

"News? What is it?" Said Clara, rather abstractedly, putting her head on one side to contemplate the effect of her work.

"Our Charlie is going to be married!"

Clara looked up suddenly.

"What! Charlie Penn?"

"Why, to be sure—whom else could I mean?"

"Married!"

The rosy glow was coming and going unconscious-

ly on Clara's cheek. She laid down her work.

"Married? And to whom?"

"Oh, that's a secret—Charles must tell you that himself. Are you not glad, Clara?"

"Y-yes, very glad!"

But Clara Lennox spoke slowly, and her underlip quivered a little. She did not look so much rejoiced, after all. Sybil watched her fair face with a keen, observant glance.

"You see," said Sybil, "I thought you would like to know, because you and Charlie were such old friends."

"Yes, to be sure," said Clara, and the pink ribbons slipped unheeded to the floor, while Clara leaned her cheek on her hand and looked dreamily at the far away sunset.

Sybil arose to go, and Clara started from her reverie. But Miss Waite was satisfied with the result of her inquiries, and no persuasion could induce her to remain longer.

Clara went back to her seat in the sunset loveliness to think, and—to cry! For Clara Lennox was very low-spirited, and wished to find out the secret of her own passionate, impulsive little heart.

"Clara!"

Miss Lennox dashed the drops away from her cheek with a quick motion—she had not heard the familiar footstep on the threshold.

"Mr. Penn."

She did not say "Charlie," as she had been wont to do.

"You have been crying Clara; may I ask you why?"

"I don't know why," said Clara, telling a deliberate falsehood. "I suppose because I felt lonesome—and——"

She paused abruptly here.

"Clara," said Charley gently, "I have something to say to you to-night."

"It's something," thought Clara, her heart beginning to beat hurriedly. "I wonder who she is? I know—I know I shall hate her!"

"Can you guess what it is?"

"Yes," said Clara passionately, "I know what it is; you are in love!"

And then the tears burst forth—she hid her face in her hands.

"Dear Clara, will you give me a word of hope! Will you promise one day to be mine?"

"I" repeated Clara, looking up with sudden agitation. Oh, Charlie, is it me?"

"Whom else could it be, dearest? You have always been first and dearest to my heart. Answer me Clara,—tell me yes"

And Clara's "yes" was almost inaudible through her sobs; yet she was very happy, too.

"I told you I could find out," said little Sybil, looking very wise, when Charlie Penn came back exultant to tell her that Clara Lennox was to be his wife in August.

Sybil's stratagem had proved successful.

Chimney Corner.

DRAW IT MILD.—The steamship City of Cork, which lately arrived in Liverpool from New York, can boast of a wonderful achievement. She was navigated across the Atlantic with a Cork's crew.

DODGING A BUFFALO ON THE ICE.

I wandered far into the bare prairie, which was spread around me like an ocean of snow, the gentle undulations here and there having no small resemblance to the ground swell. When the sun took off his night-cap of mist (for the morning was cloudy), the glare of the landscape, or rather snowscape, was absolutely painful to my eyes; but a small veil of green crape obviated that difficulty. Toward noon I was aware of a buffalo, at a long distance, turning up the snow with his nose and feet, and cropping the withered grass beneath. I always thought it a deed of mercy to slay such an old fellow, he looked so miserable and discontented with himself. As to the individual in question, I determined to put an end to his long, turbulent and evil life.

To this effect, I approached him as a Chinese malefactor approaches a mandarin—that is to say, prone, like a serpent. But the parity only exists with respect to the posture; for the aforesaid malefactor expects to receive pain, whereas I intended to inflict it. He was a grim-looking barbarian—and, if a beard be a mark of wisdom, Peter the Hermit was a fool to him. So, when I had attained a suitable proximity, I appealed to his feelings with a bullet. He ran—and I ran; and I had the best reason to run—for he ran after me, and I thought that a pair of horns might destroy my usual equanimity and equilibrium. In truth I did not fly any too fast, for the old bushaw was close behind me, and I could hear him breathe. I threw away my gun; and, as there was no tree at hand, I gained the center of a pond of a few yards area, such as are found all over the prairies in February.

Here I stood secure, as though in a magic circle, well knowing that neither pigs nor buffaloes can walk upon ice. My pursuer was advised of this fact also, and did not venture to trust himself on so slippery a footing. Yet it seemed that he was no gentleman; at least he did not practise forgiveness of injuries. He perambulated the periphery of the pond, till I was nearly as cold as the ice under me. It was worse than the stone jug, or the Black-hole at Calcutta. Ah! thought I, if I only had my gun. I would soon relieve you from your post.

But discontent was all in vain. Thus I remained, and thus he remained, for at least four hours. In the mean while, I thought of the land of steady habits; of baked beans, and pumpkins, and codfish on Saturdays. There, said I to myself, my neighbor's proceeding would be reckoned unlawful, I guess; for no one can be held in custody without a warrant and sufficient reason. If ever I get back, I won't be caught in such a scrape again.

Grief does not last for ever; neither does anger; and my janitor, either forgetting his resentment, which, to say the truth, was not altogether groundless, or thinking it was useless, or tired of his self-imposed duty, or for some reason or other, bid me farewell with a loud bellow, and walked away to a little oasis that was just in sight, and left me to my meditations. I picked up my gun and followed. He entered the wood—and so did I, just in time to see him fall and expire.

The sun was setting; and the weather was getting colder and colder. I could hear the ground crack,

and the trees split with its intensity. I was at least twenty miles from home; and it behoved me, if I did not wish to “wake in the morning and find myself dead,” to make a fire as speedily as possible. I now first perceived that, in my very natural hurry to escape from my shaggy foe, I had lost the martin-skin wherein I carried my flint, steel and tinder. This was of little consequence; I had often made a fire by the aid of my gun before, and I drew my knife and began to pick the flint. Death to my hopes—at the very first blow I struck it ten yards from the lock, and it was lost for ever in the snow.

“Well,” said I to myself, I have cooked a pretty kettle of fish, and brought my calf's head to a fine market. Shall I furnish those dissectors, the wolves, with a subject; or shall *cold* work the same effect on me that *grief* did upon Niobe? Would that I had a skin like a buffalo!

Necessity is the spur, as well as the mother, of invention; and, at these last words, a new idea flashed through my brain like lightning. I verily believe that I took off the skin of my victim in fewer than ten strokes of my knife. Such a hide entire is no trifle; it takes a strong man to lift it;—but I rolled the one in question about me, with the hair inward, and lay down to sleep, tolerably sure that neither Jack Frost nor the wolves could get at me, through an armor thicker and tougher than the sevenfold shield of Ajax.

Darkness closed in; and a raven began to sound his note of evil omen from a neighboring branch.—“Croak on, black angel,” said I, “I have heard croaking before now, and am not to be frightened by any of your color.” Suddenly a herd of wolves struck up at a distance, probably excited by the scent of the slain buffalo. “Howl on,” said I; “and, being among wolves, I will howl too—for I like to be in the fashion; but that shall be the extent of our intimacy.”—Accordingly, I uplifted my voice, like a pelican in the wilderness, and gave them back their noise, with interest. Then I lay down again and moralised. This, thought I, is life. What would my poor mother say if she were alive now? I have read books of adventure, but never read anything like this. In this romantic situation I fell asleep without further ado.—*Snelling.*

WHY was Desdemona the most discontented of all women? Because the Moor she had—the Moor she wanted.

SOME one, speaking of a highly ornamented house, whose proprietor was not particularly hospitable, said:—“I should like to see a little less gilding and more carving.”

A HUMAN WOLF.—A human being with the instincts and habits of a wolf, has lately been discovered in a pack of wolves, in the kingdom of Oude, India. Wolves abound in that country, and children are often carried off by them; and the theory in this case is, that an infant was carried off by a she wolf, adopted, and raised to manhood, and now presents the appearance of a human wolf. The creature has been caught, clothed, and is now kept by a gentleman in Thabje Vampore, some eight hundred miles west of Calcutta. He does not speak, and eats his food from the ground, and avoids the gaze of the human eye.—*Er.*

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1868.

CURIOUS NATIONAL CREEDS.

THE HINDOO FAITH.

Our subjects will not always be scientific; sometimes they will be theological; sometimes philosophical. This morning we propose an incursion far away among the Hindoos for an inspection of some of the curiosities—and there are many—connected with their ancient faith.

Perhaps no part of the outer world is so remarkable for its religious and social system as India. People there inherit their occupation in life by birth. Whether a man is to be a warrior, merchant, laborer, or one of the sacred classes, is determined before he is born by the grade or rank of his parents—or by their caste, as it is termed.

It must be understood that in India religion is omnipotent. It regulates everything, and enters into every act of life. It determines every man's position in the social scale, irrespective of anything he can do or say. Distinctions of caste which regulate the occupations of life are supposed to have been decreed by the divine will, against which it is as useless to rebel as against the laws of eternal nature. Hence the Hindoo accepts the class of life which religious custom allots him, with as much assurance that he was born for it, as that he was born to eat and drink, or that birds were created to fly, or fish to swim.

According to the creed of Hindoostan God has made men in four great classes or castes. First, the priests; secondly, the warriors and rulers; next the capitalists, traders and farmers; and lastly, the artisans and laborers. Of all these the Brahmin is the chosen of God's creation, and His priests. In fact, they are supposed to partake in part of the divine in their nature. They are so holy that they are defiled if they only come within the shadow of certain outcasts of Hindoo society. Some of the commentators on their sacred writings declare the Brahmin to be a sort of "earthly god" and worthy of worship. "A Brahmin, whether learned or ignorant, is a powerful divinity," says one text. "Brahmins who commit such crimes as theft are simply offenders against themselves," proclaims another; "whatever exists in the universe is all, in effect, though not in form, the wealth of the Brahmin, since the Brahmin is entitled to it all by his birth," declares a third.

The Brahmins generally live by officiating at the sacred temples or pagodas, or on the alms and offerings of the devout. It would appear to be, on the whole, a tolerably agreeable thing to be a Brahmin. Next to them, the gods love the warriors best, who are not quite composed of such excellent material as the Brahmins, but nearly so; while the trading class are far below the warriors in turn. These three castes constitute the upper classes, and, as the Hindoo religion teaches that a man may re-appear upon the earth any number of times, and in a more or less important position—a point to be determined by his virtues in this life, it would seem that persons born in these castes were very moral in their last probation, seeing they hold such a respectable position in this;

especially as they are called the "twice born," indicating, we suppose, thereby their previous life and superior character. Servants and laborers are contemptuously styled the "once born," and are, therefore, geologically speaking, "a very recent formation."

We have said that there are four great hereditary classes of society in India, but there are more produced by the inter-marriage of higher with lower castes. Thus, if a Brahmin have a son by a woman of the mercantile caste, he (the son) becomes a medical man by virtue of the mixture of grades—he is only fit for a doctor; while if a Brahmin woman bear a son to one of the trading community, his occupation in after life is to wait upon woman—a fact that does not say much for merchandising. Should a "ladies' man" of this latter order, in turn, violate his caste, and have a son by a lady from a medical family, a musician is the inevitable result; this would seem to indicate that the nature of a musician is supposed to be considerably "mixed." In this way a great many other grades and ranks are formed, into which each enters as naturally as by the decree of the gods. There is no jealousy between these castes; men never rise from one to the other, but a man may degrade his offspring to a lower one than he possesses himself. Each class lives by, and is a little world all to itself.

And now for some items of the creed of this singular and numerous people. They hold that there is one Supreme deity, but the management of matters is confided by him to a trinity of deities through whom he manifests himself—Brahma the Creator, Vishnu the Preserver, and Siva the Destroyer. Some of these deities get more attention than others. For instance, Siva the Destroyer, obtains more worship than either of the other gods, probably on the ground that he is the most dangerous when offended. Next to Siva, Vishnu the Preserver has the greatest number of worshipers, clearly, because it is supposed to be far more important to be on good terms with the Preserver than the Creator. Perhaps they imagine creating will go on any way, but he that can preserve things after they are created, must be a very great deity, and one whose favor is worthy of cultivation.

A very singular custom among the votaries of Siva and Vishnu is that of marking their foreheads to signify whom they worship. Siva's followers distinguish themselves by a horizontal, and the Vishnuites by a perpendicular mark.

In addition to the presiding deities mentioned, there are millions of inferior deities, representations of one or other of whom are kept in nearly every household for worship. It must not, however, be supposed that the Hindoo imagines that the wood or clay, of which the idol is composed, hears his prayer. It is a vulgar error to imagine that the educated heathens—any more than the Roman Catholics, actually worship the image itself. They either suppose the image to be a mere representation of their deity, kept before them to stir them up to duty and adoration, or, as in the case of the Hindoo, they consecrate the image to the deity, after which dedication they believe the spirit of the god is enshrined within it; and to which spirit, and not the receptacle or image, they bend in adoration.

It is a common thing for devout Hindoos of the upper class to consecrate all their property to the service of one of these gods, and appoint themselves managers of his estate; constituting themselves depend-

ents upon his bounty, living upon a small allowance as his attendants. At death by a will, regardless of the interests of their families, they often appropriate all they have to the same purposes. But one of the most curious arrangements connected with a Hindoo will is that of providing in it that, directly they are given over to die, they shall be taken to the banks of the Ganges, or some other holy river, *while yet in their senses*, there to be half immersed in mud and water, their mouths filled with mud from the sacred stream, and there left, exposed to the scorching heat of a burning Indian sun by day and the heavy dews of night, without food, aid, or friends, until they expire.

These are but a tithe of the curious facts connected with the ancient and far-spreading religion of India. Only a few prominent items are glanced at. In our next we propose to speak of the curiosities connected with the great Buddhist religion of China, Thibet and Tartary.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

BY "OUR HIRED MAN."

"DEBILITATED MORMONS."—A new light has just burst upon our darkened imaginations. We were reading some remarks by the *Eclectic Magazine* on Hepworth Dixon and the Mormons, when our astonished vision was penetrated by the statement that the social system of this community is "producing its natural fruits in the degradation of women and the—(what does the reader imagine?)—why "the emasculation" or debilitation "of the men." Little as our friends may think it, this idea of the debilitated men of Mormonism is very valuable. It explains many mysteries unsolvable before. For instance, the writer never could account for the number of two-hundred-and-fifty pound men of his acquaintance abounding around; he never could see clearly, in fact, how it was there were so many men of weight in the community; he sees it now, they are all "debilitated Mormons."

Again, at the last General Conference, he sat gazing upon from five to ten thousand bronzed faces aggravatingly rugged and sinewy to a fault.—He now asks the question why was there not a white face among that sea of upturned countenances? Clearly enough, because they were all debilitated Mormons.

One of the afflictions of his mountain life has been to see so many young men capable of the polite accomplishment of riding wild "bronco" horses to death. Why has he been thus afflicted, we ask?—The *Eclectic Magazine* replies they are all "debilitated Mormons."

In these wintry seasons, crossing the street, we wind our way among twenty-five young urchins, tumbling in the snow, and twenty more piled on each other's backs into young animated mountains, rushing like small avalanches, in their hand-sleighs, down the descending streets, to the imminent danger of people's legs in general, and our editorial ones in particular. Savagely we grunt—this comes of there being so many "debilitated Mormons."

This debilitation seems to be a splendid thing if you only carry it far enough: upwards of twenty years ago, when the undebliterated denizens of Ameri-

ca declared this Territory given up to desolation for ever, and the great undebliterated Fremont retreated from its horrors in disgust, a few thousand faced its frowning desolation and never rested till they had added a Territory to the American domain from the heart of the great desert. How came they thus to dare death and isolation? The *Eclectic* editor knows all about it; it was because they were "debilitated Mormons."

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENCE.

WATERY—Wants to know what is the good of folks raising their foot-paths near the ditch so as to leave a hollow between it and the fence? We are surprised at such a question there are so many benefits arising from this plan. It saves a great deal of water which would otherwise drain off into the ditch and run into the Jordan and get wasted. Water is very scarce in the deserts of Arabia and should always be saved, it may be sent for some day. Besides all this, a pool of water saves the paths from wearing out as no one will walk upon them. Plenty of water, also, swells up the cracks in people's boots and keeps them from leaking, at least, it ought to—it does so with tubs anyway. Persons opposed to a great deal of water on the foot-paths should remember that the earth itself is two-thirds covered with water—more water than land then, is the true order of nature and should not be fought against.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTE.—Correspondence is invited from our friends.

CATHOLICS.—So far as we understand the Roman Catholic question, the popes do not pretend to infallibility in any matters except questions of doctrine. In connection with the priesthood and them, they consider themselves the appointed guardians to this earth of all true doctrine relating to faith or morals. Virtually, they believe in present Revelation; for they hold that, at any of their great councils for the decision of important questions of this kind, the Lord is bound to inspire the majority of the Council, at any rate, to a right decision. A Catholic priest sojourning in this city, some time back, stated to us the above in substance. He further said that the supposed inspiration was considered to be so easily confined to such matters. In reference to the temporal government of the pope—say for instance, his management of the so-called "states of the Church," the pope was considered by Catholics to possess no more inspiration than any other person. He had to be guided by his experience and judgment in all such matters.

A FRIEND.—We have four deliverers who act as traveling salesmen in the city of any one of whom the *Magazine* can be had, as well as of our general agent Mr Joseph Andrews. Any of the deliverers will receive orders for us. We have some specimen copies at the disposal of our friends who feel like canvassing for us. They can also be had by such as intend to get up clubs. All persons desirous of taking the paper but doubtful about raising suitable pay should give us a call immediately, doubtless we can arrange with them.

E B K.—We have been to the "land of steady habits" and Sabbath observances. It is perfectly true that a man may not whistle on a Sunday, in Scotland in some parts, at any rate, without being considered a disturber of the public peace and rendering himself liable to a friendly walk with a gentleman of "the force." A man may not loiter up against a post or a corner with his hands in his pockets "taking stock" of the passers-by. It is supposed, and very properly, that he is wanted elsewhere. A friend of ours after a discussion, one Sabbath evening, with certain persons, felt so elated as to whistle aloud; he only escaped a severe reprimand by insisting that he only uttered a loud "whew"—rather a whistley one in its character it is true—but still only an exclamation of surprise! As a nation, the Scotch are no impulsive—they do not quickly manifest affection for any one but where their love is once legitimately gained, they are true to the death.

J. M. B.—It is a common mistake to suppose that the remarkable and expressive words,—"Unless ye are one, ye are none or mine" can be found in the Bible. So many expressions urging union are contained in the New Testament, that people very naturally have supposed the above expression to have originated there. These words were uttered for the first time in this age at any rate, by the Prophet Joseph Smith, and are to be found in the Doctrine and Covenants alone except in cases where they have been quoted from there. If any of our readers can find them in the Bible, and will direct us to the place, we will recant speedily.

THE CREAM OF THE PAPERS.

[NOTE.—The extracts are distinguished from comments or abbreviations by quotational marks.]

THE ZOUAVE JACOB.

[From the Birmingham Journal.]

Paris has been ringing with stories about a non-commissioned officer named Jacob—presumably a Jew—who, it seems, claims the power of working miracles, or if not miracles, cures without any agency save his own will. His feats are thus graphically described:

"The Zouave admits no one to his presence who is not really afflicted with disease or infirmity, those who are led to the Rue de la Roquette by curiosity being compelled to remain in the waiting room. Fortunately, I was furnished with a letter from his best friend, and became privileged at once. I entered the room with twenty of the most ragged and dirty of the whole mob, and am thus enabled to describe the scene. The Zouave was standing as if in a reverie when we entered pell-mell into the long, low apartment, where the cures were performed. He was leaning against a wall, with his eyes half open, after the fashion of Sonnambula before entering completely into trance, the only difference being in the intense light shot out from the living orbs beneath the drooping eyelids. He neither spoke nor moved while his father busied himself in arranging the visitors upon the low wooden benches before him. Every crutch and stick was taken from the infirm patients, and placed in the corner behind the door, amid the timid whines of the poor frightened creatures, accustomed to look upon the help afforded by these objects as absolutely necessary to their safety. When all were seated thus, leaning the one against the other, the father going close up to the son, whispered in his ear. He was aroused in a moment, and coming forward with a movement brusque and hurried, savoring of the military camp, and not in the least of the solemnity of the magician's sanctuary, he walked up and down for a few minutes before the eager line of sufferers. To each he told the disease under which he or she was suffering, and the original cause of the malady; and as no objection was made in any one case, I am led to suppose him to have been right in all.

He then passed before the line, uttering simply the words, 'Rise and walk!' The sound which simultaneously burst from the assembly could find no fitting description in any language. It was a sort of moaning whine, a kind of infantine wailing, evidently produced by fear and doubt. One feeble old beggar woman, whose head had stopped its palsied shaking from the moment the Zouave had fixed his glittering eye upon her, was the one who gave expression to the feeling which had evidently taken possession of them all. 'Oh, how can I move without my crutches?' and, having turned a yearning look towards the corner where these old friends and supporters were standing, with a host of others, she began to mumble and moan most piteously. But the Zouave looked for a moment down the line, with an ominous frown on his brow, as he found that not one of the patients had obeyed his orders. No pretension to the character of a prophet, or inspired seer, was there, for he stamped with such rude violence on the floor that the casement shook again. He almost uttered an oath, but it was unfinished, as he once more uttered the command to rise and walk, so that others might be admitted in their place.

Then came the most strange and mysterious moment of the whole ceremony. One by one did every individual seated upon the low wooden benches rise and stand erect. No words can describe the singular spectacle offered by this searing, hoping, doubting crowd, as each one found himself standing firm upon the legs which for years had ceased to do their office. Some laughed like foolish children, some remained wrapped in stolid wonder, while many burst into the most heart-rending paroxysm of weeping. It was then that the Zouave stretched forth his arm and bade them pause. All was hushed and silent for a moment. The pause lasted for some time. I have been told that it is always so, but have not been able to account for its necessity; and then the door was thrown open, and the crippled and the paralyzed, the halt and the lame of the hour before, walked from that long, low, half-darkened chamber, with somewhat timid gait, it may be, but with straightened limbs and measured steps, as though no ailment had ever reached them. One or two amongst the number turned to thank their deliverer, but the Zouave dismissed them brutally. 'Be off; don't stand shilly shally. You are cured, ain't you?—that's enough—now PIERREZ MOT LE CAMP!' In plain English, 'Cut your stick, and be gone.'

[From London Society.]

"HOW I FELL INTO THE CLUTCHES OF KING THEODORE."

[CONCLUDED.]

At last I was summoned to the Abyssinian presence by the Abuna, who came for me in person. Theodore seemed much better tempered than on the occasion of my first visit, and began by asking whether I would ever have been treated in a more clement manner in any other country. "Certainly not your majesty; especially not in England, where the innocent are incarcerated and criminals left at freedom and rewarded," I replied, as coolly as he had questioned me. He seemed amused, and after awhile said, "That I can easily believe, if the British government treats its subjects in the same manner they have acted towards me."

In answer to this attack, I endeavored to look upon all the disagreements that had occurred between him and Great Britain as caused by the lamentable ignorance prevailing in England respecting the manners and customs of Abyssinia, and begged him to remember that Queen Victoria, against whom he seemed to have the greatest grudge, was but an instrument in the hands of the parliament, and not possessing the power and strength his majesty did, who had but to command, and he was obeyed.

"Avooonat, very true," answered Theodore; "but that does not alter the facts, except in so far that I must hold the British parliament responsible for the insults heaped upon me, looking to it for an apology and reparation, and not to the British Queen."

Thereupon I modestly asked what he required for the release of the prisoners. He answered with a great show of dignity and wounded pride:

"Stern and the other missionaries have been guilty of many breaches of faith, and of great disrespect and treachery towards me, for which they have been justly condemned to death by the likaont; but I, in the fulness of my clemency, have diminished and softened the severity of their sentence, and commuted it to imprisonment for life. What the law has pronounced, justice must carry out. I am no robber, who makes prisoners merely in order to extort a ransom. I act in accordance with justice."

"Then, your Majesty, I would beg of you to treat me with the same severity as Consul Cameron; cast me in chains, and lacerate my body with the scourge. He is not more guilty than I am." Theodore seemed rather astonished; but I continued saying that, not being a spy nor a missionary, never having given him cause for anger, I never, for a moment, entertained any fear for my safety whilst in his dominions. He had the reputation of a great man; no truly great man would ever act so tyrannically, and ended by advising him to cut off my hands and feet, and see if he could then say to his conscience, "I have acted rightly."

"Will you engage in single combat with one of my knights, and stake your life for your liberty?" asked Theodore, when I had concluded.

"No, I do not dream of it, being quite inexperienced in the use of the sword and lance. Besides, I should have fancied enough English blood had been shed for your Majesty."

"How so?" he inquired.

"Consul Plowden was murdered because he was your friend. That fact might possibly escape your memory, but that you should have forgotten Mr. Bell, who sacrificed his own life to save yours, is not what I should have expected."

On hearing this, Theodore became furious; for any allusion to Bell's death was extremely dangerous, and, for a moment, I fancied it was all over with any chance of escaping. However, thrusting his sword back into its scabbard, from which he had half drawn it, he remarked, "I do remember him, else your head would now have left your shoulders."

Therewith his Majesty ordered me back to my residence, and I saw no more of him for six weeks, during which time I plied the Abuna with every reason I could think of to prove how advantageous my release would be to himself. I succeeded in gaining him over to my opinion, and in consequence of the representations he made to the king, coupled with my own respectful behavior, I was again summoned to his Majesty, not by the Abuna, but by a certain Basha Yakoob, which I looked on as a bad sign, and left my prison home with some little trepidation.

On entering the audience chamber, my doubts as to the issue of my adventures increased tenfold, for on each side of the king stood a row of soldiers with their swords drawn, and looking, as I thought, exceedingly hungry. His Majesty was,

however, not bad tempered, and had me seated near to him. Thereupon he gave a sign; the soldiers rushed at me with their drawn swords. I thought at once of giving up the ghost quietly without any bother; but, happily for my parents, they rushed past, and, before I could recover from my surprise, returned, each bearing in his hand a bleeding piece of raw meat, which was handed to the dignitaries present, not excepting myself. By this time I had become so thoroughly acclimatized that I fancy a dish of raw baby would not have induced me to die a death of starvation; so I bravely attacked my portion, and with some difficulty managed to accomplish the feat of devouring about two pounds of tough beef, raw and crude, in something less than seven minutes. By way of promoting digestion, merross and maestic, a kind of raki, were handed round, and when his Majesty had satisfied himself with his favorite beverage, he bade me and the Abuna Salama draw closer to him.

"You are courageous," he said, "and have dared a great deal; you have told me the truth; I hate sycophantic flatterers and liars, and you remind me of the only true friend I ever possessed. I have also ascertained that you have been guilty of no offence against me or my country, and herewith I give you your freedom."

The blood rushed hot and quick to my head, for I had not yet expected to obtain my release, and although there was not much to be thankful for in the king's conduct towards me, yet such is the influence power has, that I thanked him truly and sincerely for his generosity. In fact, I put myself into his position, and thought I should have acted very much in the same fashion that he did.

Taking leave of the Abuna, whom I presented with various articles, I returned to Matamma very much the same way as I came, and soon left the dominions of Theodore behind me, more fortunate than any other European who happened to stray to Abyssinia during this period of the king's life, excepting some two or three Frenchmen, who also managed to find favor in his eyes.

THE ROMANCE OF THE VICEROYALTY.

[From London Society.]

Ismael Pacha, the present head of the Egyptian government, whose visit to England created such notice lately, is successor to Said Pacha, whose accession to power was marked by a very extraordinary and characteristic event—an event that would be considered horrible anywhere except in Egypt.

The head of the family, the oldest male within certain degrees of affinity, succeeds to the government in Egypt, not the eldest son.

"Abbas," aha, predecessor of Said, was hated for his cruelty. He seemed to think no more of human life than most men do of canine life, and he thought less of murdering or torturing a human being than most men would think of putting a dog to death in the least painful manner. As an example. He was walking in the grounds of his palace on the banks of the Nile, when a new breech-loading gun, a fowling-piece, was brought to him. He was a good shot, and ordered it to be loaded with ball, which was done.

At the other side of the Nile, a poor peasant woman had just filled her water-pot at the river, and was walking up the bank with the water-pot on her head. Abbas presented the gun at her and fired. She was wounded in the back and fell writhing to the ground. The courtiers applauded the accuracy of his highness's aim, and the viceroy himself returned the weapon to the attendant who brought it, saying that he was satisfied with it. No one paid the slightest attention to the poor wretch who had been wounded. She died that night.

It is not wonderful, then, such being the character of Abbas, that he was murdered at last. It is said that those who did it, his own servants, were instigated by members of his own family, whom he had outraged, so to do.

Abbas was living at the palace of Benia, near Cairo, when he was murdered, and the chief eunuch, who discovered the fact in the morning, before any one else knew it, called Elfi Bey, the governor of Cairo, to the palace, in order that they might together concert measures for their own benefit, before the event should become generally known. They decided that they should put Elami Pacha, son of Abbas, on the throne, and not Said Pacha, who was then at Alexandria, and who by the Mohammedan law was the rightful heir. Had Elami been on

the spot they might have succeeded, but, unfortunately for them, he was then at sea, having set out in a steamer two days before, to go to France, intending to make a tour of Europe. If they could succeed in keeping the viceroy's death a secret until he could be recalled, the two friends, the chief eunuch and the governor of Cairo, doubted not that their enterprise would be successful, and that the new pacha would do anything they pleased for them afterwards. The difficulty was to keep the death a secret. A telegram was sent to Alexandria forthwith, in the name of the viceroy, ordering the swiftest steamer available to be sent after Elami Pacha to recall him. Said was himself admiral of the fleet, and therefore the necessary orders had to be issued by him.

Carefully as Elfi Bey and the chief eunuch took their measures to conceal the viceroy's death, whispers were spread from the palace in various directions that all was not right; and Halim Pacha, a friend of Said, having heard of the order sent to Said, and having heard likewise the whispers alluded to, sent another message to him by telegraph, stating that the house he desired in Cairo was empty, and begging of him to come himself to occupy it, and not to send for any other tenant. Halim was afraid to speak more explicitly. Said understood him, and did not send for Elami.

The expedient which Elfi Bey adopted in order to conceal the death of the viceroy was one which probably would only have entered into the head of an Oriental, and which an Oriental only would have had the hardihood to execute. It was this. He got the dead body of the viceroy, Abbas, already more than unpleasant, dressed up in the ordinary clothes, ordered one of the viceroy's carriages, had the corpse lifted into its accustomed seat, and took his own seat, as he had often done during the life of Abbas, at his left hand. It was given out that Abbas was going to the palace, which he had himself built, in the Desert, ten miles from Cairo, the palace called after him, the Abbassieh; other carriages followed, and, during the horrible drive, he, Elfi Bey, lifted the arm of the dead man occasionally, as if replying to the greetings of the multitude. Was it not horrible? In this way the drive was accomplished. The viceroy had gone, as on former occasions, to bury himself in the Abbassieh, and there to celebrate his usual orgies, remote from public business. Nothing more!

But the truth had got wind. It was known that Abbas was dead notwithstanding Elfi Bey's horrible drive. Said had come to Cairo, and had sent a messenger to Constantinople to announce the fact of Abbas' death and of his own accession. Elfi still had his own guards in the citadel of Cairo. He daily expected the return of Elami. It was not until eight days after the death of Abbas that he became convinced that Elami was not coming—that the country had accepted Said as its ruler, and that there was no more hope for him. Shut up in the citadel, he trembled as he thought of the revenge which Said Pacha would take on him, and he became finally convinced that there was no more hope for him. Said, in the meantime, sent to him to say that he looked with leniency on his transgression, inasmuch as it resulted from too great a devotion to his late master, and his family. But Elfi judged Said by himself, and believed that the direst tortures would be his fate when he gave himself up, so he destroyed himself by poison. "What a fool!" said Said, when he heard the news; "had I not promised to forgive him?" Such is Egyptian life in high places!

LONG SINCE.—A lady, who was very modest and submissive before marriage, was observed by a friend to use her tongue pretty freely afterwards—"There was a time when I almost imagined she had none." "Yes," said the husband, with a sigh, "but it's very long since."

SCOTTISH ANECDOTES.—The late Lord Rutherford was conversing with a shepherd, near Bonaly, amongst the Pentlands, and, complaining of the weather, said unguardedly, "What a d—d mist," and added that he could not conceive for what purpose such a thing as east wind had been created. The shepherd, a tall, grim figure, turned sharp round upon him—"What ails ye at the mist, sir? It weets the sod, it slockens the yowes, and"—with much solemnity—"its God's will;" having said which, he turned away with lofty indignation. The same shepherd, one day sitting on the hillside with Lord Cockburn, the proprietor of Bonaly, gave him a happy answer—"John," said his lordship, observing that the sheep were reposing in the coldest situation, "If I were a sheep, I would lie on the other side of the hill." "Ah, my laird," replied John, "but if ye had been a sheep, ye would hae had mair sense."

PORTRAIT GALLERY.

PRINCE ALBERT.

Our Portrait Gallery this week contains but one sketch; but the following description of Prince Albert's character and courtship, given by Queen Victoria herself, in her book respecting the prince's life, is so interesting that we give to it all the space at our command.

YOUTHFUL CHARACTER.

The Queen tells us that "Albert, as a child, was of a mild, benevolent disposition. It was only what he thought unjust or dishonest that could make him angry."

Speaking of him when he was seventeen years of age, she says, "The Prince was at that time much shorter than his brother, already very handsome, but very stout, which he entirely grew out of afterwards. He was most amiable, natural, unaffected and merry; full of interest in everything; playing on the piano with the Princess, his cousin, drawing; in short, constantly occupied. He always paid the greatest attention to all he saw."

HIS COURTSHIP.

When the period of the betrothal of the Queen and Prince drew on, Prince Albert was in a very awkward position, for, although very fond of the Queen, the etiquette of courts demanded, on account of her rank, that the offer of marriage should come from her. This was no less difficult for the Queen herself. At last, by her order, the Prince was summoned to her room; what then passed is thus described:

"After a few minutes' conversation on other subjects, the Queen told him why she had sent for him; and we can well understand any little hesitation and delicacy she may have felt in doing so; for the Queen's position making it imperative that any proposal of marriage should come first from her, must necessarily appear a painful one to those who, deriving their ideas on this subject from the practice of private life, are wont to look upon it as the privilege and happiness of a woman to have her hand sought in marriage, instead of having to offer it herself.

"How the Prince received the offer will appear best from the following few lines which he wrote the next day to the old friend of his family, Baron Stockmar, who was naturally one of the first to be informed of his engagement:—'I write to you,' he says, 'on one of the happiest days of my life, to give you the most welcome news possible;' and having then described what took place, he proceeds: 'Victoria is so good and kind to me that I am often at a loss to believe that such affection should be shown to me. I know the great interest you take in my happiness, and therefore pour out my whole heart to you;' and he ends by saying, 'More, or more seriously, I cannot write to you; for that, at this moment, I am too bewildered.'

"The Queen herself says that the Prince received her offer without any hesitation, and with the warmest demonstration of kindness and affection; and, after a natural expression of her feeling of happiness, her Majesty adds, in the fervor and sincerity of her heart, with the straightforward simplicity that marks all the entries in her journal, 'How I will strive to make him feel as little as possible the great sacrifice he has made! I told him it was a great sacrifice on his part, but he would not allow it. I then told him to fetch Ernest, which he did, who congratulated us both, and seemed very happy. He told me how perfect his brother was.'"

With two other interesting letters, we must bring this sketch to a close. The first is a letter from the Prince to his grandmother, at once describing his own feelings and what passed between him and the Queen at their interview:

"Dear Grandmamma: I tremble as I take up my pen, for I cannot but fear that what I am about to tell you will at the same time raise a thought which cannot be otherwise than painful to you, and, oh! which is very much so to me also—namely, that of parting. The subject which has occupied us so much of late is at last settled.

"The Queen sent for me alone to her room a few days ago, and declared to me in a genuine outburst of love and affection, that I had gained her whole heart, and would make her intensely happy, if I would make her the sacrifice of sharing her life with her; for she said she looked on it as a sacrifice; the only thing which troubled her was that she did not think she was worthy of me. The joyous openness of manner in which she told me this quite enchanted me, and I was quite carried away by it. She is really most good and amiable, and I am quite sure heaven has not given me into evil hands, and that we shall be happy together.

"Since that moment Victoria does whatever she fancies I should wish or like, and we talk together a great deal about our future life, which she promises me to make as happy as possible."

Thus tenderly and hopefully began a married life the anticipations of which were more than realized; to be closed, however, how sorrowfully for England's Queen, all know too well.

GOSSIP OF THE DAY.

GOSSIP says they are getting fond of theatrical displays in high places. At the Princess Metternich's fete, given to the Emperor of Austria, her saloons were literally converted into floral temples. Even the walls of the dining-room were covered up by a trellis of gold lattice, on which flowering plants were trained to the ceiling, and covered with rare blossoms; the whole illuminated from behind by colored lights, of course producing a most magical effect.

We are next told that the young King of Bavaria put off his marriage from month to month, until his proposed papa asked him whether he wouldn't just as soon have it put off altogether; to which view of matters the King was exceedingly agreeable, and "put off" it was, to the great disgust of all the loyal photographers and picture-makers of the kingdom, who had prepared a large stock of beautiful pictures of the King—and Queen that was to be—showing how they looked when they were married. A number of porcelain manufacturers had also got out a splendid lot of cups and vases, each adorned with excellent likenesses of the happy couple, as they should have been, but wasn't.

Gossip next tells the following story as to how the celebrated Count Bismarck conducted himself when he was only "young Bismarck," and a resident of Göttingen, in the days of his pupilage. "Being invited to a ball he ordered a new pair of boots; but on the day before the ball took place he received notice that his boots would not be ready. Instead of submitting to his fate (going to the ball in old boots, or staying away altogether), Bismarck went down to the shoemaker, taking with him two enormous and ferocious dogs, which he assured the unfortunate Crispin should tear him to pieces if the boots were not ready by the following morning. Not satisfied with this threat, he hired a man who paraded the two dogs before the shoemaker all through the day, occasionally thus reminding the luckless man—'Unfortunate shoemaker, thou art doomed to death by the dogs unless the boots be finished.' With a sigh, the poor shoemaker told his wife that he must work all night, and so Bismarck obtained his boots in time for the dance.

ERRATUM.—In "Our Lecturer" for last week, instead of the words "as to size we are only" etc., read, "as to MASS we are."

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS.

TO PUT NUTS INTO YOUR EAR.

Take three nuts in the left hand, show them, and take out one of them between your right finger and thumb, and another between the first and third finger. This latter is not seen by the company. You then put one of them in your mouth and retain it there, unknown to the spectators, while you exhibit the second as the one that you put into your mouth. This second one you carry to your ear, as if you meant to insert it there, and on replacing it in your left hand, only two nuts will be left instead of three, the third of which appears to have gone into your ear.

TO CRACK WALNUTS IN YOUR ELBOW.

Conceal a very strong walnut in your right hand, and take two other walnuts out of the dish. Place one of them on the joint of the arm, and say that you are going to break it by the power of your muscles. You will now have one walnut in your arm and two in your right hand. Close your left arm, and strike it an apparently violent blow with the right hand, at the same time clenching the right hand violently, which will smash the second walnut in it, and the spectators hearing the crash will be sure to fancy that it is caused by the demolition of the walnut in your arm. Then open your arm very gently (for fear of dropping any of the fragments, you must say), and, when pretending to take out the walnut which you have placed there, you substitute for it the broken one from your right hand.

EDUCATIONAL AND PRACTICAL.

ABOUT THE ATMOSPHERE.

The atmosphere is found to be very elastic; and, in consequence, to press on every side, equal to a weight of 33 feet of water, or 29½ inches of mercury; and this elasticity is found to decrease, as we ascend higher and higher, so as to render the barometer a means of ascertaining heights.

This elasticity is equally powerful in a cubic inch of the atmosphere, as in the whole mass; and an inch will raise the mercury in the barometer, as much as the whole atmosphere. One cannot, therefore, but wonder at the quackery, or inconsiderateness of authors, who copy, one after another, the idle nonsense about the atmosphere pressing a man with a weight of 30,000 lbs.; when, in fact, he is not pressed to the amount of an ounce; all the vessels of his body being filled with air, which presses outward, at least as much as the atmosphere presses inward, and also upward as well as downward. In fact, in regard to animal and vegetable bodies, the slight gravity of the air is destroyed by its elasticity.

Comparing the atmosphere to fleeces of wool laid upon one another, it will be lighter or rarer as we ascend in it; or, in other words, its elasticity will be diminished.

Were it all of uniform density, like water, it would be about five miles high; but the reflection of the sun's rays appears to be affected by it at the height of 44 miles; where it is calculated to be 4,000 times less elastic than on the surface of the earth.

The blue color of the atmosphere is its natural color. Its power of reflection produces the universal diffusion of light.

On the elasticity of air, is founded the invention of the Diving Bell; by means of which an operator descends to any depth in water, and remains there for hours together. Weights are placed at the bottom to prevent it from turning; and a forcing pipe sends in fresh air, to supply the waste of vital air from the respiration of the operator.

By means of the air pump, all the air may be drawn out of a large glass-vessel, and a vacuum or vacuum produced; in which, a great number of curious experiments may be performed, showing at once the properties and usefulness of air.

In the aerial vacuum, a feather and a guinea will fall with equal velocity, owing to there being no resistance of air.

If a bladder, apparently empty, be tied at the neck and left in it, the small quantity of air in the bladder will swell it and presently burst it.

A bell will cease to sound in vacuo.

The smoke of a candle, having no air to float in, will fall to the bottom by its own weight.

No animal will live, or any light burn, in vacuo.

A bladder, tied in the same manner, will swell and burst, if laid before a fire; thereby proving the power of heat to rarefy air.

Common air may also be compressed, by cold or by mechanical means, into forty thousand times its ordinary space, and still maintain its elasticity, and on this principle is founded the invention of the air-gun. It has a constant disposition to maintain its equilibrium, level or equal diffusion, like water.

Hence, if a bladder, filled with rarefied air, burst, an explosion takes place, from the rushing of the surrounding air to fill the space.

The same principle is the cause of all wind, which may be traced to some local expansion or compression of air by heat and cold; thus, also, smoke is carried up chimneys.

It is evident, that the density of bodies must be diminished by expansion; and in the case of fluids and gases, the parts of which are mobile, many important phenomena depend upon this circumstance. If heat be applied to fluids or to gases, the heated parts change their places and rise; and the colder parts descend and occupy their places. Currents are constantly produced in the ocean and in great bodies of water, in consequence of this effect. The heated water rises to the surface in the tropical climates, and flows towards colder ones; thus the warmth of the Gulf stream is felt a thousand miles from its source; and deep currents pass from the colder to the warmer parts of the sea; and the general tendency of these changes is, to equalize the temperature of the globe.

One of the principal foreign bodies mixed with or dissolved in the atmosphere, is the vapor of water which is constantly rising at every degree of heat, provided the force of the vapor already in the atmosphere is not greater than that of vapor at the existing temperature.

By this perspiration of the globe, 36 inches of water per annum are raised from the surface of all seas or rivers, and, at least, 30 inches from all land.

In December and January, it is one and a half inches per month; and in July and August, more than 5 inches.

By this constant process of evaporation, 100,000 cubic miles of water are, every year, raised into the atmosphere; the greater part of which, at a certain height, parts with its heat and is condensed into clouds.

These are carried by the winds over the land, broken and precipitated by the action of mountains and trees; and thus rendered the means of watering the soil.

INSTRUCTIONS TO MECHANICS.

In this Department, we shall not only seek to give instructions to Mechanics and Artists, but to furnish hints and suggestions useful to all intending to provide themselves with durable, comfortable and economical homes.

BY VAUX.

[We hope that we are presenting instructions that will be consulted in years to come. In our last we, therefore, referred to slates as well as shingles, considering that the former will be produced here before long, especially as slate deposits are known to exist in the Territory.]

BRICK WALLS, ETC.

Hard brick set in good mortar is an admirable material for building the walls of a country house, and is a mode that admits of considerable variety in construction and finish. An eight-inch solid wall may be used if the building is of moderate size, but it ought not to be weakened by building floor joists or furring timber into it. The wall should be a solid brick wall throughout. The floor joists should be supported on iron rests affixed to them, and built into the wall as the work proceeds. The furring strips should be the thickness of a mortar joint and half the width of a brick, so that, in the event of their decay, the walls will remain thoroughly sound.

In city architecture the joists are commonly built into the walls story after story, thereby materially weakening the brick-work, and causing a result in case of fire that is truly disastrous, for when a hole is burned in any of the floors the unsupported joists acting as powerful levers very soon heave over the walls into which they are built.

In a range of stores built by the author the joists were supported on stone corbels; but in domestic buildings it is generally desirable to preserve an uninterrupted cornice line and for this reason the iron rests, as they take up very little room may be introduced with advantage in ordinary houses. One great point thus gained is to keep the timbers entirely clear of the damp external wall.

[As iron is very dear in these parts at present, such of our builders as agree with the above suggestions would probably prefer to rest their joists in the wall beveling off the end so that the toe only is fastened in, the joists can then be extracted in case of fire without injury to the wall. We give the suggestion of the author, as we shall those of a great many others for what they are worth.]

LADIES' TABLE.

HOW TO CUT OUT A PAIR OF PANTS.

THE best way to cut them out is to fold the cloth double, if there is no nap to it, and after having the patterns ironed out smoothly, pin them all down upon the cloth before using the shears at all. In this way, one can cut to the best advantage, and save the residue in as large pieces as possible; they are useful not only for mending, but for sippers, caps and gaiters. Mothers, make all the boy's caps from pieces saved in this way.—Pockets are put in first, then the "dress" of the pants finished then the seams stitched up and pressed, then the waistbands put on, and last and most difficult of all, the part around the feet lined and hemmed. I find that pressing a long time makes a great difference in the "finish" they have. A "goose" would no doubt be the best thing to press with, but a heavy flat-iron answers very well, if it is used long enough.

RECIPES.

COMPOSITION CAKE.—Three eggs, one-half teaspoonful of butter, one and a half of sugar, two and a half of flour, one-half cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, a little salt.—This is sufficiently rich for almost any occasion. Flavored and frosted it is a good loaf-cake. Baked in shallow pans it is nice for jelly cake; or in patty pans for fancy cake. It is a convenient and reliable rule for the housekeeper.

A favorite and simple cake is the raised cake. Take one coffee cup of light bread dough, add one egg, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, a little salt and nutmeg, one-half teaspoonful of soda, and raisins, if desired. Mix all together with the hand very smooth. Let it stand half an hour, and bake.

HUMOROUS READINGS.

A MEMBER of the Canoe Club has constructed a canoe of such exceedingly light draught, that he can navigate it anywhere by a mere *wave* of his arm.

AS THE steamboat Oregon was passing, a newly arrived Irishman belonging to the celebrated O'Regan family, was heard to exclaim,—“O-r-e-g-o-n—O'Regan; oh, be jabers! only four weeks in this country, and a steamboat christened after me!”

WHEN a young gentleman in Canada wishes to pay attention to a young lady, he usually, if it be winter, undertakes to kill her with kindness—by taking her out and sleighing her.

DODGING A HATTER.—THE papers tell a good story of an individual who had purchased a hat in a store kept by a tradesman named Dodgion. The hat was got in the absence of the proprietor, and the purchaser left the store, forgetting (by mistake of course) to pay for the aforesaid ‘tile.’ The tradesman upon hearing the facts, started in hot pursuit of the delinquent. Upon overhauling him, the following scene occurred:

“See here, sir, I wish to speak with you.”

“Move on.”

“I am Dodgion the hatter.”

“That’s my fix.”

“I tell you, I am Dodgion the hatter.”

“So am I; I am dodgin’ the hatter, too—and very likely we are both dodgin’ the same chap.”

The scene opened with a “striking” tableau, in which Mr. Diddler found himself considerably “mixed up” with “Dodgion the hatter.”

STRONG MANIFESTATIONS.—The latest instance of “spiritual manifestations” that we have seen, is that recorded of an incredulous young man whose father had promised, before his death, to hold invisible communication with him:—The spirit of the gentleman (who, by the way, had been somewhat severe in matters of discipline) was called up, and held some conversation with the boy. But the messages were not at all convincing, and the youth would not believe that his father had anything to do with them. “Well,” said the medium, “what can your father do to remove your doubts?” “If he will perform some act which is characteristic of him, and without any direction as to what it shall be, I shall believe in it.” “Very well,” said the medium, “we wait some manifestations from the spirit land.” This was no sooner said than (as the story goes) a table walked up to the youth and, without ceremony, *kicked him out of the room!* “Hold on! stop him!” cried the terrified young convert; “that’s the old man! I believe in the rappings!”—The hero has never since had a desire to ‘stir up the old gentleman.’

DEACON S.—was an austere man who followed oystering, and was of the hard shell persuasion.—The Deacon ‘allus made it a pint’ to tell his customers that the money which he received for ‘isters’ did not belong to him. “The good Father made the isters,” said the Deacon, “and the money is his’n; I’m only a stoocart” (steward). They do say the Deacon had a way of getting about ten cents more on a hundred by his peculiar method of doing business for somebody else. One Sunday morning the old fellow was tearing round from house to house, with a suspicious bit of currency in his hand, and more than

a suspicion of rage in his face. Some one had given him a bad fifty cents, and he ‘wasn’t goin’ to meetin’ till that ar was fixed up.” “Why, Deacon,” said one of his customers, whom he had tackled about it,—“what’s the odds? what need you to care, ‘tisnt your loss.” The Deacon shifted his shoulder, walked to the door, unshipped his quid and said: “Yaas that’s so; but if you think I’m agoin’ to stand by and see the Lord cheated out of fifty cents, you’re mistaken. I don’t foster no such feelin’!”

SONG OF THE HORSE.

A poor old stage horse, lank and thin,
Not much else than bones and skin,
I jog along, week out, week in,
Kicked and cursed, and meanly fed,
Jammed in the side and jerked by the head—
And the thing I can’t at all make out,
Is what on earth it’s all about?

Why was I made to toil and tug
For this odd little human bug,
Two-legged, dumpy as a jug,
Who sits aloft my ribs to batter—
Or why was he made for that matter?
And, if I needs must be created,
Why is it that I was not fated
To prance and curvet, finely mated,
Silver-harnessed, sleek and fat,
With groom and blanket, and all that?

Here I go, day after day,
Pounding and slipping down the way,
Dragging these curious biped things,
With fore-legs gone, and yet no wings—
Where they all go I don’t know,
Nor why in the world they hurry so,
Nor what good use heaven puts them to!

It wasn’t my fault, you see, at all,
That my joints grew big and my muscles small,
And so I missed of a rich man’s stall.
I’m clumsy, crooked, stupid, slow,
Yet the meanest horse is a horse, you know,
And his ribs can ache with a kick or a blow,
As well as the glossiest nags that go.
O, Lord, how long will they use me so?
And when may the equine spirit go,
Where glorified horses stand in a row,
Switching their bright tails to and fro,
Careless of either wheel or whoa—
Where oats are always apropos,
And flies don’t grow—oh no! O!

[Montana Post.]

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[Vol. I.

POETRY.

FIRST LOVE.

Turning over papers—
Dead-leaf drift of years—
In the midst a letter
Stain'd and dim with tears!

Face of any dead one
Scarcely had moved me so:
There my First Love lying,
Buried long ago.

Darling love of boyhood,
What glad hours we knew—
Tears so sweet in shedding,
Vows that were so true!

Dear face, round and dimpled,
Voice of chirping bird,
Hardly then, for heart-throb,
Any word I heard.

But to know she loved me,
Know her kind as fair,
Was in joy to revel,
Was to walk on air.

Happy, happy love time,
Over-budded spring,
Never came the summer
With its blossoming.

[Shilling Magazine.

THE KEYS OF ST. PETER; OR, VITTORIA ACCORAMBONI.

A TRUE ITALIAN HISTORY.

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

In this position of matters, Count Claudio, finding it hopeless to bring his wife over to his opinion, and thinking that delay might prove the most dangerous of all courses, determined to exert his authority as head of the family, and Vittoria was duly married to Francesco Peretti, to the great disgust of the exemplary old Cardinal Farnese, and to the rage and fury of the Duke of Bracciano—one of Orsini's titles, by which he is often called. To the last her mother protested, as one of the chroniclers writes, that, "for her part, she would not have preferred a future uncertain greatness for her daughter to princely grandeur present in the person of the prince, who was brother-in-law of another cardinal and prince, Ferdinando dei Medici.

Meanwhile, Vittoria was received into the Peretti family in a manner, writes the historian, which ought to have contented and made the happiness of any woman. The old Cardinal di Montalto showed her every mark of affection. Though by no means rich, he did his utmost to satisfy all her tastes and caprices. The old monk, in the words of the chronicler "even anticipated her womanish desires for ornaments, servants, pomp, dresses, jewels and a coach," that then rare and much-coveted apex of fashionable luxury and ostentation. Her husband, we are assured, loved her "almost madly, and quite beyond what husbands are wont to feel for their wives." Donna Cammilla, Francesco Peretti's mother, and the cardinal's favorite sister, treated her with the greatest affection, and the old cardinal himself "seemed to study nothing else than to spy out her wishes and satisfy them even before they were expressed, although they were often of a very costly nature."

Her family, too, began almost immediately to reap important advantages from the new connexion. Of her four brothers, two had favored the wishes of his most noble and most reverend eminence the Cardinal Farnese; and the other two were of their mother's faction, warm supporters of Prince Orsini's wooing. But the winning candidate does not appear to have allowed any unkind feeling to have diminished the cordiality of his affection for his new brothers-in-law.

First, her eldest brother, Ottavio, the "young man of saintly morals," who had striven to make his sister the mistress of the sexagenarian priest, had to be provided for. He, as might perhaps have been guessed, had embraced the ecclesiastical career; and the pious and exemplary cardinal, his new uncle-in-law, lost no time in writing to the Duke of Urbino, who was their common sovereign (both Gubbio and Ferno, the Cardinal di Montalto's birthplace, being in the territory of the Dukes of Urbino), to beg him to propose Ottavio Accoramboni to the Pope for a bishopric. He was accordingly made Bishop of Fossombroni almost immediately. Of course it was easier to make a churchman's fortune than to find advancement for a layman; almost all careers of the latter category requiring, more or less, *some* measure of capacity for being useful on the part of those who seek promotion in them. However, when the lovely Vittoria began to sigh about poor dear Giulio, her second brother, and to fret over his want of a position, the good uncle-in-law again put his shoulder to the wheel. He could not make Giulio a bishop, but he succeeded in inducing his eminence Cardinal Sforza to take him

as his 'gentleman of the chamber.' The third brother, Flaminio, was a Farnese-ite. And that worthy old churchman, despite the natural disgust which he must have felt at the insulting rejection of his flattering offers to the Accoramboni family, seems to have charged himself with the fortunes of his zealous and faithful, though unsuccessful, supporter. The fourth brother still remained to be provided for; and Vittoria did not disguise from herself that the peculiar circumstances of his case in some degree increased the difficulty of placing him in an independent and honorable position. The truth was, that Marcello Accoramboni had been 'a little wild.' He had, indeed, given himself to the culture of that noxious plant, the wild oats, on such an extensive scale, as to have attracted the notice of the police authorities, who had strongly recommended him to sow none of his favorite plant within the walls of Rome, and, indeed, as the surest mode of securing this result, had requested him not to favor that city with his presence until specially invited. In short, Marcello Accoramboni was a bandit; and Vittoria did not venture to speak to the Cardinal di Montalto about him. The inexhaustible kindness, however, of her uncle-in-law extended itself even to this black sheep of the Accoramboni flock. Guessing all that his favorite nephew's beautiful bride would have asked if she had dared, the indulgent old cardinal protected the scapegrace from the police, connived at his visits to Rome, and suffered him, when there, to find an inviolable asylum in his own sacred palace!

This fourth brother, Marcello the bandit, it must be observed, had been a violent supporter of Orsini's pretensions to his sister's hand.

And now it would seem that, if ever a young wife had reason to be contented with her lot, Vittoria should have been so. All Rome thought so, and expressed their opinions volubly enough, especially all those Roman dames and damsels who 'owned it to themselves to declare that they, for their parts, had never seen anything very wonderful about the girl, and had always said so.' And this debt to themselves they paid over and over again. For the favorite nephew of a cardinal, whom all the world fully expected to be the next pope, is a very important man in the Eternal City; and not even Roman prudence could prevent ladies' tongues from saying of him, and especially of his wife, what they owed to themselves to say.

Gregory the Thirteenth, meanwhile, was becoming visibly more and more infirm. And Vittoria's ultimate greatness seemed to be prosperously and rapidly ripening; if only, indeed, the Cardinal di Montalto should survive the reigning Pope; for the mild and gentle old man was to all appearance little less infirm than the man he was to succeed. As usual he was seen, though sadly bent by age and much troubled at times by his cough, assiduous at all his religious duties. In the consistorial meetings of the Sacred College, though constant in his attendance, and ever one of the first cardinals in his place, he took but little part in debate, having apparently no strong political opinions, and being anxious only about the punctual discharge of his own especial duties and devout practices. At mass and other public devotions he was seen constantly. And these devout exercises, it was evident, so-called, for the exertion of all the

little strength and life he had in him, that if ever worldly schemes and ambitious had held any place in his chastened heart, they had long ago burned themselves out. As for the talk and schemes about raising him to the papacy, he would never take any part in them; and would reply to any mention of the subject only by a sad smile, and a gentle shake of the venerable old bent head, generally interrupted by a return of that distressing and ominous churchyard cough. What a pope for a nephew.

CHAPTER IV—THE WAY OF THE WORLD IN ROME.

One night, after the family of Francesco Peretti had retired, the household was disturbed by an impetuous knocking at the great door of the palace,—and in a minute or two afterwards, Catarina, the lady Vittoria's maid, came in great haste into the chamber of her master and mistress, and put a letter into the hands of the former. She supposed, she said, that it must be something of great importance, for it had been brought to the door in hot haste by Mancino, who had charged her to deliver it without a moment's delay to her master, as any loss of time would be of disastrous consequence.

Now, the man who was known by this nickname of 'Mancino'—the left handed, in English—was one Domenico di Acquaviva, a bandit, whom Peretti and his uncle the cardinal protected by affording him sometimes an asylum, when hard pressed by the police. He was a Fermo man—a fellow-countryman of the Perettis—a circumstance quite sufficient, according to the ideas and feelings of that day, to account for their protecting him against the law.

Francesco's first impulse was to tell the man to come up, that he might ask him further about his mission. But he was told that the Mancino had gone off hurriedly as soon as ever he had given the letter.—Francesco found that it was from his not too respectable brother-in-law, Marcello Accoramboni. It urged him to come to him forthwith to a certain spot on the Monte Cavallo, where he was waiting for him; adding further, that his presence was needed on an affair of the utmost importance, and of the most secret nature, in which any delay would be fatal. Peretti does not seem to have hesitated a minute about doing as he was requested. He dressed himself in all haste, girded on his sword, and ordered one single servant to be ready to attend him with a torch. But as he was about to leave the house, his mother Cammilla threw herself in his way, and implored him not to go forth at that hour of the night. Vittoria also joined her mother-in-law, and added her supplications to her young husband not to put himself into danger.—Cammilla, poor mother, clung to his knees in the extremity of her anxiety to prevent her son from accepting the strange invitation. The presence of Vittoria prevented her from saying all that she might otherwise have urged, as to the character and habits of this bandit brother-in-law; but she observed that such a step on his part was something wholly unprecedented, that he had never before had any such business in conjunction with her son, as could give rise to such a demand for so untimely an interview; and finally, she declared that she had a presentiment of evil such as on former occasions had never deceived her—forgetting, poor soul, that the infallibility of her presentiment, if trusted, must make her supplication necessarily of no avail. In support of the reasonableness

of her fears, she entreated him to remember, says the chronicler, 'the extreme indulgence of the times;' by which she meant the utter relaxation of all law and order, which made it unsafe for any man to traverse the streets of Rome after nightfall.

Francesco, however was not to be deterred from doing as he proposed. No danger, he said, should prevent him from treating the brother of his adored Vittoria as his own, so he broke away from the weeping woman, and went forth into the streets with one man bearing a torch before him. But the unhappy mother, clinging yet to the possibility of frustrating her infallible presentiment, as a last effort rushed after him, and catching him by his cloak flying in the night wind, hurriedly poured into his ear all the grounds for misgiving, that the poor woman could not bring herself to speak out before her daughter-in-law. Was not this union of two such men as Marcello Accoramboni and the Mancino ominous of evil, both bandits, and both men stained with blood, as they were? For what good or lawful purpose could two such men want him in the streets of Rome at that hour of the night? Why had the Mancino, the bringer of this fatal letter, gone off in such a hurry, avoiding all questioning? If Marcello had been in need of defence from immediate danger, would he have sent away from him a man carrying arms, and accustomed to the use of them, like the Mancino? But all these arguments, urged with the hot eloquence of affection and alarm, were fruitless. Ashamed, perhaps, of going back to his wife and telling her that he had thought better of facing those dangers she had told him of, and had decided on leaving her brother to his fate, he resisted all poor Camilla's entreaties, and hurried on his way.

He had reached the Monte Cavallo, and was near the top of the ascent, when three shots from an arquebuse were heard, and Peretti fell mortally wounded. In the next instant, four braves rushed up to the body and made sure of their work by repeated stabs with their daggers. The servant with the torch fled, and carried to the wife and mother the news of the fulfilment of that presentiment which the latter had been expressing to him only a few minutes before.

Of course the rest of the night passed in the murdered man's house in distracted lamentation. Vittoria vied with her mother-in-law in the violence and bitterness of her grief. But with early morning arrived the Cardinal di Montalto. The loss of his nephew was probably more severe than that sustained by either the widow or the childless mother. Those who do not know what the pride of family and the desire of establishing a name and a race is in an Italian breast, will hardly understand how this should be so. They cannot tell what a nephew is to an ambitious churchman. Yet the old man entered the house with his accustomed grave calmness. He bade the women restrain the violence of their feelings, and cease to deplore the irrevocable. He caused the mangled body to be brought in from the public way where the murderers had left it, and prepared for its decent and seemly burial.

It chanced that a Consistory of Cardinals had been appointed for the very next day after Francesco Peretti's murder. All Rome was of course talking of the deed; not simply of the fact that a man had been murdered on the Monte Cavallo during the past night

that was far too common an occurrence to excite much notice—but that the favorite nephew of the man, who it was universally expected would be pope, had been murdered; and that, as everybody at once suspected and cautiously whispered, by one of the most powerful nobles in Rome. For there seems to have been but little doubt in the public mind from the first, that Prince Paolo Giordano Orsini, Duke of Bracciano, was the author of his rival's death. *To be Continued.*

SELECTIONS FROM MODERN HUMORISTS.

THE PICKWICK CLUB.

[BY CHARLES DICKENS.]

That punctual servant of all work, the sun, had just risen, and begun to strike a light on the morning of the thirteenth of May, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-seven, when Mr. Pickwick burst like another sun from his slumbers. Great men are seldom over-scrupulous in the arrangement of their attire; the operation of shaving, dressing and coffee-imbibing was soon performed; and, in another hour, Mr. Pickwick, with his portmanteau in his hand, his telescope in his great coat pocket, and his note-book in his waistcoat, ready for the reception of any discoveries worthy of being noted down, had arrived at the coach stand in St. Martin's-le Grand.

"Cab!" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Here you are, sir," shouted a strange specimen of the human race, in a sackcloth coat, and apron of the same who, with a brass label and number round his neck, looked as if he were catalogued in some collection of rarities. This was the waterman. 'Here you are, sir. Now, then, fust cab!' And the first cab having been fetched from the public-house, where he had been smoking his first pipe, Mr. Pickwick and his portmanteau were thrown into the vehicle.

'Golden Cross,' said Mr. Pickwick.

'Only a bob's worth, Tommy,' cried the driver, sulkily, for the information of his friend the waterman, as the cab drove off.

'How old is that horse, my friend?' inquired Mr. Pickwick, rubbing his nose with the shilling he had reserved for the fare.

'Forty-two,' replied the driver, eyeing him askant.

'What!' ejaculated Mr. P., laying his hand upon his note-book. The driver reiterated his former statement. Mr. Pickwick looked very hard at the man's face, but his features were immovable, so he noted down the fact forthwith.

'And how long do you keep him out at a time?' inquired Mr. P., searching for further information.

'Two or three weeks,' replied the man.

'Weeks!' said Mr. P. in astonishment—and out came the book again.

'He lives at Pentonwil when he's at home,' observed the driver, coolly, 'but we seldom takes him home, on account of his weakness.'

'On account of his weakness?' reiterated the perplexed Mr. P.

'He always falls down, when he's taken out o' the cab' continued the driver, 'but when he's in it, we bears him up werry short, so as he can't werry well fall dwn, and we've got a pair o' precious large wheels on; so ven he *does* move, they run after him, and he must go on—he can't help it.'

Mr. Pickwick entered every word of this statement in his note-book, with the view of communicating it to the club, as a singular instance of the tenacity of life in horses, under trying circumstances. The entry was scarcely completed when they reached the Golden Cross. Down jumped the driver, and out got Mr. Pickwick. Mr. Tupman, Mr. Snodgrass, and Mr. Winkle, who had been anxiously waiting the arrival of their illustrious leader, crowded to welcome him.

'Here's your fare,' said Mr. Pickwick, holding out the shilling to the driver.

What was the learned man's astonishment, when that unaccountable person flung the money on the pavement, and requested in figurative terms to be allowed the pleasure of fighting him (Mr. Pickwick) for the amount!

'You are mad,' said Mr. Snodgrass.

'Or drunk,' said Mr. Winkle.

'Or both,' said Mr. Tupman.

'Come on,' said the cab-driver, sparring away like clockwork. 'Come on—all four on you.'

'Here's a lark!' shouted half a-dozen hackney coachmen. 'Go to work, Sam,'—and they crowded with great glee round the party.

'What's the row, Sam?' inquired one gentleman in black calico sleeves.

'Row!' replied the cabman, 'what did he want my number for?'

'I didn't want your number,' said the astonished Mr. Pickwick.

'What did you take it for then?' inquired the cabman.

'I didn't take it,' said Mr. Pickwick, indignantly.

'Would anybody believe,' continued the cab-driver, appealing to the crowd,—"would any body believe as an informer 'ud go about in a man's cab, not only takin' down his number, but ev'ry word he says into the bargain"—(a light flashed upon Mr. Pickwick—it was the note-book.)

'Did he though?' inquired another cabman.

'Yes, did he,' replied the first—and then arter aggerawatin' me to assault him, gets three witnesses here to prove it. But I'll give it him, if I've six months for it. Come on,' and the cabman dashed his hat upon the ground, with a reckless disregard for his own private property, and knocked Mr. Pickwick's spectacles off, and followed up the attack with a blow on Mr. Pickwick's nose, and another on Mr. Pickwick's chest, and a third in Mr. Snodgrass's eye, and a fourth, by way of variety, in Mr. Tupman's waistcoat, and then danced into the road, and then back again to the pavement, and finally dashed the whole temporary supply of breath out of Mr. Winkle's body; and all in half-a-dozen seconds.

'Where's an officer?' said Mr. Snodgrass.

'Put 'em under the pump,' suggested a hot-pieman.

'You shall smart for this,' gasped Mr. Pickwick.

'Informers,' shouted the crowd.

'Come on,' cried the cabman, who had been sparring without cessation the whole time.

The mob had hitherto been passive spectators of the scene, but as the intelligence of the Pickwickians being informers was spread among them, they began to canvass with considerable vivacity the propriety of enforcing the heated pastry-vender's proposition; and there is no saying what acts of personal aggression they might have committed, had not the affair been

unexpectedly terminated by the interposition of a new comer.

'What's the fun?' said a rather tall thin young man, in a green coat, emerging suddenly from the coach-yard.

'Informers,' shouted the crowd again.

'We are not,' roared Mr. Pickwick, in a tone which, to any dispassionate listener, carried conviction with it.

'Ain't you, though,—ain't you?' said the young man, appealing to Mr. Pickwick, and making his way through the crowd, by the infallible process of elbowing the countenances of its component members.

That learned man in a few hurried words explained the real state of the case.

'Come along, then,' said he of the green coat, lunging Mr. Pickwick after him by main force, and talking the whole way. 'Here, No. 924, take your fare, and take yourself off—respectable gentleman,—know him well—none of your nonsense—this way, sir—where's your friends?—all a mistake, I see—never mind—accidents will happen—best regulated families—never say die—down upon your luck—pull him up—put that in his pipe—like the flavor—damned ras-cals.' And with a lengthened string of similar broken sentences, delivered with extraordinary volubility, the stranger led the way to the travelers' waiting-room, whither he was closely followed by Mr. Pickwick and his disciples.

'Here, waiter,' shouted the stranger, ringing the bell with tremendous violence, "glasses round,—brandy and water, hot and strong, and sweet, and plenty,—eye damaged, sir? "Waiter, raw beef-steak for the gentleman's eye,—nothing like raw beef-steak for a bruise, sir; cold lamp-post very good,—but lamp-post inconvenient—very;—damned odd standing in the open street half-an-hour, with your eye against a lamp-post—eh,—very good,—ha, ha!" And the stranger, without stopping to take breath, swallowed, at a draught, full half-a-pint of the reeking brandy and water, and flung himself into a chair with as much ease as if nothing uncommon had occurred. * * * * *

Such was the individual, on whom Mr. Pickwick gazed through his spectacles (which he had fortunately recovered), and to whom he proceeded, when his friends had exhausted themselves, to return, in chosen terms, his warmest thanks for his recent assistance.

'Never mind,' said the stranger, cutting the address very short, "said enough,—no more; smart chap the cabman—handled his fives well; but if I'd been your friend in the green jemmy—damn me—punch his head,—'ced I would—pigs whisper—pieman too,—n gammon."

"This coherent speech was interrupted by the entrance of the Rochester coachman, to announce that "The Commodore" was on the point of starting.

"Commodore!" said the stranger, starting up, "my coach,—place booked,—one outside—leave you to pay for the brandy and water,—want change for five,—bad silver—Brummagem buttons—won't do—no go—eh!" and he shook his head most knowingly.

Now it so happened that Mr. Pickwick and his three companions had resolved to make Rochester their first halting place too; and having intimated to their new found acquaintance that they were journeying to the same city, they agreed to occupy the seat at the back of the coach, where they could all sit together.

"Up with you," said the stranger, assisting Mr. Pickwick on to the roof with so much precipitation, as to impair the gravity of that gentleman's deportment very materially.

"Any luggage, sir?" inquired the coachman.

Who?—Brown paper parcel here, that's all, other luggage gone by water,—packing cases, nailed up—big as houses—heavy, heavy, damned heavy," replied the stranger, as he forced into his pocket as much as he could of the brown paper parcel, which presented most suspicious indications of containing one shirt and a handkerchief.

"Heads, heads, take care of your heads," cried the loquacious stranger as they came out under the low archway, which in those days formed the entrance to the coach-yard. "Terrible place—dangerous work—other day—five children—mother—tall lady, eating sandwiches—forgot the arch—crash—knock—children look round—mother's head off—sandwich in her hand—no mouth to put it in—head of a family off—shocking, shocking." * * *

"An observer of human nature, sir," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Ah, so am I. Most people are when they've little to do and less to get. Poet, sir?"

"My friend Mr. Snodgrass has a strong poetic turn," said Mr. Pickwick.

"So have I," said the stranger. "Epic poem,—ten thousand lines—revolution of July—composed it on the spot—Mars by day, Apollo by night—bang the field-piece, twang the lyre."

"You were present at that glorious scene, sir?" said Mr. Snodgrass.

"Present! think I was; fired a musket,—fired with an idea,—rushed into wine shop—wrote it down—back again—whiz, bang—another idea—wine shop again—pen and ink—back again—cut and slash—noble time, sir. Sportman, sir?" abruptly turning to Mr. Winkle.

"A little, sir," replied that gentleman.

"Fine pursuit, sir,—fine pursuit. Dogs, sir?"

"Not just now," said Mr. Winkle.

"Ah! you should keep dogs—fine animals—sagacious creatures—dogs of my own once—Pointer—surprising instinct—out shooting one day—entering inclosure—whistled—dog stopped—whistled again—Ponto—no go; stock still—call him—Ponto, Ponto—wouldn't move—dog transfixed—staring at a board—looked up, saw an inscription—'Gamekeeper has orders to shoot all dogs found in this inclosure;' wouldn't pass it—wonderful dog—valuable dog that—very"

"Singular circumstance that," said Mr. Pickwick. "Will you allow me to make a note of it?"

"Certainly, sir, certainly—hundred more anecdotes of the same animal.—Fine girl, sir" (to Mr. Tracy Tupman, who had been besowing sundry anti-Pickwickian glances on a young lady by the roadside).

"Very!" said Mr. Tupman.

"English girls not so fine as Spanish—noble creatures—jet hair—black eyes—lovely forms—sweet creatures—beautiful."

"You have been in Spain, sir?" said Mr. Tracy Tupman.

"Lived there—ages."

"Many conquests, sir?" inquired Mr. Tupman.

"Conquests! Thousands. Don Bolaro Fizzgig—Grandee—only daughter—Donna Christina—sister

creature—loved me to distraction—jealous father—high-souled daughter—handsome Englishman—Donna Christina in despair—prussic acid—stomach pump in my portmanteau—operation performed—old Bolaro in ecstasies—consent to our union—join hands and floods of tears—romantic story—very."

"Is the lady in England now, sir?" inquired Mr. Tupman, on whom the description of her charms had produced a powerful impression.

"Dead, sir—dead," said the stranger, applying to his right eye the brief remnant of a very old cambric handkerchief. "Never recovered the stomach pump—undermined constitution—fell a victim."

"And her father?" inquired the poetic Snodgrass.

"Remorse and misery," replied the stranger. "Sudden disappearance—talk of the whole city—search made everywhere—without success—public fountain in the great square suddenly ceased playing—weeks elapsed—still a stoppage—workmen employed to clean it—water drawn off—father-in-law discovered sticking head first in the main pipe, with a full confession in his right boot—took him out, and the fountain played away again as well as ever." * *

"Will you allow me to note that little romance down, sir?" said Mr. Snodgrass, deeply affected.

"Certainly, sir, certainly,—fifty more if you like to hear 'em—strange life mine—rather curious history—not extraordinary, but singular."

The stranger continued to soliloquize until they reached the Bull Inn, in the High-street, where the coach stopped.

"Do you remain here, sir?" inquired Mr. Nathaniel Winkle.

"Here—not I—but you'd better—good house—nice beds—Wright's next house, dear, very dear—half-a-crown in the bill, if you look at the waiter—charge you more if you dine at a friend's than they would if you dined in the coffee room—rum fellows—very."

Mr. Winkle turned to Mr. Pickwick, and murmured a few words; a whisper passed from Mr. Pickwick to Mr. Snodgrass, from Mr. Snodgrass to Mr. Tupman, and nods of assent were exchanged. Mr. Pickwick addressed the stranger.

"You rendered us a very important service, this morning, sir," said he; "will you allow us to offer a slight mark of our gratitude by begging the favor of your company at dinner?"

"Great pleasure—not presume to dictate, but broiled fowl and mushrooms—capital things! What time?"

"Let me see, replied Mr. Pickwick, referring to his watch, "it is now nearly three. Shall we say five?"

"Suit me exactly," said the stranger, five precisely till then—care of yourselves;" and lifting the pinched-up hat a few inches from his head, and carelessly replacing it very much on one side, the stranger, with half the brown-paper parcel sticking out of his pocket, walked briskly up the yard, and turned into the High street.

"Evidently a traveler in many countries, and a close observer of men and things," said Mr. Pickwick.

"I should like to see his poem," said Mr. Snodgrass.

"I should like to have seen that dog," said Mr. Winkle.

Mr. Tupman said nothing, but he thought of Donna Christina, the stomach pump, and the fountain; and his eyes filled with tears.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1868.

CURIOUS NATIONAL CREEDS.

THE BUDDHIST RELIGION.

It is a curious thing to reflect upon that at this very moment over one-third of the inhabitants of the earth believe that God now actually dwells in flesh, and can be spoken to and worshipped face to face. Such believers are to be found in portions of India, in China, in Japan, in the Russian dominions, both in Asia and Europe, also in Tartary; but the seat and centre of this religion is in Thibet—to the sacred places of which country its devotees repair from all these vast regions to worship at the shrine of the visible deity.

Buddha is, of course, the name ascribed to God. He is supposed to be the creator and cause of all things, and the Ruler and Governor of the Universe. His priests are the Lamas, some of whom are supposed to be portions of himself invested in flesh, and are called "Living Buddhas." "Buddha," say his priests, "is incorporeal; he cannot be seen by any one, but he has taken upon himself a body many times."

This Buddha is a very convenient deity. He accommodates himself to his worshippers to a great extent. For instance, he dwells personally in every large or distinct region of country where his worshippers abide. Every small kingdom of Thibet or Tartary has its 'Living Buddha,' or Grand Lama, before whom all prostrate themselves. The business of these singular beings is to sit cross-legged and look as much like deity as they can imagine, and receive the adoration of the people. They are chosen Buddhas without any act of their own, many times before they are old enough to know anything about it—and it must be a very surprising thing to them, when they get old enough, to find themselves carried about in solemn state, and everybody worshipping them without any conceivable reason so far as they can understand.

These sacred personages are generally kept in the convents which are scattered over the country, where they are continually surrounded by their priests and attendants. On grand occasions they are enthroned in the temples in the sight of the people.

Of course there are various degrees of god-ship among these supposed incarnations of deity. There are Grand Lamas, or heads of monasteries, in great numbers. Then a more than ordinarily sacred individual known as the Guison Tamba; then another called the Bantchin Rembouchin, etc. But the principal visible Buddha is the Talé Lama, the sole head of this vast priestly system.

But now comes another of the curious things connected with this religion. These Buddhas will die occasionally—generally by natural means; sometimes a rivalry for the sacred throne will lead to their 'exit from a world like this.' Hence a country or a convent will lose for a time the glory of the sacred presence. 'But Buddha never dies,' says his priests, 'he has merely transmigrated. He will soon re-appear in a body elsewhere. We must discover where he is,

and fetch him to his people.' Prayers are chanted, and soothsayers are consulted, and then the answer comes, 'Your Buddha is just born in such or such a family'—generally a long way off; and grand processions of the authorities of the kingdom are made to the abode of the young deity—oftentimes a mere babe—and he is brought home with great pomp and rejoicings.

Seeing that all their lives these holy individuals have nothing to do and everything to get, it might be imagined to be a pleasant arrangement to find oneself a Buddha; and doubtless so it is to many of this class, after they get old enough to appreciate the advantages of having somebody to do their work and feed them. But it is said that while they are young, they do not always appreciate their privileges. Boys, as a general thing, don't want to be gods, they prefer to be boys; and sitting cross-legged, with a straight back, without a smile, may be very dignified, but it is not altogether a boyish amusement;—hence, Buddha has in these cases to be 'trained up in the way he should go, so that, when he is old, he may not depart from it'—at least until he takes another body and begins again, when, Buddha or no Buddha, the process has to be repeated.

It is a remarkable thing what a number of people take to being priests when there is anything like a salary connected with the business. The Lamas or priests of Buddha are not actually salaried, but they are supported by the gold and the silver of the devotees from the numerous regions where the faith prevails. Hence a third of the people are Lamas or priests. Nearly every family devotes a child to the sacred calling. They reside in convents, as many as four thousand being sometimes packed together in one of these religious abodes. Of course a convent, in this case, is not one building but an agglomeration of houses built together like a lot of barnacles encrusted one upon the other, the temple being in the middle.

The Buddhists hold that all diseases are caused by the possession of an evil spirit, who has of course to be ejected by the priests. These evil spirits have a clear eye to business, for the trouble and expense of getting them out generally is nicely proportioned to the wealth of the invalid. If he is poor, they go out with a slight persuasion and a small amount of noise; if rich, it takes prayers and clamor enough to frighten any devil to hurry them off. The more pure-minded Lamas, however, assert this to be an imposition, but like, as it is with doctors elsewhere, those who charge most are very properly considered the most skillful, which of course they are in one sense if not in another.

From the foregoing details, it will be seen that the difference between the Buddhist and Brahmin creeds is very great. The Buddhist rejects the doctrine of caste, and accepts only the idea of one God, his many incarnations being all the manifestations of the same person. The Buddhist, it is true, believes in the transmigration of souls. He holds that the spirits of all animals and men, pass from one body to another until they reach perfection, when they transmigrate no more, but are absorbed up into the spirit of Buddha, and become part of the Divine Being. 'Everything comes from God' says the Buddhist, 'and must therefore return sooner or later.'

In this review of the curiosities of the Brahmin

and Buddhist faiths, we have been briefly sketching the faith of, perhaps, one half the human family. In both religious, huge systems of priesthood prevail.—Throughout the empire of both these creeds, the people are in every sense under the control of their religious leaders. The Great Talé Lama of Thibet is the temporal sovereign as well as Great High Priest of his order; under him, spreading far and wide, come spiritual governors of provinces; religious dogmas govern, as we have seen, the regions of Hindostan.—From this we learn how all-pervading and potent is the religious element in man. He is naturally constituted and prepared for its domain. His soul seeks for a religion as for its natural food; and sooner than not get something of the kind, he will accept anything that comes along. Hence the secret of the success of these huge systems of priestcraft. It is not, as infidels have asserted, the desire of men to impose upon the credulity of their fellows, that has led to the successful establishment of such systems of error. It is an inherent faculty in the human breast which, when uncorrupted, calls not only for a God, but for an organized system from his hand, that has led untold millions to grasp at anything that bore that shape.—The systems of Brahma and Buddha are perhaps as good as the mental condition of their followers could allow them to appreciate. It is a pleasant theory of ours—and for which we are alone responsible—that possibly such faiths are permitted to prevail among these races as being those out of which they can get the most pleasure, and such as are, with all their faults, the least like edged tools to them. Anyway, they will pass away some day, and the instincts of love to the Creator and the desire to please him which have facilitated the growth of these gigantic errors will then be put to a nobler use.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTE.—Correspondence is invited from our friends.

GENERAL NOTE.—Should any of our subscribers be overlooked in the delivery of the Magazine, we shall be thankful if they will call at our office and procure it for themselves; and we will see that they are attended to in future.

A FORMER METHODIST.—Should know that the Methodist or Wesleyan body is professedly an offshoot of the Church of England. Wesley himself always acknowledged the episcopal authority. Hence a large number of the regular preachers of his church consider themselves, to-day, endowed with authority to direct the laity. The undue exercise of this supposed authority, in England within a few years, led to a serious breach in that "household of faith," and resulted in a huge split and a society of Reformed Methodists. The ardent flowship zeal and oneness once pervading the Methodist body, in England, has disappeared, and given way to bickerings and dissensions.

ANGLO-SAXON.—The English government is called a "limited monarchy," and it is such a very limited monarchy that, with the exception of the fact that the executive holds the position for life instead of a limited period, it might almost be termed Republican, for the people rule to a very great extent. In England a cabinet that fails to pass any measure put forth by the government is expected to resign, and the Queen has to bow to this expression of the popular will, and change her advisers as often as required. There is no country in the world where the government is directed by the people than in England. There has been but one drawback to this, and that has been the limitation of the suffrage, but that is being extended, and will, doubtless, soon be universal.

PHRENOLOGY.—Phrenology is, doubtless, true in its general features.—Not being proficient, however, we cannot answer for the correctness of the exact localities assigned the various organs. A few things we have verified, and of these alone we speak. For instance, we have invariably found men with bumpy ridges over the eyebrows were excellent in matters of detail, as to color, size, dates, etc.; while others deficient in these features were not thus gifted. Persons with full projecting eyes have always been, so far as our acquaintance has gone, free of speech, and abundant in language. While others with small eyes, set back under projecting brows have generally been slow of speech. Again, men of narrow heads with the top regions very high in proportion to the breadth, have generally been spiritual y mind-d, but not very practical men. While others with a broad base to the brain have in most cases, been endowed with a capacity for turning this world to considerable account. We cannot answer for the mathematical exactness of the system, but its correctness on these and similar points has often excited our attention. Every one must judge for himself on this subject.

EXTRACT FROM HOUSE MINUTES OF LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY, G. S. L. CITY, JAN. 17th, 1868.

"MR. WRIGHT moved that the Hon. Edward Higgins, Secretary of the Territory, be officially and respectfully requested to furnish each member and officer of this Legislative Assembly with one copy of the UTAH MAGAZINE, in addition to the publications already on our desks. Seconded and carried."

NOTES AND COMMENTS

BY

"OUR HIRED MAN."

THE NEGRO QUESTION.—The world at large has long been anxious to discover our views on the Negro question. We give our ideas reluctantly, fearing that they will produce too great a commotion in the public mind. Still the world must know them sooner or later. In a word, then, we think a great deal of the negro race—we think about them, in fact, much oftener than we want. We consider them far superior to the white race in many respects. They make better mummies than we do. They will take a better polish, and their heels will stand more roasting than those of any white man alive. They have an indisputable right to the suffrage, particularly as it is well known that for ages in their own country they have always been considered equal at the polls. In fact, were they only there at present we should go in for their enjoying unlimited equal rights with the King of Dahomey, "or any other man," and so long as they stopped there we would abolish all distinctions of color or race for evermore. Ignorant and prejudiced persons, is is true, object to Ethiopians governing the white race, on the ridiculous ground that they are not used to the business. Just as if they could not develop their great governmental gifts spontaneously without special cultivation as mules do kicking. Because their natural amiability of character, as a race, in compliance with a polite invitation to visit this country, has led them to come here and wait upon the white man for over half a century, it is supposed that they cannot now govern him just as well. We say, away with such ignorance! Hurrah for Negro Suffrage and the reign of the Pharaohs!!

POLITICALLY SPEAKING.—An attempt to discover the politics of "Our Hired Man," has been made. There is clearly an intention to learn whether he is a "southern fire-eater," a "northern mud-sill," or a western "pork-packer," but he is a cautious man and not to be caught. He is asked the question, "In case General Washington was alive now, what would be his feelings?" After serious and prolonged deliberation, "Our Hired Man," taking into consideration the present crisis—with the President as he is—with Stanton as he isn't—with Congress as it ought to be—with Cragin as he oughtn't—is decidedly of opinion that, was Washington alive now, in all probability—he'd very much wish he wasn't.

COLLAR 'EM.—We cannot tell why all dogs don't get registered, wear collars, or die. We do know, however, that if we were a dog and wore a collar, and we saw another dog who wore no collar, and yet wasn't collared by those whose right it is to "collar" all dogs that are uncollared, we should object to wearing a collar which didn't save us from being collared any more than dogs who wore no collar. Such treatment would certainly raise our choler to a frightful degree. The subject, however, is a very deep one, and cannot be discussed in a single number.

THE CREAM OF THE PAPERS.

AN OBSCURE PASSAGE IN GARIBALDI'S LIFE.

[From "Every Saturday."]

"During Garibaldi's short and brilliant campaign in Northern Lombardy, in 1859, he marched on Como, to drive out Gen. Urban and the Austrians under his command. But when Garibaldi drew near the town he was extremely embarrassed to decide upon his next move, for he knew neither the enemy's strength nor positions. While he was in the midst of this perplexity, a most beautiful young girl, and brilliant horsewoman, entered his camp. She came to speak to him. She had audaciously made her way, on horseback, through General Urban's lines and vanguard, to bring him the desirable information. This dazzling apparition was none other than Giuseppina Raimondi, daughter of the Marquis Raimondi, one of the wealthiest and noblest landowners of Lombardy.

Garibaldi could not avert the deep impression made on him by this heroic action and by the bewitching beauty of the heroine. Although he is very far from being a lady's man, and while his life, full of perils, fatigues and combats, has shielded him from the power of woman's fascinating blandishments, he is nowise insensible to their seductions and undisputed charms. No well-endowed man could be insensible to these prevailing enchantments; and I never saw a man so fully and so admirably endowed as Garibaldi. Besides, he must have discovered that Giuseppina Raimondi (who was deeply agitated in the presence of Italy's legendary hero) returned him all the admiration he gave her. The wonderful deeds of that great warrior, and the heroism of that young girl, exercised a common magnetism on each other. The necessities of war temporarily broke this charm, but the mysterious and electric thread was soon afterwards reknitted at Como.

After Garibaldi had driven the Austrians to Brescia, (where the gallant Turr was so severely wounded at the battle of Castel no Dolo), he retired to his friend Valerio's house at Como. Garibaldi's stay at Como was prolonged by an accident. He rode a very high spirited horse one day, which ran away and placed his life in great peril. Valerio said to me, in speaking about it: "Any other man would have been killed; but Garibaldi, with his extraordinary coolness, managed to guide the horse to an angle of a wall, where he broke his head, while the rider escaped with a serious contusion." The attentions, kind offices, and assiduous nursing of the Raimondi family, and especially of Giuseppina Raimondi, were showered upon the invalid. Everybody knows that nothing is more favorable to budding love than illness and convalescence. Love at last really pervaded the hero's soul, and evidently it was fully shared by the heroine who kindled it. A man must be insensible and stoical, indeed, if he is not touched by the constant presence and continual tender attentions of such a nurse. When convalescence had advanced so far that the illustrious invalid was able to leave the house, he was invited to enjoy the quiet and pure air of the Villa Raimondi. He accepted the invitation. He went there often. Gradually his heart became deeper and deeper in love with that lovely face which daily smiled brighter and beamed with greater sympathy on him. At last matters reached such a point that he was unable to entertain the least doubt about her desire—if not clearly expressed, at least clearly indicated—to become his wife. After the conversation in which she conveyed this desire, he wrote this memorable note as soon as he reached home:

"MISS GIUSEPPINA RAIMONDI:

"You are young, beautiful, noble, wealthy, fascinating. I am ugly, poor, vulgar, and jealous. How then can you love me?

"GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI."

Since the commencement of the world, he who has attempted to thwart the whims or desires of a woman, has but lost his pains. Obstacles only exasperate her. Giuseppina Raimondi persisted more than ever in her resolution of marrying Garibaldi. The Marquis, her father, made no objection. Garibaldi—who would have acted otherwise?—yielded to the gentle current, and floated whither it pleased to bear him. It was to marriage. The wedding-day was appointed.

The fortune of the Marquis Raimondi was estimated at \$4,000,000. Garibaldi characteristically stipulated, as the condition *sine qua non* of his marriage, that his future wife should receive no dowry.

As the wedding day drew near, an indescribable sombre shadow darkened everything. Giuseppina seemed the victim of secret conflicts, and, despite paroxysms of feverish anima-

tion, was evidently most sad at heart. Garibaldi, himself vaguely agitated—maybe vaguely warned—was uneasy, thoughtful. Giuseppina was ill on the wedding-day, and he, morally, was sick as she. When she quitted the church where the priest married them, she went to the bridal-chamber prepared in Valerio's house. She was seriously ill.

The wedding breakfast was spread down stairs, and the guests were sitting sadly down to table, when a letter was brought to Garibaldi. He withdrew into an adjoining room to read the voluminous memoir which the envelope covered. When he reappeared, his eyes glared; his cheeks were paler than a corpse's. He hastened to the chamber where his sick bride lay. What then took place? I know not. Loud voices were heard, but everybody in the breakfast-room was rather disposed to close his ears than listen, for every one of them apprehended some misfortune. The scene in the bridal-chamber lasted a long time. When Garibaldi did at last appear, his face was completely undone. He said to his daughter, "Kiss Valerio. We must be off." He did not add another word, except "I have forbidden her from ever assuming my name. If she violates my order, woe betide her!"

Off he went to Caprera.

It need scarcely be said, no one ever dared question Garibaldi upon this subject; nevertheless, the substance of these incidents soon became public. The denunciation—whether calumnious or true—was written by the Marquis —, a near kinsman of the Raimondi family. He had seen Garibaldi almost every day since his engagement to Giuseppina Raimondi; but had not said one word to him on the subject. The moment he saw Garibaldi married, he sent the latter a formal denunciation of the woman to whom he was united by an indissoluble tie. What could have been the motive for such ignoble and strange behavior? It has been explained by the interest the Marquis — has to prevent an heir being born to the Raimondi family. He is the heir expectant to a portion of the Raimondi estates. Had Giuseppina Raimondi borne a child, the estates would have gone to her child. If the Marquis — waited until after the celebration of the marriage to denounce Giuseppina, it was intentionally. He wished to see her bound irrevocably in marriage, that she might not marry another.

Giuseppina Raimondi seeing her glorious husband would never forgive her, eloped with Caroli, the person respecting whom the Marquis — had slandered her. They assumed false names, and went abroad. They concealed their melancholy happiness in Switzerland. Their secret was kept for six months; but they were recognized at Fribourg, where they had resided for a short time. The people broke their windows and threw stones at them. He carried her back to Como. She returned to her father's house overwhelmed with shame, high heart-broken, half dead. Caroli rejoined his regiment. He was at once put into Coventry; everybody gave him the cold shoulder; every finger was pointed scornfully at him. No man could stand that life. He quitted the army, and when the last Polish insurrection occurred, he, with Nullo and a handful of other Italian volunteers, joined the Polish insurgents. Nullo was killed. Caroli was not so fortunate. He was made prisoner and carried to Siberia. There this handsome young fellow, the heir of millions of dollars, accustomed from his cradle to all the comforts, all the pleasures, all the luxuries of life, died of ill treatment, want, poverty, and privations. He was not quite eight-and-twenty years old.

Garibaldi returned to Caprera with a lacerated and bleeding heart. But Italy soon summoned him to her service, and she healed his wounds. Patriotism, duty, danger, sojiced him. Glory rewarded him. One very remarkable and very commendable fact is, that when this mournful incident occurred, no one single Italian newspaper—not even "L'Armonia" nor "La Campanile," the most ardent clerical organs of the Peninsula—ventured upon the least pleasantry about this domestic calamity.

When Garibaldi saw Como last summer, his heart must have been agitated by two souvenirs of a widely different nature. His brilliant and triumphal entrance into it in 1859—and his marriage; for he possesses a heart as insensible to age as his fame and his arm.

A CURT MISER.—A gentleman called on a rich miser and found him at the table endeavoring to catch a fly. Presently he succeeded in entrapping one, which he immediately put in to the sugar-bowl, and shut down the cover. The gentleman asked for an explanation of this singular sport. "I'll tell you," replied the miser, a triumphant grin overspreading his countenance as he spoke, "I want to ascertain if the servants steal the sugar."

A SKATING ADVENTURE IN NORWAY.

(From the Albion.)

Pleasant is it to have only a small piece of water to skate on, if the ice be good, and there are a few companions with you; but how is that pleasure enhanced when you are skating on a Norwegian fjord, or on one of the large inland lakes with which Norway abounds.

I was one of a party, consisting of six or seven young Norwegian and English students. It was our intention to skate down the fjord to a village about twenty miles distant from Christiania, and then to return on the ice by moonlight.

It was a lovely morning when we set out. The sky was of a deep azure blue, equalling in intensity and clearness any I have ever witnessed in more southern climes; the ice was all that the most fastidious member of the Skating Club could possibly desire; and the feeling that it was not less than three feet in thickness, and that there were no dangerous springs here and there, did not render it the less agreeable.

Swiftly we sped along, a gentle breeze from the north kindly assisting us, stopping every now and then to pass a word or two with some solitary fisherman, camped out on the ice, under the lee of a piece of sail cloth rigged upon poles. The fish seemed to be hungry, judging by the quantity of whiting and small cod some of them had in their baskets. Presently an "ice-ship" passed us with the velocity of an express-train. I had never seen one before; and as many of your readers, doubtless, have never even heard of such vessels, I will briefly describe the one that passed us. It was constructed exactly like an ice-plough—that is, of a triangular shape, and ran on skates. It carried one large square sail, which could be taken in by letting go the rope that held it. Indeed, this is the only way of stopping these ships, and thus a voyage in them is frequently attended with danger and loss of life; for should one come un-awares near the end of the ice, and the wind be high, the only chance of salvation is to throw one's self out on to the ice, and risk a broken head, or a dangerous concussion, rather than to be carried out into the open water.

After a pleasant journey of three or four hours (for we took it coolly, remembering that we should have the wind against us on our return), we arrived at our destination at about one o'clock, need I say, ravenously hungry. How excellent the hot coffee was—how piquant the smoked salmon—how fragrant the cigar, and how exhilarating the little dash of cognac! Thus the time quickly passed; and it was with a feeling akin to reluctance that we quitted the warm room of the village station for the open fjord once more. And so we set off on our homeward journey, not quite so merry, perhaps, as when we had started, for the sun was down, the wind in our faces, and we a little stiff. Still we went gaily on, at "half speed," and were disagreeably surprised, when about half our journey was completed, to perceive a dense fog gradually stealing over the ice. On and on it came, till at last we were enveloped in an impenetrable mist. Then, for the first time, it flashed across our minds that we were in a fix. How were we to steer? There was no longer a star whereby to shape our course; indeed, the whole sky was shut out from view. What was to be done? Wiser far had we retraced our steps to the village we had left, and passed the night there; but we did not like the idea, and determined to brave it out.

Need I say that we were soon as completely lost as any hunter ever was on trackless prairie or boundless forest. And yet there was something to guide us—the wind; by keeping it on a certain quarter of our faces, we trusted, if it had not shifted a point or two since morning, that we were going at least in the right direction. But why had we no compass with us? Ah! why had we not?

"Keep close together," shouted our leader, as we followed each other in single file, "and mind the holes in the ice!"

There was another danger; for the holes the fishermen made in the morning might not be strong enough to bear a man's weight by night; and though not big enough to let one through, a broken leg might be the result of getting into one of them unawares. Meanwhile the fog grew denser and denser, till at length we were obliged to hold on by each other's coat tails, somewhat after the fashion of a sealing party up Mont Blanc. We had been already five hours on the ice, and ought to have been home by that time, had we steered rightly. But there were no signs of human life near; not a sound was to be heard, though we often halted, and strained our ears to catch the voice of some fisherman or other who might be returning home late from his work. A deathly, ominous silence prevailed.

"Well, we are lost," said our leader; "God only knows where we are!"

Now, to be lost out on an open fjord, with the thermometer

down twenty degrees below zero, and with a keen north wind blowing—to feel that fatal drowsiness stealing over one, which, if given way to, would prove a sleep of death, is by no means an agreeable predicament to be in. Moving we must keep, no matter in what direction—resting would prove fatal; and so we kept on, hoping we were in the right course still. Presently, we distinctly heard the roaring of a distant cascade; we stopped, and held a consultation.

"Stay! I have it," said our leader; "that is the — Foss we can hear, and this, therefore, is the — Creek. Back, back, for your lives!" For he knew that this was the most dangerous ground to be on; it was, in fact, the frozen surface of — River we were standing upon, the current of which was so fierce that the ice there was always unsafe. Fear lent speed to our skates, and we did not pause till the sound of the falling water had faded from the senses.

One good, however, resulted from this incident; it enabled us, as we thought, to shape our course for the town. Alas! the hope was a vain one; for after skating for a couple of hours more, we could still perceive no signs of home. It was getting serious. Midnight was already past; anxious friends would be awaiting us at home. I was so fatigued, and so worn out, that I could scarcely get on. I begged and prayed them to let me lie down on the ice, if only for a moment. "No, not for a second!" shouted our leader. "Pull him up, pull him up!" for I was flinging myself down on the ice. A drop of brandy revived me; I verily believe it saved my life.

Presently, through the gloom, we espied a number of dull-looking lights. Was it the town? No, for they were moving. Were they phantom lights, then? No, thank God, kindly human forms were behind them. We were saved! "Hurrah!" we shouted—"hurrah!" and the lights came nearer and nearer; and in a few minutes we were among a crowd of people, whom our friends in town had got to accompany them, to try and save the missing ones. We were still eight miles from town; and I verily believe that had the searching party not fallen in with us as they did, seven frozen corpses would have been found on the ice next morning.

CURIOUS NATURAL FACULTY.

(From the Phrenological Journal.)

Heinrich Zschokke, the philosopher, a copious writer and a man of unimpeachable veracity, whose works have enjoyed a great degree of popularity, describes in his autobiography the possession by himself of a very curious faculty or power. He says:

"It has happened to me sometimes on my first meeting with strangers, as I listened silently to their discourse, that their former life, with many trifling circumstances therewith connected, or frequently some particular scene in that life, has passed quite involuntarily, and as it were dream-like, yet perfectly distinct, before me.

"During this time I usually feel so entirely absorbed in the contemplation of the strangers' life, that at last I no longer see clearly the face of the unknown, wherein I undesignedly read, nor distinctly hear the voices of the speakers, which before served in some measure as a commentary to the text of their features. For a long time I held such visions as delusions of the fancy, and the more so as they showed me even the dress and motions of the actors, rooms, furniture, and other accessories. By the way of jest, I once, in a familiar circle at Kirchberg, related the secret history of a seamstress, who had just left the room and the house. I had never seen her before in my life; people were astonished, and laughed, but were not to be persuaded that I did not previously know the relations of which I spoke; for what I had uttered was the literal truth.

"I on my part was no less astonished that my dream-pictures were confirmed by the reality. I became more attentive to the subject, and, when properly admitted it, I would relate to those whose life thus passed before me the subject of my visions, that I might thereby obtain confirmation or refutation of it. It was invariably ratified, not without consternation on their part. I myself had less confidence in this mental juggling. So often as I revealed my visionary gifts to any new person, I regularly expected to hear the answer—'It was not so.'

"I felt a secret shudder when my auditors replied that it was true, or when their astonishment betrayed my accuracy before they spoke. Instead of many, I will mention one example, which pre-eminently astonished me. One fair day, in the city of Waldshut, I entered an inn (the Vine) in company with two

young student foresters; we were tired with rambling through the woods. We supped with a numerous society at the table d'hôte, where the guests were making very merry with the peculiarities and eccentricities of the Swiss, with Mesmer's Magnetism, Lavater's Physiognomy, etc. One of my companions, whose national pride was wounded by their mockery, begged me to make some reply, particularly to a handsome young man who sat opposite us, and who had allowed himself extraordinary license.

"This man's former life was at that moment presented to my mind. I turned to him, and asked whether he would answer me candidly if I related to him some of the most secret passages of his life, I knowing as little of him personally as he did of me? That would be going a little further, I thought, than Lavater did with his Physiognomy. He promised, if I were correct in my information, to admit it frankly. I then related what my vision had shown me, and the whole company were made acquainted with the private history of the young merchant: his school years, his youthful errors, and lastly, with a fault committed in reference to the strong-box of his principal. I described to him the uninhabited room, with whitened walls, where, to the right of the brown door, on a table, stood a black money-box, etc. A dead silence prevailed during the whole narration, which I alone occasionally interrupted by inquiring whether I spoke the truth. The startled young man confirmed every particular, and even what I had scarcely expected, the last-mentioned.

"Touched by his candor, I shook hands with him over the table, and said no more. He asked my name, which I gave him, and we remained together talking till past midnight. He is probably still living!"

PORTRAIT GALLERY.

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL OF FRANCE.

The Prince Imperial of France was born March 16th, 1856, and consequently is now in his twelfth year. He is said to be a very clever little boy—considerably more advanced in his studies than boys of his age usually are. His parents probably spare no pains in the education of his intellect, and may ruin his prospects by overtaxing his brain. The Emperor a while ago gave his son a small printing-press and a font of type, and encouraged him to study or amuse himself with the art of "composition," so that now he is said to set type pretty well. Some reports of the little Prince's conversations and sayings, if not exaggerations, evince unusual precocity. At the late distribution of prizes to exhibitors in the great Exposition the Prince rendered himself conspicuous. Whether the performance had been previously arranged or not, we cannot say. The Emperor occupied the chair of honor, and with his own hand was distributing the awards. One of the prizes had been awarded by the judges to the Emperor for an excellent design for cottages for the poor. When the Emperor came to his own name on the list, he paused, as if perplexed what to do. It did not appear proper for him to present his prize to himself. After a momentary silence, the little Prince Imperial jumped up, and grasping the prize, gracefully handed it to his father. The Emperor smiled most pleasantly, and took the prize from the hands of the youthful Prince, who resumed his seat amid thunders of applause from the concourse of spectators.

It appears from the following anecdote, told by one of the Paris gossips of a London paper, that the Prince is kept in remarkably good order by his tutors. He was taking his riding lessons the other day; the child rode round the ring leaning to the off-side of his pony, instead of towards the centre of the circle. His equerry, M. Bachon, desired him to ride as usual. The Prince paid no attention. "Monseigneur," said M. Bachon, "I beg of you to ride in the proper position, otherwise I shall have to take you off your pony." The child did not seem to hear. M. Bachon went up to him, stopped the pony, and quietly lifted the Prince off his saddle. Monseigneur coolly lay flat down on the sand, and there he stayed. M. Bachon told him if he did not get up, he would make the pony walk over him. Upon this he got up and was very obedient during the rest of the lesson. However, the Emperor came into the school just as this scene was nearly over. As soon as the child saw his father, "Papa, Bachon forced me to—" "What? You say Bachon?" "Yes, papa: Bachon." "Say Monsieur Bachon," replied the Emperor. The child did not utter another word. The Emperor, on hearing from the equerry what had happened, informed his son that M. Bachon had been perfectly right, and

had acted in accordance with his express orders. Next day the Prince was out riding, and suddenly stopped his horse, and said, "M. Bachon, will you allow me to call you 'Bachon' when we are alone?" "No, Monseigneur; your father forbid you to do so." "Yes; but when we are quite alone, nobody will know anything about it." "Well, yes; but only when we are quite alone."

GOSSIP OF THE DAY.

A story in respect to the Sultan while in France has been amusing the Parisians. It seems that the Sultan was continually besieged by crowds of lady visitors, including many of high rank, wherever he went. Some fellow drew up a letter, which he sent to a number of the most distinguished ladies of this class, which he gravely signed "Mustapha Pasha," or something of that kind, in which he stated that his Majesty had received their very amiable offer to become a member of his harem, but upon due consideration, with many thanks, he must decline. The unappeasable condition of the ladies in question may be imagined.

Another anecdote of the Sultan, but one in which he is supposed really to have played a part, is now circulating. "Cardinal Ranschew, so it is related, in an audience which he had of the Sultan, begged his Majesty to do something for the amelioration of the position of Christians in his dominions. 'Even at the present time,' said the Cardinal, 'every Christian is termed dog.' 'That is true,' replied the Sultan, 'but as a set-off to this, here in Vienna every second or third dog in the streets is called Sultan.'"

The military officials in Vienna have been ordered to examine into the documents relating to the last imperial funeral which took place in Austria, and to note with exactitude all the ceremonies, etc. It is believed that this measure has reference to a grand funeral to be prepared for the body of the Emperor Maximilian.

The following story is being told of the King of Prussia by the London papers. "The King, who, is passing a few weeks at Ems, was smoking his cigar the other evening in the Kurhaus, when a young Wallachian, unacquainted with the King's person, stopped him on the stairs and asked him very politely for a light. His Majesty at once held out his cigar, but as the Wallachian was lighting his own from it, he found himself suddenly seized by the King's two orderly officers, who were alarmed and surprised at the improper familiarity of the young man. The King at once ordered the culprit to be released. When the Wallachian discovered the liberty he had taken, he was struck dumb, and left Ems that same evening.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS.

TO EMPTY A GLASS UNDER WATER.

Fill a wine-glass with water, place over its mouth a card, so as to prevent the water from escaping, and put the glass, mouth downwards, into a basin of water. Next, remove the card, and raise the glass partly above the surface, but keep its mouth below the surface, so that the glass still remains completely filled with water. Then insert one end of a quill or reed in the water below the mouth of the glass, and blow gently at the other end, when air will ascend in bubbles to the highest part of the glass, and expel the water from it; and, if you continue to blow throw the quill, all the water will be emptied from the glass, which will be filled with air.

GAMES WITH NUMBERS.

Let a person think of a number, say - - - 6
 1. Let him multiply it by 3 - - - 18
 2. Add 1 - - - 19
 3. Multiply by 3 - - - 57
 4. Add to this the number thought of - - - 63
 Let him inform you the what is number produced; it will always end with 3. Strike off the 3, and inform him that he thought of 6.

ANOTHER METHOD.

Suppose the number thought of to be - - - 6
 1. Let him double it - - - 12
 2. Add 4 - - - 16
 3. Multiply by 5 - - - 80
 4. Add 12 - - - 92
 5. Multiply by 10 - - - 920

Let him inform you what is the number produced. You must in every case subtract 320; the remainder is, in this example, 600; strike off the two ciphers, and announce 6 as the number thought of.

LESSONS IN FRENCH.

LESSON I.—CONTINUED.

Now for the sound of the letters in words:—*A* has generally the tone of our *a* in *bar*. *E* is not heard at all, unless marked with an accent, at the end of words of two syllables and upwards. When pronounced, it has three sounds—1st, if not marked with an accent, it is like our *u* in *fur*: 2d, with the sharp or acute accent (´), it is like our *a* in *day*. 3d, with the grave accent (`), it is like our *e* in *set*.

The *I* has generally the sound of *ee*. The *O* is pronounced like ours in *go*. The *U* is, as we have already described, the same, except before an *n* or *m* out of the alphabet as in it, and remains the grand touchstone by which Frenchmen can detect even the accomplished foreign speakers of their language.—Their *y* is like their *i*. All the other letters are consonants, and in words, sound like our own, excepting the *g*, the *j* and the *t*. Unlike us, they make the *g* soft before *e* and *i*. See below, the word *général*, in our examples. Their *j* is as we have explained when talking of the alphabet. And, finally, their *t* has this peculiarity, that, when followed by two vowels, the first being an *i*, it has the sound of our *s*: as *action*, pronounced 'aksee-on(g). One general rule is necessary to be mentioned: no consonant ending a word is sounded at all, except *c*, *f*, *l* and *r*, and in a very subdued manner, the consonant *g*; as *loup*, pronounced 'loo.' The exception to this rule is, where the word ending with the consonant be followed by a word commencing with a vowel, or with an *h* mute: as *fait-il*, pronounced 'fate-eel.' And again, the exception to this exception is in the French word *et*, (meaning 'and'); the *t* is never sounded in that word, which is always pronounced 'eh.' Many persons in teaching French omit this necessary caution. All the other letters in French have their natural sounds, and not those variations and arbitrary irregularities with which English letters puzzle foreigners.

MISTAKES IN SPEAKING CORRECTED.

'I expect the books were sent yesterday.' This is wrong, because we expect that only which is yet in the future. You may expect that the books will be sent to-morrow, or next week, or next year, but you *think*, *conclude* or *suspect* that they were sent yesterday, or last week, or last year.

'I never resort to corporeal punishment,' the school-master said; but he meant *corporal* [See the dictionary.]

'Mr. Murray learned me grammar.' He may have taught you; but you have hardly learned grammar yet. The teacher *teaches*; and the pupil *learns*, or *should learn*.

Use the word *pupil* instead of *scholar* in speaking of one who receives instruction from a teacher. It is better to use the word *scholar* only in the sense of a 'man of letters' or a 'learned man.'

'I seldom or ever see her.' Say *seldom* or *never*, or *seldom if ever*.

'I propose to offer a few hints on conversation,' Mr. Peabody says, in his Address. He might as well have said, 'I offer to offer a few hints.' He should have said, I *purpose*, etc.

'Without you study, you will not learn.' Unless you study, etc.

INSTRUCTIONS TO MECHANICS.

In this Department, we shall not only seek to give instructions to Mechanics and Artists, but to furnish hints and suggestions useful to all intending to provide themselves with durable, comfortable and economical homes.

CEMENT WORK.

Very excellent cement has already been manufactured in small quantities in this city. Anticipating an early and extensive use of this material, we present some instructions respecting it.

Great objections are sometimes urged against the use of cement applied on the outside of houses or walls, on account of its tendency to crack and peel. Others assert that this can always be remedied by a proper preparation and use of the material. A proprietor of some extensive cement quarries gives the following directions respecting it:

'First, saturate the surface with water abundantly (a force-pump and hose is the best method). Secondly, make a wash of liquid cement, as for inside brick walls, applying it with a brush, so that all small cavities may be entirely filled. Then spread on the finishing coat about a quarter of an inch in thickness, and made in proportions of two of sand to one of cement. During the operation of putting on this second coat, the first coat of liquid cement should be kept quite damp by frequent sprinkling. After the cement is upon the wall, it is important that it should be sprinkled with water, so as to keep it damp for a week or two.

'In making the mortar, care should be taken to have none but clean, sharp sand, free from loam and quick-sand—[sand that is mixed with salt or saleratus will require to be well washed before using]. All the cement required is just so much as will be sufficient to coat each particle of sand. The sand and cement should be thoroughly mixed before water is applied, and water should be applied to only so much as will be used immediately. The above method was adopted in stuccoing the walls of a house about ten years since, and they are now as perfect as when first coated.'

ITEMS FOR PAINTERS.

What Colors best set off one Another.—By setting off best, I mean their causing each other to look more pleasant, for two of some particular colors put together, or one next the other, will add much to the beauty of each other, as blue and gold, red and white, and so on; but green and black put together are not so pleasant, neither does black and umber appear well.

All yellows then set-off best with blacks, and blues, and with reds.

All blues set-off best with whites and yellows.

Greens set-off well with blacks and whites.

Whites set-off well enough with any other color.

Reds set-off best with yellows, whites and blacks.

Gold looks well upon a white ground, especially if the matter to be gilt is carved.

Gold and black show also very well together.

But the most splendid grounds of all others for gold, are vermilion red, smalt blue, and lake laid on a light ground.—*Cabinet of Arts*.

"THE LADIES' TABLE," which is crowded out, will be resumed next week, with full instructions for Crochet and other ornamental work. We hope to make "THE TABLE" a very useful and interesting department.

HUMOROUS READINGS.

A SLOW MARCH.—The march of intellect.

AN honest Dutchman in training up his son in the way he should go, frequently exercised him in Bible lessons. On one of these occasions he asked him,—“Who vas dat who would not shleep mit Botiver’s wife?” ‘Shoseph.’ ‘Dat’s a coot boy! Vel, vat vas de reason he vould not shleep mit her?’ “Don’t know, sponse he vasn’t shleepy.”

NEGRO WIT.—“Can you tell me in what building people are most likely to catch cold?” ‘Why, no; me stranger in de town and can’t tell dat.’ ‘Well, I will tell you, it is de bank.’ How is dat?’ ‘Because dare are so many drafts in it!’ ‘Dat is good; but can you tell me what makes dare be so many drafts in it?’—‘No’ ‘Because so many go dare to raise de wind.’

A kind-hearted and witty clergyman, entering the house of one of his elders one morning, found the old man unmercifully whipping one of his sons, a lad about fourteen years old, and at once commenced interceding for the boy. The deacon defended himself by saying that youth must be early trained in the way it should go. “It was best to make an impression when the wax was soft.” “Ay,” said the pastor, “but that don’t hold here, for the whacks were not soft.”—The deacon let the boy go.

TRAILING DRESSES.—In endeavoring to pass a gorgeous-looking creature, on a crowded pavement, I put my foot on her trail, and ‘rip’ went the waist. The perspiration started out all over me at the thought that I was the cause of such a catastrophe to so beautiful and respectable a lady—(I knew she was a lady: I could tell that by what she said to me). Confused and abashed, I stood trying to frame an apology for the sad mishap, when she gave me a withering look, and hissed between her teeth, ‘Git!’ I bolted.

ARTEMUS WARD’S ADVENTURE.—I returned in the hoss cart part way. A pooty girl in spectacles sot near me, and was tellin’ a young man how much he reminded her of a young man she used to know in Waltham. Pooty soon the young man got out; and smiling in a seductive manner, I said to the girl in spectacles, ‘Don’t I remind you of some one you used to know?’ ‘Yes,’ she said, ‘you do remind me of one man, but he was sent to the penitentiary for stealing a barrel of mackerel; he died there, so I conclood you ain’t him.’ I didn’t pursoo the conversation.

THE JOSH BILLING’S PAPERS.

ON MILK.

I want to say something in reference to milk as a fertilizor: Milk is spontaneous, and haz did more tew encourage the growth of the human folks than enny liquid.

Milk is lakteal; it is aquatic while under the patronage of milk venders.

Milk is also misterious; cokernut milk has never been solved yet.

Milk is also another name for human kindness.

Milk and bread iz a pleasant mixtur. So iz milk and rum, mellow tew contend with on a hot day.

Sumtimes if milk is allowed too stand tew long, a skum arises tew the surface, which is apt to skare folks who lives in citys, but it duz not follor that the

milk is nasty; this scum is called crem bi folks who inhabit the country.

ON WHISKEE.

Whiskee is the great American bevridge. It is the grandady ov awl our lickor.

Whiskee haz done a great deal for this country in the way ov penitentiary homes, and houses for the poor, and i suppose, if it warnt for whiskee these houses would aktully hav tew shut up.

They tel me that a bushel ov korn, will make a gallon ov whiskee, and sum people, who are acquainted with statistics, say that a barrel ov whiskee will go further in a family, than a cow. I don’t no exactly how fur a cow will go in a family, but i should think it would be eazier tew milk a barrel ov whiskee than a cow—still i haint never figured on it, and it is only guess work with me.

A gentleman who has traveled extensively thru the western states, sez that vast quantities of korn are raised which is made into whiskee, tew say nothing ov what is annuually wasted for bread. He sez, there is lots ov people out west who are better judges ov whiskee than they are ov water, and that you might easily phool them with poor water, but yer couldn’t with poor whiskee, they have made whiskee a speciality awl their lives.

In my honest opinyon, whiskee is secund only tew original sin; if the devil was allowed leave ov absence for six months tew visit this earth, the first thing he’d do, would be to lobby our legislatures for a repeal ov the excise laws and then invest his pile in gin mills.

TALE OF A PURP.

Oh, the pup, the beautiful pup!
Drinking his milk from his china cup,
Gamboling around so frisky and free,
First gnawing a bone, then biting a flea,
Jumping,
Running

After the pony;
Beautiful pup, you’ll soon be Bologna.

Oh, the pup, the beautiful pup!
With his tail in the air, and his nose turned up,
Was thrown one day into the dogman’s cart,
And almost broke the narrator’s heart,
As it howled,
Growled,
Scratched with its feet.
Beautiful pup, you are now mincemeat.

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[Vol. I.

POETRY.

ONLY A BABY SMALL.

Only a baby small,
Dropt from the skies;
Only a laughing face,
Two sunny eyes;
Only two cherry lips,
One chubby nose;
Only two little hands,
Ten little toes.

Only a golden head,
Curly and soft;
Only a tongue that wags
Loudly and oft;
Only a little brain,
Empty of thought;
Only a little heart,
Troubled with nought.

Only a tender flower,
Sent us to rear;
Only a life to love
While we are here;
Only a baby small,
Never at rest;
Small, but how dear to us
God knoweth best.

[Chatterbox.

THE KEYS OF ST. PETER; OR, VITTORIA ACCORAMBONI.

A TRUE ITALIAN HISTORY.

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

All Rome was thus on the watch, therefore, for some slip of bad play on the part of the Cardinal di Montalto, which might afford a momentary view of the cards he held, and a shrewd guess at his game.

Certainly the chance was a rare one. Everybody knew how wrapped up the old man was in the nephew who had been thus taken from him. It was impossible to doubt that the cardinal must have pretty well known what hand had struck it. The world of Rome felt little or no doubt that the formidable Duke of Bracciano was the murderer, if not by his own hand, by that of his hired assassins. Here, then, was a rare opportunity of observing the character and tendencies of the man who was expected to be shortly pope. Would grief and natural indignation be allowed to have their natural course? Would the future pope throw down the gauntlet to the most powerful and audacious subject in Rome?

CHAPTER V.—LEAST SAID, SOONEST MENDED.

Not a cardinal in all Rome was more scrupulously punctual in his attendance at all consistorial and other meetings than the old and infirm Cardinal di Montalto. He was noted for being almost always the first, or among the first, to enter the hall of meeting. But it was universally thought that on this occasion he would absent himself from the unluckily inopportune assembly. His much-loved nephew, the prop of his old age, the hope of his ambition, who alone could have made the triple crown, in any worldly point of view worth having to him, was lying a yet unburied mangled corpse in the house of mourning. He must quit his desolate sister in her sorrow, and leave alone with the dead the weeping women whom his presence and authority alone had restrained from abandoning themselves to all the excesses of hysterical emotion. But it was not so much the painful effort necessary for tearing himself from this sad scene to present himself in his place at the Consistory, that led people to whisper to each other that old Montalto would never be able to be at that day's meeting; it was the thought that surely, under such circumstances, he would not venture to meet the prying eyes of the public, and especially of his peers of the Sacred College. Human infirmity, it was thought, could hardly in such a case attain to that perfect suppression of all emotion, that impassible and inscrutable demeanor of features, voice and manner, which it was, as a matter of course, considered that policy and prudence in such a case demanded. What was it the old man had to conceal? Was he not to be supposed to grieve over his nephew's untimely death? He was to conceal *everything* he felt on *any* subject. It was the traditional rule of conduct so universal, received from generation to generation, as to have become instinctive in the Roman nature. *Something* might gleam out from the inner hidden soul of the man in the weak moment of deep affliction; some feeling which might be made the basis of carefully reasoned theories as to the inscrutable old man's real thoughts and desires.

This was the ordeal in which it was thought that the heavily stricken Cardinal di Montalto would not venture to expose himself.

All Rome was wrong. Punctual at the appointed hour, with bent body and tottering step, as usual, but not one iota more so than usual, and with his wonted calmly benignant but wholly impassible expression of features, the old man walked, one of the first to arrive, as ever, into the hall of meeting.

Of course every eye was on him, striving in vain to

penetrate below that unruffled surface to the tumultuous movements which they thought must needs be raging beneath it. Then, one after another, their eminences advanced to condole with him on his misfortune. Just as in an exhibition of animal magnetism, the spectators attempt to satisfy themselves of the genuineness of the patient's insensibility by poking, pricking, and pinching him in every sensitive part, so the curious witnesses of this exhibition of stoicism proceeded to test the perfection of it by the closest scrutiny of the performer under the scalpel of their compassion and sympathy. But, to the admiration of all present, no shadow of failing under the ordeal rewarded the vigilance of the observers. With affectionate thanks to each for their kind sympathy, the old man replied to one, that in this world such misfortunes must be looked for, that history was full of such; to another, that excessive grief for the irremediable was but blamable weakness; and reminded a third that David, the man after God's own heart, had arisen and washed his face when his child was finally taken from him.

The most accomplished and practised members of the court, writes an historian, attributed this immobility of his to an affectation of the stoic courage of Brutus and Cato; but the wise judged that 'without true Christian virtue it was impossible to feign to such perfection.' So that the capacity for dissimulation, so much admired by Rome, was actually erected by it into 'a Christian virtue!'

When Gregory, the octogenarian pope, entered the Consistory, 'the first thing he did,' says the chronicler, 'was to fix his eyes on the Cardinal di Montalto, and burst into tears.' But Peretti remained to all appearance unmoved. And when it came to his turn to approach the Pope for the transaction of business connected with the offices he held, and the Pope, again giving way to tears, consoled with him, and promised him that every effort should be made to discover the murderers and bring them to condign punishment; the cardinal, humbly thanking his holiness for his sympathy, besought him to make no further inquiry into the matter, lest many who were innocent might be made miserable by another's crime. For his own part, he assured the Pope, that, from the bottom of his heart, he pardoned whosoever had done the deed. And, thus saying, he passed on to speak, with imperceptible calm, of the ordinary business in hand.

The pope, we are told, expressed the utmost astonishment, on quitting the Consistory, at the Cardinal di Montalto's admirable self-possession; and, in talking to his nephew, the Cardinal di San Sisto, said, shaking his head, 'Truly, that man is a great friar!'

But the poor cardinal had to undergo yet another severe ordeal. Roman etiquette required that all the great personages of the city, lay as well as ecclesiastic, should severally visit him to condole with him on his loss. Among the rest, Prince Orsini would, of course, have to discharge this ceremonial obligation. Information had been carefully obtained when this trying visit was to be paid, and at the time named for it, the receiving-room and ante-chamber of the cardinal were filled to overflowing with prelates and others, who, on one pretence or another, had gone thither, 'every one of them,' says the historian, 'with the deliberate purpose of minutely observing the first meeting of those two faces, judging that the cardinal would

scarcely succeed in hiding, at least at the first moment of meeting, some slight alteration of countenance.' But the reverend and illustrious concourse of spies were disappointed; for Montalto received the prince with his usual suavity of manner and cheerful countenance, and discoursed with him on indifferent subjects as he had often done before. So that Orsini, on leaving him, 'said laughingly to his companions, as he got in to his carriage, 'Faith, it is true enough that the old fellow is a very great friar!'

It is worth observing that these reiterated testimonies of the old cardinal's consummate mastery of the art of dissimulation are triumphantly related by his biographer, a monk of his own order, as bright gems in the coronet of virtues with which he crowns his hero. And he assures us, moreover, that the circumstances of this tragic affair, which in less masterly hands might easily have turned to the considerable injury of his chances of the papacy, were, by his consummate skill, so managed as to materially strengthen them. 'For,' said the cardinals to themselves, 'evidently this man, either by nature can not, or from policy will not, do injury to any one, however grievously he may be offended.'

In the mean time, his liberal conduct to Vittoria also won him golden opinions in all quarters. The young widow had to return to her father's house, and might have been sent back as empty-handed as she had come from it. But Montalto made her a present of all the gold and silver plate, the costly dresses and jewels which he and her late husband had purchased for her.

While Rome was still admiring this liberality, and within a very few days after the murder, the attention of the city was excited, and the feelings of the cardinal outraged anew by the news that Vittoria and her mother had left their home and sought shelter in the palace of Prince Orsini. The gross indecency and audacity of such a step seems irreconcilable with any other supposition than that they were both guilty accomplices in the murder of Peretti. It was said that they sought in the palace of Orsini, which was inviolable by the police, an asylum from any pursuits which might be directed against them on account of Peretti's death.

Rome heard without surprise, though not without much disgust, that a marriage was forthwith to take place between Prince Orsini, Duke of Bracciano, and Vittoria Accoramboni. But, in the meantime, the officers of justice, stimulated, it would seem, by the extraordinary character of the circumstances, had despite the Cardinal di Montalto's desire to the contrary, commenced a more than usually active investigation into the murder. The bargello succeeded in capturing the Mancino. And on his second examination, on the 24th of February, 1582, 'without the application of torture,' this man confessed that the murder had been plotted by the mother of Vittoria and the maid Caterina, and had been committed by some free lances in the employ of a certain noble, 'whose name is for good and sufficient reasons not recorded.' Such are the words of the legal record, as quoted by the historian. Caterina, the maid, had been sent to the safe refuge of Orsini's feudal hold at Bracciano. This woman, according to some of the accounts of the story, was the sister of the bandit Mancino.

Very little mystery, therefore, seems to hang about

the main points of the story. The Countess Accoramboni had never given up her ambitious hope of seeing her daughter the wife of one of Rome's greatest nobles, whose first consort had been a sovereign princess. Her bandit son, Marcello, who had been equally anxious for the marriage of his sister with the chief of the great Orsini family, had, in conjunction with his mother, determined that the marriage with Peretti, brought about by his father, should not frustrate their hopes and plans; and the noble suitor himself, who had with his own hands disembarassed himself of his first wife, and who had no lack of men at his beck perfectly ready to do any deed of blood he might command them, had, without any difficulty, as we may well suppose, fallen in with their views, as to the best method of attaining the object of his wishes. The murder was, there can be no question, concocted by the Signora Accoramboni, her son Marcello, and Prince Paolo Giordano Orsini. But it is upon the cards—just upon the cards—that Vittoria herself may not have had any guilty knowledge of the plot.

On the other hand, there is the damning fact of her all but immediate residence in the house of the man whom all Rome *knew*, it may be said, to be the murderer of her husband. Even supposing that Orsini and her mother succeeded in persuading her that he was innocent of any connection with the crime, still the suspicion, however erroneous, which attached to him, ought to have made it impossible for her to think of availing herself of such an asylum.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LIGHTING THE DOME OF THE CATHEDRAL.

(FROM "TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND," ABRIDGED.)

'I am a Frenchman by birth, and my name is Francois Thierry. I need not weary you with my early history; enough, that I committed a political offence—that I was sent to the galleys for it. I was arrested, tried, and sentenced in Paris. The rumbling wheels of the prison-van repeated it all the way from Paris to Bicetre that evening, and all the next day, and the next, and the next, along the weary road from Bicetre to Toulon. Late in the afternoon of the third day, the van stopped, and I was conducted into a huge stone hall, dimly lighted from above. Here I was entered by name in a ponderous ledger.

'Number Two Hundred and Seven,' said the superintendent. 'Green.'

They took me into an adjoining room, plunged me into a cold bath; when I came out of the bath, I put on the livery of the galleys. The superintendent stood by and looked on.

'Come, be quick,' said he, 'it grows late, and you must be married before supper.'

'Married!' I repeated.

The superintendent laughed, and lighted a cigar, and his laugh was echoed by the guards and jailers.

'Bring Number Two Hundred and Six,' said the superintendent, 'and call the priest.'

Number Two Hundred and Six came from a farther corner of the hall, dragging a heavy chain, and along with him a blacksmith, bare-armed and leather-aproned.

'Lie down,' said the blacksmith, with an insulting spurn of the foot. I lay down. A heavy iron ring attached to a chain of eighteen links was then fitted to my ankle and riveted with a single stroke of the hammer. A second ring next received the disengaged ends of my companion's chain and mine, and was secured in the same manner.

My fellow-convict was a Piedmontese. He had been a burglar, a forger, an incendiary. In his last escape, he had committed manslaughter. Heaven alone knows how my sufferings were multiplied by that abhorred companionship—how I shrank from the touch of his hand—how I sickened, if his breath came over me as we lay side by side at night. I strove to disguise my loathing, but in vain. He knew it as well as I knew it, and he revenged himself upon me by every means that a vindictive nature could devise. When I needed rest, he would insist on walking. When my limbs were cramped, he would lie down obstinately and refuse to stir. He delighted to sing blasphemous songs, and relate hideous stories of what he had thought and resolved on in his solitude. He would even twist the chain in such wise that it should gull me at every step.

There came a day, at length, when his hatred seemed to abate. He allowed me to rest when our hour of repose came round. He abstained from singing the songs I abhorred, and fell into long fits of abstraction. The next morning, shortly after we had begun work, he drew near enough to speak to me in a whisper,

'Francois, have you a mind to escape?'

I felt the blood rush to my face. I clasped my hands. I could not speak.

'Can you keep a secret?'

'To the death.'

'Listen, then. To-morrow, a renowned marshal will visit the port. He will inspect the docks, the prisons, the quarries. There will be plenty of cannonading from the forts and the shipping, and if two convicts escape, a volley more or less will attract no attention round about Toulon. Do you understand?'

'You mean that no one will recognise the signals?'

'Not even the sentries at the town-gates—not even the guards in the next quarry. Devil's mass! What can be easier than to strike off each other's fetters with the pickaxe when the superintendent is not looking, and the salutes are firing? Will you venture?'

'With my life!'

'A bargain. Shake hands on it.'

I had never touched his hand in fellowship before, and I felt as if my own were bloodstained by the contact. I knew by the sullen fire in his glance, that he interpreted my faltering touch aright.

We were roused an hour earlier than usual the following morning, and went through a general inspection in the prison yard. At one o'clock, we heard the first far-off salutes from the ships of war in the harbor. One by one, the forts took up the signal. Discharge followed discharge, all along the batteries on both sides of the port, and the air grew thick with smoke.

'As the first shot is fired yonder,' whispered Gasparo, pointing to the barracks behind the prison, 'strike at the first link of my chain, close to the ankle'

A rapid suspicion flashed across me.

'If I do, how can I be sure that you will free me afterward? No Gasparo; you must deal the first blow.'

'As you please,' he replied, with a laugh and an imprecation.

At the same instant, came a flash from the battlements of the barracks close by. As the roar burst over our heads, I saw him strike, and felt the fetters fall. I struck; but less skilfully, and had twice to repeat the blow before breaking the stubborn link. At the third shot, a party of officers and gentlemen made their appearance at the bend of the road leading up to the quarry. In an instant, every head was turned in their direction; every felon paused in his work; every guard presented arms. At that moment, we flung away our caps and pickaxes, scaled the rugged bit of cliff on which we had been toiling, dropped into the ravine below, and made for the mountain passes that led into the valley. Suddenly, on turning a sharp angle of projecting cliff, we came upon a little guard-house and a couple of sentries. To retreat was impossible. The soldiers were within a few yards of us. They presented their pieces, and called to us to surrender. Gasparo turned upon me like a wolf at bay.

'Curse you!' said he, dealing me a tremendous blow, 'stay and be taken! I have always hated you!'

I fell as if struck down by a sledge hammer, and, as I fell, saw him dash one soldier to the ground, dart past the other, heard a shot, and then.....all became dark, and I knew no more.

When I next opened my eyes, I found myself lying on the floor of a small unfurnished room dimly lighted by a tiny window close against the ceiling. Where my head had lain, the floor was wet with blood. Giddy and perplexed, I leaned against the wall, and tried to think. I stole to the door and found it locked. I crept back again, I saw that the little window was at least four feet above my head. There was my leathern belt, and on the belt, the iron hook which used to sustain my chain when I was not at work. I tore off the hook, picked away the lath and plaster in three or four places, climbed up, opened the window, and gazed out eagerly. My decision was taken at once: to stay was certain capture; to venture at all hazards would make matters no worse. Again I listened, and again all was quiet. I drew myself through the little casement, dropped as gently as I could upon the moist earth, and, crouching against the wall, asked myself what I should do next.

Only two windows looked out upon the garden from the back of the guard-house. I did not dare, however, openly to cross the garden. I dropped upon my face, and crawled in the furrows between the rows of vegetables, until I came to the ditch; I then followed the course of the ditch for some two or three hundred yards in the direction of Toulon. By-and-by I heard the evening gun, and a moment after, something like a distant sound of voices. Hark! was that a shout? Presently a light flashed over the water only a few yards from my hiding-place! I slid gently down at full length, and suffered the foul ooze to close noiselessly over me. Lying thus, I held my breath till the very beatings of my heart seemed to suffocate me, and the veins in my temples were almost bursting. I could bear it no longer—I rose to the surface—I breathed again—I looked—I listened. All was darkness and silence. My pursuers were gone by!

After toiling through the water for a mile or more, I ventured out upon the road again; I made my way through the whole length of the winding pass, and came out upon the more open country about midnight. By-and-by the rain abated, and I discerned the dark outlines of a chain of hills extending all along to the left of the road. These, I concluded, must be the Maures. All was well, so far. I had taken the right direction, and was on the way to Italy.

* * * * *

I landed one evening in March on the Ripetta quay, in Rome. How all these things happened, and what physical hardships I endured in the meanwhile, I have no time here to relate in detail. My object had been to get to Rome, and that object was at last attained. In so large a city, and at so great a distance from the scene of my imprisonment, I was personally safe. I might hope to turn my talents and education to account. Regular employment, or, indeed, employment of any kind, was not however, so easily to be obtained. It was a season of distress. Day by day, the few scudi I had scraped together on the passage melted away. I had thought to obtain a clerkship or a secretaryship; or a situation in some public library.—Before three weeks were over, I would gladly have swept a studio. At length there came a day when I saw nothing before me but starvation; when my last bajocco was expended; when my padrone (or landlord) shut the door in my face, and I knew not where to turn for a meal or a shelter.

Outcast as I was, I slept that night under a dark arch near the theater of Marcellus. The morning dawned upon a glorious day, and I crept out, shivering, into the sunshine. I got up and wandered about the streets, as I had done the day before. Once I asked for alms, and was repulsed. I turned aside into the vestibule of the Sagrestia, and cowered down in the shelter of a doorway. Two gentlemen were reading a printed paper waivered against a pillar close by.

'Good heavens!' said one to the other, 'that a man should risk his neck for a few pauls!'

'Ah, and with the knowledge that out of eighty workmen, six or eight are dashed to pieces every time,' added his companion.

'Shocking! Why, that is an average of ten per cent!'

'No less. It is a desperate service.'

'But a fine sight,' said the first speaker, philosophically; and with this they walked away.

I sprang to my feet, and read the placard with avidity. It was headed 'Illumination of Saint Peter's,' and announced that, eighty workmen being required for the lighting of the dome and cupola, and three hundred for the cornices, pillars, colonade, and so forth, the amministratore was empowered, etc., etc.—In conclusion, it stated that every workman employed on the dome and cupola should receive in payment, a dinner and twenty-four pauls, the wages of the rest being less than a third of that sum.

A desperate service, it was true; but I was a desperate man. After all, I could not die, and I might as well die after a good dinner as from starvation.—I went at once to the amministratore, was entered in his list, received a couple of pauls as earnest of the contract, and engaged to present myself punctually at eleven o'clock on the following morning.

At eleven o'clock on the morning of Easter Sunday, April the sixteenth, I found myself, accordingly, in

the midst of a crowd of poor fellows. As the clocks struck the hour, the folding doors were thrown open, and we passed, in a crowd, into a hall, where two long tables were laid for our accommodation. A couple of sentinels stood at the door; an usher marshalled us, standing, round the tables; and a priest read grace—As he began to read, a strange sensation came upon me. I felt impelled to look across to the opposite table, and there... yes, by heaven! there I saw Gasparo. He was looking full at me, but his eyes dropped on meeting mine. I saw him turn lividly white.—The recollection of all he had made me suffer, and of the dastardly blow that he had dealt me on the day of our flight, overpowered for the moment even my surprise at seeing him in this place. Oh that I might live to meet him yet, under the free sky, where no priest was praying, and no guards were by!

The dinner lasted long, and when no one seemed disposed to eat more, the tables were cleared. Most of the men threw themselves on the floor and benches, and went to sleep. Seeing this, I could refrain no longer. I went over and stirred him roughly with my foot.

'Gasparo! You know me?'

He looked up, sullenly.

'Devil's mass! I thought you were at Toulon.'

'It is not your fault that I am not at Toulon! Listen to me. If you and I survive this night, you shall answer to me for your treachery!'

He glared at me from under his deep brows, and without replying, turned over on his face again, as if to sleep.

I could learn no more, so I also stretched myself upon the floor, as far as possible from my enemy, and fell profoundly asleep.

At seven, the guards roused those who still slept, and served each man with a small mug of thin wine. We were then formed into a double file, marched round by the back of the cathedral, and conducted up an incline plane to the roof below the dome. From this point, a long series of staircases and winding passages carried us up between the double walls of the dome; and, at different stages in the ascent, a certain number of us were detached and posted ready for work. I was detached about half way up, and I saw Gasparo going higher still. When we were all posted, the superintendents came round and gave us our instructions. At a given signal, every man was to pass out through the loophole or window before which he was placed, and seat himself astride upon a narrow shelf of wood hanging to a strong rope just below.—This rope came through the window, was wound round a roller, and secured from within. At the next signal, a lighted torch would be put into his right hand, and he was to grasp the rope firmly with his left. At the third signal, the rope was to be unwound from within by an assistant placed there for the purpose, he was to be allowed to slide rapidly down over the curve of the dome, and, while thus sliding, was to apply his torch to every lamp he passed in his downward progress.

Having received these instructions, we waited, each man at his window, until the first signal should be given.

It was fast getting dark, and the silver illumination had been lighted since seven. All the great ribs of the dome, as far as I could see, all the cornices and

friezes of the facade below all the columns and parapets of the great colonade surrounding the piazza four hundred feet below, were traced out in lines of paper lanterns, the light from which, subdued by the paper, gleamed with a silvery fire which had a magical and wondrous look. Between and among these lanternoni, were placed, at different intervals all over the cathedral on the side facing the piazza, iron cups called padelle, ready filled with tallow and turpentine. To light those on the dome and cupola was the perilous task of the sanpietrini; when they were all lighted, the golden illumination would be effected.

A few moments of intense suspense elapsed. At every second the evening grew darker, the lanternoni burned brighter, the surging hum of thousands in the piazza and streets below, rose louder to our ears. I felt the quickening breath of the assistant at my shoulder—I could almost hear the beating of my heart. Suddenly, like the passing of an electric current, the first signal flew from lip to lip. I got out and crossed my legs firmly round the board—with the second signal, I seized the blazing torch—with the third, I felt myself launched, and lighting every cup as I glided past, saw all the mountainous dome above and below me spring into lines of leaping flame. The clock was now striking eight, and when the last stroke sounded, the whole cathedral was glowing in outlines of fire. A roar, like the roar of a great ocean, rose up from the multitude below, and seemed to shake the very dome against which I was clinging. I could even see the light upon the gazing faces, the crowd upon the bridge of St. Angelo, and the boats swarming along the Tiber.

Having dropped safely to the full length of my rope and lighted my allotted share of lamps, I was now sitting in secure enjoyment of this amazing scene.—All at once, I felt the rope vibrate. I looked up, saw a man clinging by one hand to the iron rod supporting the padelle, and with the other... Merciful Heaven! It was the Piedmontese firing the rope above me with his torch!

I had no time for thought—I acted upon instinct—it was done in one fearful moment—I clambered up like a cat, dashed my torch full in the solitary felon's face, and grasped the rope an inch or two above the spot where it was burning! Blinded and baffled, he uttered a terrible cry, and dropped like a stone.—Through all the roar of the living ocean below, I could hear the dull crash with which he came down upon the leaded roof—resounding through all the years that have gone by since that night, I hear it now!

I had scarcely drawn breath, when I found myself being hauled up. The assistance came not a moment too soon, for I was sick and giddy with horror, and fainted as soon as I was safe in the corridor. The next day I waited on the amministratore and told him all that had happened. My statement was corroborated by the vacant rope from which Gasparo had descended, and the burnt fragment by which I had been drawn up. The amministratore repeated my story to a prelate high in office; and while none, even of the sanpietrini, suspected that my enemy had come by his death in any unusual manner, the truth was whispered from palace to palace until it reached the Vatican. I received much sympathy, and such pecuniary assistance as enabled me to confront the future without fear."

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1868.

LIGHT AND ITS WONDERS.

We do not intend to present a learned discourse on the complicate theories respecting light or its operations, but a cheerful fireside gossip about that all-pervading and wonderful something by which we—naturally stone-blind creatures—are made acquainted with the world outside of us; and without the aid of which, our intelligence with all the wonderful powers we possess would be valueless and useless; and the universe itself, comparatively at least, a dead and slumbering thing for ever. It needs but a thought to see that it is by the aid of light that intelligences learn of each other's whereabouts so as to operate in conjunction, and that the absence of it would measurably hold in abeyance the use of the greater portion of the faculties of our being. Without light, anyway, we should not exist as we are; not a limb could be developed or a feature formed. Its presence is necessary to growth; wherever it goes, it wakes the universe to life and activity.

We have spoken of mankind as naturally "stone-blind creatures," as though of themselves they saw nothing. It is common to imagine that we can see what we please and that light is simply necessary to push out of the way of our vision a black something called darkness. In a word, it is supposed that we have the whole powers of sight within ourselves, whereas, we have but half the power. It takes our eyes and the light together to make up the power called sight. We have an apparatus on which the light may inscribe its pictures, but without this clever draughtsman which holds half the power of sight within itself, the other half which we hold would be useless. What, it may be asked, does the eye see nothing of itself? Absolutely nothing; but it is capable of understanding all that the light tells it, and that is quite enough. The light talks to the eye and says "there is a house—there a tree—there the smiling face of the friend you love. Hold still while I pencil out their shapes upon you," and in less than the flash of a cannon it is done, so quickly and so delicately that we realize no touch of the light but we think "I saw all that by myself anyway." This is a grand mistake, but a very natural one, for the movements of light on our organization are so gentle that we mistake them for the operations of our own unaided powers.

On the subject of light, and sound, and many other things we have a great deal yet to learn. We are part of the great universe itself, and cannot exist and operate as organized beings except in conjunction with the balance of it. We have a wonderful organization and a mass of capabilities and powers, but not an organ could be used or a power stirred, was there not as wonderful an organization outside of us to assist them. We are about as complete and independent of ourselves as a water-wheel without water to move it, or the sails of a wind-mill without the wind. And so are we dependent on the aid of light, we and it together can effect the process of seeing, but unless

the light had been organized as well as ourselves there could be no such faculty as sight.

But light is not only our great assistant in the act of seeing, it absolutely to a degree makes the objects themselves what they are, so far as their color at least is concerned. It is a curious statement (though not by any means a new one) that so far as we can tell, all matter is a dead black mass without variety of color, all the varied hues which adorn trees, or flowers, or the forms of animals or men, being in the light which rests upon them, and not in the objects themselves. Grass is not green, flowers are not really red, or violet, or yellow, but the light contains these colors and paints some one color and others another. Light, it is true, appears to be white, but it is really composed of all the primary colors. They can be easily separated by a prism, or seen in the rainbow which is nothing more than so much light divided into its component colors. These colors are diffused throughout the mass of all-pervading light. Some objects drink in, or absorb, all the rays which fall on them except those which make green, and reflect that to the eye, constituting themselves green; others do the same with yellow, red or purple; some absorb none but reflect back all the colors, hence they are white because all the colors united form white; others, again, drink in all the colors and reflect back none and are black without remedy.

As we have said, light can be dissected: a sunbeam falling upon a prism resolves itself into the colors of the rainbow. It has been discovered by skillful experimenters, that these colors are crossed by certain dark colored bars at certain intervals, which are always seen in the same positions when the light is obtained from the sun; while light obtained from the stars is destitute of these lines or possesses them in somewhat different positions.

More latterly, it has come to light that certain mineral substances entering into flame will, according to the nature of the mineral, alter not only the color but the position and character of these marks. Each mineral—copper or iron for instance—will produce its own peculiar bands, so that by the presence or absence of these characteristics, the presence or absence of that particular metal can be known with unailing certainty.

Now this process, after a vast number of delicate and exact experiments, has been applied to the sun, and what has been the result? It has been proved to a demonstration that most of the metals common on this earth exist in its composition, either in a solid or gaseous condition. The very bands and colors known beyond question to produce these metals in analyzed light, being unailingly found in the solar spectrum. The light of the fixed stars manifests the same evidences of a physical constitution; while some of the most distant nebulae give only the indications which reveal the presence of azote and hydrogen and some substance unknown, and may therefore be considered altogether in a gaseous condition at present.

Who would have thought that so simple a process could lead to such great results; or that an every-day experiment—the simple analyzation of light—could detect the presence of the very metals peculiar to this earth in stars millions of miles away; or tell us the names of the gasses entering into the composition of nebulae whose light—while flying with a rapidity

perfectly inconceivable—yet takes millions of years to reach us in our distant world.

This much has been discovered by the agency of some of the laws of light, but remarkable as it is, it does not exceed the interest of the facts connected with light itself. It is, as we have seen, the revelator of the facts of existence, and the glorifier of all things, the real beauty of the flower, the gilder of the clouds, and the adorer of the "human face divine."—Where it is absent, torpidity prevails, the flame of life burns slow, the beasts are draped in white, and all is comparatively colorless and dead. Where it abounds, growth and development go on with giant strides; life and animation exist in greater proportion in plants, animals and human kind; the flowers are of brighter hues, the birds have a gaudier plumage, and the very shells of the ocean are deeper colored. Thus life goes with it, and beauty waits upon its presence. It spreads measurelessly through space enwrapping its mightiest worlds and performing the wondrous mission of Him who sends it forth. It holds the wide-spread universe in close connection revealing world to its fellow-world, and even on this planet rolling in 'outer darkness,' as we comparatively do, manifesting, whenever we cast our eyes around, the glory, the majesty, and the omnipotence of God.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTE.—Correspondence is invited from our friends.

A CABBRIAN.—Arithmetical and other problems requiring time must wait till we get a little time to spare.

PHOTOGRAPH.—The best likenesses are those in which the sitter looks across the camera and not directly at it. If you stare at the camera, you will stare at the gazer on your likeness; all such pictures have a horrible effect. The great art in getting your likeness taken is to avoid looking as though you were "got up for the occasion." Avoid "striking attitudes." Don't put on "expressions." We know slouching, dragging kind of men, who feel it a pious duty, on such occasions, to sit bolt upright, with their hair brushed up, and try and look like Julius Cæsar. The consequence is they generally look like a cross between a bugler and a senator. We know also some dear mammas who plaster, and oil, and soap and petticoat their innocent cherubs, till they are unrecognizable by their most intimate acquaintances. Such is human nature, but such is not the art of getting a real likeness of one's self or children.

SMALL MINORITY.—Wishes to know. In case two persons were candidates for an election, and one obtained 16 votes and the other only 5, should 5 be said to be a large or a small minority. Webster says the majority is "the smaller number;" that is to say, it is the defeated party. The proportions of that smaller number or party will, therefore, determine whether it is a large or small minority, and not the difference in quantity between it and the majority. Five would, of course, in this light, be a small minority. The difference between 5 and 16 is 11; this 11, is of course the majority itself. To say that there was in the case supposed a large minority would be simply appropriating the number composing the majority, and turning it over to the minority. For the difference between the assumed parties, as we have said, the majority itself.

The difficulty in our correspondent's mind appears to be, that, inasmuch as the greater number of votes a candidate obtains over his opponent, the greater his majority; therefore, the greater the number he ratifies less than his rival the greater his minority. But this is not so. For while the number a man obtains over another in a majority count to him, with the number that he is behind his opponent he has nothing at all to do. As to whether a minority should be called large or small is, in our opinion, determined by the absolute proportions of the party itself, and not by the number of votes that it failed to obtain.

WELL-WISHER.—Desires a chapter from Dickens every week, also a monthly programme for the farmer and Gardener. We would like to whisper a word in our correspondent's ear, so close that no one else can catch a sound—everybody, then, would not prefer as much Dickens to the exclusion of other matter. Personally, we should; so it appears would 'Well-wisher.' We must "split the difference," and have Dickens every other week. In one sense we have had him every week already. The story entitled "Vittoria Accoramboni" was produced under Charles Dickens's direction. So far as the Gardening and Farming is concerned, we have been distressed of having a department of that kind, but have hitherto been prevented by lack of space; but although, as our correspondent says, we "do know everything," or thereabouts, as our suggestion of having such a division once a month helps us out a little. Where her the gentlemen named can help us or not, we intend to produce articles of the kind requested.

ASOKA.—PRIMISM.—We have received an interesting letter from a correspondent over this signature. He thinks we have somewhat mixed up the doctrines of Vedism (a primitive form of Brahminism) with Buddhism. Our correspondent supposes this because he is probably thinking about some other phase of Buddhism than that promised in No. 2 of the MAGAZINE, namely, the Buddhism of China, Thibet, and Tartary, but more particularly the latter two.

Our correspondent is incorrect in stating that Buddhism does not recognize personal divinities. It does not, so far as the creative power itself is concerned, but it asserts that that divinity has been embodied or incarnated in human form from time to time. The "Imperial Gazetteer" says, "The Buddhists, while they reject the multitudinous pantheon of the Hindoos, admit an indefinite number of incarnations of Buddha, who is supposed to animate in succession the bodies of their chief lamas or priests." This statement is corroborated by the testimonies of Capt. Turner, in his "Mission to Thibet," also by M. Huc, in his work on China, Thibet, and Tartary, and by many others. Asoka is also mistaken in his statement that Buddha is not the name ascribed to the deity. The "Gazetteer" says, "Buddh is considered in Thibet (Thibet), as the necessary independent being of the universe and the beginning and the end of all things." M. Huc, a catholic missionary, records several conversations with Buddhist priests, in which Buddha was referred to as the great incorporeal deity. Buddhism is, however, so wide-spread that probably "Asoka" is, as we have said, referring to some other form of it than the Buddhism of the countries described; especially as his signature "Asoka" is the name of a king of Magadha, Bahar, in Hindoostan, who encouraged Buddhism in that region.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

BY

"OUR HIRED MAN."

A peculiar case has been submitted to us requesting our learned adjudication. It is stated by persons who are in the habit of purchasing wood to burn—a few of whom are to be found in this city—that certain wood haulers are in the habit of procuring a cord of wood from the canyon (a practice so far very noble and praiseworthy), but that after thus constituting themselves subjects of general admiration, they will take said load and split it into two, and make two loads out of it, each of equal size with the one so wonderfully divided. Not satisfied with this, they will take each of these loads and split them again, and make of each two more loads, all by the aid of a little scientific packing, of equal size with the first. These they will split again and again, only being stopped in their mad career by the cost of hiring wagons and buying new axes. It is stated that one man in this way made a cord into SIXTEEN LOADS, but this we don't believe as it did not appear in the papers. We are asked to explain this phenomena, and state how it should be treated.

We consider the gentlemen referred to are simply individuals of a scientific turn of mind; who are trying to test the old philosophical question as to whether matter is "infinitely divisible" or not. They appear to have made great progress in the pursuit. Should, however, it appear that any are guilty of this course for the mere purpose of making money—a thing which is perfectly incredible—the only thing we know of that would suit their case would be to send them to Jupiter; the winters there are about 6 years long, and they would have ample opportunities to practice their profession. We think this an arrangement that ought to suit all parties.

A SMALL MINORITY.—We observe that an attempt has been made by "the Editor" to answer a question relating to "small and large minorities." Anticipating that the question will naturally have to be referred over to us before it is through, we think we may as well answer it at once. In the first place, we think the answer given too mystified. We would state it clearly thus:

The difference between a large minority and a small minority must be in exact proportion to the difference between that portion of the minority, which is less or more than the other portion which it would or would not have had, had it been the large instead of the small, or the small instead of the large minority. This is clear, and it is still clearer that, inasmuch as a large majority is regulated by the number over what it would have had, had it been the small instead of the large majority; therefore, the character of a large minority must be determined by the proportions of what it would have been had it been what it isn't, the small minority. We think therefore that the majority—that is to say the minority, or even the majority itself, is larger or smaller, exactly as the majority—that is to say the minority, is in disproportion to the majority or the minority, as the case may be.

We are not fishing for compliments, but we think this an elucidation of the subject that will commend itself to the judgment of all interested. Those who prefer our explanation to the one given elsewhere, must, we think, be anything but a small minority.

THE CREAM OF THE PAPERS.

SLIDING DOWN THE ICE CONE AT MONTMORENCI.

[From the St. James's Magazine.]

Of all the amusements of the long Canadian winter, of which there are many, commend me to a day's sliding down the Ice Cone at Montmorenci. Few things are more exciting, more amusing, or more delightfully alarming.

"What is this Ice Cone?" some one may ask. It is simply the frozen spray from the Falls, which, accumulating, becomes in a short time a solid mass of ice, and, before the winter months are over, reaches the height of seventy or eighty feet; in shape something like an inverted wine-glass without the stem. It is ascended by a series of rough steps cut in the side. At its base several chambers have been hewn out. One serves as a retiring-room for the ladies; another is devoted to the uses of the men, and here, from a speculative Canadian, may be procured brandy, and divers "drinks" by all who choose to buy. Snug enough rooms they are, too, though the walls are of ice, and the floors of the same. Near the large cone is another, formed by the same agency, but smaller, through being more remote from the Fall, down which the ladies disport themselves. Few try the large one, albeit we have seen one or two who were bold enough to do so.

But now for the ascent; and then—O horror!—the descent. Several are already climbing the rough steps, and we join the toiling throng. In a few minutes we are at the summit, and, arrived there, we take a glance around. Far away, the eye ranges over a snowy desert to the distant bank of the St. Lawrence and the gray hills of Maine; while nearer, the white roofs of Quebec glisten in the cold rays of the wintry sun. Before us in the middle distance, lies the island of Orleans, its woody summits leafless, gaunt, and grim. Immediately beneath us traineaux (quaint contrivances, which remind one somewhat of a butcher's tray, except that they are not hollowed out in the centre) are darting in all directions, or being dragged back for another slide. Behind us is the cataract; its spray is falling in hard little pellets on our coats. Have a care! go not too near the Falls side of the Cone, lest you chance to slip over; if so, heaven rest your soul for earth will never see you more; you would drop into the deep water at the foot of the Fall, and be carried under the ice no man knows whither. Some half-dozen unfortunates have in fact thus slipped, and so disappeared for ever.

And now to business. The "Hatter," a companion of ours, is just off; he slips over the side, and in an instant is out of sight; a few moments more, and he reappears, shooting across the plain at a tremendous rate; in about half a mile his course is finished, and he and his guide (two little black specks in the distance) are seen returning for another trip. Danvers, another friend, (his black whiskers white with rime, and his nose blue with cold) is about to start. It is our turn next, and before it comes, just a few words as to the emotions of a novice on making his first journey down the Cone. Its shape prevents a glance down the side; except the limited arena of its summit, no standing-room is visible within a circuit of perhaps three hundred yards; "craning," therefore, is impossible. You are not in the habit of amusing yourself by sliding down the roof of a house, and you feel that you are on the eve of going through an exaggerated performance of that nature. Did not honor forbid, you might prefer returning by the ignominious, but safer, route you have just mounted by; but that is out of the question; in another minute, quitting your scanty foothold, you will be launched into space; there is no help for it,—you must make the best of the inevitable! There is no time for hesitation; more sliders are arriving, and we must make room for others. "Now, sare! all ready, sare!" inquired my red-capped guide. He is already seated on the front part of the traineau, his legs projecting on each side, his heels dug into the ice, to prevent an untimely start. I seat myself behind him, curl my legs round his waist, and place my feet between his knees, take a firm hold of the stern end of the traineau, and commend myself the care of Providence and my Canadian friend. He lifts his heels; a slight push is given us behind, and—we are off!

Ha, ha! The traineau starts, and bounds clear into the air. I involuntarily tighten my hold. We fall some ten feet, and again touching the slippery surface, bound off again. Another drop, and we are on the more slippery side of the Cone; we fly down it breathless. In another instant we have reached the

bottom—sharp icy splinters, ploughed up by the iron runners, bit us in the face, and sting as shot would—but nothing stops us; we skim over the level at railway speed for some quarter of a mile or more, when, the acquired velocity exhausted, we roll off our quaint conveyance, shake the snow from our coats and prepare to return.

On our way back, the "Hatter" passes us, wildly screaming; he, scorning a guide, has made a second trip alone, and with the usual good fortune that attends his mad-cap adventures. Not so Rand, a young guardsman, nor Bordon, of the —th. They, equally brave, but not equally lucky, have come to great grief; both have been thrown from their traineaux. Rand is sticking headforemost in a snow-drift, and is lodged out wellnigh black in the face, with his nose nearly broken. Bordon was spilt almost at starting, and has consequently slid down on the seat of his trousers, to the utter destruction of that garment, and with considerable abrasion of the part it covered. He binds up his wounds with his pocket-handkerchief, despatches his servant for another pair of continuations, and slides no more that day.

Reader, did you ever dream you had slipped over a cliff, and were helplessly falling—falling—falling—until, with a violent bump, you awake, as it were, at the bottom, more frightened than hurt? If so, you have experienced a very similar sensation to that of the first slide down the Ice Cone. The sport, as I have said before, is not entirely without danger; one man was killed and another had his leg broken during one winter I passed in Quebec, by collision with the iron runners of the traineau. Still, accidents do not often happen, and after the disagreeable novelty of the first attempt is over, the bound into the air and lightning-like rush become wonderfully exciting, and the Cone is a favorite resort all through the winter.

DRACON PLUMMER TAKES A RUSSIAN BATH.

[From the National Freemason.]

MR. EDITOR: SUR:—I hev been and took one of them Rooshan baths. I had for a long period sum curiosity to try this lucksery. I had heerd that it poorrified the body, ellivated the mind, and ansered every purpose of underclothing; further, I was told that it removed tan, freckils, pimpils, rumaticas, dispepsy, and made you feel as if walking onto air. I hev always had, ever since a boy, a earnest desire to be clean: fortune seemed now to hev thrown this opertunity in my way—my dream was about to be realized. You may thesorefor imagin my feelings as I mounted the staires of the establishment on the corner of Broadway and 13 street. A very gentlemanly young man, seated oppersite to a small tabil, took a dollar and a quarter from me, and informed me I was at libberty to pass thro a dor, wich I did. I was then showed into a small closet, like a horse stall with a dor to it, were was a looking-glass, brushes, and sumthing wich the attendant informed me was drawrs. I divestated myself of my garments and tried to put on the drawrs. It was a irregular piece of brown cloth with one hole in it. In vane did I put one leg and then the other thro the hole. In vane did I put both legs and both arms and then my hed. I was obliged to cal the attendant to show me, feeling much humiliated as I did so. When he had showed me, I perceived it was a very simpil and efective contrivens.

Being now ready, I was ushered into a place which, I should think, would resemble the plase were bad Englishmen go to. I was in a room fld with hot vapor; I could see nothing; but presently out of the clouds come a man atired like myself; he was a broad-shouldered young man, lean in the flanks, like a greyhound; he led me to a marble slab and laid me thereon, like a halibut, or a cod fish; he placed a cool sponge on my nose and left me, with volumes of hot steam issued from meat safes all around me. Soon a deliteful calm came over me, and I didn't care wether the whole concern burst up or not—I was truly happy.

Presently the young man returned with a currycomb and soap and began rubbing me down violently like a horse. He bade me turn over still more like a horse. I felt indignant. I think I could hev whipped that young man; I was bigger than him, tho at my time of life I am getting rather full-chested round the waist, and he was lean in the flank; but still, if I'd had my clothes on, I think I could hev whipped him; but I was naked and felt helpless; the floor and everything was slippery; the steam lent a wild mystery and grandeur to the seen, and there was a big tank of water close by, so I submitted with a play-

ful remark, wick the young man did not seem to take in very good part. Wen I was well soaped, he bade me get up and foller him to sumthing like a watering pot, wick watered me as if I had been a rose or early cabbage. I felt rather cold. Then he led me to another shower-bath in a closet, where water came out of the floor, out of the walls, and out of the ceiling. From this he led me to the brink of a dark pool—oh! so dark! it looked a hundred feet deep—and he bade me walk down some steps into it. I hesitated, but he was firm. I looked round for succor. He repeated his order. I feared he was getting mad and mite shuv me in, so I sloly walked down the steps, expecting to hav to swim for my life, but to my grate joy, I touchd bottom.

"Walk across," cried my keeper. Wen I was in the midel he told me to dip my head under water. This was too much, and I pade no attention to the order. But he was not to be trified with. "Dip your head under," he repeated. I did so, and scrambled hastily out on the other side of the pool.

The keeper now laid me out like a hallibut again, and a most deliteful calm—delitefuller and more calmer than befor—crept over me, and I cared lesser than befor if the hole thing busted up. I looked calmly at the drops hanging to the ceiling, and dreamed very pleasantly of nothing in particular, but I thot if my wife and family could see me lade out like fish in the market, they would hav smild a pleasant smile. Thinking of fish drew my mind to the present hi price of clams, and from that my mind reverted to briled mackrill—mackrill smoking hot on the gridiren—and I begun to feel very warm. Just then the young man as was lean in the flank comes up and tells me to fuller, and agin he puts me thro a hole course of the watering pots and big pool. wick I wasn't afeard of now, and then he takes me into another room and rubs me dry with towels; then he polishes me all over with a hat-brush; then he jerks me arms, pinches me legs, pokes me in the ribs, and ses I'm done. I walked into my dressing stall, and put on my close, and then went into a splendid parlor, where I lade on a butiful sofa, and felt as if I was in heven.

In conclusion I will observe that I felt the whole of that day as if I was fit to ashoshiate with a steamboat proprietor. I was lite as thisle down, and as strong as a pare of oxen. I shal shortly take another Rooshan bath.—Yours,

G. PLUMMER.

PORTRAIT GALLERY.

COUNT BISMARCK.

There are numberless portraits of Count Bismarck, and the most of them resemble each other, for his expressive meaning features stamp themselves easily and deeply in every one's memory, and apparently are not difficult to seize and repeat, but only apparently. Actually these features are so animated and changeable, so inscrutable and enigmatical, that they mock the skill of every pencil, and even the magic art of the sun-beam, caught up and fixed by the photograph. Whoever sees the Count in person must find all likenesses unfaithful and deficient, and quite different from the living original. What picture, too, could give the elastic ease and unconstraint with which Count Bismarck now views his last and most peculiar work, with which he greets first one acquaintance and then another, and wanders from group to group, interchanging looks and words and salutations with the members on every side. All eyes are fastened curiously and inquiringly upon him. for all know or suspect his consequence; but he bears this cross-fire as if it did not concern him, or were the most harmless thing in the world. And yet inwardly he may well exult and triumph, for he is mortal, and he has attained that which his heart coveted and his genius wilited. A year ago his opponents and enemies were as the sand on the sea shore in number. Now he has discomfited them all. A year ago he bore the weight of a mountain of hate and calumny. Since then applause and admiration have raised him to the clouds.

In spite of all this, one might in vain seek in the somewhat pale, but otherwise hale-looking, countenance of the man for any sign of triumph, in his flashing eyes for a single glance of pride, or in the finely-cut mouth for a trace of scorn or derision. On the contrary, he demeans himself unconstrainedly and innocently, laughs and chats with this one or that; lets fall a remark here and a jest there, and seems to pay but a casual attention to the speaking and proceedings of the assembly.

But now he makes a sign to the President. "Count Bismarck has the floor!" Silence! he is about to speak.

The gentlemanly, fine presence of Count Bismarck, his easy carriage, above all his world-wide fame as diplomatist and statesman would lead one to expect him also to be a brilliant speaker, either one who would deliver with eloquent fluency and without hesitation or labor, a thoroughly digested, carefully elaborated speech, or even still more, an orator of natural eloquence, whose thoughts and images flow forth from his inmost soul as he speaks, conceits and rhetorical figures, born of the moment, leap from his lips inspired with life, like the improvisator composing his poem as he sings,—whose flashes of thought and pregnant words fly straight to their mark, thrilling and kindling the hearts of his hearers. But he is neither of the two. Apparently he has jotted down a few notes upon a little strip of paper, at which he looks from time to time, while he addresses the house, slowly twirling his thumbs as he speaks, and rocking the upper part of his body to and fro. And yet even with this aid, he pauses and hesitates frequently, even stammers and sometimes contradicts himself; he seems to struggle with his ideas, and the words cling obstinately as it were to his lips. He makes a little stop between every two or three words, and a suppressed sob is audible. His delivery is without gesture, pathos or cadence, no particular emphasis being laid on any one word, occasionally the final syllable or word quite falsely accented. Can this be the man who looks back upon a parliamentary career of twenty years,—who, in the Diet of 1847, as delegate of the Saxon nobility, was one of the leaders, and readiest orators of the extreme right of that house—in 1849 and 1850 as member of the Saxon Chamber, and of the Erfurt "Unions Parliament," by his sharp and biting speeches, transported the liberal majority with excitement and rage,—who, finally, since 1862, as Minister-President has held his ground almost alone in the House of Delegates, against a close phalanx of men of progress paying back in like coin their outpourings of eloquence, retorting upon the spot and with lightning-like presence of mind, their ironical and sneering attacks, taunting and often wounding them to the quick by witty impromptus, and cutting sarcasms?

Yes, it is the same man, and, in case of need, as sharp and biting as in former days, although since his great victory he has more fully indulged the statesman-like gravity, the quiet objectivity and propitiatory carriage, which comport with his now universally recognised greatness.

As his speech proceeds, his delivery acquires more fluency and warmth, and we begin to perceive its peculiar charms, that fresh and original, terse and pithy, bold and straightforward manner of expressing himself, to which one in our degenerate time is quite unaccustomed, and which his opponents have condemned as 'paradoxical,' 'frivolous,' and 'clownish;' but to which we owe a long list of seasonable sayings, such as the following: 'Cataline existences,' 'People who have mistaken their vocation,' 'Blood and iron,' 'Austria must move her center of gravity to Ofen (Pesthe),' 'One must not take this conflict too tragically,'—which have become current as proverbs, while the course of events has in the mean time revealed their truth and accuracy. On the introduction of the plan for the constitution of the confederacy, with what truth and exactitude, and at the same time how graphically and lucidly he defines the national character of the Germans, which has hitherto hindered their attainment of a great united fatherland. "It is, as it seems to me," says Count Bismarck, "a certain excess of the feeling of manly self-independence, which in Germany has caused the individual, the community, the race, to rely more upon their own powers than upon those of the united people.—It is the want of that accommodation of the interests of individuals and of races, to the good of the commonweal, of that spirit of accommodation which has placed our neighbor states in a position to earlier secure for themselves the very benefits which have been the results of our executions." And at the conclusion of his address, he admonishes the house to fulfil its task as speedily and as completely as possible, "for the German people, gentlemen, has a right to expect of us, that we shall obviate the recurrence of such a catastrophe (a German war), and I am convinced that you, together with the confederated governments, have nothing nearer your hearts than the fulfilment of the just expectations of the German people." By this noble admonition, simple yet worthy of the speaker, and delivered with warmth and feeling; he electrified the whole assembly with a power equal to that of the greatest orator, for deafening applause resounded from all the benches.

GOSSIP OF THE DAY.

The Rev. Dr. Bellows, while sojourning in Paris, wrote that "Napoleon has a poor walk and an uninteresting presence. He looks careworn and cold, anxious and reserved. His complexion is pallid and his expression deprecatory. There is nothing to excite enthusiasm in his look or manner. In private he is reported as mild-spoken, amiable, and of quick intelligence; but his face is both impassive and unpromising. All the portraits flatter him."—Since the trial of Berezowski, the Russian government is severe, not only on everything Polish, but everything French. In the new programme of the colleges, instruction in the French language has been suppressed; the day of the opening of the classes the professors of that language received their dismissal.—A Chinese paper is now published in England; it is called "The Flying Dragon." It is the only one published in Europe. So much success has attended it that the proprietor has imported a font of Chinese type. The "Dragon" circulates in such parts of China—the Philippines and Japan—as England is allowed intercourse with, and is read not by traders alone, but by kings and princes, for the information it brings about European arts and machinery. The Chinese have begun to print from movable type.—A peer, when dining with Queen Victoria, was challenged by a royal duchess to take wine with her. He politely thanked her, but declined the compliment, stating that he never took wine. The duchess immediately turned to the Queen, and jocularly said, "Please your Majesty, here is Lord ———, who declines to take wine at your Majesty's table." Every eye was turned to the Queen, and not a little curiosity was evinced as to the manner in which the abstainer would be dealt with. With a smiling and graceful expression, the Queen replied: "There is no compulsion at my table." The story is communicated to a newspaper by one of the guests.—Our readers from old London will be amused to hear, that after going in rags and dirt for generations, the elegant dustmen of that famous city are to wear uniforms. We expect that "Dust ho!" will have to be genteelly "hollered" in future. But now, to quite another subject.—Mr. Charles Dickens' favorite time for composition is said to be in the morning, when he writes till about one or two o'clock, then he has his luncheon, and walks out for two hours, returns to dinner, and either goes out or spends the evening at his own fireside. Sometimes his method of labor is much more intent and unremitting. Of his delightful Christmas book, "The Chimes," the author says, in a letter to a friend, that he shut himself up for a month, close and tight over it. "All my affections and my passions got twined and knotted up in it, and I became as haggard as a murderer long before I wrote 'The End.' When I had done that, like 'The Man of Thessaly,' who, having scratched his eyes out in a quickset hedge, plunged into a bramble bush to scratch them in again, I fled to Venice to recover the composure I had disturbed." When his imagination begins to outline a new novel, with vague thoughts rife within him, he goes "wandering about at night into the strangest of places," he says, "seeking for rest and finding none." Lord Lytton (Bulwer) accomplishes his voluminous productions in about three hours a day, usually from ten till one, and seldom later, writing all with his own hand. Composition was at first laborious to him, but he gave himself sedulously to master its difficulties, and is said to have re-written some of his briefer productions eight or nine times before publication. He writes very rapidly, averaging, it is said, 20 octavo pages a day. He says of himself, in a letter to a friend: "I literatize away the morning, ride at three, go to bathe at five, dine at six, and get through the evening as I best may, sometimes by correcting a proof."

MISTAKES IN SPEAKING CORRECTED.

"The word *veracity* is properly applied to the person who relates a story, but not to the story itself. We may doubt the *truth* of the latter.

Say, I *prefer* to walk, and not 'I *had rather* walk.'

'You have *sown* the seam badly.' Wheat is *sown* (or sowed); but a garment is *sewed*. To say that the banks of the river are frequently *overflowed*, instead of *overflowed*, is an error of a similar character.

We may *summon* a man by serving a *summons* upon him. Be careful not to use the noun (summons) in place of the verb (summon).

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE THREE SPOONS.

This is a most capital trick, but it requires a confederate's aid. Place three spoons crosswise on a table, request any person to touch one, and assure him you will find out the one he touches by a single inspection; although you will leave the room while he does so, and even if he touches it so gently as not to disarrange the order in which they are once put in the slightest degree. You retire; and when he gives you notice to enter, walk up to the table and inspect the spoons, as if trying to ascertain whether there are any finger-marks upon them, and then decide. Your confederate, of course, makes some sign, previously agreed upon, to give you notice which is the identical spoon; the actions may be, touching a button of his jacket for the top spoon, touching his chin for the second, and putting his finger to his lips may signify the lowest; but the precise actions are immaterial, so that the spoon they indicate be understood.

MORE GAMES WITH NUMBERS.

Desire a person to think of a number, say 6. He must then proceed:

1. To multiply this number by itself - - - 36
2. To take 1 from the number thought of - - 5
3. To multiply this by itself - - - 25
4. To tell you the difference between this product and the former - - - 11

You must then add 1 to it - - - 12
And halve this number - - - 6

Which will be the number thought of.

ANOTHER EXAMPLE.

Desire a person to think of a number, say 6. He must then proceed as follows:

1. Add 1 to it - - - 7
2. Multiply by 3 - - - 21
3. Add 1 again - - - 22
4. Add the number thought of - - - 28

Let him tell you the figures produced (28):

5. You then subtract 4 from it - - - 24
6. And divide by 4 - - - 6

Which you can say is the number thought of.

TO MELT A PIECE OF MONEY IN A WALNUT SHELL.

Bend any thin coin, and put it into half a walnut shell; place the shell on a little sand, to keep it steady. Then fill the shell with a mixture made of three parts of very dry powdered nitre, one part of flowers of sulphur, and a little sawdust well sifted. If you then set light to the mixture, you will find, when it is melted, that the metal will also be melted at the bottom of the shell, in form of a button, which will become hard when the burning matter round it is consumed; the shell will have sustained very little injury.

"ANY ONE WILL DO."

A maiden once of certain age,
To catch a husband did engage;
But, having passed the prime of life,
In striving to become a wife,
Without success she thought it time
To mend the follies of her prime.

Departing from the usual course
Of paint, and such like, for resource,
With all her might, this ancient maid,
Beneath an oak tree knelt and prayed;
Unconscious that a grave old owl,
Was perched above—the mousing fowl!

"O give—a husband, give!" she cried,
"While yet I may become a bride.
Soon will my day of grace be o'er,
I'll die without an earthly love,
And none to meet me there above!

"Oh! 'tis a fate too hard to bear;
Then answer this my humble prayer,
And, oh! a husband give to me!"
Just then the owl up in the tree,
In deep bass tones, cried, "Whoo, whoo, whoo!"
"Who, Lord? And dost thou ask me who?
Why any one, good Lord, will do!"

LESSONS IN FRENCH.

LESSON I.—CONTINUED.

Now for the diphthongs or double vowels: *Ai* and *œ* and *ei* sound like our *a* in 'day;' *eu*, like our *i* in 'sir,' only longer; *oi*, like what *oo-awe* would be in English; *au*, like our *o* in 'go;' and *ou*, like our *oo* in 'fool.'

The double consonants are pronounced—*th*—as if there were no *h*; *gn* is like *nie* in 'convenient,' *ch* like *sh*; *ng* like the English *ng* at the end of a word, but much softer, as if you had stopped half-way in pronouncing the final *g*. With regard to *ll*, some French teachers are content with the slovenly remark that *ll*, when preceded by an *i*, sound like *y* in English; and the example is given of *mouillé*, which, no doubt, is pronounced 'moo-yai.' But in the word *fille* (daughter), *ll* is preceded by an *i*, and yet the word is pronounced 'feel.' So with *mille* (a thousand), *Lille* (the town of Lille), and an infinity of other examples, in which the pronunciation is 'meel,' 'Leel,' &c., &c. The rule should be expressed thus: *ll*, when preceded by *i*, and when followed by a vowel accented, or not mute, has the sound of our *y*.

When *n* or *m* ends a word, and the second last letter is a vowel, you must sound the *n* or the *m* as if there was a very faint *g* indeed superadded, with a sort of aspirate or breathing. For instance, the word *bon* (good) is pronounced 'bohn(g)'—the two last letters with extreme softness. Bearing this carefully in mind, it only remains to add that, when preceding *n* or *m*, the vowels *a* and *e* have the sound of our *o* in 'not;' while *o* itself has, in the same case, the sound of our *o* in 'go;' *i* that of our *a* in 'hat;' and *u* a sound similar to what *eu* ought to have in English. An approach, but only an approach, to this tone is found in the *e* of our word 'her.'

LESSONS IN PRONUNCIATION.

Be particularly careful to place the accent on the right syllable; as, *al lies*, in *qui-ry*, *com-pen-sate*, *ortho-e-py*, *Ar-e-op-a-gus*, *de-co-rous*.

Avoid the transposition of vowels in such words as *vi-o-let*, *a-e-ri-al*, *lin-e-a-ment*. Read the following very de-lib-er-ate-ly:

"Ba-al, the o-ri-ent a-e-ro-naut and cham-pi-on of fier-y scor-pi-ons, took his a-e-ri-al flight into the geo-met-ri-cal em-py-re-an and dropped a beau-ti-ful vi-o-let into the App-i-i-to-rum, where they sung hy-me-ni-al re-qui-ems."

The adverb *too* should be pronounced like the numeral adjective *two*, and have the same full distinct sound in delivery; as, "I think I paid *too* much for this hat," not *to* much.

"How that man murders the English language!" a by-stander remarked to Curran, on hearing some one pronounce the word *cu-ri-os-i-ty* *cu-ros-i-ty*. "O no," Curran replied, "he only knocks an *eye* (i) out." Do not say *Lat'n sat'n curt'n*; nor *modle* for *model*, and *medle* for *medal*.

One does not expect to hear such words as 'necessi-tated,' 'preventative,' (preventive), etc., from people who profess to be educated; but one *does* hear them, nevertheless, and many others of the same genus; as, *gov-ern-ment* for *government*, *Feb'uary* for *February*, etc.

INSTRUCTIONS TO MECHANICS.

MASONS' WORK.

STONE WALLS.

The principal objection that has been urged against stone houses is that they are always damp.—This is true, as they are usually constructed without any attention to the possibility of preventing this fruitful source of calamity. Stone walls having their foundations in damp soil, will inevitably be damp from capillary attraction, common lime mortar forming no impediment to the upward passage of moisture into the main wall of the house, which as a consequence will seldom be quite dry. The most effectual remedy for this is to build the under-ground portion of the walls with cement.—[Cement can be had here; we have excellent specimens in our possession. Some persons recommend the building in of a course of slate to prevent the ascension of moisture. *Ed*]

The interior apartments of a house in which the plaster is laid immediately on the stone walls must always be more or less damp, because all stone is in some degree pervious to water, and will therefore transmit the dampness from without, and because the inner surface of the wall, maintaining nearly the same temperature as the outer, condenses, or, as it were, extracts the moisture from the atmosphere of the apartments. Two methods are offered for the prevention of this, both depending on the intervention of a hollow space for the circulation of air. The first is to firr-off for the plastering with upright wall strips; the second to form a hollow wall by building up a single thickness of brick on the inside and connecting it with the stone wall while in the course of erection.

LADIES' TABLE.

CROCHET LACE WORKED THE LONG WAY OF THE PATTERN.

Make a chain the length of the lace required, and work the 1st row all treble.

2d row.—1 chain, 1 treble into every 3d, treble of 1st row 6 times, 12 treble 2 chain, 1 treble, 6 times again and repeat from mark.

3d row.—2 chain, 1 treble into last, 2 chain of 2d row, 2 treble in the centre, 2 chain, 1 treble into other 2 chain, 4 chain, 1 double crochet into centre of 12 treble of 2d row, 4 chain 1 treble, repeat from beginning into the end of the row.

4th row.—5 chain 1 treble into centre of 1st 2 chain of last row, 2 chain, 7 treble over 4 treble, 2 chain, 1 treble into centre of next, 2 chain, 5 chain, 2 treble over double crochet, repeat from beginning of the row.

5th row.—4 chain, 1 treble into centre of 5 chain of last row (5 chain, 1 treble into 2 chain, 4 treble over 7 treble, 2 chain, 1 treble into next, 2 chain, 4 chain, 1 treble into last row's 5 chain, 4 chain, 1 p. as over the last row's, 2 treble and treble into centre of 5 chain, repeat from mark.)

6th row.—Commence with 2 treble, 5 chain, 1 double crochet into centre of last 5 chain, 2 chain, 1 treble, 5 chain, 1 treble over 4 treble of last row, 2 chain, 1 treble into next 2 chain, 4 chain, 1 double crochet into next 5 chain, 5 chain, 4 treble into 4 chain of last row, repeat from beginning.

7th row.—Work treble over 2 first treble of last row, and 4 more treble into 3 chain following, (6 chain, 1 treble into 2 chain, 2 chain, 1 treble into next 2, 6 chain again, and treble 10, covering 5 chain, 4 treble and 3 chain of last row, repeat from mark.)

8th row.—2 chain, 7 treble over treble and 3 chain of last row, (8 chain, 1 double crochet 3 times into 2 chain of last, 4 chain, 6 treble, treble commencing 2 a.l.ches before last treble, 2 chain in the centre, 6 treble the other side, last two treble extending into chain of last row, repeat from mark.)

9th row.—3 chain, 1 double crochet into centre of last, 2 chain, (4 chain, 8 treble, passing by first, 2 treble of last row and extending 2 beyond 4 chain 10 treble, passing over all the double crochets of last row, but leaving 2 treble on the other side, 3 chain, 1 double crochet into centre of 2 chain, and repeat from mark.)

10th row.—Double crochet over d. c. of last row, 6 chain, passing over 4 of last treble, and treble 15 right over the chain of last row, and covering 6 of last row's 10 treble, 6 chain double crochet of last row and repeat.

11th row.—4 chain, 1 double crochet into 2d chain of last 6, (8 chain, 9 treble into centre of last row's, 15 treble, 8 chain, 1 double crochet, 4 chain, 1 double crochet) repeat.

12th row.—1 double crochet into 4 chain of last row, (5 chain 1 treble, 4 times into last row's 8 chain, 5 chain, 1 treble three times over, 9 treble of last row, 4 chain, 1 treble 3 times into other 8 chain, 5 chain 1 double crochet, 4 chain, 1 double crochet and repeat) the double crochet shapes the scallop.

13th row.—5 chain, 1 treble into centre of each, 5 chain of last row.

Break off the thread at the end of each row and commence at the beginning.

HUMOROUS READINGS.

'Prevention is better than cure,' as the pig said when he ran away from the butcher.

A country boy, who had read of sailors 'heaving up anchors,' wanted to know if it was sea sickness that made them do it.

A fellow was told at a tailor's shop that three yards of cloth, by being wet, would shrink one quarter of a yard. 'Well, then,' he inquired, 'if you should wet a quarter of a yard, would there be any left?'

It is related that the clerk of a rural church recently made the following announcement to the congregation: 'You are desired to attend a meeting in the vestry, at four o'clock, to consider on the means of 'eating the church and digesting other matters.'

A lad who had lately gone to service, having had salad served up at dinner every day for a week, ran away. When asked why he had left his place, he replied: 'They made me eat grass i' th' summer, an' I war afeard they'd mak' me yeat hay i' th' winter, an' I could no' stand that, so I wur off.'

A famous actor would never take medicine; and his medical man was often obliged to resort to stratagem to impose a dose upon him. There is a play in which the hero is sentenced to drink a cup of poison. The actor in question was playing this part one night, and had given directions to have a cup filled with port wine; but when he came to drink it, what was his horror to find it contained a dose of senna! He could not throw it away, as he had to hold the goblet upside down, to show his persecutors he had drained every drop of it. Our hero drank the medicine; but he never forgave his medical man, as was proved at his death, for he died without paying his bill.

THREE brothers bearing a remarkable resemblance to one another, are in the habit of shaving at the same barber's shop. Not long ago one of the brothers entered in the shop early in the morning, and was shaved by a German who had been at work in the shop only for a day or two. About noon another brother came in and underwent a similar operation at the hands of the same barber. In the evening the third brother made his appearance, when the German dropped the razor in astonishment and exclaimed: 'Well, mine Gott! dat man hash de fashtest beard I never saw: I shaves him dis mornin', I shaves him at dinner-times, and he goes back now mit his beard so long as it never vash!'

AN IRISH BLUNDER.—Two Irishmen, engaged in peddling packages of linen, bought an old mule to aid in carrying the burdens. One would ride awhile, then the other, carrying the bales of linen on the mule.—One day, the Irishman who was on foot got close up to the heels of his muleship, when he received a kick on one of his shins. To be revenged, he picked up a stone, and hurled it at the mule, but struck his companion on the back of the head. Seeing what he had done, he stooped and began to groan and rub his shin. The one on the mule turned and asked what was the matter. "The filthy crathur kicked me," was the reply. "Be jabers, he's did the same thing to me on the back of me head," said the other.

A CROSS EXAMINATION.—"What time, sir, did I understand you to say it was when the horses were driven up to the stable?"

"Just as I was going to dinner."

"What time was it when you went to dinner that day—by the clock?"

"Just twelve."

"To a minute, sir?"

"Yes, sir."

"What time was it when you went to dinner the day before—by the clock?"

"Just twelve."

"To a minute, sir?"

"Yes, sir."

"What time did you go to dinner the day before that—by the clock?"

"At twelve."

"To a minute, sir?"

"Yes, sir."

"At what time did you go to dinner a week previous—by the clock?"

"At twelve."

"To a minute, sir?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, sir, will you be good enough to tell the jury what time you went to dinner three months before the last date—by the clock?"

"At twelve."

"To a minute, sir?"

"Yes, sir."

"That is all, sir," said the counsel, with a gleam of satisfaction on his face and a glance at the jury, as much as to say, "That man has settled his testimony gentlemen." And so we all thought till, just as he was leaving the stand, he turned to his questioner with a curious, comical expression on his face, and drawled out, "*That 'ere clock was out o' kilter, an' hadn't been goin' for six months.*" There was a general roar in the gallery where I sat. Mr. Clark sat down, and I noticed that the judge had to use his handkerchief just then.

THE VISION.

I woke last night in fearful fright,
And shivered in my bed;
I saw a sight that raised upright
The hair upon my head.

For, lo! I saw a thing of awe
That stood by my bed-post!
A figure white—a faint blue light—
I took it for a ghost!

My poor heart jumped, and beat and thumped
As if 't would break in half.
I scarce could sigh—"Oh, me! oh, my!"—
Then came a hollow laugh.

And, on my life, it was my wife—
Her voice rang through the gloom:
"Confound the match—in vain I scratch—
There's a cat, dear, in the room!"

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POETRY.

MY CREED.

BY ALICE GARY.

I hold that Christian grace abounds
Where charity is seen; that when
We climb to heaven, 'tis on the rounds
Of love to men.

I hold all else, named piety.
A selfish scheme, a vain pretense:
Where centre is not, can there be
Circumference?

This I, moreover, hold and dare
Affirm, where'er my rhyme may go,
Whatever things be sweet or fair,
Love makes them so.

Whether it be the lullabies
That charm to rest the nursing bird,
Or that sweet confidence of sighs
And blushes made without a word.

Whether the dazzling and the flush
Of softly sumptuous garden bowers,
Or by some cabin door or bush
Of ragged flowers.

'Tis not the wide phylactery,
Nor stubborn fast, nor stated prayers,
That make us saints; we judge the tree
By what it bears.

And when a man can live apart
From works on theologic trust,
I know the blood about his heart
Is dry as dust.

would be forfeited if he left it without express permission from Rome. And thus far all was decorously wiped up; and the disagreeables were confined to the unlucky Peretti, who had lost his life—not altogether without affording by his death a useful social example—for having dared to marry one who was desired by a Roman prince; and to his poor mother and uncle, who had philosophy enough to remark that such things must be expected in this world. But still all was not quite satisfactorily settled.

The two brothers of the ill-fated Isabella, the Duke of Florence and the cardinal, thought it hard that, after having connived at the murder of their sister for the sake of preserving immaculate the fair fame of both the Medici and Orsini name, their partner in the enterprise should now spoil all by this degrading alliance. The Cardinal dei Medici, therefore, and the Spanish ambassador, went together to Pope Gregory, and besought him to prevent so great a scandal as the intended marriage. The Pope found it impossible to refuse two such applicants, and he accordingly issued his precept to Orsini to contract no such marriage without express license from him, or, after his death, from his successor. Moreover, as papal precepts addressed to an Orsini were not always very sure of meeting with obedience, to make all sure, he shut up Vittoria in the castle of St. Angelo.

As is usual with them, the old historians who have left us the record of the facts of this strange story, are very chary in the matter of dates. But with regard to this imprisonment of Vittoria, they do furnish us with a couple of them. She was sent to Saint Angelo in January, 1583, and remained there till the tenth of April, 1585. The latter day there was no mistaking, as it was one of the great epochs of Roman history. On the tenth of April, 1585 died Pope Gregory the Thirteenth.

CHAPTER VI.—LOOKING FOR ST. PETER'S KEYS, AND FINDING THEM.

The reader of papal history is often struck by the extreme swiftness with which the acts of a pope are undone and reversed as soon as ever the breath is out of his body. It is like the actions of a spring, which flies back to its original form and position instantly on the removal of the force which has compressed it. This, again, is one of the consequences and evidences of a state of society governed not by law, but by personal interest, favor and privilege. Power passes from top to bottom of the social scale into new hands, and as a natural and recognized consequence, it is wielded with quite different objects, is directed to a

THE KEYS OF ST. PETER; OR, VITTORIA ACCORAMBONI.

A TRUE ITALIAN HISTORY.

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

The judicial investigation, as has been said, had succeeded in obtaining evidence against the Accorambonis, mother and son, and against a great prince whose name the police records were afraid to mention. But with this information Justice contented herself. No further steps were taken in the matter, at the urgent request of the Cardinal di Montalto. The Mancino was released from prison, and sent away to his own native village, with the intimation that his life

new set of aims, and made to subserve a new system of interests and passions.

It was quite in accordance, therefore, with the ordinary march of events in the Roman world, that Vittoria Accoramboni should be restored to liberty on the death of the pope who had imprisoned her. A powerful friend was no doubt on the watch to take instant advantage of the opportunity; for, though more than two years had elapsed since the gates of St. Angelo had closed upon her—a terribly long trial for the constancy of a swain of more than fifty years, and half as many stone, whose physicians shook their heads, as they redoubled their applications of raw flesh to his diseased limbs—her Orsini still was true; and on the very same day that ended the old pope's life, she walked forth from her prison, and returned to his protection.

Still, however, there remained considerable difficulties in the way of the marriage. The prohibition pronounced against it by Gregory the Thirteenth had been especially extended beyond his own lifetime; and the penalty pronounced in case of disobedience was that of being considered in open rebellion to the Holy See. Now, though a position of open rebellion against the sovereign was nothing new to an Orsini, and Prince Paolo Giordano was by no means likely to be definitely deterred from doing that on which his heart was set by the threat of it; yet it was a sufficiently serious matter to make it very desirable that, if possible, he should attain his object without incurring it. Again, in case the Cardinal di Montalto should be elected pope, as all Rome supposed that he would be, it was natural to suppose that he would be little inclined to permit the marriage which his predecessor had forbidden. The object of the prince, therefore, was to obtain a judicial opinion of the effect that Gregory's prohibition ceased to have force after his death; and then to celebrate the marriage before the next pope could be elected.

The intervals between the end of one pope's reign and the beginning of that of his successor were always times of extra license, turbulence, violence and lawlessness. And many things were done during these interregnums which, bad as the papal government was at all times, would not have been done while the chair of St. Peter was occupied. And these frequently recurring periods of all but total anarchy varied, of course, in duration, according to the amount of difficulty experienced and time consumed by the cardinals in coming to such a degree of agreement as was necessary for the election of a new pope. In the present case, Orsini flattered himself that he should have plenty of time to accomplish his marriage before the conclave could come to an election. For though it was very generally believed that Montalto would be pope, it was perfectly well understood that this result would only be brought about as a compromise between strong parties in the conclave, each sufficiently powerful to prevent their opponents' success, but not able to elect their own candidate. It was thought, therefore, that the election of Cardinal di Montalto would not be decided on until after there had been a certain amount of struggle and trying of their respective strength by the opposing factions.

Orsini's first step was not a difficult one. Theologians of respectable standing were readily found, who declared that the prohibition was valid only during

the reign of the pope who pronounced it. It might probably have been less easy to find canonists willing to support the opposite opinion while there was no pope on the throne, and an Orsini wished for a contrary decision. Still the law required that Vittoria's nearest relations should consent to the marriage. It would seem that her father must have died during the interval that had elapsed since her marriage with Peretti; for we do not hear of any application having been made to him, but to her brothers, who after their father's death, were, for this purpose, their sister's legal guardians. The consent of the three younger brothers appears to have been obtained without any difficulty; but the elder, the young man of saintly morals, who had become Bishop of Fossombrone, absolutely refused to permit the match.

This hitch in the accomplishment of his object seems to have given Orsini more trouble than it might have been supposed he would have permitted it to do.—The spectacle of the great chieftain of the house of Orsini waiting, and waiting in vain, for the consent to his marriage of the low-born bishop of an obscure little town in the Umbrian Apennines, seems strange to us, and must, one would think, have seemed something more than strange to the noble lover. And this consideration suggests the probability, that his anxiety that all should be done with scrupulous legality may have been due rather to the lady, or to that superior and managing woman, her mother, on her behalf. When young ladies just out of their teens marry infirm old nobles of fifty, they are apt to evince a much more lively respect for, and interest in, law and its provisions, than might be expected from the giddiness natural to their age and sex.

But from whatever quarter proceeded this unusual stickling for legality, certain it is that the anxious couple spared no pains to attain it. But that troublesome brother with his saintly morals was immovable. Whether it were that the holy man had never got over his discomfiture in his scheme of disposing of his sister to that pillar of the Church, the most reverend Cardinal Farnese, or whether, as a bishop, he was especially afraid of doing what might naturally be supposed to be most offensive to the man who would in all probability be pope in a few days, it is certain that no instances could obtain from him the desired consent. And the conclave was sitting all this while—and it was a long journey from Rome to Fossombrone—and precious time was being lost. The conclave might declare their election any day; and Vittoria might be marched back again to St. Angelo as quickly after the election of the new pope as she had escaped from it after the death of the old one. It was determined, however, to try one more urgent appeal to the obstinate bishop brother, and a courier was despatched, we are told, on relays of horses, with orders to spare neither horse nor man for the bringing back an answer with the utmost speed.

In the mean time, however, the conclave of cardinals had been getting on with their work, and had arrived at the conclusion that the best compromise to be made between the contending parties was the election of the infirm Cardinal di Montalto, who was sure not to last long, sooner than had been expected. The old pope had died on the 14th of April, and on the 24th it was known that the election was made. The courier from Fossombrone had not returned, and Vit-

toria and her prince felt that, legal or not legal it was now or never the moment for their marriage. There was not an instant to be lost, and the wedding was solemnised on the very same day that the Cardinal di Montalto was proclaimed pope by the name of Sixtus the Fifth.

Nothing could have been more insulting to the new pope than this marriage; performed as if in defiance of him, at the very moment it was known that he was the new sovereign. It was as if the parties to it had hesitated to fly in the face of the late pope's prohibition as long as they feared the possibility of the election of some strong-handed and energetic ruler, and had only ventured on defying him when they were assured that they would have to deal with the weak and all but imbecile Cardinal di Montalto. But though deeply offended at the manner in which the thing had been done, it is probable that the old man was not much surprised to find, when he came out from the conclave, that Orsini and his niece-in-law had availed themselves of the license of an interregnum to effect what it was notorious that they desired.

But if Pope Sixtus was not surprised, a very great and by no means agreeable surprise awaited the Prince Orsini, in common with all the rest of the Eternal City.

The transformation of a cardinal into a pope is, in all cases, a great and remarkable one, watched, canvassed, and speculated on with intense interest by the court and city of Rome, and indeed, in those days, by the whole of Christendom. But never had such a transformation been seen as that which struck all Rome mute with astonishment, and half of it with terror, when the weak and meek old Mendicant friar Felix Peretti came forth from the conclave as Sixtus the Fifth. Upright as an arrow, imperious and dignified in gesture and bearing, firm of step and keen of eye, the new pope advanced to the altar to celebrate the service which is a pope's first duty, and pronounced the sacred words in strong ringing tones, which came from as sound a chest as any man that heard him could boast. The tottering gait, the bent body, the distressing cough, the downcast eye, the humble bearing, had all vanished as by magic. The astonished cardinals quailed before the power they had created, as Frankenstein before the being he had called to life. The deed was irrevocable. But probably there was not a single cardinal there who would not have given much to undo what had been done. Nothing, of course, remained but to bend the head with such humility as they might to a ruler who evidently intended to rule them in earnest. The congratulations and obeisances had to be made, and were made humbly, to the peasant's son by Estes, Farneses, Savellis, and all the greatest and proudest names in Rome. The Cardinal dei Medici only, as is recorded, ventured, in offering his congratulations, to slide among them some word of remark on the wondrously restorative power which, by God's blessings, the papal consecration had exercised on his holiness.

"Truly," replied Sixtus, "I have been many years looking for the keys of St. Peter, and had to keep my eyes on the earth to find them, having found them, I can raise my eyes to heaven, henceforward to look earthwards no more."

However alarmed and disgusted Rome was, at the promise of vigor and strong-handed government in

the new sovereign, the Roman world could not refuse its praise and admiration of the skillful and consistent hypocrisy of years, which had worked to so successful a result. And we, while branding as it deserves so base and degrading a system of ethics, and abominating the social system which generates and fosters it, must needs admit that the consummate hypocrite—the "great friar," as old Gregory admirably called him—governed Rome and his states to better purpose than any pope since. Justice was, if severely, at least equitably exercised. The peasant's son quailed before none of the turbulent feudatories, who had been the terror of preceding popes—Rome, to its infinite surprise, became peaceable and safe. The brigands and bandits were mercilessly extirpated. The roads were no longer dangerous to property and life. And malefactors, and lawless men of all rank, found that the States of the Pope, instead of being, as hitherto, their own special refuge and territory, were the least safe abiding-place for them in all Italy.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SELECTIONS FROM MODERN HUMORISTS.

THE PICKWICK CLUB.

[BY CHARLES DICKENS.]

Punctual to five o'clock, came the stranger, and shortly afterwards the dinner. He had divested himself of his brown paper parcel, but had made no alteration in his attire; and was, if possible, more loquacious than ever.

'What's that?' he inquired, as the waiter removed one of the covers.

'Soles, sir.'

'Soles—ah!—capital fish—all come from London—stage-coach proprietors get up political dinners—carrriage of soles—dozens of baskets—cunning fellows.—Glass of wine, sir?'

'With pleasure,' said Mr. Pickwick—and the stranger took wine; first with him, and then with Mr. Snodgrass, and then with Mr. Tupman, and then with Mr. Winkle, and then with the whole party together, almost as rapidly as he talked.

'Devil of a mess on the staircase, waiter,' said the stranger. 'Forms going up—carpenters coming down—lamps, glasses, harps. What's going forward?'

'Ball, sir,' said the waiter.

'Assembly—eh?'

'No, sir, not Assembly, sir. Ball for the benefit of a charity, sir.'

'Many fine women in this town, do you know, sir?' inquired Mr. Tupman, with great interest.

'Splendid—capital. Kent, sir.—Everybody knows Kent—apples, cherries, hops and women. Glass of wine, sir?'

'With great pleasure,' replied Mr. Tupman. The stranger filled, and emptied.

'I should very much like to go,' said Mr. Tupman, resuming his subject of the ball, 'very much.'

'Tickets at the bar, sir,' interposed the waiter, 'half-a-guinea each, sir.'

'They're beginning up stairs,' said the stranger, '—hear the company—fiddles tuning—now the harp—there they go.' The various sounds which found their way down stairs, announced the commencement of the first quadrille. Digitized by Google

'How I should like to go,' said Mr. Tupman, again. 'So should I,' said the stranger,—'confounded luggage—heavy smacks—nothing to go in—odd, ain't it.'

Now general benevolence was one of the leading features of the Pickwickian theory, and no one was more remarkable for the zealous manner in which he observed so noble a principle, than Mr. Tracy Tupman. The number of instances, recorded on the Transactions of the Society, in which that excellent man referred objects of charity to the houses of other members for left-off garments, or pecuniary relief, is almost incredible.

'I should be very happy to lend you a change of apparel for the purpose,' said Mr. Tracy Tupman,—'but you are rather slim, and I am—'

'Rather fat—grown up Bacchus—cut the leaves—dismounted from the tub, and adopted kersey, eh?—not double distilled, but double milled—ha! ha!—pass the wine.'

'I was about to observe, sir,' he said, 'that though my apparel would be too large, a suit of my friend Mr. Winkle's would, perhaps, fit you better.'

The stranger took Mr. Winkle's measure with his eye; and that feature glistened with satisfaction as he said—'Just the thing!'

The temptation to be present at the ball, and to form his first impressions of the beauty of the Kentish ladies, was strong upon Mr. Tupman. The temptation to take the stranger with him, was equally great. He was wholly unacquainted with the place, and its inhabitants; and the stranger seemed to possess as great a knowledge of both as if he had lived there from his infancy. Mr. Winkle was asleep, and Mr. Tupman had sufficient experience in such matters to know, that the moment he awoke, he would, in the ordinary course of nature, roll heavily to bed. He was undecided. 'Fill your glass, and pass the wine,' said the indefatigable visitor.

Mr. Tupman did as he was requested; and the additional stimulus of the last glass settled his determination.

'Winkle's bedroom is inside mine,' said Mr. Tupman; 'I couldn't make him understand what I wanted, if I woke him now, but I know he has a dress suit in a carpet-bag; and supposing you wore it to the ball, and took it off when we returned, I could replace it without troubling him at all about the matter.'

'Capital,' said the stranger, 'famous plan—damned odd situation—fourteen coats in the packing cases, and obliged to wear another man's—very good notion, that—very.'

'We must purchase our tickets,' said Mr. Tupman.

'Not worth while splitting a guinea,' said the stranger, 'toss who shall pay for both—I call; you spin—first time—woman—woman—bewitching woman,' and down came the sovereign, with the Dragon (called by courtesy a woman) uppermost.

Mr. Tupman rang the bell, purchased the tickets, and ordered chamber candlesticks. In another quarter of an hour the stranger was completely arrayed in a full suit of Mr. Nathaniel Winkle's.

'Rather short in the waist, a'n't it?' said the stranger, screwing himself round, to catch a glimpse in the glass of the waist buttons which were half way up his back. 'Like a general postman's coat—queer coats those—made by contract—no measuring—mysterious

dispensations of Providence—all the short men get long coats—all the long men short ones.'

Running on in this way, Mr. Tupman's new companion adjusted his dress, or rather the dress of Mr. Winkle; and, accompanied by Mr. Tupman, ascended the staircase leading to the ball room.

'What names, sir?' said the man at the door. Mr. Tracy Tupman was stepping forward to announce his own titles, when the stranger prevented him.

'No names at all,'—and then he whispered Mr. Tupman, 'Names won't do—not known—very good names in their way, but not great ones—capital names for a small party, but won't make an impression in public assemblies—*incog.* the thing—Gentlemen from London—distinguished foreigners—anything.' The door was thrown open; and Mr. Tracy Tupman, and the stranger, entered the ball-room.

It was a long room, with crimson-covered benches, and wax candles in glass chandeliers. The musicians were securely confined in an elevated den, and quadrilles were being systematically got through by two or three sets of dancers. Two card-tables were made up in the adjoining card room, and two pair of old ladies, and a corresponding number of stout gentlemen, were executing whist therein.

The finale concluded, the dancers promenaded the room, and Mr. Tupman and his companion stationed themselves in a corner, to observe the company.

'Charming women,' said Mr. Tupman.

'Wait a moment,' said the stranger, 'fun presently—nobs not come yet—queer place—Dock-yard people of upper rank don't know Dock-yard people of lower rank—Dock-yard people of lower-rank don't know small gentry—small gentry don't know tradespeople—Commissioner don't know anybody.'

'Who's that little boy with the light hair and pink eyes, in a fancy dress?' inquired Mr. Tupman.

'Hush, pray—pink eyes—fancy dress—little boy—nonsense—Ensign 9th—Honorable Wilmot Snipe—great family—snipes—very.'

'Sir Thomas Clubber, Lady Clubber, and the Miss Clubbers!' shouted the man at the door in a stentorian voice. A great sensation was created throughout the room, by the entrance of a tall gentleman in a blue coat and bright buttons, a large lady in blue satin, and two young ladies on a similar scale, in fashionably made dresses of the same hue.

'Commissioner—head of the yard—great man—remarkably great man,' whispered the stranger in Mr. Tupman's ear, as the charitable committee ushered Sir Thomas Clubber and family to the top of the room. The Honorable Wilmot Snipe, and other distinguished gentlemen crowded to render homage to the Miss Clubbers; and Sir Thomas Clubber stood belt up-right and looked majestically over his black neckerchief at the assembled company.

'Mr. Smithie, Mrs. Smithie, and the Misses Smithie' was the next announcement.

'What's Mr. Smithie?' inquired Mr. Tracy Tupman.

'Something in the yard,' replied the stranger. Mr. Smithie bowed deferentially to Sir Thomas Clubber; and Sir Thomas Clubber acknowledged the salute with conscious condescension. Lady Clubber took a telescopic view of Mrs. Smithie and family, through her eye-glass, and Mrs. Smithie stared in her turn at Mrs. Somebodyelse, whose husband was not in the dock-yard at all.

'Colonel Bulder, Mrs. Colonel Bulder, and Miss Bulder,' were the next arrivals.

'Head of the garrison,' said the stranger, in reply to Mr. Tupman's inquiring look.

Miss Bulder was warmly welcomed by the Miss Clubbers; the greeting between Mrs. Colonel Bulder and Lady Clubber, was of the most affectionate description; Colonel Bulder and Sir Thomas Clubber exchanged snuff-boxes, and looked very much like a pair of Alexander Selkirks—'Monarchs of all they surveyed.'

While the aristocracy of the place—the Bulders, and Clubbers, and Snipes—were thus preserving their dignity at the upper end of the room, the other classes of society were imitating their example in other parts of it. The less aristocratic officers of the 97th devoted themselves to the families of the less important functionaries from the dock-yard. The solicitors' wives, and the wine-merchant's wife, headed another grade, (the brewer's wife visited the Bulders;) and Mrs. Tomlinson, the post-office keeper, seemed by mutual consent to have been chosen the leader of the trade party.

One of the most popular personages, in his own circle, present, was a little fat man, with a ring of upright black hair round his head, and an extensive bald plain on the top of it—Doctor Slammer, surgeon to the 97th. The Doctor took snuff with every body, chatted with every body, laughed, danced, made jokes, played whist, did everything, and was everywhere.—To these pursuits, multifarious as they were, the little Doctor added a more important one than any—he was indefatigable in paying the most unremitting and devoted attention to a little old widow, whose rich dress and profusion of ornament bespoke her a most desirable addition to a limited income.

Upon the doctor, and the widow, the eyes of both Mr. Tupman and his companion had been fixed for some time, when the stranger broke silence.

'Lots of money—old girl—pompous doctor—not a bad idea—good fun,' were the intelligible sentences that issued from his lips. Mr. Tupman looked inquisitively in his face.

'I'll dance with the widow,' said the stranger.

'Who is she?' inquired Mr. Tupman.

'Don't know—never saw her in all my life—cut out the doctor—here goes.' And the stranger forthwith crossed the room; and, leaning against a mantel-piece, commenced gazing with an air of respectful and melancholy admiration on the fat countenance of the little old lady. Mr. Tupman looked on in mute astonishment. The stranger progressed rapidly; the little doctor danced with another lady—the widow dropped her fan; the stranger picked it up, and presented it—a smile—a bow—a curtsy—a few words of conversation. The stranger walked boldly up to, and returned with, the master of the ceremonies; a little introductory pantomime; and the stranger and Mrs. Budger took their places in a quadrille.

The surprise of Mr. Tupman at this summary proceeding, great as it was, was immeasurably exceeded by the astonishment of the doctor. The stranger was young, and the widow was flattered. The doctor's attentions were unheeded by the widow; and the doctor's indignation was wholly lost on his imperturbable rival. Doctor Slammer was paralyzed. He, Doctor Slammer of the 97th, to be extinguished in a moment,

by a man whom nobody had ever seen before, and whom nobody knew even now! Doctor Slammer—Doctor Slammer of the 97th rejected! Impossible! It could not be! Yes, it was; there they were. What introducing his friend! Could he believe his eyes!—He looked again, and was under the painful necessity of admitting the veracity of his optics; Mrs. Budger was dancing with Mr. Tracy Tupman, there was no mistaking the fact. There was the widow before him, bouncing bodily, here and there, with unwonted vigor; and Mr. Tupman hopping about, with a face expressive of the most intense solemnity, dancing (as a good many people do) as if a quadrille were not a thing to be laughed at, but a severe trial of the feelings, which it requires inflexible resolution to encounter.

Silently and patiently did the doctor bear all this, and all the handings of negus, and watching for glasses, and darting for biscuits, and coquetting that ensued; but, a few seconds after the stranger had disappeared to lead Mrs. Budger to her carriage, he darted swiftly from the room with every particle of his hitherto-bottled-up indignation effervescing, from all parts of his countenance, in a perspiration of passion.

The stranger was returning, and Mr. Tupman was beside him. He spoke in a low tone and laughed.—He was exulting; he had triumphed.

'Sir!' said the doctor, in an awful voice, producing a card, and retiring into an angle of the passage 'my name is Slammer, Doctor Slammer, sir, 97th Regiment, Chatham Barracks;—my card, sir, my card.—He would have added more, but his indignation choked him.

'Ah!' replied the stranger, coolly, 'Slammer—much obliged—polite attention—not ill now, Slammer; but when I am—call you up.'

'You—you're a shuffler, sir,' gasped the furious doctor, a poltroon—a coward—a liar—a—a—will nothing induce you to give me your card, sir'

'Oh! I see,' said the stranger, half aside, 'negus too strong here—liberal landlord—very foolish—very, lemonade much better—hot rooms—elderly gentlemen—suffer for it in the morning—cruel—cruel;' and he moved on a step or two.

'You are stopping in this house, sir,' said the indignant little man; 'you are intoxicated now, sir, you shall hear from me in the morning, sir. I shall find you out, sir; I shall find you out'.

'Rather you found me out, than found me at home,' replied the unmoved stranger.

Doctor Slammer looked unutterable ferocity, as he fixed his hat on his head with an indignant knock.—And the stranger and Mr. Tupman ascended to the bed-room of the latter to restore the borrowed plumage to the unconscious Winkle.

That gentleman was fast asleep; the restoration was soon made. The stranger was extremely jocose; and Mr. Tracy Tupman, being quite bewildered with wine, negus, lights and ladies, thought the whole affair an exquisite joke. His new friend departed; and, after experiencing some slight difficulty in finding the orifice in his night-cap, originally intended for the reception of his head, and finally overturning his candlestick in his struggles to put it on, Mr. Tracy Tupman managed to get into bed, by a series of complicated evolutions, and shortly afterwards sank into repose.

[So much for the events of the ball; what came of it our readers will be told in our next.]

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1868.

LAWS OF NATURE.

In our choice of a Religion, there was one question which invariably occurred to our minds, and guided us in our selection. It was this: "Does it present a system worthy of a God. Is His sublime comprehensiveness enstamped upon it. Does its breadth and general proportions indicate the hand of a Being accustomed to move amidst scenes of eternal grandeur?" The same question may be asked of all speculations that undertake to reveal the movements of Deity in spheres where humanity, as such, has never traveled. There is one statement that may be safely made of all such theories; one law that may be laid down as true and sure: Nothing which reveals the operations of Deity in a petty or insignificant light can be true. Nothing which represents Him as doing and undoing, creating and losing the results of His labors, can possibly be correct. To be eternally wise, He must of necessity move steadily on gaining at every point. Working so that every past process of creation counts in each additional act. All that is less than this is less than Deity. There can be no breaking up—no dismemberment of that which has taken creative labor to produce. Just as we know that any scheme of so-called Theology would be false, which should teach that men are sent to this earth to spend sixty or seventy years in acquiring experiences which have no application beyond this life. So we know that any speculation of so-called science is false, which represents the movements of nature in any light but that of a ceaseless working-in of every jot and tittle of the past to the beauty and perfection of the present, which present with all its increase must again to be carried on and incorporated in the perfections of a still more advanced period.

In addition to this there is another proposition we would lay down. We are sure that the arrangements of nature are complete in themselves, and that they move on forever requiring no patching; but that all the provisions for development are within them from the first. Unlike, for instance, one of the first steam engines which was ever made, which required a man to watch it and at certain intervals to turn a handle and help it over a difficult point in the proper direction of its steam. The Great Steam Engine of Nature, we are sure, started with all its fuel and necessary mechanism from the first, needing no freshly designed crank or pivot to keep it going. When, therefore, any scientific scheme of creation comes before us which is devoid of this full completeness for eternal continuance, we know that it lacks one essential evidence of being a true law of nature. Not only do we hold it to be a self evident truth that in the laws of nature nothing is lost of the labors of the past, as well that every provision for the future is combined in every movement from the beginning, but we consider it self evident that the whole thus magnificently constituted must be ordained for ceaseless addition. Just as "man is that he might have joy", so the Universe must be that it may be increasingly filled with scenes of life and happiness. No contracting or drawing in of the

limits of life, but a spreading out, filling up the waste places and the darkest recesses. Life must move on forever dispelling gloom, and the centres of intelligent existence be continually enlarging their borders; for decrease of or drawing in of any kind is contrary to the promptings and ambitions implanted in human bosoms, and must be especially opposed to Him from whom as a fountain the whole of this instinct has been obtained.

HAMLET.

[Communicated.]

It is our private opinion (publicly expressed) that Mr. Lindsay's Hamlet is the best representation of the melancholy Dane that we Salt Lakers have yet witnessed. It may be said to mark an era in this actor's career—and in art itself as exhibited upon our stage—quite as distinct as the well-remembered *Colona* of Mr. McKenzie. We confess to a slight mania on this subject of Hamlet, and it seems to us impossible the play can ever pall upon a cultivated taste any more than *Sweet Home* or *Auld Lang Syne* or any other time-honored 'Institution,' so long as genius can interpret the genius that produced. *Hamlet*, it should be borne in mind, is a play of contrasts, the good Ghost-father and wicked usurping Uncle,—the voluptuous queen and "the fair Ophelia," true hearted Horatio and Marcellus, false Rosencrantz and Guildenstern—and last, the fiery, *natural* Laertes and sophisticated, shilly-shallying Hamlet.

But to the acting: We would like to see both *Laertes* and *Horatio* a little nearer the mark, and hope another opportunity may soon be offered. Might it not be well for Mr. Hardie to take *Horatio*? He has already established his reputation as a Ghost.

We were particularly pleased with the clear and resonant delivery of both Hardie and Lindsay. Shakespeare admits of no slighting or mumbling. A word now in reference to that plentiful lack of soul in our actors which a contemporary discovers, with wholesome comment thereupon. Green orators are apt to be troubled with a painful consciousness of hands, and actors who are not *au fait* are likewise apt to be troubled with a painful consciousness of Part. This mars everything. Talk of holding a mirror up to nature with the quick-silver half rubbed off—'tis absurd ratherish! No *reflection* is here intended or thought of in regard to Mr. Lindsay who is confessedly well up. And now with a brief congratulation that he has proven his own discretion so good a tutor, and hit so nicely that difficult happy medium between "overdone and come tardy off," we must close, feeling assured that the success of last Tuesday evening will warrant a speedy repetition of this Great Play, and meanwhile, afford some of the actors time—a lack of which seemed to have somewhat affected Gertrude. That wicked old uncle wasn't wicked a bit. "A cowl does na make a monk, 'tis said, nor black curls a 'willan.'" Ophelia and Polonius (Miss Colebrook and Mr. McKenzie) were both admirable.

KAPPA.

MR. BARKER'S "PHILOSOPHY."

As a specimen of what is curious and novel in the way of "scientific" theory, we publish a brief epitome of the contents of Mr. Barker's new work, "The Key

of Knowledge," presuming it may interest some of our readers. Where quotational marks are employed, we have used his own language, without any reference to the correctness of the terms employed. We commence with his views respecting primitive elements.

Mr. Barker repudiates the idea of 50 or 60 simple elements accepted by chemists, and starts with four primal elements only. These he considers to be Oxygen, Hydrogen, Positive Electricity, and Negative Electricity. His Oxygen and Hydrogen are the same elements usually known by those names. His "Positive Electricity" is the agent employed in the organization of all bodies, of which compounds, it, in all cases, constitutes itself a portion. "Negative Electricity" he considers to be a celestial ether filling "Eternity's deep," and forming the buoyant principle of support, in which worlds float as ships do upon the ocean.

Having introduced us to a universal ether filling all space, we next are inducted into the processes of Planetary motion. Our philosopher takes the Sun as the center of a system for an illustration. Our sun, the surface of which he asserts, presents a tropical belt of water, rotates with immense rapidity. This motion causes a corresponding movement in the Sun's atmosphere, in turn communicated to the mass of "celestial ether" lying beyond, until a current is created, reaching to the outer verge of the solar system, and running in a constant direction from west to east. This current is no less than the "gulf stream of eternity." In its movements, it carries around it, also from West to East, all the planets lying within its influence; which is, it appears, the cause of the invariable rotation of all the planets in that direction.

Every planet on the same principle has a "gulf stream" of its own, by which it carries around it its own satellites or moons.

The motion of the planets, according to Mr. Barker, upon their axes is caused by what he terms, "the action of the Sun's Director Rays" (the influence of the noon-tide sun we suppose) "upon the tropical belt of water encompassing each planet." This action evaporates vast amounts of water, and also sets free a great amount of "positive electricity," which process "of course" lightens the sunny side of the planet—in this case compared to a huge water-wheel. "The disengaged electricity, etc., being, in the meantime, attracted by the cold side of the earth, where it is absorbed by dews, vapors, vegetable and animal bodies, makes that side the heaviest" and the motion commences as a matter of necessity which, we are told, will continue as long as there is sufficient water on the wheel to effect the object and no longer.

But now for the mysteries of Heat and Light. Mr. Barker repudiates the undulatory and emission theories altogether. Combustion is, with him, the only principle of Heat and Light. Water, it is well known, contains hydrogen. "The Sun's Director Ray" (again) "acts upon the Meridian line and hydrogen is ignited—the mass of celestial ether (or negative electricity) supporting the combustion." The revolution of the Earth causes this process in turn to take place entirely around the globe. Thus light is awakened as it goes, on the principle of a running fire.

It may be interesting here to know that, according to the new philosophy, all space is dark and cold, not a ray being emitted beyond the atmosphere of any planet—light and heat being "the effect of the mag-

netic rays of the Sun brought to a focus by the atmosphere of the earth acting as a lens," and causing the combustion referred to. Our readers will see that Mr. Barker's "tropical belt of water" being the supplier of the atmosphere, and the atmosphere producing the elements of combustion, we are dependent upon the earth's waters for heat and light as well as rotary motion. This leads to the rather startling idea that as the water decreases on any planet, light, heat, and rotary motion decrease in proportion, which brings us, again, to Mr. Barker's great theory of the final destiny of our world and all other planets.

Orbital motion, or the movement of the planets around the Sun, Mr. Barker believes to be inconstant. The magnetic waves which float the planet round its primary, on the principle of a whirlpool, constantly bring the object nearer to the center every rotation. All the planets are, thus approaching the Sun, and the satellites drawing nigher to the planets; the end being, that each in its turn gets precipitated upon the body of its superior. Inasmuch as we have had, according to Mr. Barker, a number of moons, at least six of such windings-up have taken place in relation to our earth already. These satellites have been precipitated into the mass of the earth's waters, and formed our continents and mountain chains—a view which explodes, for ever, the idea of upheavals of the earth's surface as being necessary for their production.

It is in this very way, we learn, continents are formed upon all planets. In due time we shall find ourselves spread out upon the surface of the Sun, and contributing in a general way to its glory—a mere pimple, however, to a world of its dimensions.

As another curious item we give Mr. Barker's peculiar explanation of the formation of mineral lodes.

The Earth is assumed to be hollow and filled with molten fire. The action of this fire causes the compression of the gases and super-electricity evolved from the dissolved rocks, and gives birth to a "metallic lava or the mystic lode formation." At the same time the compressed gases, etc., rend the walls of the earth, into the seams of which the newly produced metal is run, which plainly accounts for the way in which we find such deposits.

The last of these peculiar conceptions to which we shall refer, bears a slight resemblance to a theory enunciated within a few years by an eminent French *savant*, respecting the consecutive deluges to which our earth has been subjected. Mr. Barker holds that the change in the Aphelion and Perihelion points of our orbit, every 114,000 years, changes the relationship of the poles of our earth to the Sun, so that the northern and southern ends are alternately exposed to a greater portion of its rays, causing on the principle of attraction—a rush of waters from one end to the other, and giving each an opportunity for a sea deposit and a land formation, for 57,000 years—or thereabouts. As Mr. Barker avers that he has never heard of the theory to which we refer, he has in this respect, the merit of having struck upon a similar idea to the one which has for some time been considered respectable by scientific men.

We present these views as we find them, leaving our readers to form their own judgment about them. All will agree with us in one thing, at any rate, that what they lack in scientific truth, they abundantly make up in novelty.

THE CREAM OF THE PAPERS.

PHOTOGRAPHERS' TRIALS.

[From All the Year Round.]

May I, a humble photographer, venture one or two hints to the owners of countenances who desire them to be gracefully and accurately copied, and to those who try to copy them?

In turning over the leaves of an album, we frequently pass our acquaintances without even a nod. How is this? The photograph may be irreproachable as a work of art, and it is impossible to be other than a transcript of what was presented to the camera. How comes it, then, that it is not a likeness? Simply because the original was, at the critical moment, unlike himself. When about to be photographed, one is apt to feel that, like Marshal Ney, the eyes of Europe are upon him—that, according to the position which he assumes, judgment will be passed on his good or bad figure, awkwardness or grace. He wishes to present himself on paper to an admiring, not a critical public. Placed in a position always chosen by the operator (being, to save himself the trouble of re-arranging accessories, precisely the same as that which the last sitter occupied), his head screwed into a vice behind, he is told to look at an indicated spot on the wall, and keep still. Thus posed, he regards further operations with much the same feelings of distrust as he would those of a dentist. In imagination he hears the sharp rattle of the forceps, or the punch. His breathing becomes thicker and quicker as the critical moment arrives, his heart beats audibly against his waistcoat, and a hazy film falls over his eyes. In this delightful condition of mind and body, he is enjoined to "keep quite still, and put on a natural expression;" as if expressions were as easy to put on as gloves. The inevitable consequence is, that he "grins horribly a ghastly smile," the like of which never passed over his features before. Yet both operator and sitter wonder why the portrait is so very unlike.

"I should like to have a landscape background for my portrait, if you please," is a frequent, but most inconsistent request. What can be more preposterous than to see a lady in full evening costume, quietly seated in a luxurious easy-chair, in the middle of a mountain pass, with a roaring cataract rushing madly down within a couple of inches of her immaculate book-muslin? The rugged pinnacle to which she is supposed to have flown (in her easy-chair) being carefully adapted to her satin shoes by a Brussels carpet, from which a tree is vigorously springing. An actor wishing to be represented in some particular character, may, with propriety, require a painted background to assist in the illusion that he is on the stage, before his own painted scenes.

Photographs are frequently perpetrated in which ladies and gentlemen are represented in positions, and engaged in employments, equally as foreign to those in which their friends usually see them. The conventional pillar and curtain are becoming intolerable. The conventional Smith or representative Jones, attired in his habit as he lives, seldom has the opportunity of resting his elbow on the base of a fluted column; neither is he often interrupted in the study of his favorite author (one finger between the leaves of the book), seated in a lady's boudoir, radiant with bouquets and toilet bottles, nor with a mass of unmeaning drapery mixed up with his hair, like the hood of an excited cobra.

Now for my trials: "How frightfully stout you have made me," remonstrates a lady weighing, probably, about a couple of hundred-weights; "I have had my portrait painted in oil and pastelle, but neither make me look so stout as you have. I declare I look like some fat, dumpy old woman. I wouldn't let any one see this for worlds. You really must do another." This lady is succeeded by another, of uncertain age, who wants a carte de visite taken of her pet dog (it is presumed, for him to distribute among his acquaintances). "I should like it taken very nicely, if you please. How do you think he would look best? In profile, three-quarters, or full face?" "I think in profile," replies the artist. "Will you please make him lie down on the table?" "Oh, dear, he won't be still, I know, on the hard table; he must have a cushion to lie on." A cushion is accordingly procured, and Beauty is deposited thereon. "I think," remarks the young lady, after he is focussed and light arranged, "the other is the prettiest side of his face. Yes," turning him round, "he looks far more intelligent in this position." This, of course, necessitates refocussing and re-arrangement of the light. Just at the moment of exposure,

Beauty jumps off the table. No amount of whistling or coaxing, no startling announcement of "rats" or even "cats" will induce him to keep still for one second. Half-a-dozen plates in succession are spoiled, until he takes it into his intelligent head to go to sleep, when a good photograph is at last secured, and the lady, with many apologies for having given so much trouble, bows herself out. She is succeeded by two young gentlemen just returned from school, who, beyond making each other laugh, putting themselves into absurdly grotesque positions while the operator is attempting to focus, and asserting that "it's no end of fun being photographed" (which the obtuse operator doesn't seem to see), conduct themselves tolerably well, and in a few minutes are dismissed. The next visitor is a young mamma with her infant. "Do you think you can take a good likeness of this child?" she inquires; "she has just learned to walk, and I should like her to be taken standing."

"But if she has only just learned to walk," suggests the artist, "I don't think she will be able to stand still."

"Oh, yes, I am sure she will," returns mamma. "Do, please try; I should so like to have it."

The artist cannot withstand this appeal, and, against his better judgment, attempts and fails; for the sweet little cherub is unsteady on its "pins," and is much given to "flopping" at unseasonable times. Mamma is at length compelled to do what the artist recommended in the first place—to take the baby on her lap.

Then there is the deaf old gentleman, who can't hear when he is told to keep still; and the communicative young lady; and the funny person, who wants to be taken with his fiancée, and when he has moved talks about missing his face, and facing his miss, and tells the operator he may fire away again, he has lots of time.

It is now about four o'clock, and the artist, who has in the course of the day travelled about twenty miles, in rushing in and out of the developing-room, arranging sitters' dresses and accessories, regulating the light, &c., with the thermometer standing up amongst the nineties, has not had an opportunity of taking any refreshment, or sitting down for one minute. Yet he is expected to be polite and conciliatory to all, never to lose his temper, and must attempt, at least, to strike up a cheerful conversation with each sitter, so as to get an "expression."

Can you understand, then, that some of us who live in glass houses do occasionally desire to express our impatience by some strong demonstration?

GETTING MADE A BEY.

[From London Society]

Ismail Pacha is the fifth in succession from Mehemet Ali, the founder of the dynasty in Egypt. His urbanity and intelligence during his recent visit seem to have won for him the good will of the people both in Paris and London, although he somewhat amused the populace of Paris by his alarm when a pistol was fired during the performance of the opera of "Don Carlos." He evidently thought he was fired at, and speedily left the theatre. His accession to power was marked by a circumstance sufficiently curious in itself to merit narration.

Said Pacha, his predecessor, was known to be very ill, and Ismail, the heir-apparent, was hourly expecting intelligence of Said's decease. Said was in Alexandria, and Ismail in Cairo, so that the first intelligence would certainly be conveyed by telegraph. It is usual in Egypt to reward the individual who first announces the accession of the Pacha to the supreme dignity, by creating him a bey, if he be a commoner, and a pacha if he is already a bey—pacha being the highest title of nobility conferred in Egypt.

The superintendent of the telegraph at Cairo, aware of the hopeless nature of Said's complaint, and hourly expecting news of his demise, took up his abode at the telegraph office, in order that he might be the first to communicate the intelligence to the new viceroy. He waited and waited, but hour after hour passed away, and the expected news did not come. Said was evidently an unconscionably long time in dying.

At length, tired of waiting, after more than forty hours of wakefulness, Bessey Bey called a young man, as assistant in the department, in whom he hoped he could confide, and told him what he was expecting. "I am about to lie down," said Bessey Bey to him. "They have made me a couch in the next room. Wake me the moment the telegram comes from Alex-

andria." The young man promised obedience. But before lying down, Bessy Bey said further to him, "Be faithful in this matter and you shall have from me five hundred francs" (£20), and so saying the bey resigned himself without fear to his repose.

The telegram came whilst he slept, three hours after. Said Pacha was dead. The young man, the bey's assistant, reflected that by communicating the news himself to Ismail, who was anxiously expecting it, he would get more than five hundred francs. So, leaving his master asleep, he posted off in hot haste to Ohoubrah, where Ismail was then residing, with the telegram in his hand. He was admitted to an audience without delay. Ismail made him a bey upon the spot, but gave him no largesse, such as he expected.

In his excitement, however, Ismail had dropped the paper containing the announcement of Said's death, and the young man picked it up, and, as soon as he got leave to depart from the palace, he took the telegram to his master, Bessy Bey, whom he roused from slumber. Bessy Bey was delighted at being able, as he hoped, to communicate the news first to the future viceroy, and gave the order for the five hundred francs there and then to the young man.

Hurrying off to the palace, Bessy Bey was quickly undeceived. His news was already known. The pacha received him coldly. He got no honor. He soon found out by whom he had been forestalled, and returned to the office to abuse his assistant in good set terms, and to dismiss him.

"Speak to me with more respect, my brother," said the young man, "for I am bey as well as you, and cannot be dismissed from my post under government without his highness's sanction. Let us go to him together."

But Bessy Bey was by no means prepared for this, and, on reflection, thought he had better be quiet, and let the matter drop. The young man who exhibited so much "smartness" as the Americans would call it, is now governor of a province, a favorite at court, the companion of the pacha in Paris and London, and a much greater man than Bessy Bey ever was.

A WAX WIFE.

[From Comic Monthly.]

They say at Constantina, Algeria, that Arabs cannot always refrain from looking into shop windows. When the Sidi Abd-er-Rahman-ben Djellab ruled at Tuggurt, in the region of the Wed Rhir, he was in the habit of sending a messenger occasionally to Constantina (then recently occupied by the French) to make purchases and collect news. In the process of time he remarked that, however the accounts of his informant might vary in other particulars about the city, they all agreed on one point, viz.: that there was in a certain street in Constantina a damsel whose beauty surpassed the most extravagant conceptions of their most imaginative poets. Now Abd-er-Rahman-ben-Djellab was in a depressed state of mind. There was a vacancy in his heart.

He was a widower to an extent, for the favorite, fairest and fattest of his wives, Ghazella, "the gazelle," who weighed nearly twenty stone, had just died. These tales of the Constantina beauty excited first, curiosity, and then a warmer and stronger passion; and he called to him his major-domo, a faithful person and a man of judgment, and then bade him to go to the city of Constantina and bring back a true report. And the major-domo replied, "I hear and obey," and went, and returned, and reported, saying—"It is true, O my master, what thy servants have said, and there is no lie in it at all. I myself have seen her. Her cheeks are like ripe pomegranates, and her eyebrows are curved like the branch of the palm tree, and her hair resembles the tail of El Warda, the mare of the prophet, whose name be extolled. And all day she sits in the window of her father's house which is indeed a mean casket for so bright a jewel, and steadfastly regards the persons who pass by, smiling in a manner that deprives the beholders of reason."

Then the heart of Abd-er-Rahman was inflamed, and he gave a large sum in dourous to the major-domo, and told him to go to Constantina and bring back the damsel at any cost. And the major-domo departed and went to the house of the damsel's father, and finding the father at the door of the house, he mentioned his mission, explained that he came on the part of a mighty prince of the south to demand in marriage his daughter, the fair damsel who habitually sat in the window smiling, and that he was prepared to offer a handsome marriage portion. Whereupon the father was much perplexed; for, indeed, he had

no daughter. He was only a hair-dresser from Marseilles who cut for the officers of the garrison, and curled for their wives; and the damsel was but a dummy, a wax-work figure, which he had placed in his window as an indication of his profession. But the major-domo was of a literal turn of mind, and as he had been instructed, under severe penalties, not to return without the damsel, he bought the image, and it became one of the chief ornaments of his master's household. And Abd-er-Rahman-ben-Djellab, who was a man of pleasant humor, and also of vast matrimonial experience, has been heard to say—so the story goes—that there were worse wives, so far as peace and quietness was concerned, than the one he got from Constantina.

PORTRAIT GALLERY.

SCENE FROM NAPOLEON'S LIFE.

ROOM OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

Napoleon entered; his marshals followed him. None of them uttered a word; every one seemed involuntarily to tread lightly, as if he feared to disturb the silence reigning in this room, sacred by its great reminiscences. The Emperor walked rapidly into the middle of the room; there he paused with folded arms, and his large dark eyes glided slowly from object to object. The marshals moved softly around, and, on contemplating the old-fashioned furniture, their ragged silken covers, the plain desk with the inkstand placed near the window, the large easy-chair, shrouded in a ragged purple blanket, smiled disdainfully and whispered to each other that this was a room entirely unfit for a King, and that one might purchase better and more tasteful furniture of any second-hand dealer in Paris. Napoleon, perhaps, had overheard their words, or at least noticed their whisperings, for he bent an angry glance on them. "Gentlemen," he said, "this is a place which deserves our profound respect. Here lived one who was a greater general than Turenne, and from whose campaigns we all might derive instruction. Alexander the Great himself would have admired Frederick's battle of Lenthén."

The aged castellan, who was standing at the door, raised his head, and with a kind glance seemed to thank Napoleon for the tribute he had paid to the manes of the heroic dead.

The Emperor's eyes were now fixed on the large clock placed on a gilded pedestal. It was a masterpiece of the period of Louis XV., and adorned in the most brilliant rococo style. The large dial, with the figures of colored enamel, rested in a frame and case of splendidly-wrought gold, and this was surmounted by a portrait of the Emperor Titus, with the inscription, "Diem perdidit."

"Is that the clock which the King caused to be purchased from the heirs of the Marquise de Pompadour?"

"Yes, sire, it is. It has always stood in this room since he purchased it. Frederick the Great prized it very highly, and consulted it exclusively until his death. And it seemed to know that he liked it, for when he closed his eyes, the clock stopped and never went again."

"Ah!" exclaimed Napoleon, quickly, "since the death of Frederick, the Government of Prussia, it seems, really did not know the time any more. And what about that ragged, old easy-chair? Did the King use it, too?"

"Sire," said the castellan, solemnly, laying stress on every word he uttered—"sire, the great King died in that chair; his head rested on the pillow now lying on the seat, and he was covered with that blanket."

The Emperor rapidly approached; the marshals followed his example, and walked toward it on tiptoe. He stood before it; his arms folded, his lips compressed, contemplating it. Behind him stood the marshals, whose indifferent countenances and curious glances contrasted strangely with the pale face of their master. Not far from them, near the door, stood the white-haired castellan; his hands clasped and his head bowed mournfully on his breast.

Suddenly the room was filled with light; the sun which had hitherto been hidden by the clouds, burst forth and shone brilliantly; golden beams fell upon the easy-chair of Frederick the Great, and surrounded it, as it were, with a halo.

"This, then, is the death-bed of the great King," said Napoleon, musingly, "the gods did not permit him to fall on the battle-field. Disease and age vanquished the hero of the Seven Years' War, and he died not amid the triumphs of his soldiers, but solitary and alone! May Providence, in his mercy, preserve

us from such a fate!" And turning quickly to the castellan, he asked, "Were you present when the King died?"

"Yes, sir, I was; for I was his valet de chambre."

"Tell me the last words he uttered."

"Sire, he spoke repeatedly, but so inaudibly and rapidly, that we did not apprehend him. The last words which we were able to understand were: 'Give me back my soldiers of the Seven Years' War! I am tired of ruling over slaves!'"

"Strange, strange," murmured Napoleon; "he was tired of ruling over slaves! as though it were possible to rule over free men! Ah! I should like to have known this King, who was such an autocrat, and yet despised slaves! who wielded the sword as skilfully as the pen! to whom the booming of the cannon sounded as melodious as the notes of his flute—who made verses with Voltaire, and won battles with Schwerin and Zieten! He was able to do every thing, and we have not seen his equal!"

"Oh! sire," murmured the marshals, "your majesty forgets—"

"Silence, gentlemen!" he exclaimed, in an angry voice, pointing with his outstretched arm to the easy chair, "do not flatter me in this room. I wish I had known Frederick the Great, for I believe we should have understood each other."

GOSSIP OF THE DAY.

ROBERT HELLER.—The far-famed Robert Heller, who is now delighting crowds by his weird performances, cannot be satisfied with his legitimate triumphs before an audience, but occasionally does a neat thing for his own amusement, very much to the surprise of those who happen to be present.

On Saturday last while passing an itinerant vender of cheap provisions, Mr. Heller suddenly paused and inquired:

"How do you sell your eggs, auntie?"

"Dem eggs," was the response; "dey a picayune piece—fresh, too, de last one of 'em; biled 'em myself, and knows dey's fast rate."

"Well, I'll try 'em," said the magician, as he laid down a bit of fractional currency. "Have you pepper and salt?"

"Yes, air, dere dey is," said the sable saleswoman, watching her customer with intense interest.

Leisurely drawing out a neat little penknife, Mr. Heller proceeded very quietly to cut the egg exactly in half, when suddenly a bright new twenty-five cent piece was discovered lying imbedded in the yolk, apparently as bright as when it came from the mint. Very coolly the great magician transferred the coin to his vest pocket, and taking up another egg inquired:

"How much do you ask for this egg?"

"De Lord bless my soull! Dat egg? De fact am, boss, dis egg is worth a dime, shuar."

"All right," was the response; "here's the dime; now give me the egg."

Separating it with an exact precision that the colored lady watched eagerly, a quarter eagle was most carefully picked out of the centre of the egg, and placed in the vest pocket of the operator, as before. The old woman was thunderstruck, as well she might have been, and her customer had to ask her price for the third egg two or three times before he could obtain a reply.

"Dar's no use a talkin', mars'r," said the bewildered old darkey, "I can't let you hab dat ear egg, nohow, for less dan a quarter. I declare to the Lord I can't."

"Very well," said Heller, whose imperturbable features were as solemn as an undertaker, "there is your quarter and here is the egg. All right."

As he opened the last egg, a brace of five-dollar gold pieces were discovered snugly deposited in the very heart of the yolk, and jingling them merrily together in his little palm, the savant coolly remarked:

"Very good eggs, indeed. I rather like them; and while I am about it, I believe I will buy a dozen. What is the price?"

"I say price!" screamed the amazed daughter of Ham. "You couldn't buy dem eggs mars'r, for all de money you's got. Nol dat you couldn't. I'se gwine to take dem eggs all home, I is; and dat money in dem eggs all b'longs to me. It does dat—Couldn't sell no more ob dem eggs, nohow."

Amid the roar of the spectators, the benighted African started for her domicile to "smash dem eggs," but with what success we are unable to relate.

EXTRACTING COLOR FROM BIRDS' WINGS.—Professor Church recently made a curious communication to the Chemical Society about the coloring matter of birds' plumage. A certain bird known as the Cape Lory, has upon its pinion feathers some crimson spots popularly supposed to be blood stains. Mr. Church has extracted the dye from these and analysed it; and, strangely enough, finds that it contains the metal copper in some organic form of combination. No other parts of the feathers besides the red stains gave any trace of the metal. Further experiments are stayed for want of materials. Only grain and a half of the pigment is procurable from a single bird, at the cost of half-a-guinea; so that there is not much fear of the poor bird being hunted for the riches it will yield. Perhaps, however, some other denizen of the air carries more precious gifts upon its wings. With the foregoing facts before us we may expect that as we now get the pearl from the oyster we shall some day obtain its setting from the golden plumes of a bird?

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

TO TAKE FEATHERS OUT OF AN EMPTY HANDKERCHIEF.

Procure four or five large plumes, such as are worn by military officers. Take off your coat, and lay the plumes along your arms, the stem being towards your hand. Now put on your coat again, and the feathers will lie quite smoothly and unsuspected. Borrow a handkerchief from one of the spectators, and wave it about to show that it is empty. Throw it over your left hand, and with the right draw out one of the plumes from up the coat-sleeve, at the same time giving it a flourish in the air, which will loosen all the fibers of the feather, and make it appear much too large to have been concealed about the person. Wave the handkerchief again, and repeat the operation until all the plumes are gone. You can carry enough plumes under the sleeve to cover a table with, and if you prepare a board or an ornamental vase full of holes, you can place the plumes upright as you take them out.

THE DANCING AUTOMATON.

Procure a piece of silk thread about six feet long, and fasten a small wire hook at one end, and a fine needle at the other. Then make a knot in the thread about ten inches from the end upon which the hook is fastened. You also procure a small pasteboard figure about four inches long, and pierce a hole through the centre of the same just large enough to easily admit the needle. Having done this, take a convenient opportunity and fasten the hook in the carpet, about five and a half feet from the chair upon which you intend to sit while performing the trick. You then can inform your audience that you intend to make the figure dance and keep time to any tune they may name. You then slip the needle through the hole in the figure and throw it down on the floor, with sufficient force to make it slip on the thread until it reaches the knot, being careful to retain the needle still in your hand, then whistle any air the company may suggest, and appear to beat time with your hands upon your knees. This will make the figure dance, to the great astonishment of the spectators. After you have continued this for a few minutes, you must drop the needle and pick up the figure, when the needle will again slide through the hole in the figure, and the automaton being free from the thread, you can hand it to the audience for examination. This is an excellent trick for the parlor, and, if well performed, will defy detection.

LADIES' TABLE.

INSTRUCTIONS AND TERMS USED IN TATTING

[From Godey's Lady's Book.]

KNOWING.—Fill the shuttle, commence a loop as in tatting, and after placing the cotton between the finger and thumb of the left hand, pass the right hand with the shuttle to the back of the left one, and put the shuttle into the loop from the back to the front; then pass the shuttle to the back, and through the loop again to the front; do this a third time; holding these twists of cotton between the finger and thumb of the left hand to prevent their slipping, draw the loop close with the right hand; this finishes one knot. For a second knot, commence the loop close to the last knot, and repeat until the right number of knots are made.

LACE WHIRLS.—With a sewing needle and fine thread, commence on the stitches of the tatting, pass the thread to the opposite side, working a stitch to secure it; then pass the thread back again, twisting it four or five times round the first thread; run the needle along the tatting stitches, and dividing the space into eight parts, making a crossing thread to each division. In working the last, it should only be twisted to the centre; then work round the centre by passing the needle round one thread and under the second; then round the second and under the third; when sufficiently large, twist the thread round the single one, and fasten off on the tatting.

(From the "Popular Educator")

LESSON IN GEOLOGY.

HOW TO BECOME A GEOLOGIST.

There are two methods of becoming a geologist. The one is by observing geological facts, and the other by reading geological works. Both of these methods must be adopted and combined, if you wish to succeed in the study of geology.

BY OBSERVATION.

The first method of studying geology is personal observation. There is no science that teaches you to make use of your eyes more completely and habitually than geology. The "sermons in stones" are never to be heard, but they are always to be read, and read with your own eyes. This personal observation is to be directed to the different geological materials around your own neighborhood, and to the geological character of any district or country, across which you may be travelling.

Do you wish to become a geologist? If you do, as soon as you shall have read this article, take up the very first stone, or fragment of a stone, that you can pick up in your way. As you examine the stone, ask yourself a few questions about it. If from these questions you at first learn nothing but your own ignorance, you must not be discouraged; for that discovery is the best means for creating and whetting a keen appetite for geological knowledge.

Look at the stone again, and ask: What is it? What is the name of it? Where did it come from? How did it come here?

Perhaps it is a piece of chalk. What is chalk? How does chalk appear under the microscope? Is all chalk white? [In what portions of this Territory is chalk found?] Or the fragment in your hand may be a flint. What is flint? Was it once soft? In what kind of rock is it originally found? If it is round, what rounded it as if it were water-worn? If water-worn, when and where could water have acted upon it? Do flints ever contain fossils? How came they there?—Your pebble may be a sandstone? What is sand? What is the difference between sand and clay? What has given the color to the sandstone? Is it soft or hard? How many kinds of sandstone are there?—It may be that the piece you have picked up is a limestone. How came it to be produced? [What portions of this Territory abound with rocks of limestone?] How is it that these rocks are always in layers or beds? How came shells to be imbedded in them? How is it that some limestone is crystallized?

You may catechise yourself by applying similar series of questions to any stone or pebble that you may meet, to granite, to slate, to coal, and to the different ores.

This class of questions you may ask any day, within twenty yards of your own dwelling. You do not, however, always stay at home. You often take a walk or a ride. You sometimes take a long journey; or you may make a short summer excursion for business, recreation, or pleasure. On these occasions you must, if you wish to become a geologist, always take with you the same habit of personal observation, and the same system of asking questions.

On your journey from one part of the country to another you find that the color of the soil, as exhibited in the plowed fields, &c., differ very much from that of your own neighborhood. How and why is this? If you ride on horseback, or travel by coach, you pass by gravel-pits, or rocks by the road-side, all of which are totally unlike those of the place whence you started. Try to account for this. What is gravel? were the pebbles that you see in the gravel ever larger than they are now? How came they to be so small? and so round? If you travel along a valley, how is it that the pebbles in the upper part of it are large, and that those in the lower part of it become gradually less and less as you approach the sea, till at last they are mere sand or mud? Remember that for all these things there are reasons, and that the science of geology furnishes them.

It is possible that sometimes, in the summer, you make a long excursion. On such a journey, you not only pass over a great variety of superficial soil, but you travel through deep cuttings in different rocks; such cuttings as geologists would call "fine sections for studying geology." If, on these excursions, you make proper use of your eyes, you will learn much of the alphabet of geology; which, in the course of a short time, you will, by attention and perseverance, be able to put together, in such a manner, into syllables, and words, and sentences, as will utter to you the great and delightful truths of science.

INSTRUCTIONS TO MECHANICS.

In this Department, we shall not only seek to give instructions to Mechanic and Artists, but to furnish hints and suggestions useful to all intending to provide themselves with durable, comfortable and economical homes.

CARPENTERS.

POINTS OF FAULTY CONSTRUCTION, ETC.

The first instance we will notice is to be seen in framed houses. Joists are laid on the foundation wall totally disconnected with the sill, instead of being framed into it, or resting upon it. The result is, the sill, owing to the greater weight resting upon it, settles and leaves the flooring. The joists should always be used so as to tie together and form one compact whole of the building.

Another point of faulty construction is that pointed out by Mr. Sloan in his architectural works. Half story buildings are constructed without suitable ridge beams, and with the collar beams so high up that they have no power to prevent the legs of the rafters from spreading and pushing out the walls. It should be understood that collar beams will not properly effect their object in tying together the feet of the rafters, unless placed below the middle of their length.—Where the height of ceiling required is so great that the collar beams must go above the center of the rafters, it is recommended by Mr. Sloan that the ridge of the roof be supported by a ridge plate, say three by ten or fourteen inches in a span of from fourteen to twenty-four feet. If the span be greater than this, the bearer should be trussed and bolted.

LESSONS IN FRENCH.

LESSON I.—CONTINUED.

Now, if the reader will apply our rules (from where we discuss the effect of the letters, when combined in words), he will be able to pronounce correctly the following examples, which may serve as the practice or exercise of this first and elementary lesson:—

FRENCH.	ENGLISH.	PRONUNCIATION.
la	the	lah
le	the	ler without the r
thé	tea	tay
si	if—yes	sea
lof	luff (naval term)	loaf
vous	you	voo
style	style—manner	steel
general	general	zheneral
gibier	game, wild birds,	shee-be-yai
fraction	fraction	frak-see-on(g)
chat	cat	shah
lait	milk	lay
roi	king	roo-awe
leur	their	ler without the r
faux	false	fo
vrai	true	vray
c'est	it is	say
ce n'est pas	it is not	sun-na-paa
comment vous	how do you do	kum-mon(g) voo
portez vous		poar tay voo

HUMOROUS READINGS.

A new boat club style their boat-house Golgotha, the place of skulls.

WHAT is the difference between a bare head and a hair bed? The one flees for shelter, the other is a shelter for fleas.

WHY was the whale that swallowed Jonah like a retired milkman? Because he got a profit (prophet) out of the water.

'BRIDGET, I told you to boil the eggs soft, and they're quite hard!' 'Soft is it, Mem, Why I've been bilin' 'em this hour, and the water won't get 'em soft anyhow.'

PHONETIC.—A Mr. Jones has recently revived the phonetic system in England. It is only prejudice of the eye, says Mr. Jones, that keeps us from saying: 'Dic gave Jac a kic, when Jac gave Dic a noc on the bac with a thic stic.'

▲ COMPLIMENT.—An Irish waiter once complimented a salmon in the following manner: 'Faith, it's not two hours since that salmon was walking round his raal estate with his hands in his pockets, never dhraming what a pretty invashun he'd have to jine you jintlemen at dinner.'

'WHO's there?' said Jenkins, one cold winter night, disturbed in his repose by some one knocking at the street door. 'A friend,' was the answer. 'What do you want?' 'Want to stay here all night.' 'Queer taste, ain't it? But stay there by all means,' was the benevolent answer.

FULL ENOUGH.—Walker went to a Dutch tailor, and had his measure taken for a pair of pantaloons. He gave directions to have them made large and full.—Walker is a large and heavy man, and likes his clothes loose, and when he came to try on the new unmentionables, found they stuck tight to his legs; whereat he thus remonstrated, 'I told you to make these pants full.' After some objugatory expressions of a profane nature, the tailor ended the controversy by declaring, 'I dink dese pants is full enough; if dey was any fuller dey would shplit!'

SMART BOY.—A lady was recently reading to her child, a boy of seven years, a story of a little fellow whose father was taken ill and died, whereupon the youngster set himself diligently at work to assist in supporting himself and his mother. When she had finished the story, the following dialogue ensued:—Mother:—'Now, my little man, if pa was to die, wouldn't you work to help your mother?' Boy:—(not relishing the idea of work) 'Why, ma? what for? ain't we got a good house to live in?' Mother:—'O yes, my child; but we can't eat the house, you know.'—Boy:—'Well, ain't we got flour, and sugar, and other things in the pantry?' Mother:—'Certainly, my dear; but they will not last long; and what then?' Boy:—'Well, ma, ain't there enough to last till you get another husband?'

AN amusing incident occurred in one of our down-east churches a few years ago. The clergyman gave out the hymn: 'I love to steal awhile away from every cumbering care, and spend the hour of setting day in humble, grateful prayer.' The regular chorister being absent, the duty devolved upon good old Deacon M., who commenced, 'I love to steal,' and then broke down. Raising his voice to a still higher pitch, he

sang 'I love to steal;' and, as before, he concluded he had got the wrong pitch, and deploring he had not got his pitch tuner, he determined to succeed if he died in the attempt. By this time, all the old ladies were tit-ttering behind their fans, whilst the faces of the young ones were all in a broad grin. At length, after a desperate cough, he made a final demonstration, and roared out, 'I love to steal.' This effort was too much; every one, but the godly and eccentric parson, was laughing. He arose and, with the utmost coolness, said, 'Seeing our brother's propensities, let us pray.' It is needless to say that but few of the congregation heard the prayer.

THE WRONG LEG.

A correspondent relates the following:—A distinguished member of the legislature was addressing a temperance society, and he got rather prosy, but showed no disposition 'to let up,' although the congregation waxed thinner. Finally, the presiding officer got excited, and repairing to a friend of the speaker's, inquired how much longer he might reasonably be expected to speak. Whereupon the friend answered 'he didn't exactly know; when he got upon the subject he generally spoke for a couple of hours.'

'That will never do; I have a few remarks to make myself,' said the President. 'How shall I stave him off!'

'Well, I don't know. In the first place I should pinch his left leg, and then if he shouldn't stop, I'd stick a pin in it.'

The President returned to his seat, and his head was visible for a moment. Soon afterwards he returned to the 'brother' who had prescribed the 'pin style of treatment' and said:—'I pinched him, and he didn't take the least notice at all. I stuck the pin into his leg, and he didn't seem to care. I crooked it in, and he kept on spouting as hard as ever!'

'Very likely,' said the wag, 'the leg is cork.'

Nothing has been seen of the President since.

THE PROFFERED BOWL.

Hence with the bowl! nay, tempt me not, I am not to be tempted!
Ay! from this weakness (tho' my lot is weakness) I'm exempted.

Nay, add no sweetness to the bowl, you cannot make me love it;
My soul is humble—yet that soul is far—oh, far above it!

Urge me no more!—hence, tempter, hence! Cease, cease beseechings cruel;
For, ah, you can on no pretence persuade me to taste—gruell!

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[Vol. I.

POETRY.

EVENING.

[BY JAMES BARRON HOPE.]

See the crimson clouds of evening,
Lattice-bars across the blue—
Where the moon in pallid beauty,
Like an angel gazes through!

Over all the winding river,
By the fading sunset kissed,
Slowly rises up the vapor,
In a cloud of ghostly mist.

While the eve is slowly turning
Its last grains of golden sand,
What a holy quiet hovers
Over all the drowsy land!

There is now the spell of silence—
Of a silence calm and deep—
Over all the placid water
Where the blue mist seems to sleep.

And the vessels slowly gliding
Down the river to the bay.
Show on sheets of spreading canvas
Tints which change from red to grey.

All is quiet, save the murmur
Of the tide upon the bar;
See each little breaker playing
With the image of a star!

And 'tis thus that human creatures,
Bowed with age or fresh in youth,
Give back brokenly the image
Of each grand, celestial truth.

Now the brooding silence deepens,
And the scene is one of rest,
While the wreck'd day drifts down grandly
To be stranded in the west—

On yon rugged coast of cloud-land
High above the village spire,
On its mighty purple headlands,
And its crags all tipped with fire.

THE KEYS OF ST. PETER;

OR,

VITTORIA ACCORAMBONI.

A TRUE ITALIAN HISTORY.

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

Paolo Giordano Orsini was not among the least thunderstruck at the new character in which Sixtus the Fifth showed himself. Besides that the entire course of his life and habits was such as to render any strong and vigorous occupant of St. Peter's chair es-

pecially obnoxious to him, he had the consciousness of having first deeply injured the Pope in the most cruel manner, and then recently insulted him by a most audacious defiance of his authority. It was with no easy mind, therefore, that the prince presented himself at the first general reception, when all the lay and ecclesiastical notabilities of Rome went to kiss the foot of their new sovereign. He had counted on observing narrowly the Pope's manner to him when he should, in his turn, kneel before him, and say his few words of compliment, and judging thence how far Rome might be a safe home for him for the future.—Sixtus showed no signs of anger, but he made no word of answer to Orsini's address. The omen was considered rather a discouraging one. It reminds one of the showman, who, when his head was in the lion's mouth, said, "If he wags his tail, I am a lost man." Orsini thought that the Pope had for a moment glanced sternly at him; and there was an anxious consideration whether this glance was to be deemed equivalent to the wag of the lion's tail. It was decided that the omen was not sufficiently clear, and the prince determined on learning with greater certainty what he had to expect from the new pope, before he made up his mind as to his own line of conduct.

He made application, therefore, for a private audience, which was at once granted; and on an appointed day, having, as the historians tell us, learned by heart the speech he meant to address to the Pope, he presented himself for the third time before the old man whose nephew he had murdered, and who knew that he was the murderer, while on his part Orsini was perfectly aware that he knew it. The interview must have been one which a student of human character and passions would have liked (safely ensconced out of harm's way behind some curtain in the audience chamber) to have witnessed. We must picture to ourselves Sixtus, upright and rigid on his seat of state, somewhat stern of eye and feature, but calm, impassible, perfectly self-possessed, and utterly inscrutable in his unimpassioned gravity. The unwieldy monster of bloated corpulence before him performs the ceremonial kiss on the sacred slipper as we may well suppose, with scarcely less physical trouble and difficulty than mental scorn and rebellious pride. The arrogant and lawless ruffian noble stands cowed before the stern old man, and begins, not without visible signs of being ill at ease, his crammed speech.

He congratulated Sixtus on having attained a dignity which, etc., etc., prosperity of the time, pride of Rome, and happiness of the entire world, etc., etc.

Sixtus sat silent and made no sign. Orsini was forced to recommence, and this time congratulated *himself* on the happiness of living under so gracious, so clement, and worthy a sovereign.

Still the Pope neither moved a muscle nor breathed a sound.

The culprit's mind misgave him more and more; he became evidently disconcerted, and, as the historian writes, 'his tongue vascillated.' Yet it was impossible to stand silent while that cold, grave eye was bent upon him, as waiting to hear the real business on which he had sought an audience, and he essayed to falter something about offering himself and all his power and influence to his sovereign.

Then at length Sixtus spoke: 'What your deeds have been,' he said, 'to me and mine, Duke of Bracciano, your own conscience is now telling you, quite as well as I could do. But reassure yourself! That which has been done against Francesco Peretti, or against Felix, Cardinal di Montalto, I pardon you, as fully and as surely as I warn you to hope for no pardon for aught which shall henceforth be done against Sixtus. Go, clear your house and your estates of the lawless followers and bandits that you feed and give asylum to. Go! and obey!'

The last words were accompanied by one of the terrible lightning glances which all the historians of this remarkable man speak of as having had the power of making the stoutest heart quail. The haughtiest and, most masterful of Rome's lawless barons slunk from the Mendicant monk's presence like a whipped cur.

CHAPTER VII.—A WEDDING EXCURSION.
The remark of one of the biographers of Sixtus—the monk Tempesti—on the conduct of the Pope towards Orsini, is too curiously illustrative of the moral sense and notions of the time to be passed over. The disobedience of the prince to the precept forbidding him to marry Vittoria, would have afforded, says the monk, an excellent opportunity of taking vengeance for the murder of Peretti. But, having pardoned the first offence when cardinal, Sixtus did not like immediately, to punish the second as pope. He, *therefore*, intimated to him the order to send away his bandit followers, so that if he disobeyed this command, 'this fault might serve as an opportunity of punishing the first and most heinous offence. *A sentiment truly worthy and princely!*'

The general course of the conduct and administration of Sixtus, however, were such as to justify us in believing that his sentiments were less princely than his admiring biographer supposes on this occasion.—There seems no reason to doubt that he absolutely spoke sincerely, and meant what he said, intending to let by-gones be by-gones, and to act no more severely towards Orsini in the matter of the bandits kept in pay by him, than he did to all the other ruffian nobles of Rome on the same subject.

It never seems, however, to have occurred to Orsini, for an instant, that the Pope meant nothing more than what he said. That glance from the eye of the man whose kinsman he had murdered seemed to him quite a sufficient assurance that Rome was no longer any place for him. Perhaps, also, he felt no desire to inhabit a city in which law and order were henceforth to be paramount. So he came from the presence of Sixtus, and told Vittoria that they must seek a home elsewhere. She, on her part, was ready enough to

turn her back on Rome, for Rome was beginning, we are told, to turn its back on her. Not by any means, it must be understood, because it was felt that her conduct had been base, unwomanly, or criminal, but because it had been *imprudent*, and wanting in sagacity and judgment. 'There is no telling,' says the historian, 'the tittle-tattle and gossip of the Roman ladies about her. One of them, a person of high rank, who had at first been very fond of her, could not refrain from saying, disdainfully, 'See, now, what that silly fool has done for herself! She might have been the first princess in Rome; and she has taken for a husband a living gangrene, full of sores, and fifty years old!'

It was about the middle of June, 1585, not quite two months after the election of Sixtus, that Orsini and his wife left Rome. A pretext for their departure—for such a step could not with any decorum be taken by such a personage in those days without a false reason to hide the true one—was found in the recommendation of his physicians that he should try certain mineral waters in the neighborhood of the Lago di Garda for his health.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SELECTIONS FROM MODERN HUMORISTS.

THE PICKWICK CLUB.

MR. WINKLE'S DUEL.

Presuming that our readers have a lively remembrance of the insult offered to Dr. Slammer, at the Ball, by the erratic stranger adorned in Mr. Winkle's coat, borrowed unknown to that gentleman, they will appreciate the following:

"Seven o'clock had hardly ceased striking on the following morning, when Mr. Pickwick's comprehensive mind was aroused from the state of unconsciousness, in which slumber had plunged it, by a loud knocking at his chamber door.

'Who's there?' said Mr. Pickwick, starting up in bed.

'Boots, sir.'

'What do you want?'

'Please sir, can you tell me, which gentleman of your party wears a bright blue dress coat, with a gilt button with P. C. on it?'

'It's been given out to brush,' thought Mr. Pickwick, and the man has forgotten whom it belongs to—'Mr. Winkle,' he called out, 'next room but two, on the right hand.'

'Thank'ee, sir,' said the boots, and away he went.

'What's the matter?' cried Mr. Tupman, as a loud knocking at *his* door roused *him* from his oblivious repose.

'Can I speak with Mr. Winkle, sir?' replied the boots, from the outside.

'Winkle, Winkle,' shouted Mr. Tupman, calling into the inner room.

'Hallo!' replied a faint voice from within the bed-clothes.

'You're wanted—some one at the door—' and having exerted himself to articulate thus much, Mr. Tracy Tupman turned round and fell fast asleep again.'

'Wanted!' said Mr. Winkle, hastily jumping out of bed, and putting on a few articles of clothing: 'wanted! at this distance from town—who on earth can want me!'

'Gentleman in the coffee room, sir,' replied the Boots, as Mr. Winkle opened the door, and confronted him; 'gentleman says he'll not detain you a moment, sir, but he can take no denial.'

'Very odd!' said Mr. Winkle; 'I'll be down directly.'

He hurriedly wrapped himself in a traveling-shawl and dressing-gown, and proceeded down stairs. An old woman and a couple of waiters were cleaning the coffee-room, and an officer in undress uniform was looking out of the window. He turned round as Mr. Winkle entered, and made a stiff inclination of the head. Having ordered the attendants to retire, and closed the door very carefully, he said, 'Mr. Winkle, I presume?'

'My name is Winkle, sir.'

'You will not be surprised, sir, when I inform you, that I have called here this morning on behalf of my friend, Dr. Slammer, of the Ninety-seventh.'

'Doctor Slammer!' said Mr. Winkle.

'Doctor Slammer. He begged me to express his opinion that your conduct of last evening was of a description which no gentleman could endure; and (he added) which no one gentleman would pursue towards another.'

Mr. Winkle's astonishment was too real, and too evident, to escape the observation of Dr. Slammer's friend; he therefore proceeded—'My friend, Doctor Slammer, requested me to add that he is firmly persuaded you were intoxicated during a portion of the evening, and possibly unconscious of the extent of the insult you were guilty of. He commissioned me to say, that should this be pleaded as an excuse for your behavior, he will consent to accept a written apology, to be penned by you, from my dictation.'

'A written apology!' repeated Mr. Winkle, in the most emphatic tone of amazement possible.

'Of course you know the alternative,' replied the visitor, coolly.

'Were you entrusted with this message to me, by name?' inquired Mr. Winkle, whose intellects were hopelessly confused by this extraordinary conversation.

'I was not present myself, replied the visitor, 'and in consequence of your firm refusal to give your card to Doctor Slammer, I was desired by that gentleman to identify the wearer of a very uncommon coat—a bright blue dress coat, with a gilt button, displaying a bust, and the letters r. c.'

Mr. Winkle actually staggered with astonishment, as he heard his own costume thus minutely described. Doctor Slammer's friend proceeded:

'From the inquiries I made at the bar, just now, I was convinced that the owner of the coat in question arrived here with three gentlemen, yesterday afternoon. I immediately sent up to the gentleman who was described as appearing the head of the party; and he, at once, referred me to you.'

If the principal tower of Rochester Castle had suddenly walked from its foundation, and stationed itself opposite the coffee-room window, Mr. Winkle's surprise would have been as nothing, compared with the profound astonishment with which he had heard this address. His first impression was, that his coat had

been stolen. 'Will you allow me to detain you one moment?' said he.

'Certainly,' replied the unwelcomed visitor.

Mr. Winkle ran hastily up-stairs and, with a trembling hand, opened the bag. There was the coat in its usual place, but exhibiting, on a close inspection, evident tokens of having been worn on the preceding night.

'It must be so,' said Mr. Winkle, letting the coat fall from his hands. I took too much wine after dinner, and have a very vague recollection of walking about the streets, and smoking a cigar, afterwards.—The fact is, I was very drunk;—I must have changed my coat—gone somewhere—and insulted somebody—I have no doubt of it; and this message is the terrible consequence.' Saying which, Mr. Winkle retraced his steps in the direction of the coffee-room, with the gloomy and dreadful resolve of accepting the challenge of the warlike Doctor Slammer, and abiding by the worst consequences that might ensue.

To this determination, Mr. Winkle was urged by a variety of considerations: the first of which was, his reputation with the club. He had always been looked up to as a high authority on all matters of amusement and dexterity, whether offensive, defensive, or inoffensive; and if, on this very first occasion of being put to the test, he shrunk back from the trial, beneath his leader's eye, his name and standing were lost forever. Besides, he remembered to have heard it frequently surmised by the uninitiated in such matters that, by an understood arrangement between the seconds, the pistols were seldom loaded with ball; and, furthermore, he reflected that if he applied to Mr. Snodgrass to act as his second, and depicted the danger in glowing terms, that gentleman might possibly communicate the intelligence to Mr. Pickwick, who would certainly lose no time in transmitting it to the local authorities, and thus prevent the killing or maiming of his follower.

Such were his thoughts when he returned to the coffee-room, and intimated his intention of accepting the Doctor's challenge.

'Will you refer me to a friend, to arrange the time and place of meeting?' said the officer.

'Quite unnecessary,' replied Mr. Winkle; 'name them to me, and I can procure the attendance of a friend, afterwards.'

'Shall we say—sunset this evening?' inquired the officer, in a careless tone.

'Very good,' replied Mr. Winkle, thinking in his heart it was very bad.

'You know Fort Pitt?'

'Yes, I saw it yesterday.'

'If you will take the trouble to turn into the field which borders the trench, take the foot-path to the left, when you arrive at the angle of the fortification, and keep straight on 'till you see me; I will precede you to a secluded place, where the affair can be conducted without fear of interruption.'

'Fear of interruption!' thought Mr. Winkle.

'Nothing more to arrange, I think,' said the officer.

'I am not aware of anything more,' replied Mr. Winkle.

'Good morning.'

'Good morning,' and the officer whistled a lively air, as he strode away.

That morning's breakfast passed heavily off. Mr. Winkle eagerly watched his opportunity. It was not long wanting. Mr. Snodgrass proposed a visit to the castle, and as Mr. Winkle was the only other member of the party disposed to walk, they went out together.

'Snodgrass,' said Mr. Winkle, when they had turned out of the public street; 'Snodgrass, my dear fellow, can I rely upon your secrecy?' As he said this, he most devotedly and earnestly hoped he could not.

'You can,' replied Mr. Snodgrass. 'Hear me swear—'

'No, no,' interrupted Winkle, terrified at the idea of his companion's unconsciously pledging himself not to give information; 'don't swear, don't swear; it's quite unnecessary.'

Mr. Snodgrass dropped the hand which he had, in the spirit of poesy, raised towards the clouds, as he made the above appeal, and assumed an attitude of attention.

'I want your assistance, my dear fellow, in an affair of honor,' said Mr. Winkle.

'You shall have it,' replied Mr. Snodgrass, clasping his friend's hand.

'With a Doctor—Doctor Slammer, of the Ninety-seventh,' said Mr. Winkle, wishing to make the matter appear as solemn as possible; 'an affair with an officer, seconded by another officer, at sunset this evening, in a lonely field beyond Fort Pitt.'

'I will attend you,' said Mr. Snodgrass.

He was astonished, but by no means dismayed.—It is extraordinary how cool any party but the principal can be in such cases. Mr. Winkle had forgotten this. He had judged of his friend's feelings by his own.

'The consequences may be dreadful,' said Mr. Winkle.

'I hope not,' said Mr. Snodgrass.

'The Doctor, I believe, is a very good shot,' said Mr. Winkle.

'Most of the military men are,' observed Mr. Snodgrass, calmly, 'but so are you, ain't you?'

Mr. Winkle replied in the affirmative; and perceiving that he had not alarmed his companion sufficiently, changed his ground.

'Snodgrass,' he said, in a voice tremulous with emotion, 'if I fall, you will find a packet which I shall place in your hands a note for my—for my father.'

This attack was a failure also. Mr. Snodgrass was affected, but he undertook the delivery of the note, as readily as if he had been a Twopenny Postman.

'If I fall,' said Mr. Winkle, 'or if the Doctor falls, you, my dear friend, will be tried as an accessory before the fact. Shall I involve my friend in transportation—possibly for life?'

Mr. Snodgrass winced a little at this, but his heroism was invincible. 'In the cause of friendship,' he fervently exclaimed, 'I would brave all dangers.'

How Mr. Winkle cursed his companion's devoted friendship internally, as they walked silently along, side by side, for some minutes, each immersed in his own meditations! The morning was wearing away; he grew desperate.

'Snodgrass,' he said, stopping suddenly, 'do not let me be balked in this matter—do not give information to the local authorities—do not obtain the assistance of several peace officers, to take either me or

Doctor Slammer of the Ninety-seventh Regiment, at present quartered in Chatham Barracks, into custody, and thus prevent this duel;—I say, do *not*.'

Mr. Snodgrass seized his friend's hand warmly, as he enthusiastically replied, 'Not for worlds!'

A thrill passed over Mr. Winkle's frame, as the conviction, that he had nothing to hope from his friend's fears, and that he was destined to become an animated target, rushed forcibly upon him.

The state of the case having been formally explained to Mr. Snodgrass, and a case of satisfaction pistols, with the satisfactory accompaniments of powder, ball, and caps, having been hired from a manufacturer in Rochester, the two friends returned to their inn; Mr. Winkle, to ruminate on the approaching struggle; and Mr. Snodgrass, to arrange the weapons of war, and put them into the proper order for immediate use.

It was a dull and heavy evening, when they again sallied forth on their awkward errand. Mr. Winkle was muffled up in a huge cloak to escape observation; and Mr. Snodgrass bore under his the instruments of destruction.

'Have you got everything?' said Mr. Winkle, in an agitated tone.

'Ev'rything,' replied Mr. Snodgrass; 'plenty of ammunition, in case the shots don't take effect. There's a quarter of a pound of powder in the case, and I have got two newspapers in my pocket for the loadings.'

These were instances of friendship, for which any man might reasonably feel most grateful. The presumption is, that the gratitude of Mr. Winkle was too powerful for utterance, as he said nothing, but continued to walk on—rather slow.

'We are in excellent time,' said Mr. Snodgrass, as they climbed the fence of the first field; 'the sun is just going down.' Mr. Winkle looked up at the declining orb, and painfully thought of the probability of his 'going down,' himself, before long.

'There's the officer,' exclaimed Mr. Winkle, after a few minutes' walking.

'Where?' said Mr. Snodgrass.

'There;—the gentleman in the blue cloak.' Mr. Snodgrass looked in the direction indicated by the forefinger of his friend, and observed a figure, muffled up, as he had described. The officer evinced his consciousness of their presence by slightly beckoning with his hand; and the two friends followed him, at a little distance, as he walked away.

The evening grew more dull every moment, and a melancholy wind sounded through the deserted fields, like a distant giant, whistling for his house-dog. The sadness of the scene imparted a sombre tinge to the feelings of Mr. Winkle. He started as they passed the angle of the trench—it looked like a colossal grave.

The officer turned suddenly from the path; and after climbing a paling and scaling a hedge, entered a secluded field. Two gentlemen were waiting in it; one was a little fat man, with black hair; and the other—a portly personage in a braided surcoat—was sitting with perfect equanimity on a camp stool.

'The other party, and a surgeon, I suppose,' said Mr. Snodgrass; 'take a drop of brandy.' Mr. Winkle seized the wicker bottle, which his friend proffered, and took a lengthened pull at the exhilarating liquid.

'My friend, sir, Mr. Snodgrass,' said Mr. Winkle, as the officer approached. Doctor Slammer's friend bowed, and produced a case similar to that which Mr.

'We have nothing further to say, sir, I think,' he coldly remarked, as he opened the case; an apology has been resolutely declined.'

'Nothing, sir,' said Mr. Snodgrass, who began to feel rather uncomfortable himself.

'Will you step forward?' said the officer.

'Certainly,' replied Mr. Snodgrass. The ground was measured and preliminaries arranged.

'You will find these better than your own,' said the opposite second, producing his pistols. 'You saw me load them. Do you object to use them?'

'Certainly not,' replied Mr. Snodgrass. The offer relieved him from considerable embarrassment; for his previous notions of loading a pistol were rather vague and undefined.

'We may place our men, then, I think,' observed the officer, with as much indifference as if the principals were chess-men, and the seconds players.

'I think we may,' replied Mr. Snodgrass, who would have assented to any proposition, because he knew nothing about the matter. The officer crossed to Dr. Slammer, and Mr. Snodgrass went up to Mr. Winkle.

'It's all ready,' he said, offering the pistol. 'Give me your cloak.'

'You have got the packet, my dear fellow,' said poor Winkle.

'All right,' said Mr. Snodgrass. 'Be steady, and wing him.'

It occurred to Mr. Winkle that this advice was very like that which by-standers invariably give to the smallest boy in a street fight, namely 'Go in and win;' an admirable thing to recommend, if you only know how to do it. He took off his cloak, however, in silence—it always took a long time to undo that cloak—and accepted the pistol. The seconds retired, the gentleman on the camp-stool did the same, and the belligerents approached each other.

Mr. Winkle was always remarkable for extreme humanity. It is conjectured that his unwillingness to hurt a fellow-creature intentionally, was the cause of his shutting his eyes when he arrived at the fatal spot; and that the circumstance of his eyes being closed, prevented his observing the very extraordinary and unaccountable demeanor of Doctor Slammer. That gentleman started, stared, retreated, rubbed his eyes, stared again; and finally, shouted 'Stop, stop!'

'What's all this!' said Doctor Slammer, as his friend and Mr. Snodgrass came running up—'That's not the man.'

'Not the man!' said Doctor Slammer's second.

'Not the man!' said Mr. Snodgrass.

'Not the man!' said the gentleman with the camp-stool in his hand.

'Certainly not,' replied the little doctor. 'That's not the person who insulted me last night.'

'Very extraordinary!' exclaimed the officer.

'Very,' said the gentleman with the camp-stool.—'The only question is, whether the gentleman, being on the ground, must not be considered, as a matter of form to be the individual who insulted our friend, Doctor Slammer, yesterday evening, whether he is really that individual or not;' and having delivered this suggestion, with a very sage and mysterious air, the man with the camp-stool took a large pinch of snuff, and looked profoundly round, with an air of authority in such matters.

Now Mr. Winkle had opened his eyes, and his ears too, when he heard his adversary call out for a cessation of hostilities; and perceiving by what he had afterwards said, that there was, beyond all question, some mistake in the matter, he at once foresaw the increase of reputation he should inevitably acquire, by concealing the real motive of his coming out; he therefore stepped boldly forward and said—'I am not the person. I know it.'

'Then, that,' said the man with the camp-stool, 'is an affront to Doctor Slammer, and a sufficient reason for proceeding immediately.'

'Pray be quiet, Payne,' said the Doctor's second.—'Why did you not communicate this fact to me this morning, sir?'

'To be sure—to be sure,' said the man with the camp-stool, indignantly.

'I entreat you to be quiet, Payne,' said the other. 'May I repeat my question, sir?'

'Because, sir,' replied Mr. Winkle, who had had time to deliberate upon his answer—'because, sir, you described an intoxicated and ungentlemanly person as wearing a coat, which I have the honor, not only to wear, but to have invented, the proposed uniform, sir, of the Pickwick Club in London. The honor of that uniform I feel bound to maintain, and I therefore, without inquiry, accepted the challenge which you offered me.'

'My dear sir,' said the good-humored little doctor, advancing with extended hand, 'I honor your gallantry. Permit me to say, sir, that I highly admire your conduct, and extremely regret having caused you the inconvenience of this meeting to no purpose.'

'I beg you won't mention it, sir,' said Mr. Winkle.

'I shall feel proud of your acquaintance, sir,' said the little doctor.

'It will afford me the greatest pleasure to know you, sir,' replied Mr. Winkle. Thereupon the Doctor and Mr. Winkle shook hands, and then Mr. Winkle and Lieutenant Tappleton (the Doctor's second), and then Mr. Winkle and the man with the camp-stool, and, finally, Mr. Winkle and Mr. Snodgrass; the last-named gentleman in an excess of admiration at the noble conduct of his heroic friend.

'I think we may adjourn,' said Lieutenant Tappleton.

'Certainly,' added the Doctor.

'Unless,' interposed the man with the camp-stool, 'unless Mr. Winkle feels himself aggrieved by the challenge; in which case, I submit, he has a right to satisfaction.'

Mr. Winkle, with great self-denial, expressed himself quite satisfied already.

'Or possibly,' said the man with the camp-stool, 'the gentleman's second may feel himself affronted with some observations which fell from me at an early period of this meeting; if so, I shall be happy to give him satisfaction immediately.'

Mr. Snodgrass hastily professed himself very much obliged with the handsome offer of the gentleman who had spoken last, which he was only induced to decline by his entire contentment with the whole proceedings. The two seconds adjusted the cases, and the whole party left the ground in a much more lively manner than they had proceeded to it.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1868.

"ALL MOONSHINE."

We don't wish any of our readers to get exactly "moon-struck," but a little information about the man in the moon may be both curious and interesting to everybody. That neighbor of ours, the moon, lies so near that we can inspect his premises with tolerable ease. Such of our readers as have from childhood gazed wonderingly upon the appearance of a face in the moon, may like to know what causes those dark spots which gave the effect of eyes, nose and mouth to our youthful imagination. They were once considered to be lakes and seas, but are now, for pretty good reasons, believed to be huge spaces covered with rock, earth, or sand, which reflect less light than the other parts of the moon's surface. The principal reason for not considering them to be seas lies in the fact that if the moon had seas or great waters on its face, it would have an atmosphere, which would be seen like that of Venus and Mercury, when crossing the face of the sun, which is not the case. La Place, a French astronomer, long ago declared that if the moon has an atmosphere, it is more attenuated than the vacuum of an air-pump.

Now let our readers on a clear moon-light night gaze up at the face of the moon, or what is quite as good and much better, let them purchase one of those beautiful stereoscopic views of the moon sold by Messrs. Savage and Ottinger of this city. They can then inspect the moon without fear of catching cold. By reversing the picture they will observe the dark slanting masses on the upper part of the old fellow's face which constitute the eyes. There is an oval spot in the centre which has a very faint streak of light running through from north to south. This is called the Sea of Serenity, but it is a sea without water in it; the name being one of those given when such spots were supposed to be seas. On the left hand side of this so-called sea is a very small white dot supposed to be a volcanic mountain called Linné. For some time a sort of a cloud has covered this mountain, so that it is not quite so clear as formerly. The cloud can be easily detected with a telescope.

The right eye of the moon used to be called the Sea of Showers, and the left, the Sea of Tranquility. The upper part of the nose, the Sea of Vapors, while the big wide mouth is formed by what was called the Sea of Clouds.

A huge dimple on the right cheek is called the Sea of Humors—dimples are usually humorous affairs—on the northwest edge of this sea is a circular mountain called Gassendi; while, like a wart on the cheek of our ancient friend, and just under his mouth is a bright spot composed of another circular mountain, Tycho.—All around this mountain "are lofty peaks, frightful abysses, yawning gulfs, and groups of mountains of fantastic outline thrown together in interminable confusion. The precipitous inner wall of Tycho itself rises to an altitude of 16,000 feet above the plain.—The diameter of the enclosed area is nearly fifty miles."

"It is from Tycho that the curious white streaks radiate, stretching far to the left, through the Sea of

Clouds, and on the right to the Sea of Nectar, a distance from the great crater of 1800 miles in this direction. These streaks you will say at once are ranges of mountains. Not so, however, for where mountains exist conspicuous by their huge shadows these streaks are not seen at all. Herschel, the elder, suggested that they were lava streams, which had filled up huge cracks in the Moon's outer shell made by its cooling rapidly—the lava reflecting light better than the surrounding surface. "The largest white spot on the Moon's disk is Copernicus, a mammoth crater fifty-six miles in diameter. It is seen as an ill-defined light patch to the left of the nose. Before and after Full Moon" "long tapering shadows from mountains skirting the deep abyss are thrown across the internal area, and by degrees shorten or lengthen according to the age of the Moon, until the crater is either a glare of light, or a circle of pitchy darkness. With a good spy-glass, this enormous mountain cannot fail to interest our friends.

There are other mountains besides. There is one range called the Apennines. This is a very precipitous range and is the loftiest in the Moon. Huygens in the centre of it rises to a greater elevation than Mt. Blanc in Europe."

It may be asked how it is possible to tell the height or shape of the mountains or rugged pinnacles of the Moon. The reply is by measuring their shadows.—These shadows are seen to change from side to side and give the distinct outline of the masses from which they are cast. They can as easily be measured as shadows nearer home; and of course they are in the same proportion to the object that casts them as shadows of our own mountains or anything else.

To such as are curious respecting the question as to whether the Moon is inhabited or not, it may be interesting to mention that objects not larger than forty feet—the shadow of the little mountain Linné for instance have been measured. Objects of art, then, such as lofty buildings need not be very large to be seen. St. Peter's at Rome which is about 500 feet high, if not very plain, ought to make a wart or pimple of some kind.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

BY

"OUR HIRED MAN."

SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERIES.

Our Hired Man having read Mr. Barker's "Philosophy" in the last number, and being delighted with the ease and facility with which the universe can be turned inside out and tully accounted for, has determined to present his own "scientific views" to an amazed and an awe-struck public.

In the first place, he will explain the primal forces of the Universe, as they are the simplest things he knows anything about. They are, he has discovered, composed mostly of gases of one kind and another.—He will name a few kinds: First, then, there is laughing gas; next, gasey individuals; and lastly, the gas which such scientific discoveries as these are composed of. The rest of the elements of nature—it will electrify our readers to learn—are nothing but Electricity of a Positively Electric Negative kind. Of this he is positive as he has personally analyzed them

had discovered that what isn't positive is negative, and the rest is positively of the most positive description.

But these are simple matters, concerning merely the elements of the Universe. Our Hired man's deep views are yet to come. He will now astound the world with his new Theory of Rotary motion. Rotary motion (he will say parenthetically) is illustrated in the lives of many individuals. Now Rotary motion is caused in most cases, in his opinion, by the tendency of things to roll over, but in the case of the Earth and the planets, there are two grand theories which he wishes to propound. One is, that the Sun shines upon one side of the Earth till it gets so hot that it can't stand it any longer, and turns round to get cool; before it has had time to complete the cooling process, it gets round to the hot side again, and is kept going on the principle upon which bears are taught to dance upon hot plates. It is wonderful that this idea has never "struck" astronomers before. Doubtless, however—like the ideas of all reformers—it will meet with opposition from the ignorant. Our Hired man expects persecution, but he knows what future ages will say about his theory.

The other idea is more remarkable still. It is on the newly discovered principle of weight, and is, therefore, a weighty idea. The Sun, it is known by many, keeps one side of the earth light, this causes the little imps of darkness, who are flying about—all of whom, he it understood, are charged with electricity of a most negative kind, which fully accounts for the opposition which they manifest to things in general—to rush to the dark edge of the earth, where they perch exactly 25 miles beyond the centre of gravity. Their own weight and the weight of the electricity which they have imbibed makes that side of the earth the heaviest, and of course round she goes, which keeps the small gentry referred to, a hopping, and fully accounts for the motion of the earth and their irascibility of temper at one and the same time.

Incredible as it is, Our Hired Man believes that possibly after all, here and there may be an individual who may not believe the scientific theory he has so powerfully elucidated; and who may now ask him how he accounts for the revolution of the planets around the Sun? Simply enough. In the first place, the Sun is (or ought to be) hollow, and the inhabitants all live on the inside—the outside being much too warm. Naturally, they will go out walking like other folks, and in walking *up the sides*, the motion of their feet turns the Sun on the principle of a treadmill. Then, the friction caused by the rapid motion of the Sun in the "atmosphere of the upper deep," knocks off particles weighing half a million tons each. These little particles fly off on the principle of sparks from a grindstone, and hit each of the planets on the left side and drives them round. Whenever a planet feels inclined to stop it gets another whack and goes on again. What will the scientific world think, when he tells them that it is these very lumps, deposited on our earth, which cause "our continents and mountain chains."

These are but a few of the brilliant discoveries which our very philosophical and learned assistant has made during the last few years, and for which he expects to take his place in the midst of Newton, Kepler, Galileo—and Mr. Barker.

In closing, we wish to say these ideas have never been communicated to the public before, and they are only now explained, in the strictest confidence, to the Utah public. Foreign editors are requested not to mention these discoveries until the ideas are copyrighted.

CLUBS.—It should be understood that in relation to clubs, we follow the practice of all other Magazines. The club has to be made up and paid in at or about one period. A subscriber now and another then does not constitute a club. When pay for a club is promised, we are not particular to a week or two as to its coming in; but it is always supposed that the person claiming the benefit of the club, has all the names insured to him at the time.

We invite all our friends, down to little boys and girls, to get up clubs. It is an easy way to get the Magazine without any outlay beyond a little trouble. All wishing well to our enterprise, can help us very effectually by starting their young folks and acquaintances at the business.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTE.—Correspondence is invited from our friends.

A BOOKBINDER.—Our intention is to print the Magazine on paper of a perfectly uniform character all the way through, so as to form a Handsome Family Volume when bound. To insure this, we have already on hand sufficient paper of one quality to complete the volume to every subscriber. Any interested in the question of uniformity of quality can inspect our stock.

CRUSTY forwards the following:

TOO MUCH GREEN.

When up and down our Main Street,
(or moving to and fro,
There's one thing always meets my gaze,
Whichever way I go;
The ladies dress so bright and nice,
But it's often to be seen.
Their dresses, blue, and white, and black,
Are trimmed with too much green.

Although they think it very nice—
Their taste we don't dispute,
And arguments they bring to bear
Are often very 'cute.
But after all is said and done,
It's plainly to be seen,
In fixing up their Sunday's best,
They trim with too much "green."

A right they always should enjoy,
To trim to suit their taste,
No matter how much "green" they use,
They think it very 'cute.
It pleases them so very much,
As in their faces seen,
To find much fault 't would be a proof
Ourselves are rather "green."

"Crusty" is evidently under the influence of the "green-eyed monster," or somebody else of that color. Some young lady should pay him back in his own coin; perhaps, then, he'd look rather blue.

N., Farowan.—Details about Target Shooting, etc., shall be given as soon as possible.

"HAMLET."—The views expressed are those of a correspondent. There was, however, a general expression of satisfaction with Mr. Lindsay's performance in that character. Mr. Poncefort's Hamlet is undoubtedly a very fine piece of acting, and very hard to equal—much less surpass. Still, all men have their peculiar conceptions of Shakespeare's characters, and our correspondent, who is a gentleman of considerable critical ability, and of much experience in such matters, had his. We were so pleased to hear of home talent distinguishing itself, that, with a view to the encouragement of native art, we gladly gave it all the space at our command.

LIL' A.—We are glad to have the ladies correspond with us. Any suggestions they may have as to what would improve their department, or any other, shall be well considered and carried into effect, if deemed advisable. We intend to give Netting as well as Tatting, and 'ruchet.

QUERIST.—The character of Jesus, as we have it on record, is the most pure and lovely of anything that can be conceived. No such a perfect model of a life has ever been described before or since his day. We do not speak authoritatively on the subject, but the words "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father" have, in our opinion, as much reference to the kindness, love, and virtues of his Father, which all saw who came in contact with him, as to his "manifesting"—as he undoubtedly did—the "express image of his person." The passage, without a doubt, is equally true in both senses.

THE CREAM OF THE PAPERS.

WILKINS ON CALISTHENICS.

[BY JOHN QUILL.]

I was down at Old Castle, Delaware, last week, and Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins occupied the room in the hotel next to mine. They talked very loud, and as I could not sleep, there was nothing for me to do but lie still and listen. This is about what took place:

"I tell you, Mrs. Wilkins, you've got to put a stop to it; I won't have it. This thing has been going on long enough, and it's about played out. Here you've been a going to that gymnasium now high on to six months, and you're getting to be a perfect she Samson; you're getting more muscle than any woman who moves in good society's got any right to have. I don't want to be married to an Amazon, I tell you; I don't want my wife going about trying how many fifty-six pound weights she can lift; I don't want to be tied to a woman who hits from the shoulder, do I? and who can knock an ox down with her fist, and smash a door panel with one lick? Not much I don't, I say I won't have it."

"But, Mr. Wilk—"

"O, there's no use of talking, for it's got to be stopped. Ain't you ashamed of yourself, and you, a mother of nine children, to be dressing yourself up in Bloomer costume and showing your thick ankles—"

"Mr. Wilkins, you—"

"Showing your clumsy ankles—you needn't get mad, for they are thick, and you know it—and swinging dumb bells and sticks and clubs, trying to dislocate your arms, so as to give me another doctor's bill to pay, and reduce me to bankruptcy; I'll sue for divorce, by George, if it ain't stopped; I won't put up with it any longer, if I do hang me."

"Mr. Wilkins, do stop swearing."

"Swearing? I'll curse until daybreak if you aggravate me so. It's enough to make a man swear, and you know it is. I tell you it ain't respectable for you to go to that gymnasium, and let that booby of a teacher put his arm around you all the time he is pretending to show you how to move your elbows."

"Mr. Wilkins, this is scand—"

"To move your elbows, and then for you to come home and begin exercising yourself on the joists in the garret, pulling yourself up to see how many times you can touch your chin. In my opinion you'd better be down stairs practicing with a bar of soap and a washboard—a good deal better than doing that, or going out into the yard and trying to balance a clothes-prop on your chin."

"Why, M-i-s-t-e-r Wilkins; I never—"

"Don't Mister Wilkins me; you can't say you never did it, for I know you did. Didn't I see you the other day while I was at the back parlor window? You'd better say next that you never tried to catch the dining-room chairs by the rounds and hold them out at arm's length?"

"Of course I never d—"

"But I know you did, though, and I tell you I'm sick of it. I don't want to live all my life with a woman who can whip me. I expect you'll be practicing on me next—I expect nothing else than you'll be trying to see if you can throw me. But I don't want to have anything to do with you. If you come wrestling around me, you'll get hurt. I give fair warning; I won't stand any of your nonsense."

"Mr. Wilkins, I declare you're too bad, for—"

"I know I am, I know I don't suit you; I know you wish you were married to another man; you'd like me to have a plug-muss with you every day, and have me try to beat you at lifting, and get me to go round this community and brag on your muscle. But I ain't proud of you; I'm mortified about it. It pains me to think that you are depraved. I know you ain't satisfied, so you'd better apply for a divorce and go and get married to the Belgian giant, or some prize-fighter, and spar with him, and crowd him to the ropes, and sluice him in the gob, if you know what that means, and I dare say you do, for you learn all that low slang down to that gymnasium."

"Mr. Wilkins, I won't stand this any longer; it is perfectly—"

"O, I know it is, I know you won't stand it. I expect now you will get up out of bed and try to throw me out of the window and break my legs, or upset the stove on me. I expect that this is the chance you've been a laying for all this time; I know it; I'm your victim; kill me, murder me, put me out of my misery, and then go down and marry that prize-fighter, that's what you want. But there's one woman will shed some tears

over my grave, you'll be glad to get rid of me, but there's one woman will be sorry."

"Mr. Wilkins, who do you mean?"

"O, never you mind; you'd hate her if you knew she liked me and maybe you'd exercise yourself on her, but I won't give you a chance."

"It's that horrid, nasty Maria Browne, I know; she never put her foot in this house again."

"Yes, there's one woman would be sorry to see me go, and if you ever die I'm going to marry her—"

"You brute, how can you talk so?"

"Marry her, and see if I can't have some peace of my life. She won't go to any gymnasium and behave as you do—"

"It's that Browne, I know."

"Because she didn't approve of such things I know, for she said so, and she thinks that you—"

"Has she been daring to talk about me to you? the vile minx!"

"Yes, she has; and she says for her part she thinks that—that—"

"Well, out with it."

"O, that—that—that you—O, I guess I won't repeat it—it ain't necessary—"

"But I will know."

"Well, then—but no, it was told me in confidence."

"Paugh! I don't care what Maria Browne thinks; she may say what she pleases; I don't care a cent."

"But it wasn't Maria, but the other woman, and she observed—but, no—"

"I won't hear it; don't you dare to tell me; I wouldn't listen if you was to bellow it into my ears."

"Well, then, I'll tell you; she said that—"

"Shut up, or I'll stuff a pillow down your throat."

"That of all the Jezebels she ever did hear of—"

"I tell you I won't listen to you."

"Ever did hear of, you were the worst, and if she were me she'd give warning to the storekeepers not to trust you, and make you wear old-fashioned bonnets for the rest of your natural life."

"I ain't listening; I don't hear a word you say."

"And she said she didn't wonder I was miserable, for any man would be who was married to such an old—"

"John Wilkins, I'll be the death of you. Take that now."

Here there was a series of thumps upon the floor, the noise of a scrimmage, then a groan, and I turned over and went to sleep. Mrs. Wilkins came down to breakfast the next morning dressed already to go to the gymnasium, and reported that Mr. Wilkins was taken sick during the night, and couldn't leave his room. But I know what's the matter with poor Wilkins, and I sympathize with him in his misery.

A RABBI'S LIFE.

[From the Hebrew Leader.]

It was night; silence reigned. Suddenly, the Schulklopper fancied he heard the tiny mallet which he used morning and evening to call the faithful to prayer, rising and falling in measured cadence.

"That noise will not let me sleep," said he to his daughter, who also heard the slight tapping.

"Some one in the street must be dying," said the girl, shuddering; and suddenly she exclaimed, terrified, "Schmah Israel! it must be the rabbi!"

Just then the hammer was motionless; but without some one loudly knocking at the window, and a voice was heard shouting, "Awake! awake! and call the people to the synagogue; thillim must be said, for the rabbi is dying!"

The silence of the night was broken by the three well-known raps that were heard at each door, and the daughter of the Schulklopper trembled in every limb as she heard her father's sonorous steps on the hard pavement as he hastily passed from house to house. When the sound of the last rap died away, she thought, "Now the rabbi has expired!" And she shed bitter tears.

But the recital of thillim still held back the soul of the rabbi, though the shades of death that hovered around him were not dispelled. Towards dawn he was sinking fast, and his disciples were loud in their lamentations. They took wax and a wick, measured the dying man, and then made a huge waxen taper of his height. This taper was wrapped in a shroud and carried to the cemetery, where it was lowered into a new-made

save. For all that, it seemed as though the same measurement were finally to be used to determine the size of the rabbi's coffin.

'Great God! great God!' cried the disciples, 'what shall we do to prevent his death?'

'Come, let us gather in years for him,' said one of them; 'perhaps our Father will hearken to our prayers.'

Then one of the youths went from house to house, carrying paper on which the inmates were to write the number of years, months, or weeks of their own life which they would give towards lengthening that of the rabbi. The Schulklopfers' daughter was standing at her door just as the young man passed by with his paper.

'And you,' said he to the lass, 'what will you give toward the rabbi's days?'

'My life! my whole life!' sobbed the girl.

'Shall it be written thus?'

'Yes; write, write!'

And the young man put down the words as they fell from her lips.

From that moment the rabbi grew convalescent and soon recovered. On the morrow the corpse of a maiden was laid in the cemetery; it was that of the Schulklopfers' daughter.

The young girl had hesitated but little when called upon to save this earth, and the rabbi knew not how to erase his own name from the book of life. When in the early stages of his recovery, he was overjoyed and ever in good spirits. Long he grew mournful and pallor blanched his cheek. None were aware of the cause of his darkening sadness. Nor was it known that, at the midnight hour, when the rabbi was seated at his desk studying the 'Gemara' that lay open before him, he heard rising from below a gently chanted song; and that, whenever he opened the window, he beheld a maiden, whose icy, death-like smile shone through the veil of darkness.

'Now,' thought the rabbi, 'did she live now she might be free and glad some as the birds that flutters in mid air!'

And, amid the gloom, hot tears dampened the pages of the tome.

Once, towards midnight, loud cries of anguish resounded from without—strange exclamations, such as are wrrenched from a mortal by physical suffering. And, a few minutes having elapsed, he heard the wailing of a new-born child.

'Curse upon me!' exclaimed the rabbi, 'tis I robbed her of this joy!'

And every night he heard the wailing of the child, ever and anon interrupted by a heavenly cradle-song; and the chant made him weep and weep again. Six times heard he the cries of pain; then sounded the wail of the infant; and then the cradle-song once more, and a pause. Again was a hymn of joy wafted on the midnight breeze as the rabbi thought:

'Now her first child stands in the house of prayer and reads his portion; and 'tis I that robbed her of her pride!'

Silence reigned again. Some years rolled away, and once more the glad chants resounded. The rabbi murmured:

'Now she would have led a daughter under the nuptial canopy. Curse upon me, that robbed her of her joys!'

When the voice was heard again, there sounded neither lament nor sobs, but ever a rapturous song. And the rabbi thought:

'She would have been a happy mother had not I destroyed her happiness!'

Thus did the rabbi live the life of the maiden. He would have given much to have hearkened, if but once, to some bitter plaints in lieu of such hymns of bliss. He might then have known that she would have learned the bitterness of earthly misfortune. But his prayer was never granted, and he whispered, drenching the 'Gemara' with his tears:

'What! would she have been so happy?'

And then he longed for death, for the vision made life hideous. But death came not at his bidding, and he grew decrepit. The aged of the community were buried long before he, and the very beings whom in their childhood he had blessed came to him, sad and infirm, shaking their crutches in derision at death, but dying away at last. But he, he could not die!

'When will the hour strike, maiden?' he often exclaimed; 'how long wouldst thou have lived?'

At length, at midnight, a cry of agony awakened the slumbering echoes.

'She is no more,' said the rabbi; 'God's name be praised!'

And when the grey dawn put to flight the shadows of darkness, his disciples found him, with head pillowed on the 'Gemara,' dead!

THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN IN PRISON.

The special correspondent of an American paper has furnished the following particulars of the arrival of the Princess Salm-Salm in the apartment where the Emperor and the Prince her husband were confined shortly before the execution of Maximilian, when the heroic lady returned from her mission of seeking mercy from Juarez. The description purports to be derived from an eye-witness: 'She ought to come,' said the Prince of Salm-Salm, anxiously. 'She will do what she can.' The speaker quitted his seat and slowly walked the floor. His eyeglass dropped unnoticed from its perch. His fingers writhed nervously behind his back. He tried to hum a tune, but failed. Maximilian sank into the vacant chair. For a few moments he was silent. Then he lifted his eyes with a pleasant smile, and spoke, 'Are you an American or a Mexican?' Both. I was born in Guadalajara, and have lived in the United States.'

Still smiling, the Archduke continued: 'The Americans, I suppose, would not regret to hear of my death?'

'I think they would; they are not such a people—I hope they will not have to hear of it.'

'We shall see.' The Archduke's face became sobered, and he spoke abstractedly. 'I did what seemed for the best. They deceived me. I am afraid they will all regret——' Here he leaned his head upon his hand and seemed to be waiting and listening. The visitor sat uneasily, regarding the two prisoners—one motionless, the other pacing to and fro. The barking of a dog in the sultry street, the sounds of a carousal in an opposite building, the soldiers' voices in the savan, were all cruelly distinct. A few minutes were thus spent. Then a bustle was heard outside; the heavy door was opened, and a soldier announced 'La Senora!' In an instant, Prince Salm-Salm had the new-comer in his arms. She was the voluntary messenger, his wife. She had just arrived from San Louis Potosi, from Juarez. Her face was sunburnt and soiled; her shoes were torn; her whole form trembled with nerveless fatigue as she laid her hands upon her husband's shoulders. The Archduke came forward eagerly, waiting for his turn. The Prince was heard to ask in a whisper,

'Have you had any success? What did Juarez say?'

'They will do what they have said in the despatches. They have granted the delay.' She turned to Maximilian. 'Oh, your Majesty, I am so glad.'

Maximilian took the Princess's hand and kissed it. 'May God bless you, madam!' he said, 'you have been too kind to one who is afraid he can never serve you.'

The Princess forced a smile. 'Do not be too sure of that, your Majesty. I shall have some favor to ask for the Prince here yet.'

'Madame, you will never need to ask that,' responded the Archduke, leading the lady to a seat. 'But you look weary.—And you must be very tired. We can offer you little. Prince, you must care for your—I—' Turning his face aside, Maximilian moved abruptly towards the window. It was easy to see why. His grief was restrained, but almost audible.

The Prince, with one hand on the back of his wife's chair, and with the other uplifted towards the Archduke in mute protestation, could hardly restrain his own. It was time intrusion should cease. The visitor had already gained the door, made an unobserved motion of respect and withdrew.

GOSSIP OF THE DAY:

PERSONAL, SCIENTIFIC, AND OTHERWISE.

THE FENIAN PANIC.—As an illustration of the watch and ward kept over Her Majesty's person in the Isle of Wight, during the present Fenian panic, 'Verax,' writing to the editor of the Telegraph from that locality, says that two individuals armed with breech-loaders were challenged recently by an Irish sentry, and being unprovided with the countersign were made prisoners, and marched off to the guardhouse. They proved to be a royal personage on a visit to the Queen, and Her Majesty's gamekeeper, Mr. Page.

LOOKING INTO A MASS OF IRON.—Without any magic or jugglery, a method has lately been found for virtually looking into the interior of a mass of iron, in order to detect cracks or flaws in its structure. A compass needle is the searching eye. It is well known that any mass of iron held at a certain inclination to the magnetic equator, becomes temporarily a magnet. If the structure of the iron be perfect, i.e., without breaks of continuity, either external or internal, the mass will behave

just as an ordinary steel magnet, and will deflect a compass needle passed around it in a regular and orderly manner. But if there be breaks of continuity there will be corresponding breaks of magnetism, and the needle will be vagarious in its behavior, always performing some immethodical movement just at the spot beneath which the flaw is situated. Mr. Saxby, R.N., lately proposed to apply the principle to the testing of iron forges and castings. His proposal was favorably reported on by the Astronomer Royal, and a series of experiments to determine the validity of the process has been prosecuted at the Chatham and Sheerness dockyards. These have been eminently successful as far as they have gone, and give great hopes that one of the greatest difficulties mechanical engineers have to cope with, that of ascertaining the perfection of a weld or the soundness of a casting will ultimately be removed.

ACCIDENT TO A PRINCESS.—A marriage has been concluded between the Grand Duchess Eugenie Leuchtenberg-Romanowsky, second daughter of the Grand Duchess Mary, eldest sister of the Emperor of Russia, and the second son of the Grand Duke of Oldenberg. The parties are to be married in January next. Though a second son, the bridegroom will be rich, his elder brother having been disinherited for marrying beneath his rank and without his father's consent. The Grand Duchess Eugenie is at present residing at the palace of her uncle, the Grand Duke Nicholas. Last week the aged Princess Potemkin called to congratulate her Royal Highness on her approaching nuptials, and was hoisted up by a lift to the apartments of the bride; but just as the Grand Duke Nicholas was extending his hand to assist the Princess out of the lift, the cords of the machine broke and the poor old lady was rattled down to the ground-floor with great violence. In her descent her wrist was broken, and she incurred such severe external and internal injuries that she is still lying in the palace in a dangerous condition."

STEAM ON COMMON ROADS.—Mr. R. W. Thompson, of Edinburgh, has at length to all appearance succeeded in making a steam locomotive fit for common roads. Hitherto it has been very difficult to use steam power on ordinary roads, for this chief reason—that if the wheels of the engines are made smooth, they fail to bite the road, and slip instead of rolling, while, on the other hand, if the wheels are roughened by spikes or by other means, they destroy the Macadam. The invention of Mr. Thomson, in his new road steamer, is an exceedingly simple one, and promises to be effective. In a road engine which he has prepared for the island of Java he has made the tyres of vulcanized India rubber. They are twelve inches broad, and five inches thick. The engine to which they are fixed weighs between four and five tons, and yet the wheels, when moving over soft bad roads, or over a soft grass field, do not sink in the slightest degree, and scarcely leave their impress behind, owing to the elastic and cushion-like character of the material forming the tyres of the wheels. The trials that have been made with the road steamer in the vicinity of Edinburgh show that a hard rigid material is not necessary for biting power in the wheel tyres. Also that the rubber has an amount of durability beyond conception. No trace of wear has shown itself on the surface of the rubber, even though the trials have been made over roads laid with material of the most testing character, such as broken and angular flints. The engine was constructed to draw an omnibus weighing (with its load of say thirty passengers) about four tons, on a level road; but, in one of its trials, it ascended a hilly incline of one in twelve, with a huge steam-boiler in tow, weighing, with its truck, between twelve and thirteen tons. Its speed is from nine to ten miles per hour.

JOHN BRIGHT.—The editor of the "Carmarthen Journal" tells the following story:—We have been informed that some time ago a number of gentlemen were conversing in a hotel not half-a-dozen miles from Carmarthen. The subject was a political one, and the conduct of John Bright was condemned in very strong terms. One of the company was a rather short gentleman, who did not join in the discussion, but by and by left the room. Calling the waiter to him, he said, "If any of the gentlemen in the smoke-room ask who I am, tell them that I am John Bright." "Yes, sir," said the waiter, seeing the joke at once. Sure enough, upon his entering the room, the man was asked if he knew who the gentleman was that had left. "The short gentleman who went out just now?" "Yes," "O, that is Mr. John Bright, M.P." The consternation of the party may be imagined, and they were not a whit more comfortable when "Mr. John Bright" again entered the room. Every one apologized, and the honorable gentleman graciously pardoned

them all, remarking that he was so often the object of calumny that he was quite used to it. That the short gentleman didn't happen to be Mr. Bright, though quite bright in his own way, makes the joke perfect of its kind. The point was not discovered until after the perpetrator had departed.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

ADVANTAGEOUS WAGER.

Request a lady to lend you a watch. Examine it, and give a guess as to its value; then offer to lay the owner a wager considerably below the real value of the watch, that she will not answer to three questions which you will put to her consecutively, "My watch." Show her the watch, and say, "What is this which I hold in my hand?" She, of course, will not fail to reply, "My watch." Next present to her notice some other object, repeating the same question. If she name the object you present, she loses the wager; but she be on her guard, and remembering her stake, she says, "My watch," she must, of course, win; and you, therefore, to divert her attention, should observe to her, "You are certain to win the stake, but supposing I lose, what will you give me?" and, if confident of success, she replies for the third time, "My watch," then take it and leave her the wager agreed on.

THE DOUBLE MEANING.

Place a glass of any liquor upon the table, put a hat over it, and say, "I will engage to drink the liquor under that hat, and yet I'll not touch the hat." You then get under the table, and after giving three knocks, you make a noise with your mouth as if you were swallowing the liquor. Then getting from under the table, you say, "Now, gentlemen, be pleased to look on." Some one, eager to see if you drank the liquor, will raise up the hat, when you instantly take the glass and drink the contents, saying, "Gentlemen, I have fulfilled my promise. You are all witnesses that I did not touch the hat."

LADIES' TABLE.

INSTRUCTIONS AND TERMS USED IN TATTING

[CONTINUED.]

A STRAIGHT THREAD is instead of commencing a loop, and is used to connect various parts of the pattern together; two threads are always required; with a shuttle for each, or sometimes one end is left attached to the reel; if only a yard or two of cotton is left, the end may be threaded with a sewing needle. The easiest method to describe this will be to take a red and a white shuttle, knotting the two ends together; hold the knot between the finger and thumb of the left hand, and the thread attached to the red shuttle between the second and third fingers of the same hand, about two inches from the knot; this space of thread is used instead of making a loop; then with the white shuttle in the right hand make a single stitch, pass it up to the knot, keeping the right hand tight; the stitch will be formed by the space of thread as it would be by a loop; the white shuttle will now be the lower or straight thread in the section.

Continue working double or single stitches according to the direction. In working with a straight thread, the purl loops are made by turning the space of thread over the pin.

CHILLET EDGING.

1st CHILLET. Fill the shuttle, and commencing a loop work 5 double stitches, 1 purl loop 5 double draw the loop quite close; reverse the work so that this chillet is under the thumb and the cotton above.

2d. Commence a loop close to the last; work 6 double, then make an extra purl by turning the cotton twice round the pin, work 6 double; draw close and reverse the work.

3d. Commence, work 5 double, join to the purl of the 1st chillet; 5 double, draw close.

THE DOT.—Commence, work 8 double, 1 purl and 3 double; draw close and reverse the work.

THE ROSETTE.—Commence, work 3 double, join to the extra purl; the 1 double (1 purl and 1 double alternately, 10 times); make an extra purl as before; 8 double, draw close; then join the cotton to the purl of the dot and reverse.

4th. Commence, work 5 double, 1 purl, 5 double; draw close and reverse.

5th. Commence, work 6 double, join to the extra purl; 1 double, make an extra purl as before; 6 double; draw close and reverse.

Commence again at the 3d chillet, and repeat.

THE HEADING.—Use crochet needle No. 3 or 4. Work 6 chain and plain in each purl where the chillets are joined together.

[From the "Popular Educator."]

LESSONS IN GEOLOGY.

NO. 1.—CONTINUED.

Some of our readers may have visited the scenes referred to low; other have not, and perhaps never will; but as the object is to awaken the student of geology to a habit of observation, and the lessons taught in reference to London can be applied to our journeyings in this Territory, or any where else, I insert as it stands:

Let me suppose that you live in London, and that, upon some holiday in the week, you make an excursion by railway to Brighton. I mention this, as it is the most common excursion by artisans and others. As you travel along, you can mark the different rocks through which you pass, without, for the moment, losing the enjoyment of the charming landscapes that smile on each side of you.

From the London-bridge station to New Cross, you ride over a dark-looking mould which the gardeners find so well adapted to the growth of vegetables. As soon as you pass under the bridge at New Cross, you enter a very deep cutting in a high bank of clay. How is this? What is clay? What clay is this bed? How is it that, if you took a walk to Hampstead by Haverstock-hill, or made a short start by the Great Northern railway, you would come to the same clay? Was the clay at New Cross, and that at Haverstock-hill, ever one continuous bed? If so, what has become of all the clays that once lay between the two places? Has the Thames, or any other water, scooped it out and carried it away?

Near Croydon, you come to beds of gravel. How did this gravel come there? What gives the tint of olive green to all that gravel? What has made those deep beds of clay, through which you have passed, now cease altogether? When you pass the Stoot's Nest, you come again into deep cuttings, not in clay before, but in chalk. In the upper part of the cutting you see a black line continuing on both sides for miles. What is that line? It is a layer of flint, looking as regular as a line of brick-colored brick placed in a white brick wall by a mason. How came flint to be formed in layers? Is this layer of flint and in every cliff of chalk? Is the flint whole, or broken? If broken, what shattered it? Below this layer of flint you find two other lines of a dark brown color. These lines run parallel to each other, and keep about seven feet apart from each other for many miles. They do not look like flint: what are they? They are seams of marl. What is marl? What is a seam? How came seams of marl into the chalk? As you whirl onward, you find that both the layer of flint and the seams of marl break off suddenly, and as suddenly begin again lower down in the cutting or section. How is this? Has any portion of this rock ever sunk? or has some other portion of it been worn up, so as to disturb the continuance of these layers? So, what force could have occasioned the disturbance?

As soon as you find yourself through the Merstham tunnel the daylight shows that you are in a completely new rock. What is that stone? Why is it called freestone? Has it any other name? Is it always found under the chalk? On leaving Bigate station, you come to Redhill. The hill on each hand consists of different colored sands, layer upon layer. What are these sands? Why are they called Shanklin sands? How is it that these sands are found here, at Shanklin, in the Isle of Wight, Leighton-Buzzard, and near Biggleswade, in Bedfordshire? Before you reach Horley you ride through flats abounding in clays and sands, which, as the cuttings show, furnish the earth, and even iron ore. What is fuller's earth? What is iron ore? How came iron to be formed in these sands? Is iron found in all sands? Why not?

At Horley you come to a perfectly new series of rocks, consisting of layers of clay and sand, and sandstones and shales. This group of rocks is called the Wealden. Why? What is hale? How came the sandstones at Balcombe to be, some in thin layers called laminae, and others in thick masses called beds? What caused these beds to dip towards the north-east? As soon as you pass the viaduct, you find that the very same beds dip towards the south-west. How is this? Did a force from below push up these beds till they snapped and then fell in different directions? By the tunnel at Hayward Heath, you see all these beds of clay, sand, shale, &c., exhibited in a deep cutting. In this neighborhood you find Tilgate stone, called calciferous grit? Is this like the rocks at Tonbridge Wells and Hastings? How is it that the shales here look like beds of coal? Is it likely that coal would be found here? Why not?

INSTRUCTIONS TO MECHANICS.

In this Department, we shall not only seek to give instructions to Mechanics and Artisans, but to furnish hints and suggestions useful to all intending to provide themselves with durable, comfortable and economical homes.

CARPENTERS.

SLOAN, ON JOISTS AND PARTITIONS.

"A point in the setting of Joists too frequently neglected, is the *bearing* or distribution of the weight on the wall. We have seen carpenters leave some joists resting on a bearing of one inch, while others would have from four to six inches. Now, ordinarily, the insertion of a joist to the depth of four inches in a brick wall, or six in a stone wall, is sufficient for practical purposes—that is on the assumption that all the materials are good, the brick solid, and the joists of proper dimensions and sound timber; but three grains of common sense, will show us that little advantage is derived from the depth of insertion, if, after all, the joist is allowed to bear only upon an inch block, or, as sometimes happens, on a trifling pine wedge. No wonder that in some of our would-be fine houses, we see the wash-boards and floor parting company, a catastrophe usually attributed to the shrinkage of joists, but often really owing to the above cause.

Lattice bridging is a process of great importance in view of the additional firmness thus given to the floor, no span greater than ten feet should be without a course of bridging in the centre, and any greater than twenty ought to have two courses.

Ceilings derive additional security from cracking, by cross-lathing the joists with 1½ by 2-inch lath to receive the plastering lath; this insures a gradual distribution of any shrinking or sagging that may take place in a particular joist, whereas the abrupt departure from the plane of the ceiling by either of the above accidents is almost sure to cause fissures in the plastering."

LESSONS IN FRENCH.

LESSON 1.—CONTINUED.

FRENCH.	ENGLISH.	PRONUNCIATION.
donnez moi	give me	donnay moo-awé
du pain	some bread	dew paen(g)
du sel	some salt	dew sell
du jambon	some ham	dew zhamboan(g)
du café	some coffee	dew kaffay
des pommes } de terre }	some potatoes	day pumm-dut-tare
mal	badly	mal
mauvais	bad	movay
vite	quickly	veet
depe'chez vous	make haste	dep-pesh-ay voo
excellent	excellent	ex-sellon(g)
quand	when	kon(g)

There are in the world about 95,000,000 Protestants; 160,000,000, Mahomedans, 185,000,000 Roman Catholics; 760,000,000 Pagans, and 6,000,000 Jews.

HUMOROUS READINGS.

A correspondent writes to ask if the brow of a hill ever becomes wrinkled? The only information we can give him on that point is, that we have often seen it furrowed.

ARTFUL—VERY.—Mary: "Don't keep crowding me, John.—John: "Who has been crowding you, Mary?" Mary (ingenuously): "Well, you can if you like, John!"

At the general sessions four men were indicted for stealing beans. A gentleman present asked another: "What have they been doing?" "Bean-stealing," was the reply.

An Irish witness in a court of justice, being asked what kind of "ear-marks" the hog in question had, replied:

"He had no particular ear-marks except a very short tail."

An Irish fair one wrote to her lover, begging him to send her some money. She added by way of postscript, "I am so ashamed of the request I have made in this letter, that I sent after the postman to get it back, but the servant could not overtake him."

"Would you like to look at the moon?" asked a professor, who had stationed his spy-glass at the street corner, of an Emeraldler.

"To the devil wid ye; would I be afther givin' ye a dime to look at de moon wid one eye, whin I kin see it wid my two and not cost me cint?"

A good anecdote is related of a well-known vagabond, who was brought before a magistrate as a common vagrant. Having suddenly harpooned a good idea, he pulled from a capacious pocket of a tattered coat a loaf of bread and half a dried cod-fish, and holding them up, with a triumphant look and gesture to the magistrate, exclaimed,

"You don't catch me that way—I'm no vagrant! Ain't them wisible means of support, I should like to know?"

THOUGHT HE HAD HER.—An old Dutch farmer had a handsome daughter named Minnie, who lately joined the Methodist church, against which the old farmer was somewhat prejudiced. The young minister under whose instrumentality Miss Minnie was converted, visiting her frequently, excited his suspicion that all was not right. Accordingly he visited the church on Sunday night, and seated himself unobserved among the congregation.

Soon after taking his seat, the minister, who was preaching from Daniel, 5th chap., 25th verse, repeated in a loud voice the words of his text, "Mene, mene tekel, upharsin." Upon which, the old farmer sprang to his feet, seized the affrighted girl by the arm, and hurried her out of the meeting-house. Having reached the church-yard, he gave vent to his feelings in these words:

"I knows dare vas sometings wrongs, and now I schwares to 'em."

"Why, father, what *do* you mean?" replied the bewildered and innocent girl.

"Didn't I," shouted the old man, striking his fists together, and stamping with his foot, "didn't I hear de parson call out to you, 'Minnie, Minnie, tickle de parson?'"

At a religious meeting among the blacks, a colored preacher requested that some brother should pray. Thereupon half-witted Mose commenced a string of words entirely without meaning. At this the pastor raised his head and inquired:

"Who dat praying? Dat you, brudder Mose? You let somebody pray dat's better acquainted wid the Lord."

An English army officer who visited the London Zoological Gardens the other day, leaned gracefully over the chairs of his lady acquaintances—talking soft nonsense the while—and applied his magnetic headed cane to their hair-pins till he had drawn them all out! Of course there was great tribulation, when on rising from their seats their waterfalls tumbled off. It is said the ladies called the captain a "brute;" but what else does one go the Zoological Gardens for but to see brutes?

"I LOVE SOMEBODY."

A matter-of-fact poetical genius says: "I overheard a mood-struck chap the other day remark that he loved a certain young lady well enough to die for her. Now, I love somebody very much, and

I'd swear for her—

I'd tear for her—

The Lord knows what I'd bear for her,

I'd fly for her—

I'd sigh for her—

I'd drink the Jordan dry for her;

I'd 'cuss' for her—

Do 'wuss' for her—

I'd kick up a thunderin' fuss for her,

I'd weep for her—

I'd leap for her—

I'd go without my sleep for her—

I'd fight for her—

I'd bite for her—

I'd walk the streets all night for her;

I'd plead for her—

I'd bleed for her—

I'd go without my 'feed' for her;

I'd shoot for her—

I'd boot for her—

A rival who'd come to 'suit' for her;

I'd kneel for her—

I'd squeal for her—

Such is the love I feel for her;

I'd slide for her—

I'd ride for her—

I'd swim 'gainst wind and tide for her;

I'd dry for her—

I'd cry for her—

But—hang me if I'd die for her!

N.B.—Or any other woman.

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[Vol. I.

POETRY.

ALLAH'S ANSWER.

[FROM THE ARABIC.]

"Allah, Allah!" cried the sick man,
Rack'd with pain the long night through,
Till with prayer his heart grew tender,
Till his lips like honey grew.

But at morning came the tempter,
Said, "Call louder, child of pain!
See if Allah ever hear
Or answers, 'Hear am I' again."

Like a stab the cruel cavil
Through his burning pulses went,
To his heart an icy coldness,
To his brain a darkness sent.

Then before him stands Elias,
Says, "My child, why thus dismayed?
Dost repent thy former fervor—
Is thy soul of prayer afraid?"

"Ah!" he cried, "I've called so often,
Never heard the 'Here am I,'
And I thought God will not pity,
Will not turn on me His eye."

Then the grave Elias answered,
"God said, 'Rise, Elias, go
Speak to him the sorely tempted,
Lift him from his gulf of woe."

Tell him that his very longing
Is itself an answering cry,
That his prayer, 'Come, gracious Allah?'
Is my answer, 'Here am I.'

Every inmost aspiration
Is God's angel undefiled,
And in every 'O my Father,'
Slumbers deep a 'Here, my child.' "

THE KEYS OF ST. PETER;

OR,

VITTORIA ACCORAMBONI.

A TRUE ITALIAN HISTORY.

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

Vittoria and her husband were accompanied on their journey by that Ludovico Orsini of whose dealings with the peace officers of the city the reader has already heard. He, too, as may readily be imagined, found Rome under Sixtus the Fifth no longer a desirable residence. Things were not as they had been. The good old times, when a gentleman could live like a gentleman, were gone.

This Ludovico, who had thus fallen on bad times, was a cousin of the prince; and being, as we have seen, a gentleman of high rank and nice feelings when the honor of the family was in question, had been grievously pained and offended by the misalliance made by the head of his race. The enmity arising from this circumstance was not towards the powerful and wealthy head of his house, who 'had been bewitched, poor fellow!' but wholly against Vittoria, the bewitching. So that, for her at least, this addition to the family traveling party did not promise to alleviate any of the disagreeable circumstances which necessarily attached to it.

Bearing in mind what journeys were in those days under the best circumstances, one may fancy that Vittoria, with her diseased and shockingly unwieldy husband, and the hostile kinsman, who hated her for the cause not only of disgrace to his family, but for this exile from their homes in the world's capital, did not much enjoy her 'bridal trip.' We are inclined to be decidedly of the opinion of the Roman lady of rank, and to think that there was nothing, at all events yet, to repay one for murdering a husband.

It was in the territory of Venice that Orsini had determined on seeking a safe asylum and a home.—There had been a connection of long standing between the government of the great republic and the Orsini family, more than one of the name having held command of the forces of the Queen of the Adriatic.—And when at length the travelers had arrived within a short distance of the city, the senate sent messages to offer Orsini a guard of honor, and a public entry into the city. This, however, the prince declined; and thinking, probably, that under all the circumstances the less of publicity attending his movements the better, he determined on not going to Venice at all.—Turning his steps, therefore, towards Pudua, he hired in that city a magnificent palace for his residence during the coming winter, and then moving on in the direction of the Lago di Garda, established himself for the summer at Salo, a lovely spot at the head of a little bay on the western shore of the lake, at no very great distance from Brescia.

Ludovico Orsini, in the mean time, had gone on to Venice; and shortly succeeded in obtaining from the senate the command of the Venetian troops in Corfu.

Orsini and his wife remained during the rest of the summer at Salo; where, says the historian, 'he hired a superb villa, and strove by various pastimes to divert his wife, and his own profound melancholy caused by his infirmities of body, which became more

and more troublesome, and by the memories of Rome, and of his own excesses.' The picture of the interior, of Vittoria and her princely husband in their delicious villa in one of the loveliest spots in Europe, is not hard to imagine. Only we should be inclined to suggest, that in all probability the parts sustained in that domestic drama, as far as the efforts to amuse were concerned, were rather the reverse of the cast supposed by the historian. We cannot but suspect that these 'efforts' fell to the share of the young wife, while the all too unamusable patient was the princely husband. Perhaps, also, we might venture to infer that these sweet summer months on the beautiful shores of the lake beloved by poets, were not a period of unmixed connubial felicity to the lady Vittoria. The reward of ambition had not come yet.—But perhaps it was coming, and that in no very distant future. That one's newly married husband should weigh twenty stone, and have a "lupa" consuming his bloated limbs, may in one point of view be unfavorable circumstances. But from a different stand-point they may be very much the reverse. After all, a well-jointed widow-hood, to be made the most of while yet in the flower of her age and the pride of her beauty, with the rank of a princess, and the revenue of one, might be a better thing than to be the wife of either a pope's nephew or a great prince. We can understand that the position of a wife may well have begun to show itself to the beautiful and accomplished Vittoria as not the most desirable in the world.

Still Vittoria could not disguise from herself that she had rather difficult cards to play. The whole of the great Orsini clan were her enemies, for the same reason that moved the enmity of Ludovico. From the Pope she had little reason to expect either favor or protection. The Duke of Florence, and the powerful Cardinal dei Medici, his brother, were hostile to her, on the grounds which have been explained. Her own eldest brother, the only one of them who had such a position as could have enabled him to afford her any support or protection, had also been estranged from her by the marriage she had contracted in despite of his prohibition. It was a dreary out-look into the future for a young beauty only a few years out of her girlhood. And as her husband's increasing malady brought the consideration of it more closely before her, she felt that she should need all that the most cautious prudence and self-possession could effect.

Orsini, to do him justice, seems to have been anxious, when the conviction of the great precariousness of his life forced itself on him, to make the best provision he could for her who had been either the partner or the victim of his crime. About the beginning of November in that autumn of 1585, he made spontaneously, as the historians especially assure us, a will bequeathing to Vittoria a hundred thousand crowns in money, besides a very considerable property in plate, jewels, furniture, carriages, horses, etc. It was further ordered that a palace should be purchased for her in any city of Italy she might select, of the value of ten thousand crowns, and a villa of the value of six thousand. Moreover, a household of forty servants was to be maintained for her. And the Duke of Ferrara was named the executor of this will.

Having made this provision, the prince determined

on a journey to Venice in search of better medical aid. But a journey in this direction did not by any means suit the plans which Vittoria had determined on. Reflecting on the dangerous amount of hostility which would surround her on every side as soon as her husband should have breathed his last, and conscious that this would be increased by the exorbitancy of the provisions of the will in her favor, she had made up her mind that her only safe course was to get her husband out of Italy while it was yet possible, over the Swiss frontier, which is at no great distance from Salo, so that at the moment of his death she and her property might be in safety under the protection of the Cantons. But the journey to Venice threatened to destroy this scheme, for it became daily more evident that the end was not far off.

Vittoria, therefore, strove to persuade him, before they had got far on their way, to return to Salo.—And, as the sufferings of the invalid in traveling were greater than he had anticipated, she had not much difficulty in doing so; though the difficulty of moving, which drove him back, seemed to promise ill for the scheme of getting him to travel very far in the opposite direction.

On the twelfth of November, however, Orsini felt a little better. On the thirteenth his physicians bled him, and left him with somewhat of better hope than, by strict attention to a severe system of diet, and extreme temperance, some degree of restoration might be looked for. To Vittoria this reprieve was all-important, as promising a possibility of putting her plan for escaping into a secure asylum into execution.—The noble patient only knew that he felt better than he had for many days; and, little in the habit of suffering a denial to the demands of any of his appetites, and delighted to find that any of them were still sufficiently alive to afford him the means of a gratification, he ordered, as soon as ever the doctors were out of the house, that dinner should be served him. Nobody dared to disobey or to remonstrate; so fine a thing is it to be too great a man to be contradicted.—The dinner was brought, and once again the gross body had the pleasure of swallowing. The prince, says the historian, ate and drank as usual. But, scarcely had he finished his repast, before he fell into a state of insensibility; in which condition he remained till two hours before sunset, when he expired.

CHAPTER VIII.—WIDOWHOOD IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY: ITS PROS AND CONS.

This sudden catastrophe was a terrible blow to Vittoria, who seems to have been perfectly well aware of all the dangers and difficulties of her position. 'As soon as she saw that the prince was dead,' writes the monk Tempesti, 'the ill-advised Vittoria fell into a swoon; and when she recovered from it, gave way to utter despair, oppressed by the tumult of thoughts which all at once rushed to her mind. She thought of the loss of her present grandeur, of the necessity of returning to an obscure life without protectors and without support, exposed to the rage of the Orsini, detested by Ludovico, by the Cardinal dei Medici, and by all that royal family. She saw vividly before her, her first murdered husband, who upbraided her with the great love he had borne her. And this painful thought was rendered more insupportable by the incomparable greatness of the Peretti family, now that Sixtus was pope.—[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SELECTIONS FROM MODERN HUMORISTS.

VALENTINE VOX, THE VENTRILOQUIST.

SCENE 1.—THE ELECTION.

We introduce our readers to the humorous adventures of Valentine Vox, the Ventriloquist. The curious faculty of ventriloquism—or the faculty of throwing one's voice so that it appears to come from some person or object at a distance—was, we learn, early developed in the hero of the following scenes. After practicing until he was fully capable of counterfeiting voices, and throwing whatever expressions he pleased into the mouths of the victims of his practical humor, he starts out for the enjoyment of his gift.

Valentine's first grand display in public was at a meeting convened at the Guildhall, for the purpose of electing a fit and proper person to fill the vacancy occasioned by the lamentable death of Mr. Paving Commissioner Cobb. Party feeling on that occasion ran high; and the hall at the appointed hour was crowded to excess by the friends of the candidates, who looked at each other as if the laws only prevented the perpetration of cannibalism on the spot.

As the mayor was about to open the important business of the day, with the expression of a lively hope that all parties would have a fair and impartial hearing, Valentine entered the hall, and having, by virtue of perseverance, reached the steps of the rostrum from which the electors were to be addressed, prepared at once to commence operations.

The first speaker was Mr. Creedale, an extremely thin gentleman, with an elaborately-chiselled nose, who came forward on the liberal side to nominate Mr. Job Stone.

'Gentlemen!' said Mr. Creedale.

'Nonsense!' cried Valentine, in an assumed voice of course, which appeared to proceed from a remote part of the hall.

'Gentlemen!' repeated Mr. Creedale, with some additional emphasis.

'Pooh, pooh!' exclaimed Valentine, changing the tone.

'It may,' said Mr. Creedale, 'be nonsense, or it may be pooh, pooh! but, gentlemen, I address you as gentlemen, and beg that I may not be interrupted.'

'O, don't mind Tibbs; go on!' cried Valentine.

'Oh! Tibbs; indeed!' observed Mr. Creedale, with a contemptuous curl of the lip. 'It's Mr. Tibbs, is it?'

'No, no!' cried the accused individual, who was a highly respectable grocer, and remarkable for his quiet and unassuming demeanor.

'I am surprised at Mr. Tibbs,' said Mr. Creedale in continuation—'I have until now regarded him as an individual—'

'No, no!' again vociferated Tibbs, 'it arn't me; I arn't spoke a syllable.'

'If Mr. Tibbs,' observed the mayor, 'or if any other gentleman be desirous of addressing the meeting, he will have an opportunity of doing so anon.'

'Upon my honor!' exclaimed Tibbs, 'I've—'

Here there were general cries of 'Order, order! chair!' when Mr. Creedale continued:

'Gentlemen, without adverting to any extraneous matter, it gives me unspeakable pleasure to propose—'

'A revolutionist!' growled Valentine in a heavy bass voice.

'That's me, I s'pose!' exultingly cried Tibbs, shaking his head and giving a most triumphant wink.

'I know whose voice that is,' said Mr. Creedale. 'That's the voice of the conservative bully. Yes; that's Mr. Brownrigg.'

'What!' shouted Brownrigg, in a voice of indignant thunder.

'What?' echoed Mr. Creedale.

'Say it's me again,' shouted Brownrigg, 'just only so much as say it's me again.'

'Mr. Brownrigg,' observed the mayor, 'will be pleased to conduct himself here with propriety.'

'What do you mean?' exclaimed Brownrigg, 'Why fix upon me?'

'That is not the first time,' observed Mr. Creedale, 'that Mr. Brownrigg has been here with the view of blustering for the conservatives; but it won't—'

'As true as life!' exclaimed Brownrigg, 'I never opened my lips. If I did—'

Loud cries of 'Order, order! Question! Chair, chair!' drowned the conclusion of the sentence, however interesting it might have been, and Mr. Creedale resumed:

'As I was about to observe, gentlemen, when disgracefully

interrupted, it gives me great pleasure to propose Mr. Stone as—'

'A dickey!' screamed Valentine, assuming the shrill voice of a female—'Don't have him! he's a dickey!'

Here the entire meeting cried 'Shame!' and the candidate rose to repel the insinuation.

'Officers!' shouted the mayor, 'instantly turn that depraved woman out!'

Hereupon a corps of corporate constables entered with their staves, and rushed to the spot from which the sound appeared to proceed; but no woman was discoverable.

'Whoop!' cried Valentine, throwing his voice to another part of the hall, and the officers rushed to that part with the most praiseworthy precipitation, legally assailing every elector who stood in their way; but no sooner had they reached the spot proposed than 'the depraved woman' appeared to be laughing outright in the very body of the meeting. Away went the constables, following the sound, and enraged beyond measure at their inability to catch her, when in an instant another 'whoop' was heard to proceed from the spot they had just quitted. Back went the constables, knocking aside every man who they came near, and thus creating a scene of indescribable confusion.

'Turn her out!' cried the mayor, in loud tones of insulted dignity; 'turn her out!'

'Blarn me!' cried the fattest of the constables, foaming with rage, 'we can't find her!'

Again loud laughter was heard, in which at length the whole meeting joined on beholding the laudable ardor with which the constables kept up the chase.

'You abandoned creature!' cried the mayor, 'why don't you leave the hall?'

'Let me alone! let me alone!' cried the creature, 'and I'll be quiet' and immediately a scream was heard, succeeded by sounds indicative of the 'creature' being just on the point of fainting. The constables fancied that they were sure of her then, and therefore made another rush; but without more success. At length the mayor exclaimed, 'Let her be; leave her to her own conscience,' when the constables with the greatest reluctance withdrew, and comparative silence was restored.

Mr. Creedale then resumed: 'A weak invention of the enemy, (No, no! and loud cheers)—I repeat—'

'You're a fool!' cried Valentine in a singular gruff tone, 'on which there were again loud cries of 'shame!' and 'order!'

'I'll commit the first man,' cried the mayor, with a swell of indignation, 'who again interrupts these important proceedings, be he whosoever he may.'

'You can't, old boy!' cried Valentine.

'Who, who is that?' said the mayor—'I demand to know instantly who it is that dares thus to—'

'Dares!' exclaimed Valentine.

'Dares! ay, Dares!' cried the mayor. 'I'll give five pounds to any man who will point out to me that atrocious individual.'

The electors at this moment stared at each other, and all appeared lost in amazement.

The mayor again rose, and assuming a more tranquil tone, said, 'Really, gentlemen, this conduct is perfectly disgraceful. In the course of my experience I never met with anything even remotely comparable to—'

'Jonathan Sprawl,' cried Valentine; 'he is the man.'

'If,' said the mayor, 'I thought that—but no, no, I am certain Mr. Sprawl—'

'I assure you,' said Jonathan, 'the interruption did not proceed from me, on my honor. He who says that it did, is a slanderer and no gentleman; and I tell him so openly to his teeth.'

'I am satisfied,' said the mayor, 'quite satisfied, and therefore do trust that we shall now be permitted to proceed.'

Mr. Creedale, who was still in possession of the chair, again resumed;—'I am not inclined,' said he, 'to indulge on this occasion in anything which may tend to create feelings of irritation; but I must be permitted to say that am utterly astonished at the conduct of—'

'Mr. Maxill!' said Valentine, imitating the voice of Mr. Creedale, the speaker.

'Demme!' cried Maxill, who was a short stumpy man, with a remarkably raw-beefy face, 'I beg to rise to order. Demme! I claim the protection of the cheer, and if so be as Mr. Creedale means for to mean as it's me, why, demme, I repels the insinuation—(applause)—I repels the insinuation, and means for to say this, that all I can say is—(bravo, Maxill)—all I can say is, demme, is this—'

'You're an ass!' cried Valentine, throwing his voice immediately behind Mr. Maxill, 'hold your tongue!'

Within the sphere of the reader's observation, it has in all probability occurred that a man, being, in nautical phraseology, three sheets in the wind, and writhing under the lash of some real or imaginary insult, has made desperate efforts to reach an opponent through the barrier composed of mutual friends; it so, if the reader should ever have beheld an individual in that interesting position, foaming and plunging, and blustering and occasionally striking his dearest friend, in his efforts to get at the enemy, he is qualified to form some conception of the scene of which "little fatty Maxill" was the hero. He fancied that he had discovered the delinquent. Nothing could shake his faith in the assumed fact, that an individual named Abraham Bull, who happened to be standing at the time in his immediate vicinity, was the person by whom he had been insulted. He therefore sprang at him with all the ferocity at his command; but being checked by those around, who were conscious of Bull's perfect innocence, he bent upon vengeance continued knocking and bullying, and dealing out his blows right and left, with the most perfect indiscriminate, until the constables lifted him clean off his legs, and without any further ceremony rolled him into the street.

THE GOLDSMITH'S APPRENTICE.

A TALE OF ST. PETERSBURG IN 1796.

St. Petersburg was in consternation; for the Czar had that morning degraded his favorite Cabinet Minister, and sentenced him to exile in the mines of Siberia. Count S— had been the Emperor's most honest adviser; and, with the exception of a few persons who detested him for his sincerity and his imperviousness to a bribe, was universally beloved by the people. His fall therefore came on them like a thunderbolt; the more so, as no assignable cause for his degradation could be hazarded.

Even the Count himself was astounded. Accustomed as he had been to the wayward caprice of a despotic ruler, and knowing that in the eyes of such, even the most honest action may be construed into a treasonable design, he still felt the consciousness that he had ever served his country faithfully, and to the best of his ability, and therefore felt that his degradation was as unjust as his sentence was cruel. But it was not so much for himself that he grieved. He had been a widower for many years, and of all his children none was left to him save one daughter, Katinka, the flower of his old age. It was for her that he felt heart-broken. She was the cause that his tears flowed fast down his furrowed cheeks, and that his silvered head was bowed down to the ground.

"If I were quite alone in the world, it would matter little; there are not so many years in store for me," he muttered to himself.

"But, dear father," said a soft voice in his ear; you are not alone, and will not be alone. See! there is even yet a bright spot among the dark clouds;" and with these words, his daughter placed in his hands a royal mandate which empowered the exile to take with him his daughter and a servant into banishment.

"My child! what have you done? you sacrifice your young days among those bleak and barren steppes! No; no, it cannot be."

But we will draw a veil over the out-pourings of the father's and daughter's hearts. Suffice it only to say that Katinka by her tears and entreaties at last wrung a reluctant consent from her father that she should accompany him into exile.

"But whom shall we take with us?" she asked presently, in a cheerful and confident voice.

"You may well ask, whom?" he answered, sadly; "you will not find one among all my dependants who would follow in my service. No, no," he added, with a tinge of sarcasm, "they will prefer to quaff the to-kay of my rival successor, to drinking the icy cold water of Jenisei."

With a confident step, Katinka sped away on her errand, feeling sure that some one at least among the numerous dependants of the family, who owed fortune, fame and, may be, life to her father, would now be willing to show his gratitude by accompanying him in his dreary exile.

In a humble cottage on the outskirts of the city an old man was kneeling before an image of his patron saint. But his devotions were disturbed by a loud knock at the door, which he arose from his bended knees to open. It was his only child—his son Feodore.

"Is it then true, my father, that our beloved master is sentenced to banishment; and that he is to set out to-morrow?" the young man inquired.

"Alas! my son—it is too true!"

"And will the city, the nobility, the townpeople, look on in silence while the benefactor of their country is cast out from home and hearth?" inquired the youth impetuously. "And what is to become of his daughter," he resumed, not waiting for any answer, "and who is to accompany him into his banishment?"

Just then the door of the cottage opened, and Katinka herself stood before them.

"Good Nicholas!" she began, addressing the old man, "are none of my father's servants here?"

"None, noble lady!"

"Alas! then we are forsaken indeed! But to think that not one of those who used to kneel down before him, and called him their savior, can be found ready and willing to offer him this last service!"

"What!" interrupted the old man, "do you mean, noble lady, to say that they could follow him but will not?"

"Even so," was the sad reply.

"Then will I!" and he knelt down before the young girl and respectfully kissed her hand. "Then will I, old as I be, with the help of my patron saint, St. Stephen, share evil and good with him. For twenty years have I lived under him in this cottage. Here I married, and hence I carried out my wife when struck down by fever. Yes! I will follow him!"

"Nay, good friend," replied Katinka, in a tone of gratitude; "you are too old—too infirm to undertake such a toilsome journey. I did not refer to you. No! your age and failing strength would prove a burden rather than a comfort to my father."

"True! lady, I forgot that," interrupted the old man, "but I will go out myself and speak with the ungrateful hinds."

"It seems derogatory to my father's honor to have to ask twice," answered the lady, proudly. "Maybe I yet may be able to find one, sufficiently miserable to consider it no further addition to his misery to follow my father, though it be into exile."

"Yes—surely you will find one," now cried Feodore, emerging from the corner of the room, where he had been standing, unperceived by Katinka. "I will go!

you do not remember me, lady, but he," pointing to his father, "will be my guarantee that I speak truly from my heart!"

"I not know you, Feodore!" exclaimed Katinka; "think you I can so readily forget him who saved my life from drowning when but a child? And you will accompany us?"

"Yes, lady, that will he," said Feodore's father, answering for him. "He will discharge his new duties as faithfully as he has his old ones."

"Then may God and all his saints bless you both!" exclaimed Katinka, as her tears fell fast down her cheek. A hectic blush passed over the young man's face as he knelt down on one knee and fervently kissed the hem of the lady's dress.

"My son," said the old man, when the two were once more alone; you have said you will go with him and you have said well and nobly."

"With him, father?" interrupted Feodore. "Did she not say 'with us?' Does not she then accompany the Count into exile?"

"Yes, truly! but it is a great sacrifice you have made; and yet my loss is ten times greater," and the old man wept bitterly.

"Us! yes, she said 'us'!" continued Feodore, heedless of his father's tears.

Just then a man entered with a request that they should at once repair to the palace of the Count; a request which they immediately obeyed.

"My children," said the Count, as they entered the apartment, "I have sent for you to learn from your own lips whether it is true what my daughter has just told me. For no one shall sacrifice himself for me against his own will. Let me then hear, good Nicholas, first from your lips, whether your son's determination to accompany me into exile meets with your sanction?"

"Yes, gracious master, the lad is but discharging his duty; and even though none are left to tend my dying bed, I bless him for it."

"And you, Feodore," resumed the Count, turning to the young man, "pause; reflect well. You are leaving life, a good position, wealth, an aged and beloved father, for a living death, a miserable existence for slavery. Better stay with him! What, no! Then accept my thanks—my blessing—for your noble conduct. See, my friends, let us drink together, us three, a parting goblet," and with these words he filled a silver beaker with sparkling wine, and handed it to Nicholas.

"To the due fulfilment of your duties, my son," said the old man, turning towards Feodore, as he drained the goblet to the dregs.

Again the Count filled it, and handed it to Feodore; who, sinking on his knees and raising the cup aloft, said in solemn tones—

"In the name of the Holy Trinity, I swear to be a true and faithful servant to you and your daughter."

"Then to-morrow at daybreak I rob you of your dearest treasure on earth, old friend," said the Count, much moved at the affecting scene. "Till then, farewell! I have much to arrange."

When father and son had once more returned to their humble dwelling, Feodore, who had been wrapt in deep thought, suddenly exclaimed—

"You are witness, father, that I consented to follow them before she said 'us,' did I not?"

"Doubtless; but why this question? it was not the daughter, surely, you would follow?"

"Enough, enough! you are witness that I pressed the thorn to my bosom before I perceived that there was a rose budding on its stem. Alas, father, I love her."

"You dream, Feodore," replied his father, amazed; "remember, though in Siberia, she will still be a countess, and you but a goldsmith's apprentice. Beware, lest you change her father's blessing into a curse; yours she can never be."

"Mine!" answered Feodore, amazed; "how can you think I ever presumed so far? To live for her, to die for her, will be my highest happiness."

* * * * *

A strange and awful occurrence took place that night in St. Petersburg. When the sun arose the next morning, its rays shone on the Emperor Paul's murdered body. Of course, in the tumult that ensued but little heed was given to the fulfilment or revocation of the late Czar's commands. There was a new master to please now; even Count S— forgot his own sorrows in the whirl of excitement. That very day he was summoned to appear at court: he obeyed, and to his surprise, instead of finding that his sentence of banishment was to be carried into effect, the Emperor bade him draw near, and graciously offered his hand to kiss. The Count's colorless lips trembled as they touched it, for it seemed just as if a bloodstain were upon it.

"You will remain in my service, Count?" asked Alexander, courteously.

"Gracious sire, I trust you will pardon me. Yesterday I was an old man; but the last night has added many years to my age. With one foot already in the grave, my only wish is to seek for peace. I would fain, with your royal permission, retire to my country estate, there to await the hour which cannot be far distant."

"Your wish is granted. But is there anything else I can do? you have but to ask."

"If I might venture to ask a boon," replied the Count, "I would beg your Majesty to sanction the union of my daughter with—Feodore Sulkow, the—goldsmith's apprentice."

The Emperor raised his eyes in astonishment, as he regarded the Count, who still remained kneeling.

"A strange request, Count. Reflect on the different conditions of the young people!"

"Pardon me, gracious sire," interrupted the Count; "though of humble origin, he is noble at heart, and deserves this, aye, and more than this, from me. When all the world turned their backs on me, when the butterflies of fashion that had flitted in my salons, and had professed their willingness to go through fire and water to gain if it were but an approving word from my daughter's lips—when amongst all my dependants not one was willing to share their master's fate, this youth came forward; he gave up all for me. What I had thought to see accomplished on the banks of the Jenisei, I now pray your Majesty may be celebrated in this your royal city."

"Be it so!" answered the Emperor, waving his hand.

Next day Katinka and Feodore kneeled together at the altar of the Orthodox Church of Russia as man and wife.

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1868.

THE FINGER OF GOD IN HISTORY.

ELI B. KELSEY'S LECTURE, ETC.

The true use of history is not merely to preserve an exact account of the order and manner in which nations and individuals have played their part in the Great Drama of a world's life, but to trace the evidences of a Directing Hand controlling the affairs of men to some special end. To satisfy ourselves that an eye to the constant progress of our race has influenced the direction of human affairs from the beginning. This is one of the most blessed lessons of life and history is only properly studied when pursued with this end in view.

On this subject, we direct attention to some of the points of a Lecture lately delivered at the Thirteenth Ward Assembly Rooms, by Mr. Kelsey. This gentleman endeavored to deduce from sacred and profane history, evidences of special wisdom and divine purpose in the events recorded.

Commencing with sacred history, Mr. Kelsey considered that the flood sweeping the earth, as it did, of a race who existed only to perpetuate degeneracy and corruption, evidenced the Designing Hand of Providence in preparing the way for a new stock from whom could be derived a lasting and enduring race. In the dispersion of the human family at the Tower of Babel, he considered might be discovered a purpose to prevent the rise of an overwhelming and crushing despotism and a wise measure to advance the filling up and occupation of the earth.

The leading out of Abraham from Chaldaea, with its idolatries and superstitions, and the raising up through Abraham of a chosen race, who would preserve amidst the ages of darkness that were to follow, true conceptions of God and His laws; and from whom such views were, in turn, to be transmitted to European nations when they should be fitted to receive them—was referred to as marking a connected chain of purposes, and as a singular evidence of Divine preparation for the future of the world's history.

Mr. Kelsey then referred to the decree by which four hundred years were to elapse from the period of the promise to Abraham, and the time when his children would actually occupy the land. In this arrangement he thought could be discerned a double purpose: First, the fulfilment of the curse pronounced upon the descendents of Canaan. They becoming, in this case, "hewers of wood, drawers of water," and builders of cities for the Israelitish nations; and secondly its affording an opportunity for the working out of a national experience for Israel, calculated to fit them for their destined mission as preservers of the "oracles of God," and chief witnesses to all time of His existence and doings.

Turning to the details of the life of Abraham, with that of Isaac, Jacob, and Joseph, our lecturer thought that the reason of their selection for the distinguished positions they respectively occupied, were clearly to be seen in their remarkable fitness for the missions assigned them. In the first place, the wisdom in the choice of Abraham for his position as head of the cho-

sen people, was seen in his stern inflexibility of character—the resolution with which he stepped out from his father's home and isolated himself for life in opposition to idolatry, to say nothing of the greatness of character that could put the knife to his own heart through that of Isaac's, in obedience to Heaven. In Isaac's life, Mr. Kelsey considered, we had also a clear illustration of a managing Providence. Isaac was a quiet, undemonstrative man, introduced apparently to fill up the interregnum till a more marked character than himself should come along. To Isaac, by a most peculiar and special providence, Rebecca was sent as a wife, through the special influences of revelation upon whose mind, Jacob, contrary to the law of heirship, but according to the will of heaven, obtained the patriarchal authority, and the headship of the House. The superior wisdom of the Heavens in thus selecting Jacob to this position in preference to Esau, the mere hunter of the fields, was manifest, Mr. Kelsey considered, in his possession of that indomitable will that wrestled with the Heavens and prevailed, which marked him as fit to represent the Abrahamie spirit, and justified the wisdom of the inspiration which, at his birth, declared to his mother that "the elder should serve the younger."

Another beautiful evidence of fitness and adaptation to a divine purpose, the lecturer thought, could be traced in the character of Joseph, declared by a revealing spirit, while yet a boy, to be the head of his father's family—"the sheaf" to which the "eleven other sheafs were to bow," his after-life demonstrated the wonderful wisdom of that preference above his brethren. While Reuben defiled his father's bed, and Judah exhibited a lack of purity of life; while some were "truce breakers" and nearly all were weak enough to sell their own brother into slavery because of petty jealousy, Joseph developed a surpassing greatness of character. His impregnable chastity under extraordinary temptation; his constant acknowledgment of Providence and reference of all his success and wisdom to God; his incomparable tenderness of heart and sense of justice, together with his high administrative abilities all justified the wisdom of the foreseeing spirit that predicted his future greatness, and yields us additional evidence of the part which Providence plays by its selection of character in the affairs of men.

In the separation of Joseph from his father's family, Mr. Kelsey held, we had one of those wonderful series of providences, the skill and beauty of which, after years, alone disclosed. By his captivity was brought about not only the salvation of a great nation from famine and perhaps dissolution, but a way was prepared for the protection of the then undeveloped family of Jacob till they were strong enough to take care of themselves. It introduced them at once to distinction and influence. They went to Egypt, if not as the relatives of the great Pharaoh, himself, at least of his prime minister and special favorite. The cruelties to which they were, many years afterward, subjected did not occur till just at the very time when it was necessary that they should leave that country, and were even special providences themselves in their behalf, for they resulted in their resolution into a distinct national existence—and were, as Mr. Kelsey remarked, some of those peculiar ways by which the Almighty makes people "willing in the day

of his power." It made them very "willing" to leave Egypt at any rate and so far helped to work out the general programme.

We present these views on the subject of divine providences, not necessarily as authoritative by any means, but as highly suggestive, and calculated to impart to the thinking among our readers an idea of the beauties that a true study of biblical history may disclose. In our next we may refer to a few of the indications of the same Over-ruling Hand as more particularly seen in profane history.

THEATRICAL INFLUENCES.

It has long been a settled question that the Drama is a power for good in the world, but it is yet a mooted point as to the way in which its influence should be brought to bear on society. Many conscientiously believe that the stage best effects that object, by representing deeds of vice detailed in all their horrible consequences before the eyes of an audience.—This view is held much on the ground that certain religionists hold that alarmingly drawn pictures of damnation best serve the purpose of God in turning sinners off the populous road that leads below. Others, and we are of that class, believe that such exhibitions more tend to familiarize the mind with crime than create any aversion thereto.

It is held, and we think correctly, that it is only by appealing to the higher instincts of men and women, and by arousing their perceptions of what is lovely and true, that the stage ever converts any one to a higher or better course.

On this subject we quote from "Olive Logan," a writer in the *Galaxy*. This lady not only seems to have a horror of the production of the hateful and revolting on the stage; but she is equally at war with the opposite extreme of long drawn pious speeches, and what she calls "moral gags," put into the mouths of speechifying examples of propriety—who talk on the stage as nobody ever heard any one but a hypocrite talk off it. She says:

"There has been a deal of stupid talk in this world about the 'warning influence' of plays which hold the mirror up to vice. This also is born of cant. We have heard of thievishly-inclined apprentices being 'warned' from putting their fingers into their employers cash-box by witnessing the career of *George Barnwell*. We have been told of terrible creatures, who were ripe for murder, being so horror-stricken over the woes of *Macbeth*, that they immediately put on a clean shirt and joined the church. All stuff. I contend that it is just here that we may look for the worst influence of the play-house; the 'leg business' is trivial in comparison with the 'moral drama,' so far as its bad influence upon auditors is concerned. These horrible representations of vice ought to be banished the stage.

The first aim of even the "moral drama" is to entertain, and if it fail in that, nobody will go to see it.—But by making the amusement pure and beautiful in itself, the theatre inseparably exerts a good influence.

It is not necessary to preach morality, but to exhibit amusing, refining and agreeable phases of life—real life—that we may not be disgusted with human nature. The dramatist who goes out of his way to inculcate a moral, does an unprofitable thing. It is the *tone* that runs through a play which renders it beneficial. It stirs to laughter or sympathetic tears; it touches the cords of sweet emotion in the spectators. When it curdles their blood with horror, makes them shiver, it is as pernicious and hateful as when it panders to vice.

These opinions are only the result of careful and thoughtful observation, not of any philosophic theory. I am neither philosopher nor moralist, but like Mr. Emerson, I can "say what I see." I cannot prove myself right, in any logical and crushing way. But, woman-like, I can ask a question, and I will. Who most love the so-called "moral drama?" The Bowery boys. Who cheer the loudest at a melo-dramatic and high-sounding moral "gag" from an actor's tongue? The little rascals of the Old Bowery pit, who would pick your pocket without a scruple. "Ha-a-a, villun," roars the gallant young sailor in his immaculate white trousers and kid slippers, "I have unmasked ye. Begone, villun! and know—aha—that he who would lie to his wife would not hesitate to rob a bank of millions!" And "hi! hi!" shout the dirty little gallery gods. They like it—it suits their ideas exactly—but be careful they do not get too near you when you are leaving the theatre, or your pocket-book may change owners."

So much for Olive Logan. So far, however, as utter purification of the stage from all that is sensational and low is concerned we are aware that managers cannot travel much faster than public taste improves. We can in this, as in other matters, but draw attention to what we consider correct models of action to be adopted as fast as possible.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTE—Correspondence is invited from our friends.

K, Sanp'e.—Petrification is caused by the deposition of stony particles in the pores of wood or any other substance undergoing the process.—This is the fullest account we can give of it at present. We have now, however, commenced some articles on Geology and greater details may appear as we go along.

ENQUIRER.—The common saying, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," originated in one of Gray's odes. The expression was uttered with reference to the "innocence" and "bliss" of childhood in contrast to the wisdom but greater cares of manhood. It was not intended to have the application commonly made of it. In reference to the term Edithress as applied to a "female brother" of the editorial persuasion, it is correct enough.

X Y Z, 20th Ward.—"Is eternal damnation one of the doctrines of Swedenborg?"—Swedenborg teaches that the Lord foredooms none to hell, condemns none, and punishes none, but gives to every one the utmost aid that will leave him at liberty to turn himself to heaven or to hell. Those who resist divine grace and confirm evil in themselves become devils thereby, and their association, in Swedenborg's opinion constitutes all the hell that exists. On this account it may be said that Swedenborg disbelieves in damnation, eternal or otherwise in the popular sense of that word. Still, so far as the kind of hell he does believe in is concerned, it would appear that he believes that all who tend towards that condition in this life, after death experience no change for the better, but are gradually confirmed in evil until they become devils for evermore.

METAPHYSICAL.—The question whether a germ of each body is preserved during the process of decay, and previous to its recombination or resurrection, is an interesting one; but one upon which we have never heard an authoritative declaration. The idea of a germ remaining after death as a center around which to re-organize the dissolved structure, originated, we suppose, from Paul's language where he compared the burial of the body to a grain of wheat put into the ground. Paul says "that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die." With all possible respect to Paul, that which we sow in the shape of wheat is quickened without any death beyond the necessary decomposition of the outer shell which holds captive the infant plant. Doubtless Paul used the best figures at his command, but to our minds, there is more analogy in the sowing of wheat to a birth, than there is to a resurrection.

THE CREAM OF THE PAPERS.

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN CHINA.

[FROM "BOW BELLS".]

The commencement of the Chinese year is varying, as they divide it in months, according to the moon's movements. It is generally in February, sometimes even in March.

The week before the "first sunrise"—as the festival is called by the Chinese—the whole population of a town make their preparations for the day, the principal part being the settlement of their accounts. The greatest desire of the Chinese, whatever his business and situation in society may be, is to see his accounts in the greatest possible order at the year's end. Therefore, you have to pay him at that time; and he, in return, accomplishes his own obligations, or, if this is impossible, he at least draws his balance-sheet. Busy people of all classes are then hurrying through the streets on foot or in sedan-chairs, all to pay and to get paid; and banks, magazines, and offices are crowded with customers to settle their accounts, or with creditors to realize their claims.

There are a good many purchases to be made for the festival; for the Chinese—although they eat, drink, and dress themselves extremely cheap—are extravagant on great holidays, and especially on New Year's Day. Ducks, chickens, geese, pigs, and those numerous curious dainty bits, which can be valuable only for Chinese palates, must then be bought. Furs, silk and cloth dresses, have to be taken from the pawnbrokers' shops, or bought anew. Boots, shoes, and festival caps; tapers, incense, and gold and silver paper, must be bought, the latter to scare evil spirits and to attire the graves of relations. A very important article forms the varnished and painted lanterns for hand and family use. Thousands of other things are used on that day, a notion of which it is quite impossible to give.

Imagine, if you can, what crowds and noise are caused thereby in a populated Chinese city—the more, as the Chinese always and everywhere talk in a loud, screaming voice; all loads are carried on the shoulders of men, who deem it necessary to open a passage for themselves through the crowd by shrill cries.

Street illumination is quite unknown in China; and you therefore are obliged to take your own lantern with you when you have anything to do out of doors at night. Lanterns are burning before every temple, house, or magazine; they are made either of paper or silk, put on bamboo sticks, and varnished. Glass lanterns are also in use, but only very few. All are painted with family names. Black and red colors are most in use for coloring lanterns, and some are painted with calligraphic art. The wealthier the family, or the better the business, the more artful and solid is the lantern and its inscription. Every one walks about in this manner with his name or firm on his lantern, whilst magazines hang out larger ones. Gamblers and thieves, of course, do not want to make the police acquainted with their names, and therefore put very common names, like our Smith, etc., on their lanterns. The most common Chinese name is "Wang" (King.)

Nobody walks at night, in the street, without his lantern. The writer remembers a large fire in Canton, which made the night as clear as day; but, nevertheless, thousands of people were standing around with lanterns in their hands, giving the scene a magic appearance.

Another peculiarity we have to mention is the hanging up of mottoes. No Chinese having a home—it may be a palace or a villa, a rich laden barge, or a poor dirty boat that he lives in—is satisfied before he has adorned it with mottoes, sentences, classical quotations, etc.; they are painted on scarlet, red, or carmine paper. When the family is in deep mourning, they paint the mottoes on white; when in half mourning, on blue paper. In case they have more than one house, they have to put at least two mottoes on the wall which is opposite the door. Those ornaments are renewed at the beginning of a year, and their fabrication occupies a good many people, who draw them with camel-hair brushes, which are in general use in that country.

All that noise, hurrying and screaming which we described above, increases the nearer the new year approaches, and reaches its highest point on the last day of the old year, when a wonderful change takes place. All business is suspended on the evening of that day, and pilgrimages from temple to temple begin and last all night. The streets are still crowded, but all are dressed in their best clothes, and every one has a package containing incense and silver paper, with which they go round from temple to temple to burn the incense.

The scenes in the different temples are of a very peculiar kind. All temples are crowded, and the smell and smoke of fireworks and incense make the heavy, sultry air still more in-

tolerable. Enormous lanterns throw their flashing light through the low buildings; and priests stand at the altars in uninterrupted service; and endless is the crowd of neatly dressed men, women, and children who gather there to say New Year prayers. The ceremony is very original, and changes very often consisting of a certain number of bows and genuflections.—About three o'clock in the morning is the most interesting point of the ceremony. All present in church begin to fire their rockets and fireworks; and in some places, as, for instance in Canton, they fire rockets not only in temples, but also in the streets which causes a tremendous noise.

All is over when daylight shines on the first day of the New Year, and it is for some time still in the streets. Nine o'clock brings some movement over this silence. Nice and fantastically dressed women and children appear in doors and windows to see and to be seen; and here and there you see gentlemen carefully dressed, making their New Year calls. All shops, however, remain closed and nowhere, is business done, except perhaps, in some street corner where a higgler sells sweets or a gambler puts up his faro bank.

FORESEEING. — A FACT.

[FROM THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.]

MR. EDITOR:—As much has been said of late in your excellent Journal about "Foreseeing" and "Foreknowing," permit me to narrate an incident in my experience. In the year 185 I was attending school about seventy miles from home. On evening a room-mate suggested as a pastime that we should try which of us could draw the best profile of a lady. I assented, and we commenced. I am no artist; never was, and never pretended to be one; but now it seemed as though I could portray anything, any one, or whatever I pleased. My friend soon finished his drawing, and spoke to me (as he afterwards told me), but I made no reply, and seemed intent upon my work. He could not make me raise my eyes, move a muscle, or divert my attention in any way; so, thinking I was simply "contrary," he left the room, and was away, I think about three hours. When he returned, he said I was sitting in the same position as when he left me, but I was not drawing. I had finished my picture, my eyes were closed, and my face very pale. As for me, I remember having drawn the outline of my profile, and then all seems a blank. The next thing I can recollect was being lifted off my bed, two days after that occurrence just stated to have my bed made. I was not able to go out of the house for sixteen days after that.

The portrait which I had drawn was considered by good judges as a fine one, and, although drawn upon unsuitable paper, and with a single pencil, had every feature and expression as plainly and clearly delineated as any pencil drawing ever saw. It resembled no one I had ever seen at the time, but it seemed as if I should some day see, love, and marry the original of my strange drawing.

During the remainder of my stay at school, I looked for her in every concourse of people, but in vain! On returning home I was requested to show my "sleepy drawing" which I had written so much about. The first one who saw it exclaimed, "Why, this is Miss —, our new neighbor!" (One of our neighbors, during my absence, had "sold out," and a man and his family from the East had taken possession.) Finally, I claimed that it was an exact likeness of the new-comer's daughter. The next day they (the neighbors) were all invited to spend an evening at our house. They came—when, behold there was the very face I had been searching for, and the exact original to my drawing! She is now my wife. We loved each other "at first sight;" neither of us had ever loved before, and a happier couple are not often found. The profile is hanging in our parlor in a gilt frame, and is the subject of scrutiny to every visitor, and a wonder to all; but few know its true history.

K. N.

SPECIMENS OF YANKEE HUMOR

[FROM LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.]

It has been remarked that if a Yankee was shipwrecked overnight on an unknown island, he would be going round the first thing in the morning trying to sell maps to the inhabitants. "Put him," says Lowell, "on Juan Fernandez, and he would make a spelling book first and a satirist afterwards." A long

ard warfare with necessity has made him one of the handiest, stiffest, thriftiest of mortals. In trading, he is the very incarnation of the keenest shrewdness. He will be sure to do business under the most adverse circumstances, and secure a profit so. This propensity is portrayed in the story of Jam Jones; at worthy, we are told, called at the store of a Mr. Brown, with an egg in his hand, and wanted to "dicker" it for a darning-needle. This done, he asks Mr. Brown if he isn't "going to eat." "What, on that trade?" "Certainly; a trade is a trade, big or little." "Well, what will you have?" "A glass of wine," said Jones. The wine was poured out, and Jones remarked that he preferred his wine with an egg in it. The store-keeper added to him the identical egg which he had just changed for a darning-needle. On breaking it, Jones discovered that the egg had two yolks. Says he, "Look here,—you must give me another darning needle!"

We are told that there was a paper in Cincinnati which was very much given to "high falutin'" on the subject of "this great country," until a rival paper somewhat modified its continual rance with the following burlesque:—

"This is a glorious country! It has longer rivers and more them, and they are muddier and deeper, and run faster, and are higher, and make more noise, and fall lower, and do more damage than anybody else's rivers. It has more lakes, and they are bigger and deeper, and clearer, and wetter than those of any other country. Our rail-cars are bigger, and run faster, and pitch off the track oftener, and kill more people than all the rail-cars in this and every other country. Our steamboats carry bigger loads, are longer and broader, burst their boilers sooner, and send up their passengers higher, and the captains fear harder than steamboat captains in any other country.—Our men are bigger, and longer, and thicker; can fight harder and faster, and drink more mean whisky, chew more bad tobacco, and spit more, and spit farther than in any other country. Our ladies are richer, prettier, dress finer, and spend more money, break more hearts, wear bigger hoops, shorter dresses, kick up the devil generally to a greater extent than all the ladies in all other countries. Our children squall louder, grow faster, get too expansive for their pantaloons, and become twenty years old sooner by some months than any other children of any other country on the earth."

An article entitled, "Are we a Good-looking People?" appeared in "Putnam's Monthly Magazine," March, 1853, the effect of which maintains that "man has never had so fair a chance as in America,"—not only of living in the world or of diversifying his way of going out of it, but he emphatically asserts that, until the American woman was formed, or re-formed, man had never had but half a chance of coming into the world. It is easier, says the midwives, to come into this world of America than any other world extant."

This tendency to humorous exaggeration has run to riot in the Yankee mind, especially in that which is a dweller somewhere "down East" or "out West."

Something vast in this way might have been anticipated from people born and bound to "whip all creation;" the children "Nature and of Freedom," half horse and half alligator, with dash of earthquake, whose country is bounded "on the East by the Atlantic ocean, on the North by Aurora Borealis, on the West by the setting Sun, and on the South by the Day of Judgment." The geography has been too much for the brain.—Thus we meet with a yankee in England who is afraid of taking his usual morning walk lest he should step off the edge of the country. Another who had been to Europe, when asked if he had crossed the Alps, said he guessed they did come over some "thin" ground."

It is related of one of this class which nothing astonishes, nothing upsets, that he wanted to send a message by telegraph, something like a thousand miles, and, on being informed that it would take ten minutes said "he couldn't wait."

Here is a bit of yankee humor; it is so ridiculous as to be within one step of the sublime:—A traveler called at a hotel in Albany, and asked the waiter for a bootjack. "What for?" said the astonished waiter. "To take off my boots." "Jabbers that a fut!" the waiter remarked, as he surveyed the monstrosity for the man had an enormous foot. At length, we may say to full length, he gave it as his opinion that there wasn't a bootjack in all creation of any use for a 'fut' like that, and if the traveler wanted "them are" boots off, he would have to go back "to the forks in the road to get them off."

It may have been "out West" that the thieves were so "smart" they stole a felled walnut-tree in the night-time; drew the log right slick out of the bark, and left it to five watchers sitting fast asleep astride the rind! Kentucky must have the

credit for that wonderful curative ointment, which was so effective that when a dog's tail had been cut off, they had only to apply the ointment, whereupon a new tail instantly sprouted; and a youngster, with a genuine yankee turn of thought, picked up the old tail and tried the ointment upon it, when it grew into a second dog, so like the other that no one could tell which was which.

UNCLE TOBY AND THE WIDOW.

Uncle Toby was a fine old general who, having spent most of his life in the field of Mars, knew very little about the camp of Cupid. He was one of those rough and honest spirits often met with in his noble profession, innocent as an infant of almost everything save high integrity and indomitable bravery. He was nearly fifty years old and his toils were over, when Mr. Dan made him acquainted with a widow Wadman, in whose eyes he began to detect something that made him feel uneasy. Here was the result of leisure.

At length, however, the blunt honesty of his disposition rose uppermost among his conflicting plans, and his course was chosen. At school he had once studied "Othello's Defense," to recite at an exhibition, but made a failure; he recollected that there was something in this defense to recite very much like what he wanted to say. He got the book immediately, found the passage, clapped on his hat with a determined air, and posted off to the widow Wadman's with Shakspeare under his arm.

"Madame," said General Uncle Toby, opening the book at the marked place, with the solemnity of a special pleading at the bar—"Madame,"

"Rude am I in my speech,
And little blessed with the set phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years pith
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field

And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore—"

Here the general closed the book, wiped his forehead, looked up at the ceiling, and said with a spasmodic gasp, "I want to get married!"

The widow laughed for ten minutes by the watch before she could utter a syllable, and then she said with precious tears of humor rolling down her good natured cheeks, "And who is it you want to marry, general?"

"It is you," said Uncle Toby, flourishing his sword arm in the air, and assuming a military attitude of defiance, as if he expected an assault from the widow immediately.

"Will you kill me if I marry you?" said the widow, with a merry twinkle in her eye.

"No, madame," replied Uncle Toby, in a most serious and deprecating tone, as if to assure her that such an idea had never entered his head.

"Well then, I guess I'll marry you," said the widow

"Thank you, ma'am," said Uncle Toby, "but one thing I am bound to tell you—I wear a wig."

The widow started, remained silent a moment and then went into a longer and merrier laugh than she had indulged in before, at the end of which she drew her seat nearer the general, gravely laid her hand on his head, gently lifted his wig off and placed it on the table.

General Uncle Toby had never known fear in hot battle, but he now felt a decided inclination to run away. The widow laughed again, as though she would never stop, and the general was about to put his hat upon his denuded head and bolt, when the facetious lady placed her hand upon his arm and detained him. She then raised her hand to her own head with a rapid manœuvre, and with her finger pulled off her whole head of fine glossy hair, and placing it upon the table by the side of the general's, remained seated with ludicrous gravity in front of her accepted lover, quite bald!

As may be expected, Uncle Toby now soon laughed along with the widow, and they grew so merry over the affair that the maid-servant peeped through the key-hole at the noise, and saw the old couple dancing a jig and hobbling their bald pates at each other like a pair of Chinese mandarins. So the two very shortly laid their heads together upon the pillows of matrimony.

GOSSIP OF THE DAY:

PERSONAL, SCIENTIFIC, AND OTHERWISE.

THE SULTAN AND HIS SON.—Our correspondent in Vienna writes: 'As long as the Sultan was in Vienna his presence engrossed every one's attention. One of the most brilliant sights was a review held on a field near Schonbrunn, where he appeared with a numerous oriental suite in magnificent and rare dresses. The Circassian warriors who were with him attracted the wondering gaze of all present.

'Once when in the Theatre with his little son, the child at a part which greatly delighted him, turned round to some high dignitary in attendance, and seemed asking for something which he had greatly at heart. There was a momentary debate, and the officer in question left the box and returned with a Nubian, who stood behind the child and witnessed the performance. The little prince was evidently so delighted with the fairy spectacle on the stage, that he wanted his favorite attendant to share his pleasure and asked permission for him to do so.

GOLD DIGGING IN PARIS.—I find a profound calculation in one of the French papers. It is proposed to start a company in Paris to dig for gold in the cemeteries. What gold? That which has been used in stopping teeth. There are buried in Paris every day more than 125 persons. It is reckoned that of these at least ten have auriferous jaws, and that in these ten there may be an average of ten auriferous teeth. So the calculation proceeds, and Paris is threatened with a resurrection company. If the average of gold-filled teeth which the promoters of the company count upon, seem to be too great, let me state a London fact which seems to corroborate their expectations. I remember once looking into the accounts of one of the best known clubs in Pall Mall—what matters which?—the Mental, the Continental, the Alimantal, the Ornamental, or the Regimental? I was much struck with one item in the annual expenditure—£10 for tooth-picks. 'Into what a nest of hollow-toothed old fogies have I fallen,' methought. These be the sort of jaws in which our Paris friends expect to find the gold deposits.

RAG CHURCHES.—There is a church actually existing near Bergen, which can contain nearly one thousand persons. It is circular within, octagonal without. The relieves outside, and the statues within, the roof, the ceiling, the Corinthian capitals, are all of papier-mache, rendered waterproof by saturation in vitriol, lime-water, whey, and white of egg. We have not yet reached this audacity in our use of paper; but it should hardly surprise us, inasmuch as we employ the same material in private houses, in steamboats, and in some public buildings, instead of carved decorations and plaster cornices. When Frederick II., of Prussia, set up a limited papier-mache manufactory, in Berlin, in 1765, he little thought that paper cathedrals might, within a century, spring out of his snuff-boxes, by the sleight-of-hand of art. At present, we old-fashioned English, who haunt cathedrals and build churches, like stone better. But there is no saying what we may come to. It is not very long since it would have seemed as impossible to cover eighteen acres with glass, as to erect a pagoda with soap bubbles; yet the thing is done. When we think of a psalm sung by 1,000 voices pealing through the edifice made of rags, and the universal element bound down to carry our messages with the speed of light, it would be presumptuous to say what cannot be achieved by science and art, under the training of steady old Time.

KING THEODORE AND THE SPIRITS.—A correspondent of the 'Times' of India, writing from Annesley Bay, says: 'Abyssinia, the land of superstition, has of course its witches of Endor. I heard a good story the other day illustrating the popular feeling of the country against Theodorus, and the result of our advent. The King, so the story said, heard the news with a troubled countenance, and determined to consult the spirits of his fathers. They were summoned, and appeared before him. The King: Tell me my fate. Shall I conquer as I have always conquered? Spirits: No; thy time has come; prepare thyself. The King: Let me reign but three years more, and I will redeem the past. Spirits: No. The King: But two years; let me reign but two years. Spirits: No; not one year. Thou hast been tried and found wanting. The blood of slaughtered thousands cries aloud for vengeance. But stay! There is yet

one chance. Relinquish sovereignty, return to the country, again a tiller of the soil, earn thy bread by the sweat of thy brow, and live! The King was very irate, and the spirits were directed to go to —, the place from whence they came.'

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

HOW TO TAKE A DIME OUT OF ONE'S HAND, THOUGH HE SEEMS TO HOLD IT FAST.

Put a little wax on your thumb and take a bystander by the fingers, showing him the dime, and telling him you put it in his hand, then wring it down hard with your wax thumb, and pronounce some Latin words, look him full in the face, and as soon as you perceive him looking in your face, on your hand, suddenly take away your thumb, and close the hand, and it will seem to him that the dime remains; even if you wring a dime upon one's forehead, it will seem to him to stick when it is taken away, especially if it be wet; then caution him to hold his hand still, and with speed put it in your own hand when he opens his hand, the dime is not there, but you have it, which will not a little surprise the company. By this device almost a hundred conceits may be shown.

THE SELF-BALANCED PAIL.

Lay a stick across the table, letting one-third of it project over the edge; and you undertake to hang a pail of water on it, without either fastening the stick on the table, or letting the pail rest on any support; and this feat the laws of gravitation will enable you literally to accomplish.

Take a pail of water, and hang it by the handle upon the projecting end of the stick in such a manner that the handle may rest on an inclined position, with the middle of the pail within the edge of the table. That it may be fixed in this situation, place another stick with one of its ends resting against the side at the bottom of the pail, and its other end against the first stick, where there should be a notch to retain it. By these means the pail will remain fixed in that situation without being able to incline to either side, nor can the stick slide along the table, or move along its edge, without raising the centre of gravity of the pail and the water it contains.

LADIES' TABLE.

FLOWER VASE STAND.

MATERIALS.—Shaded green, shaded scarlet, and shaded amber. Berberis wool; meshes, Nos. 1, 4, and 8.

With scarlet make a foundation of 36 loops on mesh No. 4; join and 1 round on mesh No. 2; fasten on the green; net 2 loops in one; then three rounds more with green, without increasing; fasten on the scarlet; net 1 round on mesh No. 4, 2 on mesh No. 8, 1 on mesh No. 4 and 2 on mesh No. 8; fasten on the green; net 6 loops in every loop in mesh No. 1; net 1 round with amber on mesh No. 8; fasten on the scarlet wool in the 4th round from edge—that is, in the same loops as that in which the row of scarlet, netted on mesh No. 4, was netted; into this row net 1 row with mesh No. 8; net 2 more rows with scarlet on mesh No. 8, then with green; net 6 loops on each loop on mesh No. 1; net 1 row with amber on mesh No. 8, fasten on the scarlet in the last row of green in the centre of the mat; into this row net 1 row on mesh No. 8; then net 6 more rows on the same mesh; net 6 loops in each loop on mesh No. 1; 1 row with amber on mesh No. 8.

PRETTY PATTERN FOR A BREAD CLOTH.

Make a chain the length required, and work two rows of squares.

1st Pattern Row—1 square, 9 long, 5 squares, and repeat.

2d Pattern Row—4 long, 1 square, 3 long, 1 square, 3 long, 2 square and repeat.

3d Pattern Row—1 square, 9 long, 1 square, repeat.

4th Pattern Row—1 square, 9 long, 5 squares, repeat.

5th Pattern Row—2 squares, (*) 8 long, 1 square, repeat from (*) rows of squares between each pattern, and repeat till you have the length required.

[From the "Popular Educator."]

LESSONS IN GEOLOGY.—No. 2.

We continue our supposed journey from the vicinity of London to Brighton, because, as we said in last number, the queries that are made by the writer are suggestive of the reflections that should occur to a student of Geology in observing the strata of the earth in any part of the world.

"At St. John's common, you pass a rock that is strewed with shells. This rock is called Sussex marble. Did these shells ever live? What kind of shells were they? Are they like those in the sea, or like those found in rivers? If like those of rivers, is it likely that an immense river ever flowed in this district?—While you are pondering these questions, you come to Stonepound Gate, near Hurstperpoint, and you again enter the very sands which you left at Reigate station. How is this? Did these sands ever form one continuous bed? If so, how came they to be separated? How came the rocks of Tilgate Forest to rise between them? And now observe that, as soon as you pass through these sands, you again enter the white chalk, as if you were going back from Redhill to London, instead of being on your way to Brighton. You have now reached Brighton. Look about you. Take a walk on the sea-shore near Kemp Town. Look towards Rottingdean. Close to the water side you find a low cliff or bank of chalk. Resting on this wall of chalk you find a large and somewhat thick mass of loose soil, abounding with shingle, and large round stones, called boulders. What are these stones?—Are they flints? No. Are they granite, like the stones that pave the streets of London? If so, how came they to Brighton? Where did they come from? The granite rocks nearest to Brighton are either in Cornwall or at Aberdeen in Scotland. Did the sea bring these granite stones from Cornwall? Will their color help us to ascertain whether they come from Cornwall, or from Scotland? Did the present sea bring them? If so, how is it that they are much higher than the high water-mark? Was there once a sea higher than the present? Was this the beach of that ancient sea? How did the sea change its level? Did the sea retire and sink? or did the land rise? How could this be? But look higher up. Resting upon this ancient sea-beach, you find a high cliff, consisting altogether of clay. What clay is this? Is it the same clay that you passed at New Cross? Why is it called the Elephant Bed? Did elephants ever live in this neighborhood? If so, what was the climate of this region at that time?

On your return to London, put all these questions together, and try to obtain some intelligible truths out of them. Bethink yourself of the journey that you have made. You have begun and ended your excursion in a deep bed of clay, at New Cross and at Kemp Town. You have passed through two rocks of chalk, one between Croydon and Merstham, and the other at Clayton-hill, near Brighton. You have crossed two beds of Shanklin sands, one at Redhill, and the other near Hurstperpoint. You have traveled through two beds of what are called Wealden rocks, one near Hayward Heath, dipping to the northeast; and the other, near Balcombe, dipping to the southwest.

INSTRUCTIONS TO MECHANICS.

In this Department, we shall not only seek to give instructions to Mechanics and Artists, but to furnish hints and suggestions useful to all intending to provide themselves with durable, comfortable and economical homes.

CARPENTERS.

SLOAN, ON JOISTS AND PARTITIONS.—CONTINUED.

Where stud-partitions cross a room of large span, some provision for the support of the weight thus added should be made; the simpler mode of doing this is to double and pin together the joists directly beneath the line of partition, but a more effective method is found in the use of struts [that is by so framing the partition that braces run from each end of the partition sill—where they butt against the walls of the room—up against notches in the studs which form the doorway in the centre of the room, and by supporting them, support the sill to which they are strongly connected at their feet, and thus prevent the whole sinking.—En.]

The crowning or *cambering* of joists is a very good practice; this consists in dressing the upper edge of the joist with a curve in the direction of its length, the rise above a straight line varying from half an inch to an inch, in proportion to the length of the joist; in the first place, this has a tendency to prevent a sagging or deflection of the floor, and in the second place, the sinking must be considerable before the floor in the centre falls below the plane of the floor-line at the walls. With the bridging above spoken of, and the crowning here described it is scarcely possible for a well-joisted floor of reasonable span to succumb to any pressure likely to occur in dwelling apartments. We mean by *well-joisted*, a sufficient number of joists of sufficient dimensions. We would seldom place flooring-joists more than sixteen inches between centers, and never, except for very small apartments, recommend the use of less than two and a half by ten inch joists.

LESSONS IN FRENCH.

LESSON II.

In this second lesson, we cannot do better than to begin by explaining the use of the 'articles.' They occur in almost every sentence. The articles in English are—the and a (or an), the former of which is called the definite article, the latter the indefinite article, according to their reference to some particular or definite subject or object; and, on the other hand, to some object in its general or indefinite sense. For example—"The man who killed Philip of Macedon was a monomaniac" is a sentence containing the definite article before *man*, because that particular man is meant. But the indefinite article is used in the sentence—"A man who kills another for the sake of notoriety must be afflicted with a monomania." Here any man who commits the act in question is meant, and the indefinite article is therefore used before *man*.

The articles in French are *le* or *la* (the), and *un* or *une* (a, an). *Le* is the masculine, and *la* the feminine; as *le roi*—pronounce the *le* like the first two letters in 'luck,' and the *roi*, roo-awe (the king); and *la reine*—pronounced lah-rane (the queen) it would sound in French as absurd to say 'le reine, or 'la roi,' as it would in English, when speaking of a man, to say 'she,' or of a woman, to say 'he.'

HUMOROUS READINGS.

A GRAVE mistake—Accidentally burying a man alive.

The *Lowell Courier* calls the parting of young ladies much adieu about nothing.

"Pa, what is meant by raw recruits?" "It means soldiers who have not stood fire, my son."

Before marriage, a man enjoys "single-blessedness," and after marriage, he suffers "double-cussedness."

A man in this city has got so deep into debt that not one of his creditors has been able to see him for months.

A father said to his wife, when his dissipated boy had come home; "wife kill the prodigal the calf's returned."

A rock unknown to bachelor geologists—rock the cradle. (How about those who live with married sisters?)

When a man and woman are made one by a minister, the question is which is the 'one?' Sometimes there is a long struggle between them before the matter is finally settled.

A newly-married man down east says if he had an inch more of happiness he could not possibly live. His wife is obliged to roll him on the floor and pat him with a brick-bat every day to keep him from being too happy.

A Frenchman thinks the English language is very odd. "Dere," he says, rubbing his head, which had just come in contact with a bridge, under which we were passing, "is 'look out,' which is to put out your head and see; and 'look out,' which is to haul in your head not for to see—just contraire!"

If you should ever meet with an accident at table, endeavor to be composed. A gentleman carving a tough goose, had the misfortune to send it entirely out of the dish into the lap of a young lady who sat next to him, on which he looked her full in the face and said, with the utmost coolness, "Madam, I will thank you for that goose!"

"Speaking of dogs," says Thayer to his friend Warren, "can you tell me how many dog-days there are in a year?" "Yes about fifteen or sixteen, I suppose." "You are wrong; there are more than that," exclaimed Thayer; "you know Mr. Shakspear says 'every dog has his day'—and all the dogs haven't been counted yet; so there's no knowing *exactly* how many dog-days there are."

An old shoe-maker in Glasgow was sitting by the bedside of his wife, who was dying. She took him by the hand. "Weel John, we're gawin to part. I hae been a gude wife, to you John." "Oh just middlin, just middlin, Jenny," said John, not disposed to commit himself. "John," says she, "ye maun promise to bury me in the auld kirkyard at Stra'von, beside me mith-er. I couldna rest in peace among unco folk, in the dirt and smoke o' Glasgow." "Weel, weel, Jenny, my woman," said John, soothingly, "we'll just pit ye in the Gorbals first, and gin ye dinna lie quiet, we'll try ye sine in Stra'von."

TAKING A DISLIKE.—An ill-natured fellow quarreled with his sweetheart on the day they were to be married. After the ceremony had begun, he was asked: "Do you take this woman to be your wedded wife," &c.

He replied, "No!"

"What's your reason?" asked the minister.

"I've taken a dislike to her, and that's enough," was the surly reply.

The parties retired—the bride in tears—and, after much persuasion, the groom was induced to have the marriage proceed. It was now the lady's turn, and when the minister asked the all-important question:

"No!" said she, resolutely "I've taken a dislike to him."

The groom, admiring her spirit, made the matter up with her as soon as possible, and a third time they presented themselves before the minister, who began the ceremony by asking the usual questions, which were satisfactorily answered this time. But to the astonishment of the party his reverence continued:

"Well, I'm glad to hear that you are willing to take each for husband and wife, for it's a good thing to be of forgiving tempers. You can now go and get married where you will. I'll not tie the knot, for I've taken a dislike to both of you!"

A OADE TO THE STEAM FIRE-ENGINE.

Grate Ingine! you have eradikated fire machines
Worked by human mussel—Grate Ingine, you
Skwirt on tops of houses where the flames
Entrude, and you immediately extinguish.
Grate Ingine!

Stupendowus steam pump. You suck. You
Draw up, and you skwirt water on the raging
And devouring elament commonly knone as
Fire, and you succead in kwenching the aforesade.
Stupendowus Steam Pump!

Mitey destroyer of ignited kombustibuls! when you
Get to a sistern, you run your suction in,
Your Enjinear puts on additional steem,
And you proceed forthwith to darken down enlightened
matter.

Mitey destroyer of ignited kombustibuls!

Grand ecksterminatur of blaseing material! You
Must feel proud because you have plenty
Of water on hand, and don't use
Spirituus lickers. You don't work much,
Bekause you have hothing to do.

Grand ecksterminatur of blaseing material!

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POETRY.

AT LAST.

How peacefully the sun's broad ray
Slants from the casement to the floor,
Flooding the room with light to-day,
That yesterday the shades hung o'er.

And sitting here, with folded hands,
I watch within the fairy beam,
The delicate and floating sands,
That through its radiance curl and gleam.

The tiny things are dim and dark,
Untouch'd by the transforming ray,
But in their borrow'd brilliance, mark,
And lo, how beautiful are they!

So through the chambers of my heart.
The broad light of thy love is pour'd,
Dispelling, as with wizard art,
The gloom around so late that lower'd

My soul sits down in sweet content,
With his warm rapture round her thrown,
And sees no life with thine unblent,
No future separate from thine own.

But still within this new delight,
Dim, mote-like memories upward curl,
And, mote-like still, are only bright,
As through that beam of bliss they whirl.

Ah! who would guess a light like this,
One golden flood of love sublime
Could show life's piercing agonies
So beautiful in after time!

THE KEYS OF ST. PETER; OR, VITTORIA ACCORAMBONI.

A TRUE ITALIAN HISTORY.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

Overpowered by these bitter reflections, which thus shaped themselves to her mind, "If only I had had better judgment, I should now be a princess in the enjoyment of every happiness in Rome!—I should be waited on, courted, worshipped by all Rome, instead of being an exile, a wanderer, with treachery around me on all sides, and odious to Sixtus, whom I have so deeply outraged!" She felt so keen a pang of shame and despair, that she seized a pistol to put an end to her troubles. But her brother Flaminio (who had joined her immediately after her husband's death) struck it from her hand."

Her brother Marcello had also joined her at Salo,

and the first step they took was to write to announce the death to her enemy Ludovico, who was still, it seems, at Venice, not having yet departed to enter on his new duties at Corfu.

Prince Paolo Giordano Orsini had left by his first wife, Isabella dei Medici, a son, Virginio Orsini, who was at the time of his father's death being educated at Florence, under the care of the duke, his maternal uncle. This young man was, of course, the natural heir of the deceased prince; and the will made in favor of his widow, though it in nowise touched the immense territorial possessions, nor would, according to our mode of feeling on such matters, appear an unreasonably large provision for the widow of a man of such fortune and position, was denounced by the family as monstrously unjust towards the heir. Their first step was to attempt to set the document aside, legally, on the ground of its having been made *at the instigation of too violent an affection.*

Vittoria, when the first violence of her despair had in some degree subsided, on looking round her to see where she might hope for aid, decided on making three applications. Her first letter was to the Duke of Ferrara, who had been named the executor of her husband's will. And the duke if would seem, promised that he would, and did take care that any questions arising on it should be honestly and fairly determined by the proper tribunals, and that it should receive full execution. The second letter was to the senate of Venice, in which she set forth her friendless position, mentioned modestly her claims on the protection of the republic as the widow of an Orsini, and besought the senators to see that she had justice done her. This application also was favorably received; and the senate ordered their governor in Padua to see that she was put into possession of at least that valuable movable property in jewels, etc., which was then in that city. The third application was a more difficult one to make, and in it she took a totally different tone. In her letters to the Duke of Ferrara and to the Venetian Senate, she evidently had not abandoned the hope of securing the splendid position which her husband had intended to provide for her. But in the third, which was to no other than Pope Sixtus, she represents herself to stand in a very different position. She appears to take it as certain, in writing to him, that she shall fail in making good her claim to any provision whatever under her husband's will; does not even intimate any intention of resisting the intentions of his family; talks much of her remorse, and repentance, disgust with the world and all

its vanities; and begs of his charity an alms of five hundred crowns to enable her to enter some convent either in Rome or Venice. It may be shrewdly doubted whether Vittoria intended this humble plea for the injured Pope's merciful consideration to be taken by him quite literally. Sixtus, however, either did not, or would not, see any other meaning in it.—His sister Cammilla, whose agony for the loss of her son we have seen, and who found it too hard a task to pardon the false wife, who had, as she doubted not, conspired to murder him, would fain have had the Pope reject her supplication. But, 'What!' said Sixtus, 'if this wretched creature repents, and wishes to spend the remainder of her life in God's service, shall we, his Vicar, refuse to her the means of doing so?' So he gave orders that the exact sum asked, neither more nor less, should be remitted to her at Padua.

Vittoria wrote also to her brother, the Bishop of Fossombrone, acquainting him with the misfortune that had befallen her. It is likely that she had placed no great reliance on help or comfort from that quarter. But she, in all probability, hardly expected to receive a reply, in which the right reverend prelate, whose morals had by this time, it is to be supposed, reached a pitch of the most aggravating sanctity, told her, that since her present position was miserable, and there was every reason to suppose that worse was at hand, she ought to thank God for having thus shown her the vanity of all earthly hopes and pleasures, and put the passing hours to profit in preparing herself for eternity, as it was very evident that the Orsini would not be content without compassing her death.

The dramatis personæ of this faithful extract from the chronicles of good old times, are, every one of them, it must be admitted, far from engaging characters. But the present writer may mention, as a little bit of confidence between him and the reader, that he, for his part, would experience less repugnance in taking any one of them by the hand—even the noble twenty-stone Orsini himself—than this young man of saintly morals developed into a bishop.

In the mean time, Ludovico Orsini had arrived in Padua from Venice; and his first interview with the beautiful widow showed her only too clearly what she had to expect of justice, forbearance, or knightly bearing from so illustrious a nobleman. He came with a retinue of armed men at his heels, whom he bade to surround the house, and keep good watch that nothing left it; while he went in, and roughly calling the frightened widow to his presence, bade her give account to him of everything the late prince had left. Having no means of resistance, Vittoria had no choice but to obey. But Ludovico, finding, we are told, that certain objects of value which he knew his cousin to have had in his possession were not forthcoming, became so violent in his threats that being in fear for her life, she produced the missing articles, "and gave him good words, and behaved with so much submission, that he wrote off to the Cardinal dei Medici, that there would be no difficulty in the business, and that the whole matter was in his own hands." On learning, however, shortly afterwards, that, notwithstanding her timidity and apparent submissiveness, the widow had already made application to powerful protectors, and had taken steps for the enforcing of her legal rights, the noble bully was all the more enraged, from

having prematurely boasted to the Medici of his power to crush her and her pretensions so easily. Vittoria, moreover, immediately, as it would seem, after this scene of violence, took the prudent step of removing to the house her husband had hired in Padua. She was there more immediately under the protection of the podesta of that city, who had been charged by the Senate to see that the will in her favor was duly carried into execution as far as the goods situated within the territory of the republic were concerned; and was altogether, in such a city as Padua, less exposed to any lawless violence than at Salò.

Meanwhile the Duke of Ferrara had also been taking steps to have Vittoria's title to the chattel property duly decided by the Venetian courts. And on the twenty-third of December a decision was given on the various points raised in her favor. Whether she would ever be able to make good her claim to the remainder of the large property to which she was entitled under her husband's will, seemed exceedingly doubtful. But, as was always the case at that period, when a very much larger portion of the wealth of the rich consisted in plate, gems, tapestry, and other such moveable goods, than in these days of public funds and joint-stock companies, the property secured to her by the decision of the Venetian courts was very considerable, sufficiently so in all probability to have already worked a change in the fair widow's views as to the desirability of ending her days in a convent, and certainly not disposing her to adopt her reverend brother's pious and fraternal mode of looking at her position and prospects.

But if the sentence of the judges at Padua was of sufficient importance to make a notable difference in the prospects of Vittoria, it had unhappily a fully proportionate effect in exasperating the rage and cupidity of her enemies. And the result which followed in the powerful and populous walled city of Padua, under the strong and vigilant government of the Republic of Venice—by far the best of any then existing in Italy—is a notable and striking sample of the social life of the sixteenth century.

That same night, the night of the twenty-third of December, the house in which Vittoria was living was forcibly entered by forty armed men in disguise. The first person they met was Flaminio Accoramboni, who was immediately slain. Marcello, the other brother, had left the house but a short time previously, and thus saved his life. The assassins then proceeded to the chamber of Vittoria, and one of them, a certain Count Paganello, as it afterwards appeared, seized her by the arms, as she threw herself upon her knees, and held her, while Bartolomeo Visconti—another noble, observe—plunged a dagger into her side, and "wrenched it upwards and downwards until he found her heart."

CHAPTER IX.—THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW.

Had the deed thus quickly done, and quickly told, been perpetrated in those days in any other part of Italy save the territory of the Queen of the Adriatic (and, it is fair to add, save Rome, also, during the short five years of the papacy of Sixtus the Fifth), this history would probably have been all told, and have ended here. But the government of Venice, with all its faults, did perform more of the duties for which all governments are established, than that of

any of the Italian states of that day, and meted out justice with an impartiality and a vigor unknown elsewhere. How much vigor was needed for the task, and how hard a struggle law—even in the hands of the powerful and unbending oligarchy of Venice—had with lawless violence, is curiously shown by what follows.

On the morning following, the bodies of the murdered brother and sister were laid in a neighboring church, and all Padua thronged to see the pitiful sight. The exceeding beauty of Vittoria moved to frenzy the pity and indignation of a people whose capacity for emotion was fostered and cultivated by every peculiarity of the social system in which they lived at the expense of their reflective powers and judgment. They "gnashed with their teeth," as the historian says, against those who could have the heart to destroy so lovely a form. Of course the news of such a murder was very rapidly spread all over Italy; and when it reached Rome, the monk biographer of Sixtus naively tells us, the Pope, who was in the act of sending off the five hundred crowns which poor Vittoria had asked of his charity, locked them up and then visited "the seven churches" to pray for her soul instead.

It required very little sagacity to guess who was the author of the audacious crime which had been committed. And the magistrates of Padua sent at once to Ludovico Orsini to summon him to an examination. He presented himself at the tribunal with forty armed men at his back. The "Captain of the City"—the head of the executive power—shut the gates of the town-hall against this band, and signified to the prince that he could bring in with him only three or four followers. He pretended to assent, but immediately on the door being opened, the whole of the band rushed in. Before the magistrate he began to bluster, affecting to consider himself exceedingly ill-treated in being thus summoned before a court of justice. Men of his rank, he said, were not wont to be questioned. As for the death of the late prince's wife, and that of her brother, he knew nothing of the matter; but he should hold the magistrates responsible for the safeguard of the property she had held in her hands, which he demanded should be delivered over to him.

In all sincerity, the noble and lawless murderer was probably no little astonished at the measures the Venetian magistrates were taking. His Roman experiences fully justified him in thinking that it was quite out of the question that a man of his name and station should be in earnest called upon to answer for his deeds. And he probably little thought, even yet, that the outrage his bravoes had committed would be followed by any serious results. When ordered to put his answer to the question of the tribunal into writing, he positively refused to degrade himself by doing anything of the kind. But he offered to show the magistrates a letter, which he had written to his relative, the Prince Virginio Orsini, at Florence, in which the truth, as far as he was concerned, respecting the late occurrences, was stated, and which he demanded to be allowed to send. The magistrates consulted on the propriety of at once arresting him. But the presence of his band of armed followers, and the certainty that the arrest would not be effected without the loss of probably many lives, induced them to temporize.

He was allowed to send the letter, which, of course, represented him as altogether ignorant of the means by which the Princess Vittoria had met her death, and to depart from the town-hall.

LATEST GHOST TALK.

The persuasion that the spirits of the departed occasionally revisit the scene of their earthly existence is too general to render necessary any excuse for an occasional return to the subject, whenever the occurrence of some incident of novel feature,—or the starting of new theories of explanation,—give promise of any profitable result. The object of this paper is not to advocate the doctrine that the revisitations just alluded to are permitted, but simply to narrate an addition to ghostly literature.

Very few years have passed since the occurrence, in a busy thoroughfare of busy London, of an incident which it will be better to give in the words of the narrator.

"It was on a wild stormy night in the spring of 1857, that I was sitting before the fire at my lodgings in — street, with an open book on my knee. The fire had burned very low, and I had not replenished it; for the weather, stormy as it was, was warm, and one of the windows had remained, since dinner, partially unclosed.

My sitting room was on the third floor—one of those queer old rooms that seem expressly adapted to the occupancy of sprites and bogies. The walls were panelled to a height of six feet from the floor, and the cornices covered with fantastic mouldings. Heavy articles of furniture, including a mighty high-backed chair, disposed in different parts of the room, were lighted up occasionally by the flickering gaseous flame in the grate, which soon abandoned them to deeper and deeper darkness as its aliment grew less.

In the center of the apartment there stood a large round table. Between this and the fire I sat, as I have mentioned, with a volume on my knee. It was upon the subject of the law of evidence, and to say truth showed small tokens of frequent consultation. I had lapsed into meditation, and thence into a state of dreamy semi-consciousness, when my attention was attracted by a movement of the door, of which, from my position, I commanded a view. I saw it, through my half-closed eyes, open slowly and noiselessly, and next moment a female figure entered the room.

It was not a very alarming apparition, being nothing more than an extremely pretty woman of about twenty-five, with light brown hair, gracefully arranged under a bonnet of the ordinary fashion of the day. Her features were perfectly strange to me. They were regular, and she would have been altogether a very attractive person but for the circumstance that her eyes had a strange unearthly expression,—a look as of one who had gazed on things immortal,—perhaps to speak more familiarly, a look such as medical science has described as appearing in the eyes of criminals who have been by some strange accident, torn from the jaws of death after the hangman had, to all appearance performed his ghastly office. I myself have seen some similar expression in the faces of men who have endured awful peril, and have been by some unforeseen circumstance, rescued from destruction when the real bitterness of death had passed.

So much was I fascinated by that peculiar glance, that I sat, like one entranced, without power of movement, my heart alone reminding me, by its accelerated beat, that I lived and was cognizant of what was presented to my eyes.

My mysterious visitor advanced to the table, without taking the least notice of me, and removing her bonnet with the easy natural manner of one coming home from a walk, laid it on the table. She then took from her pocket a little book bound in crimson velvet, and, drawing a chair to the fire, seemed to become absorbed in its perusal. In sitting down, she turned her side to me; and a gleam from the dying fire suddenly revealed to me a ghastly gaping wound in the right temple, such as might have been caused by a fall against some sharp and hard substance.

It was now that the conviction rushed upon me that my silent visitor was not of this world; yet I do not remember that I experienced any feeling akin to consternation. Curiosity and interest, at all events, were predominant; and I watched her every movement with almost breathless attention.

After I know not what time—probably some ten minutes—passed in this manner, the girl seemed to become restless and uneasy. She glanced from her book to the door,—to the window,—to the mantelshelf (as though a clock stood there),—tried to resettle to her book, but apparently failed; and, at length, laying it down, murmured to herself: "What in the world can detain him? It is long past his time."

She remained as it were buried in thought for a few moments; then, with an audible sigh, resumed her reading. It did not answer, however. It was manifest that she could not control some anxious thought; and now, as if taking a sudden resolution, she replaced the volume in her pocket, rose, put on her bonnet, and moved towards the door. Suddenly she paused, turned, approached the window, and seeming to raise it, gazed steadfastly out.

The next moment, she gave a violent start, and appeared to gasp for breath, her clasped hands and straining eyeballs indicating that some terrible object was presented to her view. Then, with one loud, heart-broken cry, she threw her arms wildly above her head, and cast herself from the window!

That cry seemed to arouse me from my trance-like condition. I was on my feet in a second, and rushed to the window. Had my senses deceived me? No doubt; for it was barely open,—as I had left it. I flung up the sash, and leaned forth. In the streets all was as usual. The stream of human life passed uninterruptedly on. A collected policeman glanced up at my opening window, and sauntered by. Two men were calmly smoking at a window fronting mine. It was plain they had heard or seen nothing amiss. Much marvelling, I returned to my chair and book; but little enough of the law of evidence found its way, that evening, into my disturbed brain.

The next day I took an opportunity of speaking confidentially to my landlady. Had anything of an unusual nature been seen in that house before? The worthy woman hesitated. Why did I ask that? I told her all; and, moved by a sudden impulse, inquired if any calamity had occurred in those apartments which might, to some minds, account for the strange appearance I had witnessed.

With a little pressing the woman informed me that, just a year before, a tragical incident had occurred there. A young couple had occupied the rooms on the third floor. The lady was very pretty, with light brown hair, and was tenderly attached to her young mate, who was a clerk in some one of the large city offices.

One day she returned from her walk as usual, and fearing she was late, ran hastily up, half expecting to find her husband awaiting her. He had not arrived, however; and, having thrown aside her bonnet, and set the room in order, she sat down beside the fire, and strove to forget her impatience in the perusal of a book which George had that day presented to her. Dinner-time came, and tea-time, but no George. Dreading she knew not what, the poor girl at last ran to the window, determined to keep watch until he arrived. For some time she had been noticed leaning motionless over the window-sill. But a new object attracted the attention of those who watched her. A stretcher was borne up the street, upon which lay a crushed distorted corpse. It was the young husband. He had fallen from a steamer's deck, and been crushed and drowned between the boat and pier. As they halted at the door which he quitted in health and mirth that morning, a piercing shriek alarmed the whole street. The young widow had flung herself from the window. Her head struck the curb-stone. She was killed on the spot."

A ghostly appearance, under similar circumstances, was witnessed by the aunt of a lady now resident in London, who was at the time on a visit to Canada. She was about fifteen, healthy in body and in mind, and gifted with a remarkably clear intelligence. While sitting, in broad day, beneath a cherry tree, whose branches overhung a paling at right angles to her seat, she saw a young girl come tripping along the paling. In wondering how she was enabled to keep her footing, the lady noticed that her tiny feet were encased in high-heeled red morocco slippers. Her dress was of old fashion, consisting partly of the then obsolete "négligé" and a long blue scarf. Arrived beneath the tree, the visionary figure unwound the scarf, securing one end to an overhanging bough, made a loop at the other end, and, slipping it over her head, leaped from the paling! On witnessing this, the young seer fainted away!

Subsequent inquiry proved that, at a period not less than sixty years before, a girl named Caroline Waldstein, daughter of a former proprietor of the estate, having been jilted by her lover, put an end to her life at the spot and in the manner depicted in the vision.

Instances of the warning dream, involving minute particulars, possess a certain interest. Here is a recent example:—

The father of a friend of the writer, an old Peninsular officer—he commanded his regiment at Waterloo—was residing, not long since, about twelve miles from London, in a direction where, strange to say, no railway passed sufficiently near to materially accelerate the journey to town. One morning the Colonel found, among the letters awaiting him on the breakfast table, an application from a friend of his, who was engaged in some business of a fluctuating and speculative character, earnestly requesting the loan of a hundred pounds. The writer resided in Wim-

pole Street, where the Colonel had often partaken of his friend's hospitality. Unwilling to refuse such an appeal, he instantly transmitted by post, a check for the required amount.

On the succeeding night, his eldest daughter dreamed that the applicant had sustained a reverse of so crippling a nature, that insolvency was inevitable, and her father's money was consequently lost. So deep was the impression thus unexpectedly suggested to her mind, that the young lady left her bed, and going straight to her mother's room, communicated her dream. Her sleepy parent merely remonstrated, and sent her away. But a second time came back the disturbing dream, and with an angry force that sent her a second time to her mother's bed-side. Once more—but with soothing and gentleness—Miss Margaret was dismissed to her repose. However, about four in the morning, the dream returned for the third time, and now the young lady fairly got up, dressed herself, and appealed to her father, declaring that she would not attempt to sleep again, until the truth of what she now believed to be a warning should be investigated. The Colonel's interest and curiosity was aroused. He ordered his carriage at half past six, and taking his daughter with him, started for Wim-pole Street.

The travelers knew the habits of their friend. He never quitted his bedroom till nine o'clock, and when, a little before that hour, they were ushered into his breakfast-parlor, the morning's letters lay beside his plate. Among them the Colonel recognized his own, which, under the peculiar circumstances, and the pressing instances of his daughter, the gallant officer felt justified in abstracting, and placing in his pocket. Upon the appearance of the master of the house, the visitor explained, and with perfect truth, that he had come thus early to town purposely to express his very sincere regret that circumstances equally uncontrollable and unforeseen, rendered it impossible for him to comply with his request for a loan.

How these excuses were received, history does not state. One thing, however, is beyond all question, that the gentleman's name appeared in the next Gazette, and that owing to liabilities in regard to which the poor Colonel's loan would have been as a drop in a well! Who would deny that here was a dream fairly worth a hundred pounds?

The following has been authenticated: Mr. L. L., one of the best and boldest members of the famous Midlandshire hunt, was killed by his horse falling with him at a leap. He left a widow and one daughter, a very lovely girl. Mr. L.'s estate, however, passed to a male heir,—a distant cousin,—and Mrs. L. and her daughter determined to take up her abode on the Continent.

After a short sojourn to Paris, they proceeded to Tours, traveling, from preference, by the posting road, until, one evening the picturesque aspect of a little hamlet, overlooked by a fine chateau, induced them to halt there for the night. They were informed by the landlord of the rustic inn, that the gray-walled mansion to the south was the property of Monsieur Gaspard, a widower, who desired to dispose of it, and, meanwhile, reside about a league from the house. Next morning Mrs. L. and her daughter passed some hours exploring the venerable mansion, and roaming in its noble but neglected gardens, until they arrived

at the conclusion that nothing could please them better. A proposal was forthwith addressed to the proprietor. No difficulties ensued, and the ladies were quickly installed in their new possession, as well as, it would seem, in the good graces of Monsieur Gaspard himself, for he payed them frequent visits, and speedily established himself on the footing of an intimate friend.

He was a man of more than ordinary talents, having, moreover, the art to turn them to advantage, and it was not very long before Monsieur Gaspard became the declared suitor of Ada L.

One peculiarity he possessed, which had soon attracted Mrs. L.'s notice; a liability to sudden fits of gloom and abstraction, against which he manifestly strove in vain. These, however, it is true, were not of frequent occurrence; and, with this single exception, all went merrily as that marriage bell, which, in about a fortnight, was to celebrate the union of the affianced pair. For Monsieur Gaspard was an ardent lover, and gave his mistress no peace; until he had secured an early day. One night, Ada, fatigued with a walk somewhat longer than common, withdrew early to her chamber, a lofty, spacious apartment, with furniture of oak and ebony, and having a large old wardrobe directly facing the bed. She was awakened by sounds like the rustling of a silk dress; and, to her amazement, saw a young lady richly attired in the fashion of a past period, cross the room, and disappeared, as it seemed, into the closed wardrobe.

The vision had passed so suddenly that the young lady had no difficulty in persuading herself that it was nothing more than a dream, or one of those impressions, so real in appearance, that frequently visit us on the confines of actual sleep. When, however, on the next night, a precisely similar incident recurred, and still more, when the third night presented the same image, Miss L.'s alarm and dismay were fully aroused. On this last occasion, she had taken her maid to sleep with her, and it was the loud scream of the latter that awakened her, in time to notice the retreating figure.

Cautioning the servant to be silent on the matter, Miss L. communicated the circumstance to her mother. Workmen were sent for to examine and remove the wardrobe, when at the back was found a small door. This, being forced open, revealed a narrow flight of stairs, which conducted the searchers to a little vault-like chamber. In one corner lay a heap of moth-eaten clothes, and other objects; which a nearer scrutiny proved to be the remains of a human being, of which little more than the skeleton was left. A ring and a locket were also found, and these, at the police inquiry which succeeded, tended to the identification of the remains as those of a beautiful girl of the village, who, five years before, had, as it was supposed, quitted her home with a young soldier who had been seen in the neighborhood.

Monsieur Gaspard was placed under surveillance; but even this cautious step sufficed. His conscience had long tormented him. He acknowledged that he had seduced and murdered the girl; but under what precise circumstances was never revealed, except to his confessor. He was found guilty, but not executed,—passing the remainder of his miserable life in a condition, worse than death, of a prisoner in the galleys, without hope of pardon.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1868.

NATIONAL TRAITS AND THEIR CAUSES.

NUMBER ONE.

No student of human nature can doubt that surroundings and past associations have had immensely to do with the forming of national character. Those traits of character which circumstances cherish in a nation, become its national features. Nations are just what they have been moulded. The smartness, dullness, acuteness, bravery, docility, intellectuality or practical character of a nation, can always be traced either to its geographical position, its climate, and scenery, or its history. There is not an exception to this rule in the features of any nation on the globe. So much is this the case, that the student of history in its enlarged sense, can almost describe the past history of a country from the present character of its inhabitants; while at the same time, if given a locality on the globe for the home of a people, he could as clearly and correctly foretell whether that nation would be a highly commercial people, or whether it would be less practical and more intellectual.

Very prominent among the causes mentioned as moulding the character of a people, are those of scenery and climate. On account of the influence of scenery, a mountain people are always hardy, heroic and unsubduable. There is as great a difference between a lowland nation and a mountain bred people, as there is between the respective locations on which each dwells. Wild mountain scenery inspires in the soul a love of freedom and an indisposition to conform to petty mechanical routine. Such nations are never conquerable without a vast expenditure of blood and treasure, and seldom then. A love of excitement and romance, and a fondness for feats of physical daring, especially characterise the youthful portion of a mountain people. These instincts of freedom and daring are not their own altogether, they are the instincts of the scenes amid which they dwell. The flattest, tamest and most mechanical specimen of humanity that ever cringed, would have been the same unconquerable being, had his birth-place been the mountains and the traditions of a mountain race his from birth.

While such are the effects of wild and romantic scenery, the denizen of a valley or a wide, low, flat extent of country, is as sure to be as many degrees lower in the temperature of his feelings as is the air he breathes, and he will be as much less excitable as the uniformity of the plain he daily surveys is less inspiring than mountain wilds. Then as to climate, like an inspiration it seems to infuse its character into the very being of those born under its influence. The southerner, like the southern clime, is always warm and impetuous; while the northerner of Britain, America, Italy or France, is always as much more slow and cool in judgment and action as his climate is more frigid and less spontaneous and productive. An equal, mild and genial climate, will cherish a genial, even flow of disposition, and will stamp such characteristics on the very countenances of a community; whilst extremes of temperature will mark their influence in changing and restless dispositions.

If so much is effected by scenery and climate, geographical facilities have done as much more to make nations just what they are—detaching some from the great highways of trade, and insulating them in positions where their ideas could receive no change or addition from foreign influence. The extent of territory presenting opportunities for change-of location and personal independence, as in the case of America, has fostered and kept alive those feelings and characteristics, for which the American representative of the Anglo-Saxon race is so remarkable. His love of freedom and unbounded liberty, is as much an inspiration flowing from the immense extent of country over which he roams, as anything else. Let the subject of kingly or ducal despotism come to this country, and it does not take above one generation to produce in him or his descendants as great a specimen of freedom loving humanity as the native American himself.

Look at the mild, placid and contented Dane, descendant as he is of a wild and all-conquering race that ravaged the seas and exacted tribute on the land, what has moulded his present traits? An open sea-board in times when surrounding nations were weak, led to his predatory life in ancient times. The seaside and mighty deep swelling on his shores, moulded him into the hardy seaman, and he took into his composition the character of the wild Baltic Sea, over which he sailed on his work of death and conquest. The rise of mighty nationalities, however, around his coast, repressed his love for such adventures and ages of seclusion and monotony have produced the quiet and gentle, but honest and enduring Dane of to-day.

Equally a character of circumstances is the German. He is a highly studious being, and pre-eminently a lover of social life. He possesses an immense love of home ties, and is never without a grand theory of universal brotherhood in his brain. His dreamy, studious nature, has partially been the result of the absence of his country from the highways of the commercial world. He has thus had time for thought and the development of abstract ideas; hence, he has worked at mental conceptions till German metaphysics have become a proverb. Again, his is a land of hill and dale and inspiring scenery, with lovely secluded groves, where his meditative nature has been fed and fostered. His climate has no extremes, but peaceful alterations follow each other in mild succession, moulding and cherishing a peaceful flow of ideas and the peaceful cast of character as stamped upon his face. The want in the German of what some would call a practical cast of character, can be traced to his situation in the interior of a continent, with scarcely a single harbor or mile of sea coast to draw out his energies as a navigator or trader; hence Germany is not a nation of merchant princes or adventurers, because the facilities for commerce or enterprise are too far out of the way to be inviting. Whilst the German's love of unity and home associations has been cherished by the permanence of his family relations in one fixed locality, as a subject of permanent dynasties, developing in him an immense love of home and homestead, so his great conceptions of brotherhood have been fostered by the idea of unity expressed in the combination of the great family of States in which he lives. Yet, right on the back of the love of brotherhood and peaceful relations—so strong in the German—there slumbers in his character an independence and warlike

feeling, when that sense of independence is touched, hence the curious mixture of soldier and scholar, seen in the German student. The first to turn out in military attitude, whenever any question of national right is involved. Ready at any moment for a big fight or a big study! The warlike spirit of the youth of Germany, so strangely contrasting with their studious vocations, can be traced to the warlike origin of the race—to grand traditions of empire possessed by their family, and to the historical association of their name with every movement in behalf of independent speech and thought; in a word, the past history and geographical conditions, combined with the influence of scenery and climate, have given birth to the German of our time, as they have to the representative of any other nation. The German, like the American or the Englishman, is a reflex of his country. The Hollander, while possessed of great national virtue—as far as enterprise is concerned—is flat and stagnant as the dykes and marshes of his native country. The Austrian is warm, gushing and sunny as his climate, while the German of the Rhine is as romantic as his native scenery! In all cases, man, wherever you find him, takes into his nature the type and disposition of the land on which he dwells.

"THE FINGER OF GOD IN HISTORY."—As we understand a second lecture is to be delivered on this subject by Mr. Kelsey, the completion of this article is deferred for a short time.

We present the first of some articles on National Traits and their Causes, with the purpose of giving a complete series on this interesting subject.

WHAT WE NEED.

SALT LAKE CITY, Feb. 26, '68.

EDITOR UTAH MAGAZINE:

As your Magazine is devoted to the encouragement of Science, you will, perhaps, allow me sufficient space to lay before your readers the following respecting the wants of the lecture-attending portion of our community: Lectures of a certain kind have now for several winters, with more or less regularity, been given in this city. The lead in this business has been, to his credit, for a long time sustained by Prest. Joseph Young. The little Seventies' Council Hall has been devoted by him with great earnestness and labor to the work. The managing committee, however, in adjourning the meetings to the 13th Ward Assembly Rooms, have but deferred to the wishes of the public as demonstrated by the large and respectable audiences that have since attended.

So far, I think, we have moved ahead, but all our lectures up to this point, interesting as they have been—have been illustrated only by verbal aid. On such subjects as the Lecture of Mr. Kelsey's to which you adverted last week this is all that is required. But we need instruction in Geology, Astronomy, Physiology, &c., which cannot be properly explained without the aid of Diagrams. In Geology, we need to see the order of the earth's strata; in Astronomy, the orbits of the planets; and in Physiology, the course of the blood in the system.

Now, cannot our managing committees procure

these aids and give us a course of truly popular Lectures. Such illustrations can be procured through any of the gentlemen undertaking to send for books and charts. While they are about it, materials for chemical experiments could be procured, also a small cabinet of geological specimens. Once introduced, committees in the settlements would soon follow suit, and the elements of a small "Polytechnic" would be in our midst.

SUBSCRIBER.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

BY

"OUR HIRED MAN."

There is evidently a conspiracy on foot, classically speaking, "to floor" or otherwise demoralize our illustrious assistant as the following questions will show. It having been stated some weeks since that an effort was being made to discover the politics of our friend, whether he was a "southern fire-eater a northern mud-sill or a western pork-packer," a correspondent who evidently believes that our co-laborer cannot answer this question, asks in a tone of pretended good humor,—and pray, what may happen to be the politics of a pork-packer?" Now "our hired man" is not perfectly certain to a hair (or even a bristle) but he believes they are a class of politicians who believe in "going the whole hog."

Again, since the late publication of his valuable scientific discoveries and the consequent light in which he is now held as one of the great astronomers of the age, some envious person wants to know, seeing that "our hired man" knows so much,—where might we suppose the materials of the moon were obtained from on the supposition that it was made of green cheese?" This intricate question which would upset the brains of most learned men, is easily answered by our assistant. He replies, "where should they come from but from the milky *why*?"

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. G. A. wants to know, supposing a company take up a claim of a thousand acres of timber land, and not having sufficient means to make a road thereto, offer to sell the timber thereon at, say \$60 per acre and after selling a quantity discover that they have not realized enough to construct the road, are they entitled, under the circumstances, to call upon those who have already paid up, for an increase of pay, without giving them in return a larger claim on the timber? Answer: The question would, in our opinion, turn on the exact conditions upon which the timber was sold. If the company unconditionally offered so much timber, with a road thereto, at so much per acre, it is, legally speaking, none of the business of the purchasers whether the payment of their individual shares enables the company to complete the road or not. The company are bound to finish the road at the price per acre stipulated, unless, in the articles of sale, a liability for an increase of price was stated.

ENQUIRER says:—"Will you please inform me of the origin of the English Alphabet? I am prompted to ask this question by one of the learned ones stating that it originated from the first letters of the names of principal animals in Noah's ark. Not being willing to believe this statement, I appeal to you."

Our correspondent may well call any one who can trace the English Alphabet, or anything else of a literary nature, back to Noah's ark, "a learned one." The invention of the Alphabet is buried in the depths of antiquity. No one with our present information can discover it, although some ascribe it to the Phenicians, while others do the same with other probable sources. The "principal animals" of Noah's ark must have been very few to have only given names to 26 letters. The supposition that the first letters of their names gave the sounds of our Alphabet is a very amusing conceit. Which animals were selected for A B C?

SELECTIONS FROM MODERN HUMORISTS.

THE PICKWICKIANS AT THE SHAM FIGHT.

The whole population of Rochester and the adjoining towns rose from their beds at an early hour of the following morning, in a state of the utmost bustle and excitement. A grand review was to take place upon the Lines. The manoeuvres of half-a-dozen regiments were to be inspected by the eagle eye of the commander-in-chief; temporary fortifications had been erected; the citadel was to be attacked and taken, and a mine was to be sprung.

Mr. Pickwick was, as our readers may have supposed, an enthusiastic admirer of the army. Nothing could have been more delightful to him—nothing could have harmonized so well with the peculiar feeling of each of his companions—as this sight. Accordingly they were soon afoot, and walking in the direction of the scene of action, towards which crowds of people were already pouring, from a variety of quarters.

The appearance of everything on the Lines, denoted that the approaching ceremony was one of the utmost grandeur and importance. There were sentries posted to keep the ground for the troops, and servants on the batteries keeping places for the ladies, and sergeants running to and fro, with vellum-covered books under their arms, and Colonel Bulder, in full military uniform, on horseback, galloping first to one place and then to another, and backing his horse among the people, and prancing, and curvetting, and shouting in a most alarming manner, and making himself very hoarse in the voice, and very red in the face, without any assignable cause or reason whatever. Officers were running backwards and forwards, first communicating with Colonel Bulder, and then ordering the sergeants, and then running away altogether; and even the very privates themselves looked from behind their glazed stocks with an air of mysterious solemnity, which sufficiently bespoke the special nature of the occasion.

Mr. Pickwick and his three companions stationed themselves in the front rank of the crowd, and patiently awaited the commencement of the proceedings. The throng was increasing every moment; and the efforts they were compelled to make, to retain the position they had gained, sufficiently occupied their attention during the two hours that ensued. At one time there was a sudden pressure from behind; and then Mr. Pickwick was jerked forward for several yards, with a degree of speed and elasticity highly inconsistent with the general gravity of his demeanor; at another moment there was a request to 'keep back' from the front, and then the butt end of a musket was either dropped upon Mr. Pickwick's toe, to remind him of the demand, or thrust into his chest to ensure its being complied with. Then some facetious gentleman on the left, after pressing sideways in a body, and squeezing Mr. Snodgrass into the very last extreme of human torture, would request to know "were he vos a shovin' to," and when Mr. Winkle had done expressing his excessive indignation at witnessing this unprovoked assault, some person behind would knock his hat over his eyes, and beg the favor of his putting his head in his pocket.

At length that low roar of many voices ran through the crowd, which usually announces the arrival of whatever they are waiting for. All eyes were turned in the direction of the Sally-port. A few moments of eager expectation, and colors were seen fluttering gaily in the air, arms glistened brightly in the sun; column after column poured on to the plain. The troops halted and formed; the word of command rung through the line, there was a general clash of muskets, as arms were presented; and the commander-in-chief, attended by Colonel Bulder and numerous officers, cantered to the front. The military bands struck up altogether; the horses stood upon two legs each, cantered backwards, and whisked their tails about in all directions; the dogs barked, the mob screamed, the troops recovered, and nothing was to be seen on either side, as far as the eye could reach, but a long perspective of red coats and white trousers, fixed and motionless.

Mr. Pickwick had been so fully occupied in falling about, and disentangling himself, miraculously, from between the legs of horses, that he had not enjoyed sufficient leisure to observe the scene before him, until it assumed the appearance we have just described. When he was at last enabled to stand

firmly on his legs his gratification and delight were unbounded. "Can anything be finer and more delightful?" he inquired of Mr. Winkle.

"Nothing," replied that gentleman, who had had a short man standing on each of his feet, for the quarter of an hour immediately preceding.

"It is indeed a noble and brilliant sight," said Mr. Snodgrass, in whose bosom a blaze of poetry was rapidly bursting forth, "to see the gallant defenders of their country drawn up in brilliant array before its peaceful citizens; their faces beaming—not with warlike ferocity, but with civilized gentleness; their eyes flashing—not with the rude fire of rapine or revenge, but with the soft light of humanity and intelligence."

Mr. Pickwick fully entered into the spirit of this eulogium, but he could not exactly re-echo its terms; for the soft light of intelligence burnt rather feebly in the eyes of the warriors, inasmuch as the command "eyes front" had been given; and all the spectator saw before him was several thousand pair of optics, staring straight forward, wholly divested of any expression whatever.

"We are in a capital situation now," said Mr. Pickwick, looking round him. The crowd had gradually dispersed from their immediate vicinity, and they were nearly alone.

"Capital!" echoed both Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Winkle.

"What are they doing now?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, adjusting his spectacles.

"I—I—rather think," said Mr. Winkle, changing color—"I rather think they are going to fire."

"Nonsense," said Mr. Pickwick, hastily.

"I—I really think they are," urged Mr. Snodgrass, somewhat alarmed.

"Impossible," replied Mr. Pickwick. He had hardly uttered the word, when the whole half-dozen regiments levelled their muskets as if they had but one common object, and that object the Pickwickians; and burst forth with the most awful and tremendous discharge, that ever shook the earth to its centre, or an elderly gentleman off his.

It was in this trying situation, exposed to a galling fire of blank cartridges, and harassed by the operations of the military, a fresh body of whom had begun to fall in, on the opposite side, that Mr. Pickwick displayed that perfect coolness and self-possession which are the indispensable accompaniments of a great mind. He seized Mr. Winkle by the arm, and placing himself between that gentleman and Mr. Snodgrass, earnestly besought them to remember that, beyond the possibility of being rendered deaf by the noise, there was no immediate danger to be apprehended from the firing.

"But—suppose some of the men should happen to have ball cartridges by mistake," remonstrated Mr. Winkle, pallid at the supposition he was himself conjuring up. "I heard something whistle through the air just now—so sharp; close to my ear."

"We had better throw ourselves on our faces, hadn't we?" said Mr. Snodgrass.

"No, no; it's over now," said Mr. Pickwick. His lip might quiver, and his cheek might blanch, but no expression of fear or concern escaped the lips of that immortal man.

Mr. Pickwick was right: the firing ceased; but he had scarcely time to congratulate himself on the accuracy of his opinion, when a quick movement was visible in the line; the hoarse shout of the word of command ran along it, and before either of the party could form a guess at the meaning of this new manoeuvre, the whole of the half-dozen regiments, with fixed bayonets, charged at double quick time down upon the very spot on which Mr. Pickwick and his friends were stationed.

Man is but mortal; and there is a point beyond which human courage cannot extend. Mr. Pickwick gazed through his spectacles for an instant on the advancing mass; and then fairly turned his back and—we will not say fled; firstly, because it is an ignoble term, and secondly, because Mr. Pickwick's figure was by no means adapted for that mode of retreat—he trotted away, at as quick a rate as his legs would carry him; so quickly indeed, that he did not perceive the awkwardness of his situation, to the full extent, until too late.

The opposite troops, whose falling in had perplexed Mr. Pickwick a few seconds before, were drawn up to repel the mimic attack of the sham besiegers of the citadel; and the consequence was, that Mr. Pickwick and his two companions found themselves suddenly inclosed between two lines of great length; the one advancing at a rapid pace, and the other firmly waiting the collision in hostile array.

"Hoi!" shouted the officers of the advancing line—

"Get out of the way," cried the officers of the stationary one.

"Where are we to go to?" screamed the agitated Pickwickians.

"Ho!—ho!—ho!" was the only reply. There was a moment of intense bewilderment, a heavy tramp of foot-steps, a violent concussion; a smothered laugh—the half dozen regiments were half a thousand yards off; and the soles of Mr. Pickwick's boots were elevated in air.

Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Winkle had each performed a compulsory summer-set with remarkable agility, when the first object that met the eyes of the latter as he sat on the ground, slouching with a yellow silk handkerchief the stream of life which issued from his nose, was his venerated leader at some distance off, running after his own hat, which was gamboling playfully away in perspective.

THE CREAM OF THE PAPERS.

JOHN STRAUSS AND HIS SOPHIE WALTZ.

Strauss is a second Orpheus, whose tender-moaning, spirit-stirring, love-kissing music conquers the most inveterate enemy of Terpsichore; whose magic sounds soothe hearts, still sighs, dry tears, tame wild beasts, and move the stones themselves. Strauss has written waltzes that are more to me than many operas. In seven of his measures, there is often more melody than in as many heavy scores of other musicians. He is the idol of women. In every house, on every piano in Vienna, lie Strauss' waltzes. He has written over two hundred, all are favorites, all are sung and trilled, and played throughout Europe. Cobbler and dandy hum and pipe them. We hear them in the street, at the ball, in the garden, and at the theater. The dancing Viennese carry him on their shoulders and shout—"Strauss forever."

This Strauss, this waltz hero, loved the daughter of a count. Sophie was her name. Her eye was bluer than Haley's heaven and softer than the sweet light of the evening star. Grace and beauty were in every motion, and music in every tone. In a word, Sophie was beautiful, dazzlingly beautiful. He would have given worlds to have won but one glance of love, but she was cold and stern. Madness, indeed, for a poor musician, with nothing but his violin, to dare to love the high-born Sophie, who had as many noble ancestors as he had waltzes.

Impertinent!" said Sophie, and when he came to give her brother a lesson on the violin, she scarcely deigned him a look. Shortly afterward, Sophie was betrothed to Count Robert, Lord Chamberlain, who had indeed as many proud ancestors as Sophie, but beyond these and his titles, had nothing of which he could boast.

One day when Strauss chanced to be alone with Sophie, he sank upon his knees before her, and with burning words declared his love, and besought her to give him but one word or look of love ere he was quite driven to despair. But neither tears nor protestations moved her—she was cold and unfeeling as marble. "I am an affianced bride," she said haughtily,—"and if I were not, think you I would become the wife of a poor musician?" She turned scornfully away, and left him alone in his grief and despair. The repentance which soon awoke in the heart of Sophie, unhappily came too late. The bridegroom and her father hastened the marriage—in eight days she would be the wife of Count Robert. The ceremony was to be performed in the great saloon of the city, and the Count called on Strauss to request him to lead the orchestra on that occasion, and to honor his bride with the composition of a new waltz.

Strauss, the most miserable man in God's universe, promised him both. "He wishes to wound me yet more deeply," said the unhappy man to himself, "but I forgive him; and may she be happy—may she never repent her choice."

He addressed himself earnestly to his work. This waltz should be the interpreter of his passion and his grief to Sophie. It should challenge at least her pity, if not her love. When all the great city slept, Strauss took his violin, opened his window, gazed out into the cold night, and improvised and moaned forth his sad tale of woe to the sweet stars above that looked kindly down on the desolate and heart-stricken. The day of the wedding came at last. This fierce agony of love had given him a waltz, every measure of which spoke a longing sorrow, a wailing woe. The hall glistened and shone with bright jewels and brighter eyes; but Sophie was more gloriously beautiful than all. The richest gems lent their charms and their lustre; the pure myrtle wreath bloomed in her golden hair, and the rare and costly bridal veil shaded her beautiful features from

the full gaze of the adoring crowd. Strauss, a haggard, emaciated man, with brilliant piercing black eyes, sharp, strongly-marked features, dressed from head to foot in black, as though he had assumed this mourning livery for the bride now dead to him, stood sad and silent in the gallery above, directing the movements of the orchestra. Sophie danced now with one, now with another of the wedding guests, and as often as she paused, after the giddy whirl of the dance, she turned her eyes toward the pale, grief-stricken Strauss, in his robes of sorrow and mourning, and met his piercing look of despairing love.

It was more than pity she felt—it was remorse, it was kindling love. A terrible pain awoke in her heart, like a swelling stream, growing ever wider and deeper, threatening to overwhelm and destroy her quite. Gladly she would have wept, but she dared not. It sounded twelve o'clock, and Strauss gave the signal for the performance of the new waltz. The gay dancers stood up, Sophie on the arm of the happy bridegroom. All stand spell-bound with the wondrous witchery of those magic sounds. They forgot to dance—they gazed wonderingly up at the pale man in black, whose grief-torn soul breathed out its woe through the sounding strings of his instrument. His bow moved, with his heart went his spirit. The bridegroom led off—they dance and dance. Strauss follows the flying pair with tearful eyes, torn heart. They dance and dance and dance, and will never cease. Strauss plays and plays and plays, and will never stop this wonderful waltz, which so fearfully affects both him and them. They dance and dance; he plays and plays—suddenly the E of his violin snaps, and in that moment, Sophie falls dead upon the floor. Violin and bow fall from his trembling hands, and with a cry of horror he shrieks, "Sophie," and fell fainting on the floor.

Since Sophie's death the waltz is called by her name; Strauss loved her till his death. He, too, is now dead, but his charming Sophie waltz lives yet.

SPECIMENS OF YANKEE HUMOR.

[CONCLUDED.]

"A complicated case was rather nicely met by an American preacher, who owned half of a negro slave, and who used in his prayers to supplicate the blessings of heaven on his house, his family, his land, and 'his half' of Pompey."

The following is a description of Hosea Biglow, while he was under the pangs of ("pottery") poetry making:—"Hosea he com home considerable riled, and arter I'd gone to bed I hearn him a thrashin round like a short-tailed Bull in fit-time. The old Woman ses she to me ses she, Zekle, ses she, our Hosee's gut the chollery or suthin anuther ses she, don't you Bee skeered, ses I, he's oney amaking pottery ses I, he's ollers on hand at that ere busynes like Da & martin, and shure enuf, cum mornin, Hosey he cum dow stares full chizzle, hair on eend and cote tales flying, and sot rite of to go reed his varses to Parson Wilbur bein he haint aney grate shows o' book larnin himself, bimby he cum back and sed the parson wuz drestie tickled with 'em as I hoop you will Be, and said they wuz True grit.

"Hosey ses he sed suthin a nuther about Simplex Mundishes or sum such sech feller, but I gness Hosea kind o' did n't hear him, for I never hearn o' nobody o' that name in this villadge, and I've lived here man and boy 76 year cum next tater diggin, and thar sint nowheres a kitting spryer 'n I be."

The following is a specimen of another kind of humor—Josh Billings' philosophy:

"Some people are fond of bragging about their ancestors, and their great descent, when in fact 'their great descent is just what is the matter of them."

"If I was asked, 'What is the chief end of man now-a-days,' I should immediately reply, '10 per cent.'"

"It is dreadful easy to be a fool. A man can be a fool and not know it."

"God save the fools, and don't let them run out for if it wasn't for them wise men couldn't get a living."

"It is true that wealth won't make a man virtuous, but I notice there ain't anybody who wants to be poor just for the purpose of being good."

"There are some dogs' tails which can't be got to curl no-ways, and some which will, and you can't stop 'em. If you bathe a curly dog's tail in oil and bind it in splints, you can't get the crook out of it. Now a man's way of thinking is the crook in the dog's tail, and can't be got out; and every one should be allowed to wag his own peculiarity in peace."

Oliver Wendell Holmes in telling how woman's wit kills before the victim knows he's hit, instances the clever headsman who cut so clean that the poor fellow didn't know his head was off.

"Rudolph, professor of the headsman's trade, Alike was famous for his arm and blade, One day a prisoner Justice had to kill, Knelt at the block to test the artist's skill, Bare-armed, swart-visaged, gaunt and shaggy-browed, Rudolph the headsman rose above the crowd, His falchion lightened with a sudden gleam, As the pike's armor flashes in the stream: He sheathed his blade; he turned as if to go; The victim knelt, still waiting for the blow, 'Why striketh not? Perform thy murderous act,' The prisoner said—(His voice was slightly cracked,) 'Friend, I have struck,' the artist straight replied; 'Wait but one moment, and yourself decide.' He held his snuff-box—'Now, then, if you please, The prisoner sniffed, and, with a crashing sneeze, Off his head tumbled—bowed along the floor— Bounced down the steps; the prisoner said no more."

A Pittsburg paper states that a melancholy case of self-murder occurred on Sunday, near Titusville, Pennsylvania. The following schedule of misfortunes was found in the victim's left boot:

"I married a widow who had a grown-up daughter. My father visited our house very often, fell in love with my step-daughter and married her. So my father became my son-in-law and my step-daughter my mother, because she was my father's wife. Some time afterwards my wife had a son,—he was my father's brother-in-law and my uncle, for he was the brother of my step-mother. My father's wife, i. e., my step-daughter, had also a son: he was of course, my brother, and in the meantime, my grandchild, for he was the son of my daughter. My wife was my grandmother, because she was my mother's mother.—I was my wife's husband and grand-child at the same time.—And as the husband of a person's grandmother is his grandfather, I was my own grandfather."

Artemus Ward, tells us an affecting story of his courtship with Betsy Jane:

"We sat thar on the fence, a-swinging our feet too and fro, blushin as red as the Baldwinville skoolhouse when it was fust painted, and lookin very simple, I made no doubt. My left arm was ockepied in ballunsin myself on the fence, while my right was wounded luvlin round her waste."

"There was many affecting ties which made me hanker arter Betsy Jane. Her father's farm jined our'n; their cows and our'n squencht their thirst at the same spring; our old mares both had stars in their forerders; the measles broke out in both families at nearly the same period; our parents (Betsy's and mine) slept regularly every Sunday in the same meetin house, and the nabers used to observe, 'How thick the Wards and Peasleys air!' It was a snblime site, in the spring of the year, to see our sevral mothers (Betsy's and mine) with their gowns pin'd up so thay couldn't sile 'em, affectshunlly billing sope together and aboozing the nabers."

GOSSIP OF THE DAY:

PERSONAL, SCIENTIFIC, AND OTHERWISE

HENRY VINCENT AT WHITEFIELD'S GRAVE.—Mr. Henry Vincent writes from Providence, Rhode Island:—"We descended into a cellar, through a trap door behind the pulpit, and removing a padlock from an upright door, we entered the tomb of the great preacher. The coffin of Whitefield is placed across the other two, and the upper part of the lid opens upon hinges. We opened the coffin carefully, and by the light of our lamp saw all that was mortal of the eloquent divine, who had crossed the Atlantic thirteen times to preach the gospel. The bones are blackened, as though they were charred by fire. The skull is perfect. I placed my hand upon the forehead, and thought of the time when the active brain within throbbed with love to God and man,—when those silent lips, moved by eloquent speech, swayed the people of England from the Churchyard in Islington to Kennington Common, from the hills and valleys of Gloucestershire to the mouths of the Cornish mines, and on through the growing colonies of America."

MARRIAGE OF A HINDOO GIRL TO AN IDOL.—The following curious account of the marriage of a Hindoo girl to an idol is

given by the Oude Gazette:—"Some time ago, a paper of the north-west provinces announced the arrival of an old Deccan Brahmin with his family in the town of Muthra, where Rungacharee, the high priest of the Ramanoojee sect, greatly patronized him. The old Brahmin has two daughters—one a grown-up girl, and the other only nine years old. While residing at Muthra the younger girl gave out that Krishnaje (one of the incarnations of Vishnu, the Hindoo god) appeared to her in a dream, and proposed a nuptial alliance with her. Next day, the girl was, with great pomp, married to an idol worshipped in a Hindoo temple. The ignorant and superstitious people rejoiced at this absurd marriage, and began to venerate the girl as an inspired being. Both the girls have learned by ear 18,000 couplets of the 'Beagwut,' a work in the Sanscrit language. They have now arrived in this city and put up at a house in the vicinity of the 'Gole Durwaza.' Every morning Hindoos of all ages and sexes congregate there to hear the melodious recitations of the two girls. Both the girls consider themselves as dedicated to the service of the god Krishna; and, after their daily recitations are concluded, they make no hesitation in accepting such presents of money and sweet-meats as their hearers may choose to give them. We have little doubt that they have already reaped a rich harvest from their deluded votaries."

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

PUZZLE READINGS.

The following puzzles may amuse some of our young readers, and some may be able to puzzle their friends with them:

cur fl wro de dis and pa
A sed end ught ath ease in
bles fri bro bre and aga

By reading the middle and top line alternately, then the middle and bottom line, you will find it reads:

A cursed fiend wrought death disease and pain
A blessed friend brought breath and ease again.

Decipher the following from a schoolboy to his teacher.

XUR, XUB,
X, 2XUR 2me.

Cross you are, cross you be,
Cross, too cross you are to me.

Decipher the schoolmaster's reply.

YYURYYUB,
ICURYY for me

Too wise you are, too wise you be
I see you are too wise for me.

THE LITTLE EASE (KE'S).—PRSVR Y PRFCT MN VR KP
THS PRCPST TN. The letter E will supply the sense:

Persevere ye perfect men
Ever keep these precepts ten.

LADIES' TABLE.

SCALLOP EDGING, SUITABLE FOR TOILET COVER, &c.

Worked backwards and forwards; square throughout the pattern, is 9 chain, 1 long commence every row until 8 chain for the first long stitch.

1st Row.—16 chain, on it work 10 long, 2 squares which will bring it to the end, add 8 chain, on those work 3 long, join them to the bottom of the last long stitch, 5 shepherd's crocheted stitches to bring the thread to the top again.

2d Row.—Add 6 chain, on it work 6 long, and 1 long into 1st long, 4 squares 6 long.

3d Row.—4 long, 1 square, 6 long, 4 squares, add 8 chain, on it work 3 long, join it as 1st row.

4th Row.—Add 8 chain, on it work 3 long, 1 long into first long stitch of last row, 2 squares, 9 long, 3 squares, 3 long.

5th Row.—7 long, * 1 square, 5 long, repeat from *

6th Row.—4 long, 1 square, 6 long, 2 squares, 9 long, 3 chain, 1 long on last long.

7th Row.—Same as 5th.

8th Row.—4 long, 2 squares; 9 long, 3 squares, 8 long.

9th Row.—4 long, 1 square, 6 long, 4 squares, 3 long, turn back.

10th Row.—3 shepherd's crocheted to bring the thread on the 1st long, 7 long, 4 squares, 6 long.

11th Row.—10 long, 2 squares, 3 long, turn back.

12th Row.—3 shepherd's crocheted as before, 10 long, 1 square, 3 long.

LESSONS IN GEOLOGY.—No. 3.

ON THE CRUST OF THE EARTH.

In reading books on Geology, you will often meet with the phrase "the crust of the earth," or "the earth's crust." The phrase involves in itself many important principles in theoretical geology. The very word "crust" implies a surface that has undergone some process of hardening, and that retains beneath it some materials in a condition different from itself.

We must not imagine that the hypothesis of a "crust of the earth" excludes the ideas of a Creation and a Creator. Suppose that Science could demonstrate to you that this great globe once existed in a gaseous form, and that, by the gases entering into combination and evolving heat, a glowing and a fusing mass would whirl round in space, and that this was the first genesis by which our world was made visible and palpable. We then ask, how came these gases to exist? And we learn that they must have been made by a Creator. We learn from chemistry that all gases combine according to regular and established laws. The gases did not make these laws, but received them from a living and intelligent Lawgiver.

The phrase "crust of the earth" may possibly recall to our minds the idea of either the crust of a loaf, or, perchance, that of a pie. Both these ideas will mislead us. In these cases, the crust has been hardened, not by cooling but by the influence of external heat upon the outward surface. In geology, on the contrary, the phrase implies that the body of the earth was once in a state of fusion—that is, it was all in a melted state, glowing, burning and flaming; and that it gradually cooled until it became covered with a hardened surface.

If you have ever been in a large iron-foundry, where there are blast furnaces for melting ores, you will at once understand the geological meaning of the word "crust." Near the bottom of the blast furnace there is a flue, or tap, for allowing the fluid cinder, or scoria, which floats on the surface of the metal within, to flow out in burning streams. As this stream recedes from the flue, it becomes cooler; and a little lower down, it is covered with a blackened surface which is so hard that the workmen can safely walk upon it, though underneath it is still in a melted state. It is this kind of surface, hardened by cooling influence from above, but still kindling and burning beneath, that geologists call "crust."

We can, with a little effort, conceive of the propriety of applying the word "crust" in this sense, to the surface of the globe. We have seen a red-hot coal, burning and flaming on all its sides, fall from the fire in our own grates. In a short time the outside of it became cooler and cooler, while the inside and center, according to its size, were still red-hot. In this case, the outside, in cooling, became covered with irregular white flakes, or pellicles, called ashes.

We can also imagine a round mass of iron, say a small cannon-ball, heated in a blacksmith's furnace, and then thrown out suddenly and left to cool. As it cooled, all its surface would be covered with pellicles, or flakes of rust, which chemists call the oxide of iron: and which if examined under a good microscope, would appear as if it had been put together by joints and angles.

Our conception will be assisted better still, if we imagine that, while we were at the blast furnace in the iron-foundry, a Herculean workman took up a large iron ladleful of the fluid cinder, and hurled his ladleful of the burning matter into the air; or you can suppose that Mount Etna, or Vesuvius, were a Titanic workman, throwing out such a mass high up for some miles in the air, and perhaps, beyond the circle of our atmosphere, or even of the attraction of our earth. If this mass would continue to whirl and roll round without falling again to our earth, it would take the form of our globe, which astronomers have demonstrated to be, necessarily, an ellipsoid, that is, orange-shape or a round ball flattened at both ends.

Whenever we break to pieces a large mass of cinder, or scoria, that has cooled, we will find that its inside has streaks and veins of different materials, and that it has many cavities or holes, called by the foundry-men "honey-comb." These cavities were in the cinder while yet in the red-hot state, and they were formed within it either by air or gases. Imagine that, at the bottom of these cavities, there was once floating a diminutive drop of melted matter, moving whenever the mass was shaken. Now, observe, you have before you the cinder, the cavity, and the melted drop floating.

To these three facts, directing the magnifying-glass of our

imagination, but let it be kept in the firm hand of our reason; and then apply our minds and our logic, to "the great globe itself, and all that it inherits." Let the cooled cinder be magnified into our planet; the cavities, into subterranean caverns of many hundred square miles; and the melted globule into an immense lake, or large sea, burning, boiling, heaving, to the top of the cavity, melting parts of the crust nearest to it, or forcing the crust to swell upwards, or cracking it, and forming crevices through which some of it comes up to the open air, and there hardens again to form an additional crust.

LESSONS IN FRENCH.

LESSON II.—CONTINUED.

The French for 'of' is *de*; but yet they do not say *de le roi* for "of the king." They say *du roi*. Therefore *du* is the genitive case of the definite article, in the masculine. In other words, *du* means "of the" when talking of a man, or of any other object which, for order's sake, is classed with the manly or masculine gender. *de la* is "of the" in the feminine, and is therefore the genitive feminine of the definite article. It is used in speaking either of a woman or of any other object which, from a similar motive of order, the French classify with the female or feminine gender; as *de la reine* (of the queen).

The French for "to" is *a*. Yet they do not say *a le roi* for "to the king;" they say *au roi* (pronounced o roo-awe). *Au* is therefore the dative masculine, and is used to express "to the" when referring to a man, or to any other masculine-classed object. If you speak of a woman, or any feminine-classed object, the form is *a la*; as *a la reine*—pronounced ah lah rane (to the queen).

One important exception must be mentioned with regard to the masculine *la* and *au*. If they be followed by a vowel, even though they refer to a masculine word, they change into the feminine form, only that their own vowel is cut off. For instance, the word *ane* (pronounced aahn, and meaning a donkey) is masculine; and yet "of and to the donkey" are not rendered in French by *du ane* and *au ane*; but by *de l'ane* and *a l'ane*. The reason of this is that the French are extremely careful of euphony, or smoothness and flowingness of sound, in their language, which, accordingly, is one of the sweetest and most harmonious in the world. Two vowels coming together, and belonging to separate words, are harsh to pronounce, and therefore either one of the vowels is dropped, or a consonant, otherwise mute, is sounded between them, or, if there be no consonant, why one is stuck in for the purpose. We will give one example of the last-mentioned expedient. The French for "has" is *a* (without an accent, but still pronounced ah); and if you wish to say "he has" in French, you would express it by *il a* (pronounced eel ah). Now, would not any one suppose that you would get "has he?" by changing the places of the two French words, and saying *a il*. No such thing; *a il* would be harsh and hard to sound, and therefore they always say *a-t-il*, which you pronounce aht eel.

HUMOROUS READINGS.

An exchange thinks the most disagreeable age for a fine woman is the ramp-age.

THAT must be a foolish, rash woman, who will put tubs out doors to catch soft water, when it is raining hard.

WHEN David slew Goliath with a sling, the latter fell stone dead, and of course was quite astonished, as such a thing had never entered his head before.

AN Irishman took off his coat to show a terrible wound which he said he had received a few years before. Not being able, however, to find the wound, he suddenly remembered it was his "brother Bill's arm."

At a recent railway festival the following striking sentiment was given:—Our Mothers—the only faithful "tenders" who never misplaced a "switch."

A young ensign of a regiment, residing in a room which was very small, was visited by one of his fashionable friends, who, on taking leave, said—"Well, Charles, how much longer do you mean to stop in this nut-shell?" To which he replied—"Until I become a kernel."

"FAITH," said an Irishman, who could not get into his cabin at Ballingarry, his wife having turned the key upon him, "faith its meeself that's regularly locked in." "In," said his companion, "in where?" "Why, in the street!"

A man was called upon to appear as witness, and could not be found. On the Sheriff asking where he was, a grave, elderly gentleman rose up, and with much emphasis said,—"My lord, he's gone." "Gone, gone!" said the Sheriff; "where is he gone?" "That I cannot inform you," replied the communicative gentleman; "but he's dead."

NOT TOO LITTLE.—Last summer an agriculturist required several reapers. A number offered themselves, and all were engaged with the exception of one—a small Irishman. "Master, won't you hire me?" inquired the man. "No," said the farmer. "Why not?" "Because you are too little." "Too little!" exclaimed the astonished Irishman. "Does your honor reap your grain at the top?"

A HINT TO OUR ASSESSORS.—"Bob, that is a fine horse you have there; how much is he worth?"—"Three hundred and fifty dollars." "Not so much as that." "Yes, every cent of it—another fifty on top of it." "Are you sure?" "Yes, I'll swear to it." "All right." "What are you so inquisitive for?"—"Merely for assessing purposes. I am the assessor, and only wanted to know what you rated your nag at."

AN old miller, who in the days of old dwelt in Blairgowrie, was one night sitting in his favorite public-house, where it was his usual custom to repair nightly, when his better half entered for the purpose of getting him conveyed home. "Oh! man, John, come awa' hame. ye'll sit an drink there a' the oors o' the nicht. The drink ye hae drucken o' your time wad sail a ship. I'm sure ye hae drucken a hoose." (She meant as much money as would buy a house.)—"Od, that's true, lassie," says John, "and it was a thack ane, an' the stoors no oot o' my throat yet.—Heeh! we'll hae anither bit gill tae help tae wash't doon."

A man advertised for a wife, and requested each candidate to enclose her *carte de visite*. A spirited young lady wrote to the advertiser in the following terms: "Sir—I do not enclose my *carte*, for, though there is some authority for putting 'the cart before the horse,' I know of none for putting one before an ass."

A dignified clergyman, possessor of a coal mine, about which he was likely to have a lawsuit, sent for an attorney, in order to have his advice. The lawyer was curious to see a coal-pit, and was let down by a rope. Before he was lowered, he said to the parson—"Doctor, your knowledge is not confined to the surface of the world, but you have likewise penetrated to its inmost recesses: how far may it be from this to hell?" "I don't know exactly," answered he gravely, "but if you let go your hold you'll be there in a minute."

A LOVING WIDOW.—A very worthy fisherman by the name of Grizzle was drowned some time since, and all search for his body proved unavailing. After it had been in the water for some months, however, it was discovered floating on the surface, and taken to the shore, whereupon Mr. Smith was despatched to convey the intelligence to the much afflicted widow.—"Well, Mrs. Grizzle, we have found Mr. Grizzle's body." "You don't say so!" "Yes, we have—the jury has set on it, and found it full of eels!" "You don't say Mr. Grizzle's body is full of eels?" "Yes, it is; and we wish to know what you will have done with it."—"Why, how many eels do you think there is in him?" "Why, about a bushel." "Well, then, I think you had better send the eels up to the house, and set him again."

AN EPIC POEM.

She heaved and sot, and sot and heaved,
And higher her rudder flung—
And every time she heaved and sot
A worsèr leak she sprung.

The captain walked the biler deck,
The boat she sunk and shivered,
Then down she went, and if she's stopped,
The stop sàint been diskivered.

The water rushed into the leak,
As hard as it coul d tare—
And the captain walked the biler deck
A tarin of his hare.

The captain to the top he riz,
And as he riz he said:
"The boat can go to thunder,
But save my c hambermaid!"

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POETRY.

LITTLE PLAID SUN-BONNET.

Little plaid sun-bonnet, what do you hide,
Down in the grass by the sunny wall-side?
Any short ringlets half out of curl?
Any round forehead as pure as a pearl?
Any blue eyes with a laugh bubbling over?
Any red mouth closing on a red clover?
Is it the wind makes you dance up and down,
Or is it a fairy head under your crown?

O, Earth is bright, by the glad summer kissed!
Millions of roses might scarcely be missed;
Acres of butter-cups, growing so gay,
Cause not a sigh when their gold drops away.
Yet to my heart how your charm were destroyed,
All your fresh meadows how wintry and void.
Earth, should you lose from your beauty and pride
Just what a little plaid bonnet can hide.

CHEAP JACK.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

I am a Cheap Jack, and my own father's name was Willum Marigold. It was in his lifetime supposed by some that his name was William, but my own father always consistently said, No, it was Willum.—On which point I content myself with looking at the argument this way:—If a man is not allowed to know his own name in a free country, how much is he allowed to know in a land of slavery? As to looking at the argument through the medium of the Register, Willum Marigold came into the world before Registers come up much—and went out of it too. They would not have been greatly in his line neither, if they had chanced to come up before him.

I was born on the Queen's highway, but it was the King's at that time. A doctor was fetched to my own mother by my own father, when it took place on a common; and in consequence of his being a very kind gentleman, and accepting no fee but a tea-tray, I was named Doctor, out of gratitude and compliment to him. There you have me. Doctor Marigold.

I am at present a middle-aged man of a broadish build, in cords, leggings, and a sleeved waistcoat the strings of which is always gone behind. Repair them how you will, they go like fiddle-strings. You have

been to the theatre, and you have seen one of the violin-players screw up his violin, after listening to it as if it had been whispering the secret to him that it feared it was out of order, and then you have heard it snap. That's as exactly similar to my waistcoat, as a waistcoat and a violin can be like one another.

I am partial to a white hat, and I like a shawl round my neck wore loose and easy. Sitting down is my favorite posture. If I have a taste in point of personal jewelry, it is mother-of-pearl buttons. There you have me again, as large as life.

The doctor having accepted a tea-tray, you'll guess that my father was a Cheap Jack before me. You are right. He was. It was a pretty tray. It represented a large lady going along a serpentine uphill gravel-walk, to attend a little church. Two swans had likewise come astray with the same intentions. When I call her a large lady, I don't mean in point of breadth, for there she fell below my views, but she more than made it up in height; her height and slinness was—in short the height of both.

I often saw that tray, after I was the innocently smiling cause (or more likely screeching one) of the doctor's standing it up on a table against the wall in his consulting-room. Whenever my own father and mother were in that part of the country, I used to put my head (I have heard my own mother say it was flaxen curls at that time, though you wouldn't know an old hearth-broom from it now, till you come to the handle and found it wasn't me) in at the doctor's door, and the doctor was always glad to see me, and said, "Aha, my brother practitioner! Come in, little M. D. How are your inclinations as to sixpence?"

You can't go on for ever, you'll find, nor yet could my father nor yet my mother. If you don't go off as a whole when you are about due, you're liable to go off in part and two to one your head's the part.—Gradually my father went off his, and my mother went off hers. It was in a harmless way, but it put out the family where I boarded them. The old couple, though retired, got to be wholly and solely devoted to the Cheap Jack business, and were always selling the family off. Whenever the cloth was laid for dinner, my father began rattling the plates and dishes, as we do in our line when we put up crockery for a bid, only he had lost the trick of it, and mostly let 'em drop and broke 'em. As the old lady had been used to sit in the cart, and hand the articles out one by one to the old gentleman on the footboard to sell, just in the same she handed him every item of the family's property, and they disposed of it in their

own imaginations from morning to night. At last the old gentleman, lying bedridden in the same room with the old lady, cries out in the old patter, fluent, after having been silent for two days and nights: "Now here, my jolly companions every one—which the Nightingale club in a village was held, At the sign of the Cabbage and Shears, Where the singers no doubt would have greatly excelled, But for want of taste voices and ears—now here, my jolly companions every one, is a working model of a used-up old Cheap Jack, without a tooth in his head, and with a pain in every bone: so like life that it would be just as good if it wasn't better, just as bad if it wasn't worse, and just as new if it wasn't worn out. Bid for the working model of the old Cheap Jack, who has drunk more gunpowder-tea with the ladies in his time than would blow the lid off a washerwoman's copper, and carry it as many thousands of miles higher than the moon as nought nix nought, divided by the national debt, carry nothing to the poor-rates, three under, and two over. Now my hearts of oak and men of straw, what do you say for the lot? Two shillings, a shilling, tenpence, eightpence, sixpence, fourpence. Twopence? Who said twopence? The gentleman in the scarecrow's hat? I am ashamed of the gentleman in the scarecrow's hat. I really am ashamed of him for his want of public spirit. Now I'll tell you what I'll do with you. Come! I'll throw you in a working model of an old woman, that was married to the old Cheap Jack so long ago, that upon my word and honor it took place in Noah's Ark, before the Unicorn could get in to forbid the banns by blowing a tune upon his horn. There now! Come! What do you say for both? I'll tell you what I'll do with you. I don't bear you malice for being so backward. Here! If you make me a bid that'll only reflect a little credit on your town, I'll throw you in a warming-pan for nothing, and lend you a toasting-fork for life. Now come; what do you say after that splendid offer? Say two pound, say thirty shillings, say a pound, say ten shillings, say five, say two and six. You don't say even two and six? You say two and three? No. You shan't have the lot for two and three. I'd sooner give it you, if you was good looking enough. Here! Missis! Chuck the old man and woman into the cart, put the horse to, and drive 'em away and bury 'em!" Such were the last words of Willum Marigold, my own father, and they were carried out, by him and by his wife my own mother on one and the same day, as I ought to know, having followed as mourner.

My father had been a lovely one in his time at the Cheap Jack work, as his dying observations went to prove. But I top him. I don't say it because it's myself, but because it has been universally acknowledged by all that has had the means of comparison. I have worked at it I have measured myself against other public speakers, Members of Parliament, Platforms, Pulpits, Counsels learned in the law—and where I have found 'em good, I have took a bit of imitation from 'em, and where I have found 'em bad, I have left 'em alone. Now I'll tell you what. I mean to go down into my grave declaring that of all the callings ill-used in Great Britain, the Cheap Jack calling is the worst used. Why ain't we a profession? Why ain't we endowed with privileges? Why are we forced to take out a hawker's license, when no such thing is expected of the political hawkers?—

Where's the difference betwixt us? Except that we are Cheap Jacks, I don't see any difference but what's in our favor.

I courted my wife from the footboard of the cart.—I did indeed. She was a Suffolk young woman, and it was in Ipswich market-place right opposite the corn-chandler's shop. I had noticed her up at a window last Saturday that was, appreciating highly. I had took to her, and I had said to myself, "If not already disposed of, I'll have that lot." Next Saturday that came, I pitched the cart on the same pitch, and I was in very high feather indeed, keeping 'em laughing the whole of the time and getting off the goods briskly. At last I took out of my waistcoat-pocket, a small lot wrapped in soft paper, and I put it this way (looking up at the window where she was). "Now here my blooming English maidens, is an article, the last article of the present evening's sale, which I offer to only you, the lovely Suffolk Dumplings, biling over with beauty, and I won't take a bid of a thousand pound for it, from any man alive. Now what is it? Why, I'll tell you what it is. It's made of fine gold, and it's not broke, though there's a hole in the middle of it, and it's stronger than any fetter that ever was forged, though it's smaller than any finger in my set of ten. Why ten? Because when my parents made over my property to me, I tell you true, there was twelve sheets, twelve towels, twelve table-cloths, twelve knives, twelve forks, twelve table-spoons, and twelve tea-spoons, but my set of fingers was two short of a dozen and could never since be matched. Now what else is it? Come I'll tell you. It's a hoop of solid gold, wrapped in a silver curl-paper that I myself took off the shining locks of the ever-beautiful old lady in Threadneedle-street, London city. I wouldn't tell you so if I hadn't the paper to show, or you mightn't believe it even of me. Now what else is it? It's a man-trap and a handcuff, the parish stocks and a leg-lock, all in gold and all in one. Now what else is it? It's a wedding ring. Now I'll tell you what I'm agoing to do with it. I'm not agoing to offer this lot for money, but I mean to give it to the next of you beauties that laughs, and I'll pay her a visit to-morrow morning at exactly half after nine o'clock as the chimes go, and I'll take her out for a walk to put up the banns." She laughed, and got the ring handed up to her. When I called in the morning, she says, "Oh dear! It's never you and you never mean it?" "It's ever me," says I, "and I am yours, and I ever mean it." So we got married, after being put up three times—which, by-the-by, is quite in the Cheap Jack way again, and shows once more how the Cheap Jack customs pervade society.

She wasn't a bad wife, but she had a temper. If she could have parted with that one article at a sacrifice, I wouldn't have swopped her away in exchange for any other woman in England. Not that I ever did swop her away, for we lived together till she died, and that was thirteen years. Now my lords and ladies and gentlefolks all, I'll let you into a secret, though you won't believe it. Thirteen year of temper in a Palace would try the worst of you, but thirteen year of temper in a Cart would try the best of you. You are kept so very close to it in a cart, you see. There's thousands of couples among you, getting on like sweet ile upon a whetstone in houses five or six pairs of stairs high, that would go to the Di-

voiced Court in a cart. Whether the jolting makes it worse, I don't undertake to decide, but in a cart it does come home to you and stick to you. Violence in a cart is so violent, and aggravation in a cart is so aggravating.

We might have had such a pleasant life! A roomy cart, with the large goods hung outside, and the bed slung underneath it when on the road, an iron pot and a kettle, a fireplace for the cold weather, a chimney for the smoke, a hanging shelf and cupboard, a dog and a horse. What more do you want? You draw off upon a bit of turf in a green lane or by the roadside, you hobble your old horse and turn him grazing, you light your fire upon the ashes of the last visitors, you cook your stew, and you wouldn't call the Emperor of France your father. But have a temper in the cart, flinging language and the hardest goods in stock at you, and where are you then? Put a name to your feelings.

My dog knew as well when she was on the turn as I did. Before she broke out, he would give a howl and bolt. How he knew it, was a mystery to me, but the sure and certain knowledge of it would wake him up out of his soundest sleep, and he would give a howl and bolt. At such times I'd wish I was him.

The worst of it was, we had a daughter born to us, and I love children with all my heart. When she was in her furies, she beat the child. This got to be so shocking as the child got to be four or five year old, that I have many a time gone on with my whip over my shoulder, at the old horse's head, sobbing and crying worse than ever little Sophy did. For how could I prevent it? Such a thing is not to be tried with such a temper—in a cart—without coming to a fight. It's in the natural size and formation of a cart to bring it to a fight. And then the poor child got worse terrified than before, as well as worse hurt generally, and her mother made complaints to the next people we lighted on, and the word went round, "Here's a wretch of a Cheap Jack been a beating his wife."

Little Sophy was such a brave child. She grew to be quite devoted to her poor father, though he could do so little to help her. She had a wonderful quantity of shining dark hair, all curling natural about her. It is quite astonishing to me now, that I didn't go tearing mad, when I used to see her run from her mother before the cart, and her mother catch her by this hair, and pull her down by it, and beat her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SELECTIONS FROM MODERN HUMORISTS.

VALENTINE VOX, THE VENTRILOQUIST.

SCENE AT THE ELECTION—CONCLUDED.

We left Valentine at the meeting just at the point when Mr. Maxill was rolled so unceremoniously into the street.

The mayor now fondly imagined that this would have the effect of restoring perfect order; he believed that after such an example as that, no individual, or body of individuals, would dare to offer the slightest interruption to the proceedings of

the day; and having expressed himself quietly to that effect, he bowed and waved his hand to Mr. Creedale.

That gentleman accordingly came forward once more, and said—"Gentlemen, it is with unspeakable—"

"Blarney!" cried Valentine.

"Silence!" exclaimed the mayor, with a melodramatic stamp that shook the platform.

"The eye of England," said Mr. Creedale, "nay, the eye of all Europe—[Asia, Africa, and America, added Valentine]—are upon you, and I can only say that anything more—"

"Laughable," cried Valentine, assuming the voice of a respectable plumber who stood near him.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the mayor, "to what depth of degradation have we dived! For the love of grace, permit me to say that anything more disgraceful never came within the pale of my experience. Am I to be supported? (Loud cries of 'yes, yes!') Then, in the name of mighty reason, I call upon you loudly, boldly, emphatically, and that with all the energy of which I am capable, to do so." ["We will we will!"] "Down with the tory myrmidons!" "Down with the rank revolutionary ruff!" and loud cheers.]

At this stage of the proceedings, the mayor quietly intimated to Mr. Creedale that it would perhaps be, under the circumstances, expedient to cut it short; and Mr. Creedale having with half an eye perceived the propriety of that suggestion, concluded amidst general uproar, with the following most pointed remark:

"Gentlemen, since you will not hear me speak, I shall beg at once to nominate my friend, Mr. Stone, a man whose equal as a fit and proper person to be a paving commissioner is not to be found."

Hereupon, there were loud cheers from the liberal party, and hisses and groans from the tories, and when Mr. Leechamp rose to second the nomination, the cheering, and hissing, and groaning were renewed.

Mr. Mac Ireling then came forward to propose Mr. Slab, who had the whole of the conservative interest on his side; but the moment he appeared in the front of the platform, Valentine cried, "Now for a signal retaliation! now for our revenge!"

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Mac Ireling.

"You'll not let a rank tory speak, if you are men!" exclaimed Valentine; and Mr. Mac Ireling was immediately assailed with a tremendous volley of groans from the liberals, who naturally believed that the conservatives had created the whole of the previous disturbance.

"Gentlemen!—Gentlemen!!—Gentlemen!!!—reiterated the mayor at intervals appropriately filled up with hissing, groaning, cheering, whistling, and yelling. "I demand to be heard. I insist—I insist upon silence. ("Order, order!" "chair, chair!") In the name of all that's gracious let it not—let it not, oh! let it not go forth to the world, that the men of this ancient and enlightened borough, in the nineteenth century, in the heart of the British empire; in the centre, the very bull's eye of civilization, are slaves to passion, idiots, madmen, and fools. (Loud cheers.) Am I a cypher? (Hear, hear.) On the instant would I dissolve this most outrageous meeting, were it not that I am determined to maintain inviolate the dignity of the office I have the honor to hold, and not to be intimidated, frightened, alarmed, or put down by mere clamor. (Vehement cheering.) If we are to proceed, in the name of blind and impartial justice, of mighty and immortal reason, of invincible and sound constitutional common sense, in the name of all that is mighty, respectable and just, let us do so."

This pointed and poetic appeal, delivered as it was, in tones of the most eloquent indignation, had the effect of inspiring the audience with awe, which induced something bearing the semblance of order to prevail.

Mr. Mac Ireling then again stepped forward and said, "Gentlemen, I hope that my conduct has been of a character to command the esteem of—"

"The tories!" shouted Valentine.

"Heavens!" exclaimed the mayor, with his hands clenched, and raising his voice to the highest raging pitch—"by all that is powerful and pure, I'll commit that man who again presumes to utter a single syllable for the purpose of—"

Valentine here sent into the body of the meeting an awful melo-dramatic "Hal hal hal" which appeared absolutely to electrify his worship, who loudly cried, "Officers, now do your duty!"

In vain those respectable functionaries, sweating with indignation, rushed to the middle of the hall, with the laudable view of arresting the delinquent. Loud laughter was still heard, but invariably behind them, whichever way they happened to turn. The perspiration poured down their cheeks,

for their exertions were really terrific. They stamped, and puffed, and tore, and shook their fists, and looked eternal daggers at every man in their vicinity. The laughter was heard still; and away they went again with fresh energy, inspired by his worship's reiterated cries of "Officers, now do your duty!" At length, fairly driven to desperation, and being in a state of the most excruciating mental agony, they resolved on seizing some one, and accordingly collared Mr. Lym, a highly reputable baker, whom they happily discovered in the atrocious act of smiling at the ridiculous character of their appearance. In vain Mr. Lym proclaimed his innocence!—they had caught him in the act! and hence proceeded to drag him towards the door with all possible violence. In the space of one minute, Mr. Lym was divested of his top coat, under coat, waistcoat and shirt!—those articles of apparel having been torn completely off by the enraged functionaries in the due execution of their duty. Lym would have left the hall quietly enough, but the radicals would by no means suffer him to do so. They rushed to the rescue; and on Valentine shouting out "Down with the republicans!" in one voice, and "Down with the Tories!" in another, a general battle ensued, which was kept up on both sides with infinite spirit, while the mayor, duly mounted on the table, was engaged in denouncing the irregular proceedings with all the indignant energy at his command.

The voice of Valentine was now no longer needed. The electors were making amply sufficient noise without his aid.—He therefore mounted the rostrum partly for safety and partly with a view to the full enjoyment of the scene, and then for the first time discovered that instead of the combatants being divided into two grand political parties, as they ought to have been, they were levelling their blows with indiscriminate fury, regardless utterly of everything but the pleasure of conferring upon some one the honor of a hit. In one corner of the hall there was a dense mass of electors, of whom the majority were extremely corpulent; bugging and hanging on each other, like bees when they swarm, with such remarkable tenacity, that the entire body formed a most interesting exemplification of a perfectly dead lock. In another corner there were two lines of amateur gladiators, hitting out as hard as they could hit, but as they all, very discreetly, closed their eyes to preserve them, and went in head foremost, their evolutions were not strictly scientific, although the hardest head did the greatest amount of execution. In a third corner of the hall, there was a phalanx of individuals who formed a complete Gordian knot, and who contented themselves with elbowing and grinning at each other with most praiseworthy zeal; while in the fourth, there were two distinct ranks of independent electors, one half of whom were striving to protect their friends, by striking over the shoulders of those friends whom they kept with appropriate consideration in the front, to receive all the blows.

While these really delightful proceedings were being conducted, certain well-intentioned persons, who had escaped, conceiving it to be the commencement of a sanguinary revolution, rushed with breathless haste to the Bull, which they knew to be the headquarters of a troop of dragoons, then temporarily stationed in the town, and at once gave the alarm, that the rebellion might be nipped in the bud. Before the awful tale could be told twice, the trumpet sounded on the Market Hill, to horse! and in less than five minutes the entire troop, headed by a mounted magistrate, galloped to the scene of action.

"Upon 'em!" loudly shouted Mr. Alldread; char-r-r-ge!"

The gallant captain smiled; and his men had absolutely the cold-blooded audacity to wink at each other with gleeful significance.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Alldread, utterly astonished at the manifest indisposition of the soldiers to cut the rebels individually into mincemeat. "Why, what do you fear? In the king's name, again I command you to mow the traitors down!"

Captain Copeland, perceiving every eye fixed upon him, at once gracefully waved his bright sword until the point rested opposite the door, when the rebels, viewing this as an intimation that they would all be permitted to depart unscathed, rushed with all the alacrity at their command into the street, and in the space of five minutes the entire body of the hall was deserted.

The soldiers smiled as they saw the rebels running; but, although Mr. Alldread insisted upon the propriety of the troop giving them chase, the party proceeded with due dignity to dinner, after which the bottle went round merrily till midnight, when the mayor and the rest of the members of the corporation, at the particular desire of Mr. Alldread, were conducted to the doors of their respective residences, under a most formidable military escort.

THE KEYS OF ST. PETER; OR, VITTORIA ACCORAMBONI.

A TRUE ITALIAN HISTORY.

Our readers will remember that Prince Orsini, although suspected of the death of Vittoria, was permitted to depart unmolested.

CHAPTER IX.—CONCLUDED.

But the magistrate gave instant orders that the gates and walls of the city should be guarded, and no one permitted, without special license, to leave the town. They also caused the messenger, who was carrying Orsini's letter to his cousin, to be stopped as soon as he was clear of the city gates; and on searching him found a second letter to the following effect:

"TO THE ILLUSTRIOUS LORD, THE PRINCE VIRGINIO ORSINI."

"MOST ILLUSTRIOUS SIGNOR. We have executed that which was determined on between us; and that in such sort, that we have entirely duped the noble Captain Tondini [probably the chief of the Paduan magistrates], so that I pass here for the most upright man in the world. I did the job in person. Do not fail therefore to send here forthwith the people you know of."

This letter was immediately sent off to Venice by the magistrates. And the same evening (say the contemporary accounts, though, bearing in mind the distance, about twenty miles, and the usual rate of locomotion at that day, this seems hardly credible) a special commissioner, Signor Luigi Bragadino, no less a man than one of the chiefs of the Council of Ten, arrived in Padua, with full powers from the senate, and orders to take, alive or dead, at any cost, Ludovico Orsini and all his followers.

The lion of St. Mark was a different guess sort of power to have to deal with from the imbecile and corrupt successors of St. Peter, under whose no-rule Orsini had formed his ideas of public justice. Things began to look very serious. But still he could not yet imagine that it would literally come to pass that he should be seized and brought to trial, like a common plebeian. He thought, probably, that a show of resistance would be sufficient to convince the magistrates that the easiest and best course was to drop the matter, as he had so often seen to be the case. So he gathered his men into his house, barricaded doors and windows, and prepared to stand a siege.

The audacity, and to modern notions, the absurdity, of an individual thus attempting to brave the whole power of the state, and that state Venice, is to us hardly intelligible. But powerful as the senate of Venice was—far more powerful than any other Italian government of that period—and fully determined as the magistrates were to vindicate the outrage done to their authority by the perpetrators of the late crime, "at any cost," as their orders ran, the means to which they were obliged to resort for the attainment of this end are a very significant proof of the sort of difficulties the civil power had to contend with in sixteenth-century Italy.

Luigi Bragadino, chief of the dreaded Ten, immediately on his arrival proceeded to the town-hall, and sat there in council with the podesta and captain

more than an hour. A proclamation was then issued, calling on all well-disposed subjects of St. Mark to present themselves armed in the neighborhood of the house occupied by the prince. Those who had no arms were directed to apply at the fortress, where arms would be distributed to them. Two thousand ducats were promised to any man who should deliver Ludovico Orsini, alive or dead, to the captain; and five hundred ducats for any one of his followers. Cannon were placed on the city walls, near which the house held by the enemy was situated. Boats full of armed men were stationed on the river, which likewise passed near the house, to prevent the possibility of escape by that means. A body of cavalry was placed in an open spot in the vicinity. Barricades were erected in the streets of the city, in case the enemy should make a united sally against the citizens. And, finally, all persons who were not armed were enjoined to keep within doors, that they might not run into danger needlessly, or embarrass the movements of the armed men.

It must be admitted that these preparations for the arrest of a murderer testify that the Venetian government, if it declined to admit the noble Signor Ludovico's theory that an Orsini ought to be allowed to do whatever he pleased unquestioned, was at least abundantly impressed with the difficulty of laying hands on so great a man. One of the old writers, indeed, who has recorded these warlike dispositions, seems to have felt that his readers might be struck by the apparent disproportion of the extent of them to the object in view. And to explain it, he enlarges on the consideration that the desperadoes under Orsini's orders, though but forty men, were all soldiers, thoroughly armed, accustomed to warfare, and to desperate deeds of all sorts, opposed to citizens altogether unused to arms. And he seems to imply that even the paid men-at-arms at the disposal of the city authorities, were naturally to be expected to be soldiers of a very different stamp from the dare-devil ruffians in the pay of Orsini.

When these manifold preparations were all ready, three of the principal citizens of the town were sent to Orsini to ask if he would surrender; intimating that in doing so lay his only hope of mercy.

The noble felon took a very lofty tone with these ambassadors. If all the forces assembled against him were immediately withdrawn, he said, he would consent to meet the magistrates with three or four only of his followers, "to treat respecting the matter," on the express condition that he should be at liberty to return to his house whenever he so pleased.

The magistrates, on receiving this insolent reply, sent the bearers of it back again, with orders to assure Orsini that if he did not at once and unconditionally surrender himself, they would raze the house to the ground. He answered that he would die rather than make such a submission. So the attack was begun.

The magistrates might, one of the narrators tells us, have levelled the house with the ground by one discharge of all the artillery they had. And they were blamed by public opinion for not doing so, inasmuch as the course adopted by them involved a greater risk of the possibility that the besieged might make a sortie. And then, said the townsfolk, who knew

what the result might have been? But the worthy chief of the Ten, who, in the midst of his vigorous measures "had yet a prudent mind," and did not forget that St. Mark would have a bill to pay for the mischief done, when it was all over, was bent on unkennelling the vermin with as little damage to property as might be.

One or two guns accordingly were directed against a colonnade in front of the house, which speedily came down. This did not seem, however, to abate a jot the courage of the besieged, who kept up a brisk fire from the windows, without, however, doing other damage than wounding one townsman in the shoulder. Some cannon of heavier calibre were then directed against one corner of the main building, and at the first discharge brought down a large mass of wall, and with it one Pandolfo Lesprati, of Camerino, "a man of great courage, and a bandit of much importance. He was outlawed in the States of the Church, and the illustrious Signor Vitelli had put a price of four hundred crowns on his head for the murder of Vincent Vitelli, who had been killed in his carriage by stabs given by Ludovico Orsini by the arm of Pandolfo. Stunned by his fall, he could not move, and a certain man, a servant of the Lista family, advanced and very bravely cut off his head, and carried it to the magistrates at the fortress.

Another shot brought down another fragment of the house, and with it another of the chiefs of Ludovico's band, crushed to death in the ruins. Orsini now became aware that further resistance was hopeless. It was evident that the magistrates were in earnest in their determination to have him in their power; and bidding his people not to surrender till they had orders from him, he came out and gave himself up. He, probably, still thought that the senate would not think of proceeding to extremity with "a man of his sort," as he frequently said. And when brought before the magistrates, he behaved in this supercilious manner, "leaning against the balcony, and cutting his nails with a little pair of scissors," while they questioned him. When told that he would be imprisoned, he desired only that it might be in some place "fit for a man of his quality;" and on that condition, he consented to send orders to his followers to surrender.

The town soldiers, therefore, entered the house, and marched off to prison, two and two, all the survivors they found in it; and "the bodies of the slain were left to the dogs!" Ludovico Orsini was strangled in his prison the same night. Two of his men were hung the next day; thirteen the day after; "and the gallows," says the contemporary chronicler, "is still standing for the execution of the remaining nineteen, on the first day that is not a festival. But the executioner is excessively fatigued, and the people are, as it were, agonized by the sight of so many deaths. So they have put off the remaining executions for a couple of days."

And so ends the history of the marvelously beautiful Vittoria Accoramboni and her two husbands; a striking, but by no means unique or abnormal sample of a state of society produced and fashioned, according to the certain and invariable operations of God's moral laws, by the same evil influences, lay and spiritual—absolutely the same in kind, if somewhat mitigated in intensity—from which Italy is now straining every nerve to escape.—*[Abridged from All the Year Round.]*

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

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NATIONAL TRAITS AND THEIR CAUSES.

NUMBER TWO.

Of the effect of circumstances in the formation of national character, the Frenchman is an apt illustration. He is light and volatile in his disposition, because there has been nothing in his history to develop rugged strength of character. As a nation, France has floated smoothly down the stream of time—the magnificent nation. Except in the revolutions which in later times have rolled over it, France has had a tranquil time. It has never had to struggle for national existence like Switzerland. National greatness and prosperity have been its general lot; hence, like a child of affluence, it is without that strength and resolution of character which distinguish nations which have had to work their way to eminence, and hold every inch of their ground by hard fighting.

The great love of the Frenchman for military display and show generally, his genius for taste, etiquette and refinement, can all be distinctly traced to his surroundings; the love of military glory to his great military history, for what a man or a nation can do well, each are sure to love to do. France loves military movements because she has excelled in conquest and invasion. Equally can the gallantry and politeness of the Frenchman be traced to the history of his country. First among the surrounding nations of modern Europe, to develop kingly splendor and courtly glory, he became in these matters the school and study of the neighboring nations; hence she became the pioneer of grace, taste and refinement. The Frenchman having been, in Europe, by circumstances and general concurrence, consulted always as the arbiter of taste and etiquette, has been led to develop these qualities to immense perfection, but as these perfections belong to the lighter and more superficial qualities of our nature, the Frenchman appears light and volatile in his disposition. He excels in wit, in sprightly and salient vigor, in the glories of delicate ornamentation, in the most exquisite sense of propriety as to forms, hues, gestures and expressions; but he has not developed to the same perfection the massive, solid and enduring elements of character. Providence has led and trained his energies more eminently in another direction. He is like us all, the child of his history and surroundings.

So much we wish to say at present, for the way in which nations have acquired their present national characteristics. We do not, however, wish it to be understood that circumstances and surroundings, independent of peculiarities of race, will produce the same national features. It takes the great heavy brain of the German, the Hollander, the Dane, Englishman or American, to produce the dominant race they represent. But in the same race, all the difference of characteristics—all the peculiar thoughts and tastes—the superior prominence or development given to peculiar talent by each, can be fully accounted for by the causes referred to.

Men and nations, as we have endeavored to show, are not altogether to be blamed or praised for what

they are. We do not say that in moral character they could not, if they wished it, sometimes be different, but in respect to tastes, habits, excellencies, eccentricities or peculiarities of many kinds, they are much indebted to the controlling influences of a chain of circumstances, acting for ages in the formation of their national character. We have tried briefly to illustrate this in the case of the Dane, German and Frenchman; let us now refer particularly to that very characteristic representative of the Anglo-Saxon race—the Englishman—and see how far the influences of locality, climate and history can be traced in his peculiarities.

The Englishman, as all know, is the most compounded being in respect to characteristics on the globe. There is a general blending of the peculiarities of other nations in his person. He has no peculiarities so clearly his own as the Frenchman or the German possesses. He has strong peculiarities, we admit, but they are not so much his own as they are the peculiarities of other nations combined in a forcible form; hence England has great force but no very great extremes of character. You can find in her a general flavor of the predominating qualities of other nations. Like her language, her habits are a general blending of the most approved expressions of the various nationalities, whose blood and history have been combined in her own.

Much of the strength of England can of course be traced to her position as a sea-girt isle—too far away, and too difficult to approach to be easily invaded; but much more can be traced to the combined blood of the ancient warriors of Saxony, Denmark, Normandy, and even Rome, which has been blended with that of her original tribes, the fighting Britons. She is an illustrious instance of the results of the cross-breeding of approved specimens.

The singular mixture of races that can be traced in English history, is remarkable, as not being merely the union with inferior or decayed specimens of the nations referred to; every addition she has received from any of these nationalities, has been from their hardiest, their most adventurous, their most daring and free thinking.

The first to associate their institutions, and in many cases, to mingle their blood with the native British race were the invincible legionaries of Cæsar, her Roman conquerors. Here is a peculiarity of England, whenever successfully invaded, she has always ended by absorbing her conquerors. In this peculiar way the dominating race that have built up English and American fame, have been produced by an overruling providence. The great Germanic race—the Anglo-Saxons—invaded England but to lose their national distinction and become absorbed into her population—Saxons no longer. Then the wild and hardy Dane—the sea kings of those days—conquered her but to succumb in turn to her institutions, and engraft their warlike stock upon her hardy race. Those restless spirits, the Normans, the chief representatives of disciplined warfare in those times, in turn contributed their martial prowess and their chivalric blood in the formation of English character; from which time on, English history is one continued story how daring revolters against priestly or kingly despotism made England their home and became amalgamated with her people, each bringing an accession of physical and mental daring to her characteristics. The fusion of

such races as these could but result in making the England, and from England the America, we know. We do not need to wonder why the possessors of so small an island should gain an empire upon which the sun never sets. With the blood of the adventurous spirits of such races combined, it would have been more wonderful if they had succeeded less.

While we trace the hardy character of the Englishman and his supremacy to the facts of his descent, his other peculiarities are as clearly derivable. His love of law and order are clearly from Roman blood and tutorage—his honesty and simplicity from the Saxon race—his seamanship from the Danes—his chivalrous and aristocratic notions from the Norman race, while for his commercial character he is doubtless indebted to his geographical position on the highway of commerce. In fact, nothing but a fighting, trading, mechanical people could have been produced on such shores, with such a history. The Englishman is not so gentle as the German, not so polished as the Frenchman, because raised in a more rugged land, with a more rugged history, and with a less genial clime. There has been nothing in his history or circumstances to cultivate, on a large scale, German abstraction or French delicacy; too much in the fight of the trading world to have time for abstract inquiry; too much jostling and struggling to get and hold, to perfect French exquisiteness. Solidity is, therefore, of necessity the Englishman's characteristic—ornamental but strong. "*Granite all*," said Emerson, when he stepped upon Liverpool quay, and such is English character—rugged, enduring, granite-like—susceptible only of small ornamentation, but calculated to stand. It is no accident that has made the Englishman what he is. God of course has done it by moulding in his character the elements of strength.—There has been more to call out the energies of stability, and less to feed the taste for show—hence he is less an artist but more a mechanic. "Great" on solid construction, but comparatively unfertile in design.—Utility is the Englishman's forte; this can be seen in his pictures, his sculpture, his architecture, his music, his oratory, and even his very furniture, the chief feature in all plainness and strength. It takes a sunny clime like Italy to feed the imagination and produce those glorious artists of music and song—it took Germany and France to make German and French characteristics, and it took the rugged shores of Britain, and her more rugged experience, to produce the Englishman of past and present time.

A POLYTECHNIC FOR UTAH.—The great strides lately made in educational matters in our midst, points to the necessity for the institution of a Polytechnic, or museum, for the collection and exhibition of all matters connected with the illustration of Science and Art. Chemical and Astronomical apparatus—or indeed Scientific apparatus of any kind—if on a scale large enough to be useful, are too expensive to be had everywhere. Some suitable place where such things can be collected and displayed is therefore essential. Our progressing students, whether male or female, need when passing from theory to practical experiment, some place where they can at their leisure inspect the cabinet of Geological specimens, the Orrery with its miniature globes, the Diving Bell (in miniature if nothing else) or the Air Pump—a place where ma-

chinery can be explained by suitable models, and the application of Electrical apparatus be demonstrated before their eyes. Such a place is the one where lectures can be delivered with real effect; and where as much can be taught in an hour as can be obtained by a month of mere abstract study. An institution of this kind could be commenced by small or large donations of money or specimens from the lovers of intellectual progress. A Parent Institution in this city would soon lead to the formation of representative branches in all our settlements.

As our business, as a magazine, is the promotion of all that is truly educational, we submit these suggestions to all interested.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTE—Correspondence is invited from our friends.

The following, forwarded us by "H. M." will, we trust, be a consolation to many a love-lorn swain:

"'TIS SWEET TO HAVE SOME ONE TO LOVE."

'Tis sweet to have some one to love,
And 'tis a sweet pastime to woo;
But, oh! 'tis a joy far above,
To know that the lov'd one loves you.
Yet, should some one else be preferred,
Though doubtless, the trial is great,
For such an offence 'tis absurd,
That love should be turned into hate.

Do charms which attracted before
All vanish or cease to exist?
When one you profess to adore
Declares you're not first on the list,
If not, then continue to love:
For love in itself, hath a charm,
And, though hope delusive may prove,
True love can do nobody harm.

METAPHYSICAL.—The qualities of an individual appear to be very greatly influenced by the condition of the mother's mind previous to birth. More or less of her character and feelings at that period seem to be stamped upon children through life. Wonderful instances of the effect of strong impulses acting upon the maternal mind are before the world. The situation of the mother of Napoleon in previous to his birth, called up in her the exercise of the qualities for which he was afterwards so distinguished. Celebrated mathematicians and others remarkable for extraordinary calculating powers, have been able to trace the possession of their peculiar faculties to the fact that the mind of their respective mothers were, at the period referred to, strongly exercised upon such subjects. If the mothers of the future race could be surrounded with objects of beauty and refinement, placed continually before their eyes in the daily occupations of life, there is no doubt that a tendency to all that is tasteful and exquisite in matters of art would, to a great extent, come with them into the world. In the same way moral impulses and tendencies can be more or less imparted. Of course on the same principle, animal, brutal, and degrading propensities can be induced in the future men and women of this world. This does not destroy free agency any more than the acknowledged influence of parental example and association after birth has that effect.

SEVENTIES' LECTURES.

At the Thirteenth Ward Assembly Rooms, on Wednesday evening last, two interesting lectures were delivered, the first by Mr. Wm. J. Silver, on the nature and application of the mechanical forces, including the wedge, pulley, wheel, lever, etc. Mr. Silver illustrated his lecture by suitable diagrams, etc. This lecture, all-hong, as stated by the lecturer himself, one respecting the mere alphabet of mechanical science, was full of valuable information, and corrective of some popular errors as to the object of some of the forces referred to. We hope in due time to be able to present our readers with Lessons on these and kindred matters in our Educational department.

Mr. Woodmansee's lecture was on the History and resources of the Valley of the Mississippi, a region particularly interesting to the majority of our citizens, by its identification with their early history. Mr. Woodmansee drew attention to its first discovery by De Soto. His exploration of the country impelled by a thirst for gold, with one thousand men clad in steel armour, he referred to the melancholy end of that expedition which resulted so disastrously that one hundred and sixty years elapsed before an European vessel entered the Mississippi; and even the Anglo-Americans themselves living one hundred years in ignorance of its character, while only separated by the Alleghany mountains. The late occupation of this vast region, and the circumstances by which all that portion which did fall under foreign dominion, was thrown back into the hands of the United States, Mr. W. considered a providential arrangement with a view to the greatness and away of the best form of government devised by God. As an illustration of its fitness for the starting point of the history of mankind and the final seat of empire. Mr. W. referred to its amazing fruitfulness. In the article of corn alone, in 1800, six hundred million of bushels being raised. As to population, he supposed, this year it would reach the amazing number of twenty-two million souls, covering about seven hundred and fifty million square miles of the richest soil on earth, the whole having been settled within the memory of men now living.

THE CREAM OF THE PAPERS.

EXTRACTS FROM THE QUEEN'S BOOK.

[FROM THE "ATHENÆUM."]

The following extracts are from Queen Victoria's Book, which is made up from a Journal of her Life in the Highlands. They are interesting on account of the references to her private life and experience. Not having been yet published here we present them:

IN THE HIGHLANDS—THE QUEEN'S LUCKY FOOT.

"We scrambled up an almost perpendicular place to where there was a little box, made of hurdles, and interwoven with branches of fir and heather, about five feet in height. There we seated ourselves with Bertie, Macdonald lying in the heather near us, watching and quite concealed; some had gone round to beat, and others again were at a little distance. We sat quite still, and sketched a little; I doing the landscape and some trees, Albert drawing Macdonald as he lay there. This lasted for nearly an hour, when Albert fancied he heard a distant sound, and, in a few minutes, Macdonald whispered that he saw stags, and that Albert should wait and take a steady aim. We then heard them coming past. Albert did not look over the box, but through it, and fired through the branches, and then again over the box. The deer retreated; but Albert felt certain he had hit a stag. He ran up to the keepers, and at that moment they called from below that they 'had got him,' and Albert ran on to see. I waited for a bit; but soon scrambled on with Bertie and Macdonald's help; and Albert joined me directly, and we all went down and saw a magnificent stag, 'a royal,' which had dropped, soon after Albert had hit him, at one of the men's feet. The sport was successful, and every one was delighted—Macdonald and the keepers in particular—the former saying, 'that it was her Majesty's coming out that had brought the good luck.' I was supposed to have a 'lucky foot,' of which the Highlanders 'think a great deal.' We walked down to the place we last came up, got into the carriage, and were home by half-past two o'clock."

SALMON LEISTERING.

"We walked with Charles, the boys, and Vicky to the river-side above the bridge, where all our tenants were assembled with poles and spears, or rather 'leisters' for catching salmon. They all went into the river, walking up it, and then back again, poking about under all the stones to bring fish up to where the men stood with the net. It had a very pretty effect; about one hundred men wading through the river, some in kilts with poles and spears, all very much excited. Not succeeding the first time, we went higher up, and moved to three or four different places, but did not get any salmon; one or two escaping. Albert stood on a stone, and Colonel Gordon and Lord James Murray waded about the whole time. . . . Not far from the laundry there was another trial, and here we had a great fright. In one of the places there was a very deep pool, into which two of the men very foolishly went, and one could not swim; we suddenly saw them sink, and in one moment they seemed drowning, though surrounded by people. There was a cry for help, and a general rush, including Albert, towards the spot, which frightened me so much, that I grasped Lord Carlisle's arm in great agony. However, Dr. Robertson swam in and pulled the man out, and all was safely over, but it was a horrid moment. A salmon was speared here by one of the men; after which we walked to the ford, or quarry, where we were very successful, seven salmon being caught, some in the net, and some speared. . . . We heard afterwards that our men had carried all Captain Forbes's men on their backs through the river. They saw the fishing going on, and came to the water's edge on the opposite side; and on being greeted by our people, said they would come over, on which ours went across in one moment and carried them over,—Macdonald at their head carrying Captain Forbes on his back. This was very courteous, and worthy of chivalrous times."

MOUNTAIN TALK.

"I and Alice rode part of the way, walking wherever it was very steep. Albert and Bertie walked the whole time. I had a little whisky and water, as the people declared pure water would be too chilling. We then rode on without getting off again, Albert talking so gayly with Grant. Upon which Brown observed to me in simple Highland phrase, 'It's very pleasant to walk with a person who is always "content." ' Yesterday, in speaking of dearest Albert's sport, when I observed he never was cross after bad luck, Brown said, 'Every one on the

estate says there never was so kind a master; I am sure our only wish is to give satisfaction.' I said, they certainly did."

Later note by the Queen.—"We were always in the habit of conversing with the Highlanders—with whom one comes in contact so much in the Highlands. The Prince highly appreciated the good breeding, simplicity, and intelligence, which made it so pleasant and even instructive to talk to them."

ANECDOTE OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.

"We walked on a few hundred yards, and then mounted our ponies a little higher up, and then proceeded across the other shoulder of the hill we had come down yesterday; crossed the boggy part, and came over the Polach just as in going. The mist on the distant hills, Mount Keen, &c., made it feel chilly. Coming down the peat-road to the Bridge of Muich, the view of the valleys of Muich, Gairn, and Ballater was beautiful. As we went along I talked frequently with good Grant. We found my dearest Mother's sociable, a fine large one, which she has left to Albert, waiting to take us back. It made me very sad, and filled my eyes with tears. O, in the midst of cheerfulness, I feel so sad! But being out a great deal here and seeing new and fine scenery, does me good."

Later note by the Queen:—"Grant told me in May, 1862, that, when the Prince stopped behind with him, looking at the Choils which he intended as a deer-forest for the Prince of Wales, and giving his directions as to the planting in Glen Muich, he said to Grant:—"You and I may be dead and gone before that." In less than three months, alas! his words were verified as regards himself! He was ever cheerful, but ever ready and prepared."

From this volume of familiar journalizing the public will obtain a knowledge of those little details of family life which show how like the royal house is to other English houses. Thus they will learn that nearly all members of the royal family are known among each other by pet names. The Crown Princess of Prussia is called Vicky, the Prince of Wales Bertie, the Duke of Edinburgh, Alfie, and Princess Christina Lenchen. We find by these confessions that, contrary to the common belief, the Queen was a poor sailor, generally ill at sea, while the Prince, though not a good sailor, contrived to keep pretty well.

The volume is inscribed, "To the dear memory of him who made the life of the writer bright and happy."

SWEDENBORG'S CURIOUS POWERS.

[FROM THE HISTORY OF CHRISTIAN SECTS.]

"Madame Harterville, the widow of a Dutch envoy at Stockholm, was, some time after the death of her husband, asked by Croon, the goldsmith, for the payment of a set of silver plates which her husband had ordered to be made by him. The widow was indeed convinced that her deceased husband was to order and particular in his affairs, not to have settled and paid the account; however, she could find no receipt to testify the payment. In her trouble, and as the value was considerable, she entreated M. de Swedenborg to pay her a visit. After some apologies, she besought him, if he possessed the gift of being able to speak with departed souls, as every body said he did, to have the kindness to inquire of her departed husband respecting the demand of payment for the set of silver plates Swedenborg was very affable, and promised to serve her in the affair. Three days afterwards, the same lady had company when M. de Swedenborg came, and told her in his cool manner, that he had spoken with her husband. The debt had been paid seven months before his death, and the receipt had been put in a bureau which was in an upper apartment. The lady replied that this bureau had been cleared out, and that the receipt could not be found amongst any of the papers. Swedenborg returned, that her husband had told him that, if a drawer on the left side of the bureau was pulled out, a board would be observed, which must be pushed away, and then a secret drawer would be discovered, in which he used to keep his secret Dutch correspondence, in which, also, he had placed the receipt. At this indication, the lady, accompanied by all her friends, went to the upper apartment. They opened the bureau, and proceeded according to Swedenborg's instruction. They found the drawer of which the lady had not known, and in it the papers and receipts were met with, to the very great astonishment of all present.

But the following occurrence appears to me to have the greatest weight of proof, and to set the assertion respecting

wedenborg's extraordinary gift, out of all possibility of doubt. In the year 1756, when M. de Swedenborg, towards the end of September, on Saturday, at four o'clock p.m., arrived at Gothenburg from England, Mr. William Castel invited him to his house, together with a party of fifteen persons. About six o'clock, M. de Swedenborg went out, and after a short interval, returned to the company quite pale and alarmed. He said that a dangerous fire had broken out in Stockholm, at the Sundermalm. (Gothenburg is about three hundred English miles from Stockholm), and that it was spreading very fast. He was restless, and went out often. He said that the house of one of his friends, whom he named, was already in ashes, and that his own was in danger. At eight o'clock, after he had been out again, he joyfully exclaimed, Thank God! the fire is extinguished, the third door from my house.'

His news occasioned great commotion through the whole city, and particularly amongst the company in which he was. It was announced to the governor the same evening. On Sunday, Swedenborg was sent for by the governor, who questioned him concerning the disaster. Swedenborg described the fire precisely, how it began, in what manner it ceased, and how long it continued. On the same day, the news was spread through the city, and as the governor had thought it worthy of attention, the consternation was considerably increased; because many were in trouble on account of their friends and property which might have been involved in the disaster. On the Monday evening a messenger arrived at Gothenburg, who had been despatched during the time of the fire. In the letters brought by him, the fire was described precisely in the manner stated by Swedenborg. On the Tuesday morning, the royal courier arrived at the governor's with the melancholy intelligence of the fire, of the loss it had occasioned, and of the houses it had damaged and ruined, not in the least differing from that which Swedenborg had given immediately after it had ceased, for the fire was extinguished at eight o'clock.

A MUSICAL DOG.

['LONDON SOCIETY.']

Frederick Schwartz, a merchant retired from business in Darmstadt, occupied his leisure hours which were many, almost exclusively with music. His passion for the art acquired such an intensity that he required every one about him to fall in with his musical predilections by either vocal or instrumental co-operation. There was not a member of his household who could not take a part in the family concert. Even the maid of all work, in case of need, could make out one of Schubert's melodies or an opera cavatina. Poodle, the dog, was the only one unable to render any musical assistance.

As worthy Herr Schwartz felt the utter impossibility of making Poodle afford any practical aid, he determined to train him to fill the office of critic in his own harmonious community. He succeeded, too, by an ingenious method. Whenever a note out of tune proceeded from a voice or an instrument; every time that a musical fault was committed by any member of the family,—and such faults were committed purposely,—the rod was applied to Poodle's back, and he naturally began to bark and howl. He was exactly in the position of the whipping boy, who pursued his studies with the royal prince. Whenever the prince made a grammatical blunder, the whipping boy had to smart for it.

Before long, simple threats were substituted for smittings of his (Poodle's) back; afterwards a look sufficed to set the creature barking; and little by little Poodle familiarized himself with wrong notes and other musical atrocities, until at last a mistake could not be committed without his rebuking it either by a bark or a growl. He thus became, as far as music was concerned, the most impartial judge, the most conscientious critic in the whole grand duchy of Hesse-Darmstadt.

Unfortunately, his appreciation of musical art was completely and solely negative. He bestowed no praise, but only blame. Sing with expression, perform with talent, the dog would remain impassive and cold; but at the slightest incorrectness or intonation he ground his teeth, lashed his tail, growled, yelped, and barked aloud. So long as he flourished,—and he may flourish still,—not a concert or an opera was rehearsed in Darmstadt without inviting Herr Frederick Schwartz and his dog,—but more especially the dog. If the prima donna made the slightest slip, the dog looked at his master with an air of disapprobation. If the hautboys came in too late, Poodle pricked up his ears; if the clarionet hurried the movement,

Poodle fidgetted on his bench; if the kettle-drummer broke the time, Poodle uttered audible murmurs. In fact, no piece was considered properly executed unless the canine connoisseur remained quiet on his seat.

Nor must it be supposed that Poodle's instinct was limited to forming a judgment of the execution only. His intelligence, trained by hearing classical works, seemed to have penetrated some of the secrets of composition. An abrupt modulation, a false resolution, would produce symptoms of doubt on Poodle's muzzle; consecutive fifths made him shudder, and a halting melody set his teeth on edge. Sometimes Herr Schwartz and his intimate friends, in the privacy of a snug little quartette party, would amuse themselves by producing discordant sounds, for the sake of tormenting the sensitive animal.

On such occasions Poodle lost all self-command; his hair stood on end, his eyes became bloodshot, and frightful howlings answered to the discord produced by the fiddles of the mystificators. Moreover, they were obliged to keep within certain bounds. Poodle possessed only a limited stock of forbearance. If the cacophony was too intense or too prolonged, Poodle, carrying out his sense of duty, upset everything. Music-stands, music-stools, and instruments were strewn in confusion about the room.

Finally, negotiations are in progress for the engagement of Poodle—or, if he be superannuated and retired on half-pay, of one of his descendants—to attend the musical entertainments to be given in London during the current winter. We shall see to how many the four-footed critic will listen with placid and undisturbed attention.

PORTRAIT GALLERY.

FRANKLIN'S WIFE.

To promote her husband's interests, Mrs. Benj. Franklin attended shop, where she bought rags, sewed pamphlets, folded newspapers, and sold the few articles in which he dealt, such as ink, papers, lampblacks, blanks, and other stationery. At the same time she was an excellent housekeeper, and besides being economical herself, taught her somewhat careless, disorderly husband to be economical also. Sometimes, Franklin was clothed from head to foot in garments which his wife had both woven and made, and for a long time she performed all the work of the house without the assistance of a servant. Nevertheless, she knew how to be liberal at proper times. Franklin tells us that for some years after his marriage, his breakfast was bread and milk, which they ate out of a twopenny earthen vessel, with a pewter spoon; but one morning, on going down to breakfast, he found upon the table a beautiful China bowl, from which his bread and milk was steaming, with a silver spoon by its side, which had cost a sum equal in our currency to \$10. When he expressed his astonishment at this unwonted splendor, Mrs. Franklin only remarked that she thought her husband deserved a silver spoon and china bowl as much as any of his neighbors. Franklin prospered in his business until he became the most famous editor and most flourishing printer in America, which gave him the pleasure of relieving his wife from the cares of business, and enabled him to provide for her a spacious and well furnished abode. She adorned a high station as well as she had borne a lowly one, and presided at her husband's liberal table as gracefully as when he ate his breakfast of bread and milk from a two-penny bowl.

CHARLES DICKENS AND SIR E. B. LYTTON.

The foreign correspondent of the "Boston Post" says: "He does not recall the early portraits where he shone with beautiful black eyes, splendid hair and the complexion of healthy youth. He has not fallen off indeed as Lord Lytton has done. If you stand in Knebworth Hall, as I have stood, and look at the portrait of Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, by MacIise, you will find it difficult to believe that the elderly gentleman in an old-fashioned blue coat, with a stoop in his shoulders, high collar and stiff neckerchief round his throat, and who puts his hand behind his ear when you speak to him—was the original of the painting. Charles Dickens is not a contrast of that kind. He has escaped the ill-health which has shattered the author of 'Pelham.' But his hair is iron-gray, and scanty; he wears a moustache and pointed beard, and his face has a red-brown tinge which sometimes reminds one of the complexion of Louis Napoleon."

GOSSIP OF THE DAY:

PERSONAL, SCIENTIFIC, AND OTHERWISE.

THE TWO CHARLOTTEs.—A gentleman narrates the following information respecting the unfortunate Empress of Mexico, which was communicated to him personally by the late King Leopold of Belgium, the Empress's father. Speaking of her beauty (she was then but a dark, slender child,) the King said, "I think she will be the handsomest princess in Europe; if that could bring happiness." Then, after a pause, and with the grave smile so peculiar to him, he added, "You know I cannot flatter myself my queen wished to marry me; and for myself also I will say nothing; we both had other views. But every day since our union has taught me more and more what an excellent and amiable person she is; and about our children she has said many amiable things. It was her wish that the name of Charlotte should be given to our daughter. She said, 'I know your heart was given to Princess Charlotte of England; it is a love with many sad and touching memories attached to it. I would like that our child also should bear that name of Charlotte; and I pray God she may have nothing of the destiny of her whose name it was, except your affection.'"

GRIMALDI AND HIS PORTER.—Pantomimes are extinct. The craft to construct this ancient kind of drama is lost. To afford some idea of what the "comic business" used to be, hear how Grimaldi treated a scene. The prompter in dismay informed the great mimic that certain tricks were not ready, nor would be so for at least five minutes. Grimaldi reflected a moment, looked round, saw a pot of porter in the prompter's box—"All right," said he, send on a boy with that tippie." So went the clown, and following him the boy. Grimaldi soon stole the liquor, and despatched the bearer. He proposed to drink it. Conscience arrested him. A discussion ensued in gesture between him and Conscience. The discussion grew hot. They quarrelled. He proposed to fight Conscience for the porter. Down he put the pot on one side, and the fight began. At the end of the second round, he took a pull at the liquor. At the end of the third, another refresher. Conscience put in "a nasty one" in the wind. He recovered himself by another application, and so on, until when at last Conscience was declared winner. the pot had been emptied. By this time, the prompter signalled that the next scene was ready, and Grimaldi limped out of sight, drunk, but repentant.—Where be your clowns now?

WATER-COLORED BIRDS.—A correspondent writes about the pluin feathers of the Cape Lory, spoken of as spotted with crimson. He says there are no spots; "There are thirteen or fourteen feathers in each wing, deep crimson; the last four or five taper off to deep green. I have shot these birds on the Eastern Frontier of the Cape of Good Hope, and during rain they are always found with tightly closed wings, securely sheltered from the wet. And why? Water will extract the crimson color! a fact I have proved; for, on placing a feather in a glass, the water becomes tinged a beautiful rose color. I believe this fact is but little known."

COUNT BISMARCK'S SOCIAL DIPLOMACY.—The "Daheim" tells a story of Count Bismarck which amusingly illustrates the well-known fondness of the great minister for a practical joke. One day, while he was dining in his hotel at Frankfort at the table d'hôte, he observed two young ladies sitting opposite to him who were talking and laughing in a very loud tone. He soon perceived that they were making fun of the company, and that their remarks were especially directed against himself; but he could not understand a word of what they were saying, as they spoke in the Lettish language, evidently making sure that no one at the table was acquainted with it. Although the count was ignorant of the language, he had, however, learnt two or three Lettish words during a recent tour in Courland, and he determined to use his knowledge so as to disconcert his fair assailants. Turning to a friend who sat near him, he whispered, "When you hear me speak in a foreign language give me your watch key." Meanwhile the ladies went on talking more loudly than ever, and by the time the dessert was put on the table their hilarity had reached its climax. At length, during a pause after a somewhat heartier burst of laughter than usual, Count Bismarck said quietly to his friend, "Dohd man to azleek!" ("Give me the key"). The effect was instantaneous; the ladies started as if they were shot, and with their faces covered with blushes rushed out of the room.

A THEATRICAL INCIDENT.—Rather an unusual incident occurred in the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, the other night, while "Perfection" was in performance, prior to the commencement of the pantomime. Miss Leclercq as "The Lady of Munster," has occasion to say something of her Corkagian origin in the closing scene. No sooner had she uttered the words than a silly yokel in the gallery shouted "She's a Fenian." The hated term aroused at once the anger of the house, and a tempest of groans and yells surged up, which would not be appeased short of the expulsion of the offender—an operation which was summarily performed. Rising en masse, the audience gave vent to their loyalty and satisfaction in a ringing shout, and resumed their seats, quietly permitting the performance to proceed.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

MAGIC BREATH.

Half fill a glass tumbler with lime-water; breathe into it frequently, at the same time stirring with a piece of glass. The fluid, which before was perfectly transparent, will presently become quite white, and if allowed to remain at rest, real chalk will be deposited.

TWO BITTERS MAKE A SWEET.

It has been discovered that a mixture of nitrate of silver with hyposulphate of soda, both of which are remarkably bitter will produce the sweetest known substance.

TO CHANGE THE COLOR OF THE ROSE.

Hold a red rose over the blue flame of a common match, and the color will be discharged wherever the flame touches the leaves of the flower, so as to render it beautifully variegated or entirely white. If it be then dipped into water, the redness after a time, will be restored.

TO HOLD A HOT TEA KETTLE ON THE HAND.

Be sure that the bottom of the kettle is well covered with soot; when the water in it boils, remove it from the fire, and place it upon the palm of the hand; no inconvenience will be felt, as the soot will prevent the heat being transmitted from the water within and the heated metal, to the hand.

LADIES' TABLE.

FLOWER-PATTERN EDGING.

MATERIALS.—Get as near as possible what is known in England as Boar's Head crochet cotton, No. 16 or 20, and Penelope crochet hook, No. 8.

1st Pattern.—1st Flower.—Make a chain of 12, and work 1 single in the first stitch to make it round, and through the round loop of 12 work 1 double, 4 chain, 4 long, 4 chain, and 1 double 6 times. Then 24 chain for the 2d flower, turn, miss 11, and work 1 single in the 12th stitch. cross the stem of 12, and through the loop of 12 work 1 double, 4 chain, 2 long. Join to the last 4 long of the first flower, and through the same round loop work 2 long, 4 chain, and 1 double; then 1 double, 4 chain, 4 long 4 chain, and 1 double; repeat from * 4 times more, and end with 1 single and fasten off.

2d Pattern.—Work as 1st pattern only joining the centre of the 2d, 1 long of it to the 5th, 4 long of the 2d flower of the 1st pattern; repeat the 2d pattern to the length required and fasten off. For the heading along the top, work 1 treble through the last 4 long of the last flower; then 6 chain, and through the 12 chain between the flowers work 5 long, then 6 chain, and 1 treble on the first 4 long of the next flower, 3 chain, 1 long on the last long stitch of the next division of the same flower. 8 chain 1 long on the last long stitch of the next division of the next flower, 1 chain, 1 treble on the next 4 long of the flower; repeat from * to the end and fasten off. Then work a treble row as a finish. This edging would also look very pretty worked in No. 36 cotton for little children's undergarments.

CARPETS

May be cleaned thus:—After having been taken up and thoroughly beaten, they should be laid down again upon the floor which in the meantime should have been thoroughly washed, dried, and free from dust; brush well on both sides with a hand-brush; scour it on the right side with soap and water, to which a little ox-gall has been added until bright and clean; rub it dry with linen cloths, and hang it in the wind to dry, or lay it on the grass if handy.

FEATHER BEDS

Should be shaken every day, and turned; let the bed-room window be wide open while you perform this operation; turn mattresses once every three weeks—not later than once a month. Wash brouns and brushes once a week; hang them up to dry. It will prevent the wood from rotting by properly draining the water from the hair.

LESSONS IN GEOLOGY.—No. 4.

I have said that the comparisons which I have introduced might probably assist your conceptions of the geological crust; but they, like most analogies, do not represent the whole case. In the examples mentioned, the process of cooling goes on from the surface to the centre, until the whole mass—cinder, cavity, and drop—are all perfectly cooled down. This is not the geological theory about the earth's crust; for, if the process of cooling continued, the earth would become refrigerated & cooled to its very centre; and then there would be no heat under its crust. This process of cooling to the centre would take myriads of ages. Some geological chemists have endeavored to calculate that, from the known laws of radiation of heat, the complete cooling of the globe would take about two hundred millions of years.

Though the above instances of incrustations be imperfect, I want you to keep in mind the ideas of the cinder, the cavity, and the molten globule. Examine them; find any objections you can against them; but keep them in your mind. The principal difficulty in the above illustrations is that they will not account for the continuance of the heat under the crust. You must, therefore, try to imagine that the molten globule has some power of perpetuating its burning heat, though the crust above the cavity continues hard and cool. How can this be done? You must suppose that solid, fluid, or gaseous elements form compound bodies, and that when these different elements pass into new combinations, the process is always accompanied with heat, and that the heat becomes intense, in proportion to the rapidity with which the combination is formed.

Take an instance. Chemists inform us that if you take clean iron filings, and mix them with a larger quantity of sulphur, and with as much water as will form the whole into a kind of paste; and then bury the paste in the earth, and press the earth firmly on it; in a few hours the whole mass will swell. In consequence of this swelling, the earth will be raised up into a hillock, sulphurous vapors will make their way through the cracks and crevices made by the force pushing upward, and sometimes flames will appear. Now, suppose that this mixture of sulphur and iron could be introduced into the cavity which we have imagined, and that the crust above it was so thick and hard and heavy, that the heat could not push it up. Still there would be heat in the cavity, or in the globule.

You see, then, that it is possible for elements or gases to exist in the cavity, which will continue the heat and keep the molten drop burning and floating. As it continues to burn, it will consume the sides of the cavity, and wear away the roof. It will, in time, enlarge the cavern, till the drop has become an immense molten lake. This molten lake or sea will, by growth of heat, acquire also intensity of power for action, until it crack the roof, and swell up the ground or crust till it burst asunder, and thus form fissures for the escape of smoke, flames, and melted matter. That there are such immense caverns in the crust of the earth, has been argued mathematically by appealing to the irregularities, which have been observed in the vibrations of the pendulum in different countries.

Your disciplined imagination must now be directed to the thickness of the crust of the earth. It is computed that our globe is in diameter—that is, from its upper surface to its lower one—in round numbers, about 8,000 miles. The crust of the earth has been mathematically shown to be at least four hundred miles in thickness. Were it even twice this thickness, its thickness would be consistent with the actual phenomena observed, and with the theory of universal fluidity at one time. It is, therefore, easy to imagine that, in a crust of four hundred miles thick, it would be very practicable for deep and immense lakes, or large seas, of melted matter to exist, and be widely distributed, in subterranean caverns, provided that they be so enclosed in the crust as to move with it in the daily rotation of the earth.

Mr. Hopkins, of Cambridge, has endeavored, by profound mathematical calculations on the nutation of the earth's axis, and on the precession of the equinoxes, to fix this thickness at 800 miles. This thickness may scarcely be admissible, since we do not know the condensing power of high pressure, and the expanding power of very intense heat. As this thickness is supposed to be extreme, geologists generally estimate the thickness of the crust, as inferred from experiments on the pendulum, &c., to be, in different countries, at from two to four hundred miles.

INSTRUCTIONS TO FARMERS AND GARDENERS:
FOR MARCH.

Prepare for spring operations, in the field, in the kitchen garden and in the orchard. Let the necessary implements for agricultural labor be put in order, and save valuable time in good weather. As soon as the frost is out of the manure, pile it up to drain, and scrape up every pound ready to be put to use: for the manure heap is the richest gold mine. Let the ground where large trees grow be mulched with long manure to the extent of their outside twigs, to answer three purposes: First, to retard too early blooming; secondly, to obstruct rapid evaporation of moisture from the soil; and, thirdly to enrich and pulverize the surface soil and check the growth of weeds. If it has not been done in the fall, sow salt upon asparagus beds, and cover three or four inches thick with fine manure. Look at rhubarb; manure and prepare to force. Do not dig strawberry beds until after the fruit is gathered. Gather water cress, and eat it freely; and let those who are of a cold habit indulge in a little horse-radish. Cut back peach, plum, apricot, and cherry, and thin out apple and pear trees. Cut scions, and lay them away for grafting and budding when the sap flows. Plant young trees, and root-graft grape vines. Turn and manure lucerne and clover-beds. Manure and dig for kitchen-garden where the ground is not too wet. Secure good seeds from reliable seedsmen, and do not trust those seeds of which you are doubtful. In warm land, sow onion seed for early table use, and eat them freely.

Plant carrots, parsnips, turnips, and peas for an early crop; and sow cabbage seed that you can rely upon; also radish, lettuce and cress. Sow mulberry seeds, and plant cuttings of mulberry trees which have a large and unbroken leaf; also fruit seeds of all kinds. Plow, and sow wheat as early as possible, do not let a grasshopper frighten you; and upon all your doings, ask the blessing of God. W.

INSTRUCTIONS TO BRICKLAYERS

ON HOLLOW WALLS.

In various parts of Europe, it has long been the practice to build hollow walls, and it is now admitted to be the best mode of building brick houses. It gives a greater amount of strength with an equal quantity of brick and mortar; as a preventive of dampness, dispenses with the necessity of the usual practice of firing-off with wood; saves the cost of lathing the interior walls, the plaster being laid directly on the inner face of the brick-work. It is alleged, however, and perhaps with some foundation in truth, that in warm, southern climates, the wood-firing is the best preventive. Whatever theories may be advanced on the subject, experience must be admitted as the most satisfactory test.

There are different ways of building these hollow walls. In some cases, a double course of brick is built on the outside, then a space equal to the width of a brick is left for the hollow portion of the wall, and a single course of brickwork is built for the inside wall. These two walls—the outer and the inner—are then connected by tie bricks thrown across the opening about every two bricks in the length of the wall—These tie bricks of course are lapped alternately first on the inner and then on the outer wall.

HUMOROUS READINGS.

WHAT TO DO IN CERTAIN CASES.—When you receive an offer and wish to show that you decline.—Slope.

When the only door that is left open for you is retreated.—Bolt it.

When an idea strikes you:—Try and make it a hit with other people.

When a friend tries to do you:—Bid him ado for ever.

When you have read these hints:—Get upon hintimate terms with them, and put them hint-o practice.

WHAT WAS the earliest tubular bridge?—The bridge of the nose.

WHY is an overworked horse like an umbrella?—Because it is used up.

A LITTLE boy being asked, "What is the chief end of men?" replied: "The end what's got the head on."

WHAT word is that which is always pronounced wrong?—Wrong of course.

A CURIOS FACT.—A ball struck a boy in the eye last week. Strange to say the bawl immediately came out of his mouth.

Why should you suppose that Job suffered from sore throat?—Because he had three comforters, and they were all worsted.

What young woman named in the Bible treated her sweetheart the worst?—Ruth—she pulled his ears and trod on his corn.

MR. JUSTICE PAGE was renowned for his ferocity upon the bench. While going circuit a facetious lawyer named Crowle was asked if "the judge was not just behind."

"I don't know," said Crowle, "but if he is, I am sure he was never *just* before."

"SIR," said an indignant husband to a restless friend, "you have abused my hospitality, you have kicked me down stairs, and you have kissed my wife before my face. Beware, sir! A few more such outrages and you will rouse the lion!"

"INDIA, my boy," said an Irishman to a friend on his arrival at Calcutta, "is jist the finest climate under the sun; but a lot of young fellows come out here, and they dhrink and they eat, and they dhrink and they die; and then they write home to their friends a pack o' lies, and says it's the climate as has killed them."

ONE FOR SAWNEY.—A traveler was once telling a Scotchman about a wonderful Bashaw whom he had seen in Turkey, "with three tails that come out of his hat," when the Caledonian with a shrug of contempt, interrupted him with the exclamation, "Hoot mon, and ha' we no Sir Walter (Scott) right here amang us wi' forty tales all direct frae his head!" The traveler was silenced.

COOLING HIS PASSION.

One Sunday evening a young man whom, for the sake of convenience, we will call John, went to visit the girl whom he would call his own. The girl resides near the canal. During the evening the young man of the name of John was unable to conceal the wish of his heart, and in tender accents declared his desire that the young lady should consent to be his. He met with a flat refusal. The ardent John still

pressed her further, declaring that if she would not accept him he would then and there drown himself in the briny waters of the canal. As his threat did not effect the desired purpose, he proceeded to carry it out. He plunged fearlessly into the murky flood and waded out until the chilly waters reached over his shoulders. The evening on which this occurred was none of the warmest. Retreating before finally carrying out his purpose, John cried out, shivering with the cold—

"W-w-will you marry me now?"

"No."

In he plunged again, this time until the water reached his neck, and again he halted before the last plunge.

"W-w-will you marry me now?"

"No."

Again he went in, this time going fairly under water, so far that only the top of his head could be discovered above the surface. But he emerged and staggered out of the canal, and shivering worse than ever, spluttered out—

"N-now w-w-will you marry me?"

"No."

"Well, I don't care a rap whether you marry me or not. You won't get me into that canal again."

Nor did he again essay his fortune in the uncertain deep. Shivering and chattering with his teeth he quickly departed, and returned to his home, a wetter and a wiser man.

THE POET.

[TO BE READ FEELINGLY.]

He sat upon the lone sea-beach,
Beside the ocean's brink;
He saw the ships, each after each,
Beneath the horizon sink.

He saw the gray gull slowly slide
Above the waters dun:
He saw the herrings in the tide
Leap silvery to the sun.

He watched the stars peep out o'erhead,
Reflected in the wave;
He watched the foam-fringed breaker spread
Across the distant cave.

But, rapt in his poetic dream,
Himself he all forgot;
Nor noted how had risen the stream
Around him where he sat.

There was no watcher on the shore—
None from the cliff looked down
To see how that brave spirit bore
Death's cruel, crafty frown.

He gave one glance at sky and sea,
And at the distant strand,
Then rolled his trousers to his knee,
And waded back to land.

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POETRY.

WHY THE STARS TWINKLE.

[Oliver Wendell Holmes.]

When Eve had led her lord away,
And Cain had killed his brother,
The stars and flowers, the poets say,
Agreed with one another

To cheat the cunning tempter's art,
And teach the race its duty,
By keeping on its wicked heart
Their eyes of light and beauty.

A million sleepless lids, they say,
Will be at least a warning;
And so the flowers would watch by day,
The stars from eve to morning.

On hill and prairie, field and lawn,
Their dewy eyes upturning,
The flowers still watch from reddening dawn
Till western skies are burning.

Alas! each hour of daylight tells
A tale of shame so crushing,
That some turn white as sea-bleached shells,
And some are always blushing.

But when the patient stars look down
On all their light discovers,
The traitor's smile, the murderer's frown,
The lips of lying lovers.

They try to shut their saddening eyes,
And in the vain endeavor
We see them twinkling in the skies,
And so they wink for ever.

CHEAP JACK.

[CONTINUED.]

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

"Don't you mind next time, father dear," she would whisper to me, with her little face still flushed, and her bright eyes still wet; "if I don't cry out, you may know I am not much hurt. And even if I do cry out, it will only be to get mother to let go and leave off." What I have seen the little spirit bear—for me—with-out crying out.

Yet in other respects her mother took great care of her. Her clothes were always clean and neat, and her mother was never tired of working at 'em. Such is the inconsistency of things. Our being down in the marsh country in unhealthy weather, I consider

the cause of Sophy's taking bad low fever; but however she took it, once she got it she turned away from her mother for evermore, and nothing would persuade her to be touched by her mother's hand. She would shiver and say "No, no, no," when it was offered at, and would hide her face on my shoulder, and hold me tighter round the neck.

The Cheap Jack business had been worse than ever I had known it, what with one thing and what with another (and not least what with railroads, which will cut it all to pieces, I expect at last), and I was run dry of money. For which reason, one night at that period of little Sophy's being so bad, either we must have come to a dead-lock for victuals and drink, or I must have pitched the cart as I did.

I couldn't get the dear child to lie down or leave go of me, and indeed I hadn't the heart to try, so I stepped out on the footboard with her holding round my neck. They all set up a laugh when they see us, and one chuckle-headed Joskin (that I hated for it) made the bidding, "tuppence for her!"

"Now, you country boobies," says I, feeling as if my heart was a heavy weight at the end of a broken sash-line, "I give you notice that I am a going to charm the money out of your pockets, and to give you so much more than your money's worth that you'll only persuade yourselves to draw your Saturday night's wages ever again arterwards, by the hopes of meeting me to lay 'em out with, which you never will, and why not? Because I've made my fortune by selling my goods on a large scale for seventy-five per cent less than I give for 'em, and I am consequently to be elevated to the House of Peers next week, by the title of the Duke of Cheap and Markis Jackaloorul. Now let's know what you want to-night, and you shall have it. But first of all, shall I tell you why I have got this little girl round my neck? You don't want to know? Then you shall. She belongs to the Fairies. She's a fortune-teller. She can tell me all about you in a whisper, and can put me up to whether you're a going to buy a lot or leave it.—Now do you want a saw? No, she says you don't, because you're too clumsy to use one. Else here's a saw which would be a lifelong blessing to a handy man, at four shillings, at three and six, at three, at two and six, at two, at eighteenpence. But none of you shall have it at any price, on account of your well-known awkwardness which would make it manslaughter. The same objection applies to this set of three planes which I won't let you have neither, so don't bid for 'em. Now I am a-going to ask her what

you do want. (Then I whispered, "Your head burns so, that I am afraid it hurts you bad, my pet," and she answered, without opening her heavy eyes, "Just a little, father.") Oh! This little fortune-teller says it's a memorandum-book you want. Then why didn't you mention it? Here it is. Look at it. Two hundred superfine hot-pressed wire-wove pages—if you don't believe me, count 'em—ready ruled for your expenses, an everlastingly pointed pencil to put 'em down with, a double-bladed penknife to scratch 'em out with, a book of printed tables to calculate your income with, and a camp-stool to sit down upon while you give your mind to it! Stop! And an umbrella to keep the moon off when you give your mind to it on a pitch dark night. Now I won't ask you how much for the lot, but how little? How little are you thinking of? Don't be ashamed to mention it, because my fortune-teller knows already. (Then making believe to whisper, I kissed her, and she kissed me.) Why, she says you're thinking of as little as three and threepence! I couldn't have believed it, even of you, unless she told me. Three and threepence! And a set of printed tables in the lot that'll calculate your income up to forty thousand a year!—With an income of forty thousand a year, you grudge three and sixpence. Well then, I'll tell you my opinion. I so despise the threepence, that I'd sooner take three shillings. There. For three shillings, three shillings, three shillings! Gone. Hand 'em over to the lucky man."

As there had been no bid at all, everybody looked about and grinned at everybody, while I touched little Sophy's face and asked her if she felt faint or giddy. "Not very, father. It will soon be over." Then turning from the pretty patient eyes, which were opened now, and seeing nothing but grins across my lighted grease-pot, I went on again in my Cheap Jack style. "Where's the butcher?" (my sorrowful eye had just caught sight of a fat young butcher on the outside of the crowd. She says the good luck is the butcher's. "Where is he?" Everybody handed on the blushing butcher to the front, and there was a roar, and the butcher felt himself obliged to put his hand in his pocket and take the lot. The party so picked out, in general does feel obliged to take the lot—good four times out of six. Then we had another lot the counterpart of that one, and sold it sixpence cheaper, which is always very much enjoyed. Then we had the spectacles. It ain't a special profitable lot, but I put 'em on, and I see what the Chancellor of the Exchequer is going to take off the taxes, and I see what the sweetheart of the young woman in the shawl is doing at home, and I see what the Bishop has got for dinner, and a deal more that seldom fails to fetch 'em up in their spirits; and the better their spirits, the better their bids. Then we had the ladies' lot—the teapot, tea-caddy, glass sugar basin, half a dozen spoons, and caudlecup—and all the time I was making similar excuses to give a look or two and say a word or two to my poor child. It was while the second ladies' lot was holding 'em enchained that I felt her lift herself a little on my shoulder, to look across the dark street. "What troubles you, darling?" "Nothing troubles me, father. I am not at all troubled. But don't I see a pretty churchyard over there?"—"Yes, my dear." "Kiss me twice, dear father, and lay me down to rest upon that churchyard grass so

soft and green." I staggered back into the cart with her head dropped on my shoulder, and I says to her mother, "Quick. Shut the door! Don't let those laughing people see!" "What's the matter?" she cries. "O, woman, woman," I tells her, "you'll never catch my little Sophy by her hair again, for she has flown away from you!"

Maybe these were harder words than I meant 'em, but from that time forth my wife took to brooding, and would sit in the cart or walk beside it, hours at a stretch, with her arms crossed and her eyes looking on the ground. When her furies took her—which was rather seldomer than before—they took her in a new way, and she banged herself about to that extent that I was forced to hold her. She got none the better for a little drink now and then, and through some years I used to wonder as I plodded along at the old horse's head whether there was many carts upon the road that held so much dreariness as mine, for all my being looked up to as the King of the Cheap Jacks. So sad our lives went on till one summer evening, when as we were coming into Exeter out of the further West of England, we saw a woman beating a child in a cruel manner, who screamed, "Don't beat me! O, mother, mother, mother!" Then my wife stopped her ears and ran away like a wild thing, and next day she was found in the river.

Me and my dog were all the company left in the cart now, and the dog learned to give a short bark when they wouldn't bid, and to give another and a nod of his head when I asked him; "Who said half-a-crown? Are you the gentleman, sir, that offered half-a-crown?" He attained to an immense height of popularity, and I shall always believe taught himself entirely out of his own head to growl at any person in the crowd that bid as low as sixpence. But he got to be well on in years, and one night when I was convulsing York with the spectacles, he took a convulsion on his own account upon the very footboard by me, and it finished him.

Being naturally of a tender turn, I had dreadful lonely feelings on me arter this. I conquered 'em at selling times, having a reputation to keep—not to mention keeping myself—but they got me down in private and rolled upon me. That's often the way with us public characters. See us on the footboard and you'd give pretty well anything you possessed to be us. See us off the footboard, and you'd add a trifle to be off your bargain. It was under those circumstances that I come acquainted with a giant. I might have been too high to fall into conversation with him, had it not been for my lonely feeling. For the general rule is, going round the country, to draw the line at dressing up. When a man can't trust his getting a living to his undisguised abilities, you consider him below your sort. And this giant when on view figured as a Roman.

He was a languid young man, which I attribute to the distance betwixt his extremities. He had a little head and less in it, he had weak eyes and weak knees, and altogether you couldn't look at him without feeling that there was greatly too much of him both for his joints and his mind. But he was an amiable though timid young man—his mother let him out, and spent the money—and we come acquainted when he was walking to ease the horse betwixt two fairs. He was called Rinaldo di Velasco, his name being Pickleson.

This giant otherwise Pickleson mentioned to me under the seal of confidence, that besides being a burden to himself, his life was made a burden to him, by the cruelty of his master towards a step-daughter who was deaf and dumb. Her mother was dead, and she had no living soul to take her part, and was used most hard. She traveled with his master's caravan only because there was nowhere to leave her, and this giant otherwise Pickleson did go so far as to believe that his master often tried to lose her. He was such a very languid young man, that I don't know how long it didn't take him to get this story out, but it passed through his defective circulation to his top extremity in course of time.

When I heard this account from the giant otherwise Pickleson, and likewise that the poor girl had beautiful long dark hair, and was often pulled down by it and beaten, I couldn't see the giant through what stood in my eyes. Having wiped 'em, I give him sixpence (for he was kept as short as he was long) and he laid it out in two threepennorths of gin-and-water, which so brisked him up, that he sang the Favorite Comic of Shivery Shakey, ain't it cold. A popular effect which his master had tried every other means to get out of him as a Roman, wholly in vain.

His master's name was Mim, a wery hoarse man and I knew him to speak to. I went to that Fair as a mere civilian, leaving the cart outside the town, and I looked about the back of the Vans while the performing was going on, and at last sitting dozing against a muddy cartwheel, I come upon the poor girl who was deaf and dumb. At the first look I might almost have judged that she had escaped from the Wild Beast Show, but at the second I thought better of her, and thought that if she was more cared for and more kindly used, she would be like my child.—She was just the same age that my own daughter would have been, if her pretty head had not fell down upon my shoulder that unfortunate night.

To cut it short, I spoke confidential to Mim while he was beating the gong outside betwixt two lots of Pickleson's publics, and I put it to him, "She lies heavy on your own hands; what'll you take for her?" Mim was a most ferocious swearer. Suppressing that part of his reply, which was much the longest part, his reply was, "A pair of braces." "Now I'll tell you," says I, "what I'm a going to do with you. I'm a going to fetch you half a dozen pair of the primest braces in the cart, and then to take her away with me." Says Mim—again ferocious—"I'll believe it when I've got the goods, and no sooner." I made all the haste I could, lest he should think twice of it, and the bargain was completed, which Pickleson he was thereby so relieved in his mind that he come out at his little back door, longways like a serpent, and give us Shivery Shakery in a whisper among the wheels at parting.

It was happy days for both of us when Sophy and me began to travel in the cart. I at once give her the name of Sophy, to put her ever towards me in the attitude of my own daughter. We soon made out to begin to understand one another through the goodness of the Heavens, when she knowed that I meant true and kind by her. In a very little time she was wonderful fond of me. You have no idea what it is to have any body wonderful fond of you, unless you have been got down and rolled upon by the lonely

feelings that I have mentioned as having once got the better of me.

You'd have laughed—or the rewerse—it's according to your disposition—if you could have seen me trying to teach Sophy. At first I was helped—you'd never guess by what—milestones. I got some large alphabets in a box, all the letters separate on bits of bone, and say we was going to Winsor, I give her those letters in that order, and then at every milestone I showed her those same letters in that same order again, and pointed towards the abode of royalty. Another time I give her CART, and then chalked the same upon the cart. Another time I give her—DOCTOR MARIGOLD, and hung a corresponding inscription outside my waistcoat. People that met us might stare a bit and laugh, but what did I care if she caught the idea? She caught it after long patience and trouble, and then we did begin to get on swimmingly, I believe you! At first she was a little given to consider me the cart, and the cart the abode of royalty, but that soon wore off.

We had our signs, too, and they was hundreds in number. Sometimes, she would sit looking at me and considering hard how to communicate with me about something fresh—how to ask me what she wanted explained—and then she was [or I thought she was: what does it signify?] so like my child with those years added to her, that I half believed it was herself, trying to tell me where she had been to up in the skies, and what she had seen since that unhappy night when she flied away. She had a pretty face, and now that there was no one to drag at her bright dark hair and it was all in order, there was a something touching in her looks that made the cart most peaceful and most quiet, though not at all melancholy.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SELECTIONS FROM MODERN HUMORISTS.

THE PICKWICKIANS AT THE SHAM FIGHT.

There are very few moments in a man's existence, when he experiences so much ludicrous distress, or meets with so little charitable commiseration, as when he is in pursuit of his own hat. A vast deal of coolness, and a peculiar degree of judgment, are requisite in catching a hat. A man must not be precipitate, or he runs over it; he must not rush into the opposite extreme, or he loses it altogether. The best way is to keep gently up with the object of pursuit, to be wary and cautious, to watch your opportunity well, get gradually before it, then make a rapid dive, seize it by the crown, and stick it firmly on your head;—smiling pleasantly all the time, as if you thought it as good a joke as anybody else.

There was a fine gentle wind, and Mr. Pickwick's hat rolled sportively before it. The wind puffed, and Mr. Pickwick puffed, and the hat rolled over and over as merrily as a lively porpoise in a strong tide; and on it might have rolled, far beyond Mr. Pickwick's reach, had not its course been providentially stopped, just as that gentleman was on the point of resigning it to its fate.

Mr. Pickwick, we say, was completely exhausted, and about to give up the chase, when the hat was blown with some violence against the wheel of a carriage, which was drawn up in a line with half a dozen

other vehicles, on the spot to which his steps had been directed. Mr. Pickwick, perceiving his advantage, darted briskly forward, secured his property, planted it on his head, and paused to take breath.—He had not been stationary half a minute, when he heard his own name eagerly pronounced by a voice, which he at once recognised as Mr. Tupman's, and, looking upwards, he beheld a sight which filled him with surprise and pleasure.

In an open barouche, the horses of which had been taken out, the better to accommodate it to the crowded place, stood a stout old gentleman, in a blue coat and bright buttons, corderoy breeches and top boots, two young ladies in scarfs and feathers, a young gentleman apparently enamored of one of the young ladies in scarfs and feathers, a lady of doubtful age, probably the aunt of the aforesaid, and Mr. Tupman, as easy and unconcerned as if he had belonged to the family from the first moments of his infancy. Fastened up behind the barouche was a hamper of spacious dimensions—one of those hampers which always awakens in a contemplative mind, associations connected with cold fowls, tongue, and bottles of wine—and on the box sat a fat and red-faced boy, in a state of somnolency, whom no speculative observer could have regarded for an instant without setting down as the official dispenser of the contents of the beforementioned hamper, when the proper time for their consumption should arrive.

Mr. Pickwick had bestowed a hasty glance on these interesting objects when he was again greeted by his faithful disciple.

"Pickwick—Pickwick," said Mr. Tupman; "come up here. Make haste."

"Come along, sir. Pray, come up," said the stout gentleman. "Joe!—damn that boy, he's gone to sleep again.—Joe, let down the steps." The fat boy rolled slowly off the box, let down the steps, and held the carriage door invitingly open. Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Winkle came up at the moment.

"Room for you all, gentleman," said the stout man. "Two inside, and one out. Joe, make room for one of these gentlemen on the box. Now, sir, come along;" and the stout gentleman extended his arm, and pulled first Mr. Pickwick, and then Mr. Snodgrass, into the barouche by main force. Mr. Winkle mounted to the box, the fat boy waddled to the same perch, and fell fast asleep instantly.

"Well, gentlemen," said the stout man, "very glad to see you. Know you very well, gentlemen, though you mayn't remember me. I spent some ev'nings at your club last winter—picked up my friend Mr. Tupman here this morning, and very glad I was to see him. Well, sir, and how are you? You do look uncommon well, to be sure."

Mr. Pickwick acknowledged the compliment, and cordially shook hands with the stout gentleman in the top boots.

"Well, and how are you, sir?" said the stout gentleman, addressing Mr. Snodgrass with paternal anxiety. "Charming, eh? Well, that's right—that's right. And how are you, sir (to Mr. Winkle). Well, I am glad to hear you say you are well; very glad I am, to be sure. My daughters, gentlemen—my gals these are; and that's my sister, Miss Rachael Wardle. She's a Miss, she is; and yet she ain't a Miss—eh, sir—eh?" And the stout gentleman playfully inserted

his elbow between the ribs of Mr. Pickwick, and laughed very heartily.

"Lor, brother?" said Miss Wardle, with a deprecating smile.

"True, true," said the stout gentleman; "no one can deny it. Gentlemen, I beg your pardon; this is my friend Mr. Trundle. And now you all know each other, let's be comfortable and happy, and see what's going forward; that's what I say. So the stout gentleman put on his spectacles, and Mr. Pickwick pulled out his glass, and everybody stood up in the carriage and looked over somebody else's shoulder at the evolutions of the military.

Astounding evolutions they were, one rank firing over the heads of another rank, and running away; and then the other rank firing over the heads of another rank, and running away in their turn; and then forming squares, with officers in the center; and then descending the trench on one side with scaling ladders, and ascending it on the other side again by the same means; and knocking down barricades of baskets, and behaving in the most gallant manner possible. Then there was such a ramming down of the contents of enormous guns on the battery, with instruments like magnified mops; such a preparation before they were let off and such an awful noise when they did go, that the air resounded with the screams of ladies. The young Miss Wardles were so frightened that Mr. Trundle was actually obliged to hold one of them up in the carriage, while Mr. Snodgrass supported the other, and Mr. Wardle's sister suffered under such a dreadful state of nervous alarm, that Mr. Tupman found it indispensably necessary to put his arm round her waist, to keep her up at all. Everybody was excited, except the fat boy, and he slept as soundly as if the roaring of cannon were his ordinary lullaby.

"Joe, Joe!" said the stout gentleman, when the citadel was taken, and the besiegers and besieged sat down to dinner. "Damn that boy, he's gone to sleep again. Be good enough to pinch him, sir—in the leg, if you please; nothing else wakes him—thank you.—Undo the hamper, Joe."

The fat boy, who had been effectually roused by the compression of a portion of his leg between the finger and thumb of Mr. Winkle, rolled off the box once again, and proceeded to unpack the hamper, with more expedition than could have been expected from his previous inactivity.

"Now, we must sit close," said the stout gentleman. After a great many jokes about squeezing the ladies' sleeves, and a vast quantity of blushing at sundry jocose proposals, that the ladies should sit in the gentlemen's laps, the whole party were stowed down in the barouche; and the stout gentleman proceeded to hand the things from the fat boy (who had mounted up behind for the purpose) into the carriage.

"Now, Joe, knives and forks." The knives and forks were handed in, and the ladies and gentlemen inside, and Mr. Winkle on the box, were each furnished with those useful implements.

"Plates, Joe, plates." A similar process employed in the distribution of the crockery.

"Now, Joe, the fowls. Damn that boy; he's gone to sleep again. Joe! Joe!" (Sundry taps on the head with a stick, and the fat boy, with some difficulty, roused from his lethargy). "Come, hand in the eatables."

There was something in the sound of the last word which roused the unctious boy. He jumped up; and the leaden eyes, which twinkled behind his mountainous cheeks, leered horribly upon the food as he unpacked it from the basket.

"Now, make haste," said Mr. Wardle; for the fat boy was hanging fondly over a capon, which he seemed wholly unable to part with. The boy sighed deeply, and, bestowing an ardent gaze upon its plumpness, unwillingly consigned it to his master.

"That's right—look sharp. Now the tongue—now the pigeon-pie. Take care of that veal and ham—mind the lobsters—take the salad out of the cloth—give me the dressing." Such were the hurried orders which issued from the lips of Mr. Wardle, as he handed in the different articles described, and placed dishes in everybody's hands, and on everybody's knees, in endless number.

"How dear Emily is flirting with the strange gentleman," whispered the spinster aunt, with true spinster-aunt-like envy, to her brother Mr. Wardle.

"Oh! I don't know," said the jolly old gentleman; "all very natural, I dare say—nothing unusual. Mr. Pickwick, some wine, sir?" Mr. Pickwick, who had been deeply investigating the interior of the pigeon-pie, readily assented.

"Emily, my dear," said the spinster aunt, with a patronizing air, "don't talk so loud, love."

"Lor, aunt!"

"Aunt and the little old gentleman want to have it all to themselves, I think," whispered Miss Isabella Wardle to her sister Emily. The young ladies laughed very heartily, and the old one tried to look amiable, but couldn't manage it.

"Young girls have such spirits," said Miss Wardle to Mr. Tupman, with an air of gentle commiseration, as if animal spirits were contraband, and their possession without a permit, a high crime and misdemeanor.

"Oh, they have," replied Mr. Tupman, not exactly making the sort of reply that was expected from him. "It's quite delightful."

"Hem!" said Miss Wardle, rather dubiously.

"Will you permit me," said Mr. Tupman, in his blindest manner, touching the enchanting Rachael's wrist with one hand, and gently elevating the bottle with the other. "Will you permit me?"

"Oh, sir!" Mr. Tupman looked most impressive; and Rachael expressed her fear that more guns were going off, in which case, of course, she would have required support again.

"Do you think my dear nieces pretty?" whispered their affectionate aunt to Mr. Tupman.

"I should, if their aunt wasn't here," replied the ready Pickwickian, with a passionate glance.

"Oh, you naughty man—but really, if their complexions were a little better, don't you think they would be nice-looking girls—by candle-light?"

"Yes; I think they would," said Mr. Tupman, with an air of indifference.

"Oh, you quiz—I know what you were going to say."

"What?" inquired Mr. Tupman, who had not precisely made up his mind to say anything at all.

"You were going to say, that Isabella stoops—I know you were—you men are such observers. Well, so she does; it can't be denied; and, certainly, if there

is one thing more than another that makes a girl look ugly, it is stooping. I often tell her, that when she gets a little older, she'll be quite frightful. Well, you *are* a quiz!"

Mr. Tupman had no objection to earning the reputation at so cheap a rate; so he looked very knowing and smiled mysteriously. * * *

"I'm sure aunt's talking about us," whispered Miss Emily Wardle to her sister—"I'm quite certain of it—she looks so malicious."

"Is she?" replied Isabella—"Hem! aunt dear!"

"Yes, my dear love!"

"I'm so afraid you'll catch cold, aunt—have a silk handkerchief to tie round your dear old head—you really should take care of yourself—consider your age!"

However well deserved this piece of retaliation might have been, it was as vindictive a one as could well have been resorted to. There is no guessing in what form of reply the aunt's indignation would have vented itself, had not Mr. Wardle unconsciously changed the subject, by calling emphatically for Joe.

"Damn that boy," said the old gentleman, "he's gone to sleep again."

"Very extraordinary boy, that," said Mr. Pickwick, "does he always sleep in this way?"

"Sleep!" said the old gentleman, he's always asleep. Goes on errands fast asleep, and snores as he waits at table."

"How very odd!" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Ah! odd indeed," returned the old gentleman,— "I'm proud of that boy—wouldn't part with him on any account—he's a natural curiosity! Here, Joe—Joe—take these things away, and open another bottle—d'ye hear?"

The fat boy rose, opened his eyes, swallowed the huge piece of pie he had been in the act of masticating when he last fell asleep, and slowly obeyed his master's orders—gloating languidly over the remains of the feast, as he removed the plates, and deposited them in the hamper. The fresh bottle was produced, and speedily emptied; the hamper was made fast in its old place—the fat boy once more mounted the box—the spectacles and pocket-glass were again adjusted—and the evolutions of the military recommenced.—There was a great fizzing and banging of guns, and starting of ladies—and then a mine was sprung, to the gratification of every body—and when the mine had gone off, the military and the company followed its example, and went off too.

"Now, mind," said the old gentleman, "we shall see you all to-morrow."

"Most certainly," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"You have got the address?"

"Manor Farm, Dingley Dell," said Mr. Pickwick, consulting the pocket-book.

"That's it," said the old gentleman. Joe—damn that boy, he's gone to sleep again—Joe, help Tom put in the horses."

The horses were put in—the driver mounted—the fat boy clambered up by his side—farewells were exchanged—and the carriage rattled off. As the Pickwickians turned round to take a last glimpse of it, the setting sun cast a rich glow on the faces of their entertainers, and fell upon the form of the fat boy. His head was sunk upon his bosom; and he slumbered again.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

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NATIONAL TRAITS AND THEIR CAUSES.

NUMBER THREE.

Before leaving the Englishman, we must glance at his half-brother—the Scotchman—and notice the effects of circumstances in his peculiarities:

The Scotch, in their early history, were noted for hardihood and an unconquerable will. Many a bloody battle between them and the English attested this.—Whether opposed on political or religious grounds, they were alike unyielding. In their stern and invincible character, they were but reflections of their country, with its rugged mountains and barren heaths. There was no land of fruity groves or Italian zephyrs, but one of bracing breezes and the mountain mist. It yielded barely to toil, hence there was nothing of luxury or wealth to weaken. Born as they were, amidst inspiring mountain scenes; surrounded by martial associations, and held together by warlike ties; every condition of their life a natural incentive to bravery and daring; with the tendencies of clanship to keep them from deterioration by intermarriage with other races, it is to be wondered at that the Scotchman of those times was heroic after the fighting kind, or that in these peculiarities, Scotchmen repeated Scotchmen, century after century?

It may be said the Lowlander of Scotland, even in fighting times, did not present all these characteristics. No! did he. He failed of them just as much as his associations were less romantic and exciting.—His character was as much softer and gentler than that of the Highland clansman as the scenes of his daily life were softer and less inspiring.

So much for the Scotchman of history. His representative to-day, with fresh conditions around him, has taken a new set of elements into his composition. He has retained the energy and resolution of ancient times, but his martial traits have died out with the associations which developed them.

But now as to that prominent characteristic of the modern Scotchman, his hard logical mind. Historically speaking, the hard facts of life have been around him all the time and left no room for the cultivation of the imaginative. It takes ease and plenty to foster the ideal. Of course, the Scotchman owes something to race for his thinking brain, but the cultivation of its powers in the direction of reason, instead of that of luxurious imagery or sprightly wit, can be traced, to a great extent, to the constant necessity for close thought and consideration demanded by a life abounding with hard questions and stern facts.

Scotchmen have long been noted for another quality, that of prudence and economy. Although there have been many illustrious exhibitions of generosity furnished by individual Scotchmen, nationally they have manifested a circumspection, which by the less calculating and providing, has been sometimes incorrectly put down as closeness and meanness of disposition. The reason of this characteristic is obvious:—In the first place, being born in a colder climate than any other division of the British Islands, they have less than any other of that dominion, manifested spon-

taneousness or demonstrativeness of character. They possess all the purpose of kindness and the enduringness of affection in a superlative degree, but it takes a slower form of manifestation. The Scotchman never mistakes recklessness for generosity. By his circumstances, he has been led to look at generosity, as he does at everything else, from a logical stand-point. To him, justice and wisdom are the greatest of the attributes, and to be just and wise before he is generous or lavish, appears to him the truest liberality. This stopping to consider what is proper in generosity flows from a cool, calculating, and unimpulsive habit of mind, which in turn, as we have shown, has been induced to a great extent, by his circumstances.—Economy and forethought have been a matter of necessity with him for ages. A scantily-yielding soil with limited mercantile opportunities—a land more of heather and blue bells than cattle or wheat—have made habits of rigid economy a necessity, until they have become a part of his nature and furnished a national trait. But experience has shown that the Scotchman, located where the elements and conditions of society abound with wealth, although the remnants of his old self may manifest themselves in his accumulating disposition and persevering will, soon exhibits a character in harmony with his new situation, and one as diverse from the penurious as the representative of any nation under heaven.

LITERARY SOCIETIES AND DEBATING CLUBS.

We are pleased to note the rise of Literary Societies in our settlements. If carried out with energy, many a young man will yet, doubtless, trace his first thirst for knowledge back to these institutions. So far as Debating Clubs are concerned, we do not favor the principle of debate for the purpose of mastery or display, but where the object is to obtain confidence and system in the presentation of ideas, we think they may often be usefully employed. The questions which are raised necessitate a reference to history and many other sources of information, and often lead to study and development.

So far as we can, we shall be proud to work in harmony with the efforts of any of these societies. Any questions from their members individually or from the societies to which they belong, shall have our best attention, and we shall be happy, as fast as possible, to present such subjects through our columns as they may most desire to be informed upon. We shall endeavor to become the magazine of the Literary Societies of Utah. We invite correspondence from the secretaries or other members of these institutions and will give them all the aid in our power.

LECTURERS AND LECTURES.—We shall be pleased to publish a brief synopsis of such points in the lectures delivered in any of our settlements as may be calculated to instruct the general reader. Send them.

INSTRUCTIONS TO FARMERS AND GARDENERS.—Owing to lack of space, we were prevented in our last issue from calling attention to this new division of practical information given in that number. These instructions are prepared for us by a gentleman of considerable experience in such matters, and who is one of our

most energetic citizens in the matter of home development. They will be given monthly. Our subscribers will oblige by calling the attention of their friends to this useful addition to our columns.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

BY "OUR HIRED MAN."

Our Hired Man's political views doubtless will never be fully known until fifty or a hundred years after his retirement from public life, when, probably, his son or some other "Hired man" will collate his scattered manuscripts and publish them with a biography of eight hundred pages; at which period it is painful to consider what will become of the fame of Cobden, Sir Robert Peel, Daniel Webster and other small luminaries.

For a long time—two weeks at least—he has been endeavoring to resolve himself into a committee of the whole on the state of the nation.

As his first effort in solving the consideration of affairs, he undertook to decide Gen. Grant's views with regard to the Presidency. Did he want to be President or didn't he? First, Our Hired Man thought he did, then he thought he didn't. Then again he was sure he did, and finally, he was quite sure he didn't, but thought that after all he might want to a little.—The final settlement of this question being political and not philosophical [which is his forte] had to be postponed as it became necessary for him to turn his great energies on the impeachment question.

The articles of impeachment therefore next became his study. He will here say confidentially those articles are a study. If the chief object of life be to make a little go a great way, they are a study. If the chief object of life be to make a great deal go no way at all, then they are a study. There are 10 of them in all, and they are prepared on the exact principles recommended by old Cobbett in learning grammar:—Every time you learn a fresh lesson, always repeat the last, and never add too much to the last lessons at a time. This excellent advice is faithfully followed in the preparation of these articles. No. 2 article beautifully embodies No. 1, and carries on the subject exactly a sixteenth of an inch further. No. 3 is No. 2 after a good meal—the same thing a little bigger. No. 4 has a wonderful family likeness to No. 3,—some people would swear they were twins; while No. 5 might be mistaken for either. The affectionate way in which all the later accusations stand by, and allow themselves to get mixed up with the former ones is truly a lesson to brothers in difficulties.

Knowing the anxiety with which the world wait for our Hired Man to explain the condition of political affairs to their less enlightened judgment, in a hasty moment he conceived the rash idea of detaching these affectionate accusals from the loving embrace of each other, and presenting them separately and singly to the gaze of an inquiring world. He can now bear testimony that these inestimable articles are inseparable; and that they realize for the first time in this world, the beautiful idea of something "one and indivisible." In fact, so much so that persons of limited intellect would conceive them to be *one* accusation split up into a lot instead of ten grand independent accusations as they really are.

At last in a fortunate moment of inspiration our associate got off the following clear idea of the substance of these articles, which he hastes to present before the eager gaze of his numerous admirers. He considers them the clearest exposition of the case yet out.—Some befogged individuals, he is aware, may deny their startling lucidity, but who doesn't know that it takes genius to interpret or understand genius properly. He is content to be under-rated like all other great men.

In the first place, it must be understood then, that President Johnson not having the fear of anybody particularly before his eyes, did remove Stanton.—Secondly, not satisfied with this enormity, he did remove him with the still more rebellious idea of putting some one else in his place. Thirdly, he did worse still, for he did plan and *conspire* to put some one else in his place. Fourthly, he went from bad to worse, for he *did* put some one else in his place. Fifthly, he acted more outrageously still, for he did conspire to keep Stanton from coming *back* into his place. Sixthly, he conspired to get the property of Stanton's place so, that he might not be able to get back again. The Presidential cup of criminalities not being yet full, he did all this in violation of a certain act. Being still wickedder, he did all this in violation of another act; and finally, being wickedder still, he did it in violation of both acts together!!

President Johnson has indeed something to answer for. Should he be impeached? Certainly he should, if it is only for the risk he has run of dethroning the brilliant intellect of Our Hired Man in the great labor he has been under in presenting his complicated case in such a masterly manner before the world.

Should President Johnson be convicted, our Hired Man looks to Wade, or Colfax, or Grant—he isn't particular which—for the governorship of some small state—New York for instance. He mentions New York as "the smallest donations are thankfully received." Should the President succeed in upsetting Boutwell or Colfax, he wishes it understood distinctly that he always said how it would be. He never did expect anything from such men, should Colfax, succeed however, he may as well say here, the case might be different. In which case—he wishes it remembered he always admired Mr. Colfax's oratory especially in that speech in which from "the top of fame's ladder he stepped to the skies." without in the least injuring his health or getting out of breath. He need not add that in the latter event a Postmaster Generalship would be acceptable.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTE.—Correspondence is invited from our friends.

A. A. and A. T.: of the 20th Ward refer to us for decision as to the actual designer of the Great Eastern steam-ship. One of them [we do not know which] maintaining that it was planned by Sir Mark Isambert Brunel, the engineer of the Thames Tunnel; while the other insists that Sir Isambert designed the Thames Tunnel, but that his son planned the Great Eastern. The latter is right; the senior Brunel died in 1849. His son, Isambert Kingdom Brunel, planned the Great Western and Great British steam-ships as well as the Leviathan or Great Eastern. We hope the decision will be satisfactory to both parties.

J. P. S.—The population of London in 1853 was over two and a half million. It is now probably over three million. The population of New York in 1840 was 805,661. The Thames tunnel consists of a hollow cylinder or tube, subdivided into two roadways, each fifteen feet high and twelve feet broad. There is a cylindrical shaft at each end with 100 steps by which foot passengers ascend and descend, but there is no access for vehicles of any kind at present; although the ultimate design was to construct an inclined or sloping roadway for carriages of all kinds. In which case those going one way would take one road, and those returning the other.

THE CREAM OF THE PAPERS.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

[From Punch.]

ON MR. CAUDLE'S SHIRT-BUTTONS.

There, Mr. Caudle, I hope you're in a little better temper than you were this morning? There—you needn't begin to whistle; people don't come to bed to whistle. But it's like you. I can't speak, that you don't try to insult me. Once, I used to say, you were the best creature living; now, you get quite a fiend. Do let you rest? No; I won't let you rest. It's the only time I have to talk to you, and you shall hear me. I'm put upon all day long; it's very hard if I can't speak a word at night; and it isn't often I open my mouth, goodness knows!

Because once in your lifetime your shirt wanted a button, you must almost swear the roof off the house! You didn't swear? Ha, Mr. Caudle! you don't know what you do when you're in a passion. You were not in a passion, weren't you? Well, then, I don't know what a passion is—and I think I ought by this time. I've lived long enough with you, Mr. Caudle, to know that.

It's a pity you haven't something worse to complain of than a button off your shirt. If you'd some wives, you would, I know. I'm sure I'm never without a needle-and-thread in my hand. What with you and the children, I'm made a perfect slave of. And what's my thanks? Why, if once in your life a button's off your shirt—what do you cry "oh" at? I say once, Mr. Caudle; or twice, or three times, at most. I'm sure Caudle, no man's buttons in the world are better looked after than yours. I only wish I'd kept the shirts you had when you were first married! I should like to know where were your buttons then?

Yes, it is worth talking of! But that's how you always try to put me down. You fly into a rage, and then if I only try to speak, you won't hear me. That's how you men always will have all the talk to yourselves; a poor woman isn't allowed to get a word in.

A nice notion you have of a wife, to suppose she's nothing to think of but her husband's buttons. A pretty notion, indeed, you have of marriage. Ha! if poor women only knew what they had to go through! What with buttons, and one thing and another! They'd never tie themselves up to the best man in the world, I'm sure. What would they do, Mr. Caudle? Why, do much better without you, I'm certain.

And it's my belief, after all, that the button wasn't off the shirt; it's my belief that you pulled it off, that you might have something to talk about. Oh, you're aggravating enough, when you like, for anything! All I know is, it's very odd that the button should be off the shirt; for I'm sure no woman's a greater slave to her husband's buttons than I am. I only say, it's very odd.

However, there's one comfort; it can't last long. I'm worn to death with your temper, and shan't trouble you a great while. Ha, you may laugh! And I dare say you would laugh! I've no doubt of it! That's your love—that's your feeling! I know that I'm sinking every day, though I say nothing about it. And when I'm gone, we shall see how your second wife will look after your buttons! You'll find out the difference, then. Yes, Caudle, you'll think of me, then; for then, I hope, you'll never have a blessed button to your back.

No, I'm not a vindictive woman, Mr. Caudle; nobody ever called me that, but you. What do you say? Nobody ever knew so much of me! That's nothing at all to do with it. Ha! I wouldn't have your aggravating temper, Caudle, for mines of gold. It's a good thing I'm not as worrying as you are—or a nice house there'd be between us. I only wish you'd had a wife that would have talked to you! then you'd have known the difference. But you impose upon me, because, like a poor fool, I say nothing. I should be ashamed of myself, Caudle.

And a pretty example you set as a father; you'll make your boys as bad as yourself. Talking as you did all breakfast-time about your buttons! And of a Sunday morning too! And you call yourself a Christian! I should like to know what your boys will say of you when they grow up? And all about a paltry button off one of your wristbands; a decent man wouldn't have mentioned it. Why won't I hold my tongue? Because I won't hold my tongue? I'm to have my peace of mind destroyed—I'm to be worried into my grave for a miserable shirt-button, and I'm to hold my tongue! Oh! but that's just like you, men!

But I know what I'll do for the future. Every button you have may drop off, and I won't so much as put a thread to 'em. And I should like to know what you'll do then? Oh, you must get somebody else to sew 'em, must you? That's a pretty threat for a husband to hold out to a wife! And to such a wife as I've been, too; such a negro-slave to your buttons, as I may say! Somebody else to sew 'em, eh? No, Caudle, no; not while I'm alive! When I'm dead—and with what I have to bear there's no knowing how soon that may be—when I'm dead, I say—oh! what a brute you must be snore so!

You're not snoring? Ha! that's what you always say; but that's nothing to do with it. You must get somebody else to sew 'em, must you? Ha! I shouldn't wonder. Oh, no! I should be surprised at nothing, now! Nothing at all! It's what people have always told me it would come to,—and now, the buttons have opened my eyes! But the whole world shall know of your cruelty, Mr. Caudle. After the wife I have been to you. Somebody else, indeed to sew your buttons! I'm no longer to be mistress in my own house! Ha, Mr. Caudle! I wouldn't have upon my conscience what you have, for the world! I wouldn't treat anybody as you treat—no, I'm not mad! It's you, Mr. Caudle, who are mad, or bad—and that's worse! I can't even so much as speak of a shirt-button, but that I'm threatened to be made nobody of in my own house! Caudle, you've a heart like a hearth-stone, you have! To threaten me, and only because a button—a button—"

"I was conscious of no more than this," says Caudle, in his MS., "for here nature relieved me with a sweet, deep sleep."

THE POWER OF THE WILL.

[From the Pall Mall Gazette.]

The dervish of the east somehow or other manages to make the theology of the Koran harmonize with the following pantheistic opinions,—that the outward forms of religion are matters of indifference; that paradise, hell, and the positive dogmas of religion are allegories; that God and nature are identical, that all beings are emanations from the Divinity, that there is no real difference between good and evil; that the soul is confined as in a cage in the body, and if through sin it becomes incapable of annihilation in the Deity by the process called death, it must undergo metempsychosis until sufficiently purified; and that the great object of the dervish is intense meditation on the Unity, which he calls "Zikr," and which he aids and cultivates in every possible way. This meditation must be so profound and continuous that, even in the midst of a crowd, the meditator shall hear no disturbing sound, and that every word spoken, no matter by whom, shall appear the echo of the Zikr. The dervish believes that by incessant practice of this Zikr the soul, even in this life, may assimilate itself with God in power as well as in perfection. This state is called "Kuvveh i roohee batinée," which attained, the dervish becomes invested with the most extraordinary powers,—prophetic and miraculous. Mr. Brown gives many anecdotes illustrative of this power, which occasionally condescends to produce very ordinary results. "In my youth," writes a dervish, "I was the inseparable companion of the Said Molana at Herat. It happened one day as we walked out together, that we fell in with a company who were engaged in a wrestling match. As an experiment, we agreed to aid with our powers of the will one of the wrestlers so that he should overcome the other, and after doing so to change our design in favor of the loser. So we stopped, and turning towards the parties, gave the full influence of our united wills to one, and immediately he was able to subdue his opponent. As we chose, each in turn conquered the other,—whichever we wished to prevail instantly grew the stronger, and thus the power of our wills was clearly manifested."

On another occasion a similar pair came upon a mob gathered around a prize fight. "To prevent any of the crowd passing between and separating us," writes one, "we joined our hands together. One of the combatants was a powerful fellow, while the other was spare and weak, and of course the former had it all his own way. Seeing this, I proposed to my companion to overthrow the stronger by the force of our wills. He agreed, and accordingly we concentrated our powers upon the weaker party. Immediately a wonderful occurrence took place. The thin spare man seized his giant-like opponent and threw him to the ground with surprising force. The crowd cried out in astonishment as he turned him over on his back and held him down with apparent ease. Nor did any one present except ourselves know the cause. Seeing that my

companion's eyes were much affected by the effort which he had made, I bade him remark how perfectly successful we had been, and adding that there was no longer any necessity for our remaining here, we walked away." After relating several achievements of a celebrated sheikh, Mr. Brown continues to this effect: Many individuals who opposed his friends received punishment through the power of this sheikh; some even fell sick and died, or were only restored to health by openly declaring their penitence and by imploring his intercession with Allah. His spirit even accompanied his friends and enabled him to commune with them at immense distances. His power of affecting the health of those who injured himself or friends was greatly increased when he was excited by anger, and then his whole frame would be convulsed and his beard moved as if by electricity. Occasionally he exerted his powers in such a manner as to throw individuals into a sort of trance, which deprived them of memory; nor could they emerge from that state until he thought fit to release them.

A NEW USE FOR VENTRILOQUISM.

(From "Forney's Press.")

Mr. H. D. Torrey, the artist, writes from the Highlands of Scotland:

The following curious bit of actual occurrence will, I trust, if not embellished, interest many of your readers acquainted with the writer's early eccentricities in amateur ventriloquism. Not long since I left Garloch head, a watering place at the extreme limits of the Saltwater Garloch, to travel on foot the wild, hilly road leading to the romantic head of the neighboring Loch Long, when the following little episode in an artist's life occurred. I had turned from the main road to inspect an old ruined sheep fold, when in the retirement of the path I discovered what might, under other circumstances, have formed a good study for my friend Rotheamel, and I even thought of making something by which to remember the scene, but circumstances did what my pencil was not permitted to do. On the ground, by the broken side of an old bridge, lay a herculean gipsy. On the fallen stones beside sat a woman, who might be the wife of so "villainous-looking a wretch." A youth of about eighteen, a boy of nine, and a small box, apparently of "tinker's tools," completed the group. I saw at once they were not entire strangers, as I had offended the man on board of a steamer, on which we were making an excursion through "The Kyles of Bute," but not thinking to be recognized I was walking past, when in a fine, clear, unmistakable English voice, he pleasantly asked if I thought the reports we had just heard were those of thunder, to which I returned the negative reply, suggesting the sound of distant cannon. I was past, when, leaping to his feet, his expression changed to that of a hungry tiger, and pulling an ugly-looking sword knife from under his coat somewhere behind, he stepped in front and said, flashing it carelessly, "I need money and tobacco." The latter I always had within easy reach, but the joke of his suspecting the presence of the former almost brought a wrinkle to my gravity, and his ignorance of human nature is still inexplicable. Slung over my shoulder on a cane, umbrella, and maulstick, was a "cabbie" and traveling easel, and under my left arm a large Academy board, and I was just the least bit taken aback as he quickly remarked, by way of reminder, "You know what I mean?" but I felt the Yankee coming into me all over, and in less time than it takes to tell I replied, "I guess not; wait a minute; I have two friends shooting grouse down here." My tone of voice, and my manner of uttering it, staggered him, for permitting me to pass to the lower side of the path, with my back to him, I was enabled to sing out, "Charlie, here; this way immediately." To which I replied, for my imaginary friend (in, I believe, my best ventriloquial effort), "Aye, aye; what's up?" This proved more potent than a revolver, or even a squad of policemen, for upon hearing the response he left one way, his hopeful wife and chicks another, and I was left master of the situation. I lost no time in regaining the more frequented road, and went on to sketch in Loch Long. A gipsy answering precisely to my friend in description was committed in Glasgow a few days since for desperately wounding one of his own fraternity, and I anticipate no further trouble. If this comes to the notice of Captain James McK—t, Dr. B—r, and others in the city of Reading, who went with the author on a "fish" to Harvey's Lake, by the way of canal packet from Rupert to Wilkesbarre, they will bear in mind this last is a much more "practical" joke than stopping said packet to take on passengers along the route,

who were heard but never seen, although the commodore, helmsman, and even the driver, then and there did some tall swearing.

PORTRAIT GALLERY.

ROSA BONHEUR AND GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

A Paris correspondent furnishes the Star with some pleasant gossip concerning Rosa Bonheur. "She has," he says, "been named Academicienne by the Antwerp Institute. Honors richly deserved are rapidly crowning the great artist's career. In 1865, the Empress drove from the Palace of Fontainebleau to present her, in person, with the star of the Legion d'Honneur. Middle Bonheur's country place is rather an extensive farm than the ordinary residence of a lady of her position. Every variety of cow, sheep, ox, goat, and horse are to be seen, not only on the surrounding lawn, but crowding round their proprietor, who is attired in a cloth blouse in winter and ruder garments apparently borrowed from her brother (the Auguste whose painting we all admired at the Exhibition), a stick in hand and hat stuck any way on a small, but remarkably well-shaped head; coiffe a la Titus, or, in less technical terms, the hair cut like a man's. The animals know her and follow her about. She absolutely refuses to see ordinary visitors; but having purchased some cows of the Nivernais breed from a farmer, Middle Bonheur admitted him to her studio. She had just completed an order for England, the subject of which was a farm-yard in the Nivernais. The peasant exclaimed on seeing it, 'Why, you have painted my animals,—I know them all; but why did you not put me instead of that man? and that woman and children are not mine.' Needless to remark, the great artist had never been at his farm, but she had painted the breed so accurately that the farmer believed the picture to have been taken from life, thus unconsciously paying her the highest possible compliment. The following anecdote has been related to me. A friend of hers had a little girl of extraordinary beauty, to whom Middle Bonheur was much attached. The child, however, acquired a habit, in which she persisted, of making a series of disfiguring grimaces, constantly putting her fingers in her mouth, puffing out her cheeks, and even bringing her tongue into play in the service of her peculiar line of disobedience. Naturally every means of cure was tried, but in vain. The child only grimaced the more. Middle Bonheur, unknown to her, sketched each separate contortion, adding a comic expression to the features, but perfectly preserving the likeness. The sketches were bound in an album and presented without any observation to the young delinquent, who turned over the sketches in silence and was never seen to grimace again.

"If George Francis Train," says a London paper, "could be taken just as he is and put into a novel or play he would make a fortune for his translator. There is certainly nothing like him in all literature, though he is the great archetype of many thousands of men who now exercise a mighty influence in the world. We have nothing like him here, either in life or art.—We have enthusiasts, jobbers in stocks and politics, orators, ideologists, and adventurers, but we have no such combination of all these in one as this extraordinary creature. Our men are one thing or the other; this man is all things, and something more. There is a certain solidity in even our flightiest characters, as there is a certain gravity in the dancing of an elephant, and there is much consistency. If they are fools, they are fools for good and all; they are expected to make asses of themselves, and they never disappoint. But this man,—who can tell where to have him? There are as many sides to his character as there are facets to a gem. and his aqueous incapacity for peeping, still makes it impossible to get a view of him twice in the same light. Read one of his sentences, and you think braying in a mortar would hardly work his cure; another, and he seems considerably too clever to be good; a third, and he seems too good to be clever. 'I am something more than an epigrammatic writer, a traveler, an orator, or a disputer,'—and so he is. He is chief owner of a city; he is shrewd enough one day to engineer a colossal railway scheme; the next he is mad as a batter on woman's rights. He asks 150 editors to dinner, and then takes them to see him pick cob nuts with 'Big Mouth,' the Indian chief. When shut up in an Irish cell he spends the night in alternately whistling 'Yankee Doodle,' writing formal protests against the illegality of his arrest, and scribbling on all moral things with a mixture of shrewdness,

impudence, and earnestness absolutely perplexing; wonders whether Stanley, whom he clips of his title, is playing "poker" with Adams (the American Minister), makes up his mind to get out a new edition of his works, and devote the entire proceeds to the cause of woman, educated suffrage, eight hours' labor, greenbacks, and the political campaign in Kansas, Missouri, Michigan, and Wisconsin, and amidst all this, finds time to nearly worry his jailer out of his life. An extraordinary man truly, whether for good or for evil, and certainly quite a new development for us here."

GOSSIP OF THE DAY:

PERSONAL, SCIENTIFIC, AND OTHERWISE.

A Paris gossip says that a sort of surveillance is now exercised over pocket-handkerchiefs in the gay capital. "It is," he remarks, "considered as highly objectionable to use one of those handkerchiefs adorned with the portrait of the First Emperor. At the representation of 'Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre,' one of the actors, Leonie, who plays the part of My Lord Boule de Gomme, thought he would produce a comic effect by sneezing in a pocket-handkerchief bearing the equestrian figure of Napoleon I. No one dreamed of sedition, and the present empire did not appear the worse for the joke, when one evening a country sous-prefect, happening to see the piece, was struck with horror at recognizing the well-known features on the square of cambric applied to the nostrils of Leonie. Fired by patriotic zeal he returns to his prefecture, and instantly communicates to his chief, the prefect, the horrible circumstance he himself had witnessed. The prefect, on hearing the awful communication, believes it to be his duty to address a confidential report on the subject to the Minister, to whom he reveals the dangers which the state incurs by permitting such treasonable acts in the Theatre de l'Athenes, Rue Scribe. The Minister writes to his colleague, another excellency; that excellency summons M. Camille Domet; notes, proces verbaux, &c. &c. are exchanged; Leonie, utterly unconscious that his handkerchief had become an affair of state, was informed that if he did not get another of less seditious import he would probably be arrested on the stage by a company of gendarmes. You will be glad to hear that the outraged feelings of prefectorial and Ministerial loyalty was appeased, as Leonie has bought another handkerchief; and having myself been present at a recent representation of 'Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre,' I can assert that he now uses an handkerchief on which Croquet taming his lions is splendidly printed. Who knows if this may not be symbolic of no end to treachery and sedition."

JOKING ON MEDALS.—Coining jokes is a common and very legitimate figure of speech as applied to the labors of burlesque writers and contributors to comic periodicals; but I know an instance in which a joke was actually coined, struck from a graven die and issued from a legal mint. The fact is historical, and is as follows: In the year 1679, the Danes advanced with a large force upon Hamburg, but after a siege of considerable duration, seeing little hope of ultimate success, they finally withdrew and marched back. Thereupon the Hamburgers caused a medal to be struck in commemoration of the event. On one side of this numismatic curiosity was this inscription:—"The King of Denmark came before Hamburg. What he gained by it will be seen on the other side." On the other side was a total blank.

AN EXCITING TOY.—A new Parisian toy just now in great demand on the Boulevards, is called the Roman question, or the two points of interrogation. It consists of two pieces of thick iron wire so interlaced as to be a difficult puzzle to separate. It is impossible to enter a cafe or drawing-room without seeing gray-headed officials, as well as their younger brethren, puzzling over the twisted notes of interrogation. Whoever invented the toy has made his fortune. On New Year's day fifty thousand were sold at two francs each; now you can purchase one for two-pence. The Emperor tried his luck at solving the "Roman question;" he failed, but handed the toy to the young Prince, who instantly separated this new Gordian knot, exclaiming:—"I have solved the Roman question more quickly than you, my father." The toy having been the success of the hour in France, will probably turn up in England as "The Fenian Question."

The Austrians have lately made experiments at Fiume with a new species of torpedo, the peculiarity of which is, that it can be set in motion under water, and directed against the object to be destroyed. Its use, therefore, if successful, will by no means be confined to the defence of coasts and harbors, as it may be equally well employed in the open sea.

A Paris letter-writer is responsible for the following statement: A spectacle, which draws a crowd daily to the Tuilleries gardens, is that of a lady who does not make a profession of her powers of charming, but who, in her daily walk, attracts around her, flocks of the wild pigeons who lodge in the old trees, and scores of sparrows and other birds, who perch on her shoulder, and even have the audacity to peck at her mouth. The lady is daily escorted to her home by a perfect squadron of her feathered friends, who then return to their quarters.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE FAMOUS FORTY-FIVE.

How can number 45 be divided into four such parts that, if to the first part you add 2, from the second part you subtract 2, the third part you multiply by 2, and the fourth part you divide by 2, the sum of the addition, the remainder of the subtraction, the product of the multiplication, and the quotient of the division be all equal?

The 1st is 8; to which add 2, the sum is	10
The 2d is 12; subtract 2, the remainder is	10
The 3d is 5; multiplied by 2, the product is	10
The 4th is 20; divided by 2, the quotient is	10

45

THE TWO DROVERS.

Two drovers, A and B, meeting on the road, began discoursing about the number of sheep they each had. Says B to A, "Pray give me one of your sheep and I will have as many as you." "Nay," replied A, "but give me one of your sheep and I will have as many again as you." Required to know the number of sheep they each had?

A had seven and B had five sheep.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

If from 6 you take 9, and from 9 you take 10; and if 50 from 40 be taken, there will just half a dozen remain.

ANSWER.

From 3IX	From IX	From XL
Take IX	Take X	Take L
8	I	x Remains.

LADIES' TABLE.

VENICE CROCHET LACE.

Make a chain the length required.

1st Row. Double crochet.
2d Row. Chain of 4, 1 treble in the third stitch, * chain of 2, 1 treble in the third stitch, repeat from star.
3d Row. Chain of 4, 2 treble in the second loop, chain of 2, 2 treble in the next loop, * chain of 2, 1 treble in the next loop, repeat from star.
4th Row. 2 treble stitches, 2 treble stitches over the 2 treble of last row, repeat.
5th Row. 2 treble, chain of 2, miss 2, 2 treble, * chain of 2, miss 2, 2 treble, repeat from star.
6th Row. 1 treble, chain of 2, 1 treble and chain of 2 twice in next loop, * 1 treble in next loop, chain of 2, 1 treble, and chain of 2 twice in next loop, repeat from star.

APPLE PUDDING.

Eighteen fine sour apples stewed with very little water with half a nutmeg, sweeten to taste, and pass the whole through a sieve; add, while the pulp is warm, one-quarter of a pound of butter, flavor with essence of lemon, the beaten yolks of four and white of one egg; beat fifteen minutes hard; line a shallow pudding baker with puff paste, set it in the oven until baked, pour in the custard and bake half an hour; while baking, which takes half an hour, beat the whites of two eggs stiff, allow a quarter of a pound of loaf sugar, and beat thoroughly; spread the sugar and egg over the top of the custard, and set it in the oven until browned; no sauce is needed, but plain cream would be an addition.

LESSONS IN GEOLOGY.—No. 5.

The argument of Mr. Hopkins is only intended to show that, if the fusible nucleus, or kernel, of the earth be now in fluidity, it must be at the depth of from 400 to 500 miles beneath the surface, and that, consequently, such a thickness is far too deep to account for volcanoes and earthquakes. Hence we are led to the inference that the fluid matter which supplies actual volcanoes is not a molten ocean all round the centre of the earth, but large subterranean reservoirs, forming a kind of lakes or seas. This hypothesis has the double advantage of accounting chemically for the fluid supplies of volcanoes, and mechanically for the phenomena of the elevation of mountains in past geological time, and for the laws which such elevations follow.

Various observations, and various experiments with the pendulum, have proved that our planet is not an empty sphere; but that its interior, whether fluid or solid, has a higher specific gravity than the materials of the crust. From the same experiments, it has just been inferred, that there is a gradual and regular increase in its density from the surface down to the centre.

You are now concerned to know whether it can be proved that there is any heat under the crust of the earth. You will learn, in the course of these lessons, that the action of volcanoes, and the rise of hot springs, or thermal springs, to the surface, prove that there are subterranean sources of heat active somewhere. I will now only notice that it is well known that the temperature of the crust of the earth increases the deeper you descend into it. In the Northumberland coal pits, the heat of the rocks increases by one degree of Fahrenheit's thermometer for every 44 feet in descent. In the lead-mines of Saxony, the increase is one degree for every 65 feet. At Dolcoath mine, in Cornwall, it is one degree for every 75 feet. There is, therefore, great variety in the increase. A French geologist, M. Cordier, has paid much attention to this subject. His conclusions are—1. That the heat increases more rapidly the deeper you go. 2. That the increase is not equal at equal depths, but varies in different countries. 3. That the average increase, over the whole earth, is one degree for every 45 feet in descent.

In the profound depth of some mines, springs of fresh water bubble up, which are of high temperature. In the Cornish mines there are considerable streams of water at the temperature of from 80 to 90 degrees, which is about 30 or 40 degrees warmer than the water on the surface. In one of these mines, the Poldice, nearly two millions of gallons of water are pumped up every day, from a depth of 352 yards, which is 90 or 100 degrees in temperature.

Some have conjectured that this increase of heat in the descent of mines is owing to the condensation of the air. But it is not so. A Cornish geologist, Mr. Fox, has shown that the mines are ventilated by numerous shafts from the surface of the earth, descending in some shafts and ascending in others. In all cases, the upward currents are warmer than the descending ones. This proves that the descending air, instead of imparting heat to the mine, actually cools it, by carrying off a large quantity of heat every hour.

These facts show not only that the earth has been for ages cooling down, but that even at this day it continues in the process of cooling. It cools not only by the general radiation of its heat into universal space, but especially, and more palpably, by the activity of volcanoes and its accompaniments. Every stream of lava that issues from volcanic depths carries away with it some small quantity of heat from the crust. Every hot well, or thermal spring, is continually bringing up with it, to the surface, some amount of heat from the deep. Also, as we have seen, ascending currents of air from mines must carry off portions of heat. These constant losses of heat can never be replaced from above; for the heat of the sun, according to the most accurate observations, never penetrates to the depths from which thermal springs flow. The immense ranges of extinct volcanoes also show that the power of gaseous elements to perpetuate and engender heat may be exhausted and spent.

I have now, for the present, done with the influence of heat in the formation of the crust of the globe. The earth's crust, as now found and examined by geology, has been formed, not by cooling, or the abstraction of heat only, but also by the influence of the atmosphere and of water. When the process of cooling first commenced there was not as yet, in theoretical geology, any water. According to chemical science water

could not be formed, until the cooling of the surface had so far advanced as to be below the boiling point, under the very great pressure of the atmosphere at that time. As soon, however, as it was practicable, according to the laws fixed by the great Architect of the Universe, for the gaseous elements of water to combine and to form this liquid, it also began immediately to act destructively upon the outward surface of the earth's crust. It began to wear away the rugged surface of the globe, either by dissolving it chemically, or by carrying it away mechanically, and depositing in one place what it brought from another.

LESSONS IN FRENCH.

LESSON II.—CONTINUED.

We now come to the indefinite article *a* or *an*. The French for it is *un* in the masculine (pronounced with a sort of groaning or prolonged sound—the nearest approach to the *u* in this case is our *o* in “come;”) and *une* in the feminine (pronounced according to the remark we have already quoted from Alfieri, as if you were going to be sea-sick;—imagine there is a hidden *u* in the word *een*, and you will produce the very sound.) *Un roi* (a King), *une reine* (a queen). With regard to the “*of* a king,” and “*of* a queen,” the rule we have mentioned respecting the avoidance of two vowels together must be born in mind. The French do not say “*de un roi*,” or “*de une reine*,” but “*d'un roi*,” and “*d'une reine*.” In the dative case, “*to* a king,” and “*to* a queen,” there is no help for the harsh combination, and they are, per force, content to say, “*a un roi*,” and “*a une reine*.”

Un and *une* of course have no plurals as articles, though the French say, “the ones” and “the others,” where we say “the one party, or set,” and “the other party,” &c.

Le and *la* have the same plural, *les*. *Les rois* (the kings), *les reines* [the queens], pronounced *lay roo-dwe* and *lay rane*. “Of the,” in the plural, is given by *des*, pronounced *day*—as *des rois* [of the kings], *des reines* [of the queens]. “To the,” in the plural, is expressed by *aux*, pronounced *oh*—as *aux rois* [to the kings], *aux reines* [to the queens].

The observations we have just made are of much greater importance than might at first sight be imagined. Whoever thoroughly understands the use of articles in French has already mastered no mean part of the language. We must beg our readers to observe here a peculiarity with which they cannot be so familiar. Even in English the articles are in constant use, but in English they are by no means in such requisition as in French. Thousands of words before which we never employ the articles at all, would be nonsense in French without it. We talk of *virtue*, *reputation*, *courage*, *probity*, &c. The French never speak in this way; they say “*the virtue*,” “*the reputation*,” &c.; and our form appears quite as uncouth and strange to them as theirs can appear to us.

Another necessary thing to know and remember is this: we in English have three genders—masculine, feminine, and neuter. A male is masculine, a female is feminine, and all other objects [with some rather whimsical exceptions] are among the neuter.

HUMOROUS READINGS.

Why are a shoemaker's plans always frustrated?—Because his attempts always end in *de-feet*.

What liquid should a lover be? *Be side-her*.

A laborer in an ice-house down East, was killed by a large lump of ice falling on his head. Verdict of the jury—Died of hard drink,

A down-east paper says that an India-rubber omnibus is about to be invented, which, when cram full, will hold a couple more.

Always bequeath to your wife as much money as you can, her second husband, poor fellow, may not have a cent in his pocket.

Old gent. (disgusted)—“Here, waiter, here's a—here's a—caterpillar on this chop!” Waiter (flippantly)—“Yes, sir; about the time o' year for 'em just now, sir!”

MECHANICAL.—An ugly young lady is always anxious to marry, and young gentlemen are seldom anxious to marry her. This is a resultant of two mechanical powers—the *inclined plain*, and *leave her*.

EQUALITY.—Some one was praising our public schools to Charles Landseer, and said—“All our best men were public school men. Look at our poets. There's Byron—he was a Harrow Boy—” “Yes,” interrupted Charles, “and there's Burns—he was a plowboy.”

Our good minister has a new born baby, and all the “women folks” want it to be named “Eliza.” To this he objects, because there will always be conundrums made about it—thus: “Why is Mr. M. like the devil? Because he is the father of Lize!”

A captain who had a sound-sleeping mate, caught an Irish boy in the middle watch, frying some pork and eggs he had stolen from the ship's stores, to whom the captain called out: “You lubber, you, I'll have none of that.” “Faith, captain, I havn't any for ye,” replied the lad.

Two Irishmen were going to fire off a cannon just for fun, but being of an economical turn of mind, they did not wish to lose the ball, so one of them took an iron kettle in his hand to catch it in, and stationing himself in front of the piece, he exclaimed to his companion, who stood behind holding a lighted torch, “Touch it aisy, Pat.”

Too POLITE.—Old Duffin having advertised for a traveling companion for a trip through Switzerland, was awakened at three o'clock a.m. by Larkins, who remarked: “I observe, sir, you have advertised for a traveling companion.” “I have, sir,” said Duffin.—“Ah, then, I thought as I was passing on my way from the club, I'd just call and tell you that I can't go with you.”

A SMART GIRL.—One of the judges of the assizes, some time ago, happened to call on a friend at some distance from Reading, where the assize was held, and not knowing his way back, was quietly jogging along, when he fell in with a buxom girl on horseback, and inquired of her if she knew where he should turn off to go to Reading.

“Certainly,” said she “I know every inch of the way, and can guide you.”

“Well,” said the judge, who was not a little eccentric, and withal somewhat renowned for his gruffness

and coarse manners, “if you are going that way, I will e'en jog on with you, for *poor company is better than none.*”

They did jog on, entered into conversation, and had a pleasant time of it, which had the effect of destroying the consciousness of distance. At length the judge felt that it was time to have arrived at the point where she said he must turn off, which, at the time of his inquiry, she had stated to be about two miles.

“Madam,” said he, “have we got near the place I am to turn off?”

“La, yes,” she said, “we passed it about a mile and a half back.”

“You hussy,” said the judge, “why didn't you tell me?”

“La, sir, the reason I didn't was, that I thought with you, *that poor company was better than none.*”

GLIMPSES OF THE INCONGRUOUS.

I've seen a hand, so fine in mold
'Twould bring a Stoic on his knees,
Clasping a lump of pudding (cold),
Defiant of “the unities.”

I've seen a charming classic nose,
To chisel which were vain to try,
(My Kate could to the fact depose;)
Upholding a blue-bottle fly.

I've seen a “swell,” so vast in mien
You'd take him for a duke—quite that;
The hero of a comic scene,
Pursuing down the street his hat.

I've seen a booby, prone to grin,
Who couldn't “matrimony” spell,
('Twas said he had “a lot of tin,”)
United to a gifted belle.

I've seen a maiden (do not scorn her!)
Shocked at what “vulgar people” eat;
I've seen the seraph in a corner
Attacking half a pound of meat.

I've seen a beau, superb in dress,
Who could the softest “nothings” utter,
Arise, excited, in “a mess,”
From Bacchus's domain—the gutter.

Such little incidents terrene
May “point a moral” with the wise,
While all may see, as I have seen,
Life teems with incongruities.

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POETRY.

MOTHER'S EYES.

What are the songs the mother sings?
Of birds, and flowers, and pretty things;
Baby lies in her arms, and spies
All his world in the mother's eyes.

What are the tales the mother tells?
Of gems, and jewels, and silver bells;
Baby lies in her arms, and spies
All his wealth in the mother's eyes.

What are the thoughts in the mother's mind?
Of the gentle Savior, loving and kind;
Baby lies in her arms, and spies
All his heaven in the mother's eyes.

CHEAP JACK.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

[CONCLUDED.]

The way she learnt to understand any look of mine was truly surprising. When I sold of a night, she would sit in the cart unseen by them outside, and would give an eager look into my eyes when I looked in, and would hand me straight the precise article or articles I wanted. And then she would clap her hands and laugh for joy. And as for me, seeing her so bright, and remembering what she was when I first lighted on her, starved and beaten and ragged, leaning asleep against the muddy cart-wheel, it gave me such heart that I gained a greater height of reputation than ever, and I put Pickleson down (by the name of Mim's Traveling Giant otherwise Pickleson) for a fypunnote in my will.

This happiness went on in the cart till she was sixteen year old. By which time I began to feel not satisfied that I had done my whole duty by her, and to consider that she ought to have better teaching than I could give her. It drew a many tears on both sides when I commenced explaining my views to her, but what's right is right and you can't neither by tears nor laughter do away with its character.

So I took her hand, in mine; and I went with her one day to the Deaf and Dumb Establishment in London, and when the gentleman come to speak to us, I says to him: "Now I'll tell you what I'll do with you sir. I am nothing but a Cheap Jack, but of late years

I have laid by for a rainy day notwithstanding. This is my only daughter (adopted) and you can't produce a deafer or a dumber. Teach her the most that can be taught her, in the shortest separation that can be named—state the figure for it—and I am game to put the money down. I won't bate you a single farthing sir, but I'll put down the money here and now, and I'll thankfully throw you in a pound to take it.—There!" The gentleman smiled, and then, "Well, well," says he, "I must first know what she has learnt already. How do you communicate with her?" Then I showed him, and she wrote in printed writing many names of things and so forth, and we held some sprightly conversation, Sophy and me, about a little story in a book which the gentleman showed her and which she was able to read. "This is most extraordinary," says the gentleman; "is it possible that you have been her only teacher?" "I have been her only teacher, sir," I says, "besides herself." "Then," says the gentleman, and more acceptable words were never spoke to me, "you're a clever fellow, and a good fellow." This he makes known to Sophy, who kisses his hands, claps her own, and laughs and cries upon it.

We saw the gentleman four times in all, and when he took down my name and asked how in the world it ever chanced to be Doctor, it come out that he was own nephew by the sister's side, if you'll believe me, to the very Doctor that I was called after. This made our footing still easier, and he says to me:

"Now Marigold, tell me what more do you want your adopted daughter to know?"

"I want her sir to be cut off from the world as little as can be, considering her deprivations, and therefore to be able to read whatever is wrote, with perfect ease and pleasure."

"My good fellow," urges the gentleman, opening his eyes wide, "why I can't do that myself!"

I took his joke and give him a laugh—knowing by experience how flat you fall without it—and I mended my words accordingly.

"What do you mean to do with her afterwards?" asked the gentleman, with a sort of a doubtful eye.—"To take her about the country?"

"In the cart, sir, but only in the cart. She will live a private life, you understand, in the cart. I should never think of bringing her infirmities before the public. I wouldn't make a show of her, for any money."

The gentleman nodded and seemed to approve.—"Well," says he, "can you part with her for two years?"

"To do her that good—yes, sir."

"There's another question," says the gentleman, looking towards her: "Can she part with you for two years?"

I don't know that it was a harder matter of itself (for the other was hard enough to me), but it was harder to get over. However, she was pacified to it at last, and the separation betwixt us was settled.—How it cut up both of us when it took place, and when I left her at the door, in the dark of an evening, I don't tell. But I know this,—remembering that night, I shall never pass that same establishment without a heart-ache and a swelling in the throat, and I couldn't put you up the best of lots in sight of it with my usual spirit—no, not even the gun, nor the pair of spectacles—for five hundred pound reward from the Secretary of State for the Home Department, and throw in the honor of putting my legs under his mahogany arsewards.

Still the loneliness that followed in the cart was not the old loneliness, because there was a term put to it however long to look forward to, and because I could think, when I was anyways down, that she belonged to me and I belonged to her. Always planning for her coming back, I bought in a few months' time another cart, and what do you think I planned to do with it? I'll tell you. I planned to fit it up with shelves, and books for her reading, and to have a seat in it where I could sit and see her read, and think that I had been her first teacher. Not hurrying over the job, I had the fittings knocked together in contriving ways under my own inspection, and here was her bed in a berth with curtains, and there was her reading-table, and here was her writing desk, and elsewhere was her books in rows upon rows, pictures and no pictures, bindings and no bindings, gilt-edged and plain, just as I could pick 'em up for her in lots up and down the country, North and South and East and West, Winds liked least, and winds liked best, Here and there and gone astray, Over the hills and far away, until I had got together pretty well as many books as the cart would neatly hold.

At last the two years' time was gone after all the other time before it, and where it's all gone to, who knows? The new cart was finished—yellow outside, relieved with vermillion and brass fittings—the old horse was put in it, a new 'un and a boy being laid on for the Cheap Jack cart—and I cleaned myself up to go and fetch her. Bright cold weather it was, cart-chimneys smoking, carts pitched private on a piece of waste ground over at Wadsworth where you may see 'em from the Sou' Western Railway when not upon the road. (Look out on the right-hand window going down.)

"Marigold," says the gentleman, giving his hand hearty, "I am very glad to see you."

"Yet, I have my doubts, sir," says I, "if you can be half as glad to see me, as I am to see you."

"The time has appeared so long; has it, Marigold?"

"I wdn't say that, sir, considering its real length; but —"

"What a start, my good fellow!"

Ah! I should think it was! Grown such a woman, so pretty, so intelligent, so expressive! I knew then that she must be really like my child, or I could never have known her, standing quiet by the door.

"You are affected," says the gentleman in a kindly manner.

"I feel, sir," says I, "that I am but a rough chap in a sleeved waistcoat."

"I feel," says the gentleman, "that it was you who raised her from misery and degradation, and brought her into communication with her kind. But why do we converse alone together, when we can converse so well with her? Address her in your own way."

"I am such a rough chap in a sleeved waistcoat, sir," says I, "and she is such a graceful woman, and she stands so quiet at the door!"

"Try if she moves at the old sign," says the gentleman.

They had got it up together o' purpose to please me! For when I give her the old sign, she rushed to my feet, and dropped upon her knees, holding up her hands to me with pouring tears of love and joy; and when I took her hands and lifted her, she clasped me round the neck and lay there; and I don't know what a fool I didn't make of myself, until we all three settled down into talking without sound, as if there was a something soft and pleasant spread over the whole world for us.

Every item of my plan was crowned with success, and I was as pleased and as proud as a Pug-dog, with his muzzle black-leaded for an evening party and his tail extra curled by machinery. Our reunited life was more than all that we had looked forward to.—Content and joy went with us as the wheels of the two carts went round, and the same stopped with us when the two carts stopped.

We were down at Lancaster, and I had done two nights' more than fair average business (though I cannot in honor recommend them as a quick audience) in the open square there, near the end of the street where Mr. Sly's King's Arms and Royal Hotel stands. Mim's traveling giant otherwise Pickleson happened at the self-same time to be a trying it on in the town. The genteel lay was adopted with him. No hint of a van. 'Green baize alcove leading up to Pickleson in an Auction Room. Printed poster "Free list suspended, with the exception of that proud boast of an enlightened country, a free press. Schools admitted by private arrangement. Nothing to raise a blush in the cheek of youth or shock the most fastidious."—Mim swearing most horrible and terrific in a pink calico pay-place, at the slackness of the public. Serious hand-bill in the shops, importing that it was all but impossible to come to a right understanding of the history of David, without seeing Pickleson.

I went to the Auction-Room in question, and I found it entirely empty of everything but echoes and mouldiness, with the single exception of Pickleson on a piece of red druggot. This suited my purpose, as I wanted a private and confidential word with him, which was: "Pickleson. Owing much happiness to you, I put you in my will for a fypunnote; but, to save trouble here's fourpinten down, which may equally suit your views, and let us so conclude the transaction." Pickleson, who up to that remark had had the dejected appearance of a long Roman rushlight that couldn't anyhow get lighted, brightened up at his top extremity and made his acknowledgements in a way which (for him) was parliamentary eloquence. He likewise did add, that, having ceased to draw as a Roman, Mim had made proposals for his going in as a converted Indian Giant worked upon by The Dairy

man's Daughter. This, Pickleson, having no acquaintance with the tract named after that young woman, and not being willing to couple gag with his serious views, had declined to do, thereby leading to words and the total stoppage of the unfortunate young man's beer. All of which, during the whole of the interview, was confirmed by the ferocious growling of Mim down below in the pay-place, which shook the giant like a leaf.

But what was to the present point in the remarks of the traveling giant otherwise Pickleson, was this: "Doctor Marigold"—I give his words without a hope of conveying their feebleness—"who is the strange young man that hangs about your carts?"

"That strange young man?" I gives him back, thinking that he meant her, and his languid circulation had dropped a syllable. "Doctor," he returns, with a pathos calculated to draw a tear from even a manly eye, "I am weak, but not so weak yet as that I don't know my words. I repeat them, Doctor. The strange young man." It then appeared that Pickleson, had twice seen hanging about my carts, in that same town of Lancaster, where I had been only two nights, this same unknown young man. Howsoever, I made light of it to Pickleson, and I took leave of Pickleson advising him to spend his legacy in getting up his stamina, and to continue to stand by his religion. Towards morning I kept a look-out for the strange young man, and what was more—I saw the strange young man. He was well dressed and well looking. He loitered very nigh my cart, watching them like as if he was taking care of them, and soon after daybreak turned and went away, I sent a hail after him, but he never started or looked round, or took the smallest notice. I watched him in different manners and at different times not necessary to enter into, till I found that this strange young man was deaf and dumb.

The discovery turned me over, because I knew that a part of that establishment where she had been, was allotted to young men (some of them well off), and I thought to myself, "If she favors him, where am I, and where is all that I have worked and planned for?" Hoping—I must confess to the selfishness—that she might not favor him. I set myself to find out. At last I was by accident present at a meeting between them in the open air, looking on leaning behind a fir-tree without their knowing of it. It was a moving meeting for all the three parties concerned.—I knew every syllable that passed between them, as well as they did. I listened with my eyes, which had come to be as quick and true with deaf and dumb conversation, as my ears with the talk of people that can speak. He was a going out to China as clerk in a merchant's house, which his father had been before him. He was in circumstances to keep a wife, and he wanted her to marry him and go along with him. She persisted, no. He asked if she didn't love him? Yes, she loved him dearly, dearly, but she could never disappoint her beloved good noble generous and I don't know-what-all father—meaning me, the Cheap Jack in the sleeved waistcoat—and she would stay with him, Heaven bless him, though it was to break her heart! Then she cried most bitterly, and that made up my mind.

While my mind had been in an unsettled state about her favoring this young man, I had felt that un-

reasonable towards Pickleson, that it was well for him he had got his legacy down. For I often thought "If it hadn't been for this same weak-minded giant, I might never have come to trouble my head and vex my soul about the young man."

She had left the young man by that time—for it took a few minutes to get me thoroughly well shook together—and the young man was leaning against another of the fir-trees—of which there was a cluster—with his face upon his arm. I touched him on the back. Looking up and seeing me, he says, in our deaf and dumb talk: "Do not be angry."

"I am not angry, good boy. I am your friend.—Come with me."

I left him at the foot of the steps of the Library Cart, and I went up alone. She was drying her eyes.

"You have been crying, my dear." "Yes, father."

"Why?"

"A head-ache."

"Not a heart-ache?"

"I said a head-ache, father."

"Doctor Marigold must prescribe for that head-ache."

"What is it?"

"Here, my dear."

I brought her young husband in, and I put her hand in his, and my only further words to both of them were these: "Doctor Marigold's last prescription. To be taken for life." After which I bolted.

When the wedding come off, I mounted a coat—blue, and bright buttons—for the first and last time in all my days, and I give Sophy away with my own hand. There were only us three and the gentleman who had had charge of her for those two years, I give the wedding dinner of four in the Library Cart. Pigeon pie, a leg of pickled pork, a pair of fowls, and suitable garden-stuff. The best of drinks. I give them a speech, and the gentleman give us a speech, and all our jokes told, and the whole went off like a sky-rocket. In the course of the entertainment I explained to Sophy that I should keep the Library Cart as my living cart when not upon the road; and that I should keep all her books for her just as they stood, till she come back to claim them. So she went to China with her young husband, and it was a parting sorrowful and heavy, and I got the boy that I had another service, and so as of old when my child and wife were gone, I went plodding along alone, with my whip over my shoulder, at the old horse's head.

Sophy wrote me many letters, and I wrote her many letters. About the end of the first year she sent me one in an unsteady hand: "Dearest father, not a week ago I had a darling little daughter, but I am so well that they let me write these words to you. Dearest and best father, I hope my child may not be deaf and dumb, but I do not yet know." When I wrote back, I hinted the question; but as Sophy never answered that question, I felt it to be a sad one, and I never repeated it. For a long time our letters were regular, but then they got irregular through Sophy's husband being moved to another station, and through my being always on the move. But we were in one another's thoughts, I was equally sure, letters or no letters.

Five years, odd months, had gone since Sophy went away. I was still the King of the Cheap Jacks, and at a greater height of popularity than ever. I had had a first-rate autumn of it, and on the twenty-third

of December, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four, I found myself at Uxbridge, Middlesex, clean sold out. So I jogged up to London with the old horse, light and easy, to have my Christmas-Eve and Christmas-Day alone by the fire in the Library Cart, and then to buy a regular new stock of goods all round, to sell 'em again and get the money.

I am a neat hand at cookery, and I'll tell you what I got up for my Christmas-Eve dinner in the Library Cart. I got up a beefsteak pudding for one, with two kidneys, a dozen oysters, and a couple of mushrooms, thrown in. It's a pudding to put a man in good humor with everything, except the two bottom buttons of his waistcoat. Having relished that pudding and cleared away, I turned the lamp low, and sat down by the light of the fire, watching it as it shone upon the backs of Sophy's books.

Sophy's books so brought up Sophy's self, that I saw her touching face quite plainly, before I dropped off dozing by the fire. This may be a reason why Sophy, with her deaf and dumb child in her arms, seemed to stand silent by me all through my nap. I was on the road, off the road, in all sorts of places, North and South and West and East, Winds liked best and winds liked least, Here and there and gone astray, Over the hills and far away, and still she stood silent by me, with her silent child in her arms. Even when I woke with a start, she seemed to vanish, as if she had stood by me in that very place only a single instant before.

I had started at a real sound, and the sounds was on the steps of the cart. It was the light hurried tread of a child, coming clambering up. That tread of a child had once been so familiar to me, that for half a moment I believed I was a going to see a little ghost.

But the touch of a real child was laid upon the outer handle of the door, and the handle turned and the door opened a little way, and a real child peeped in. A bright little comely girl with large dark eyes.

Looking full at me, the tiny creature took off her mite of a straw hat, and a quantity of dark curls fell all about her face. Then she opened her lips, and said in a pretty voice:

"Grandfather!"

"Ah my God!" I cries out. "She can speak!"

"Yes, dear grandfather. And I am to ask you whether there was ever any one that I remind you of?"

In a moment, Sophy was round my neck as well as the child, and her husband was a wringing my hand with her face hid, and we all had to shake ourselves together before we could get over it. And when we did begin to get over it, and I saw the pretty child a talking, pleased and quick and eager and busy, to her mother, in the signs that I had first taught her mother, the happy and yet pitying tears fell rolling down my face.

might be anything but pleasant. It was accordingly resolved to despatch "the young dog," as his Uncle called him, to Mr. Goodman, an old friend of Uncle John's in London, on the Wednesday morning following.

After dreaming all night of the glories of London, Wednesday morning found Valentine safely perched on the top of the coach that was to convey him thither, in the greatest state of excitement about the wondrous scenes he was about to behold. All the usual preliminaries being through, 'Whit, whit' went the driver, and off went the horses in fine style. Valentine's heart for the first hour was too full at parting with his mother and uncle to allow him to feel anything but sad; but after stopping to change horses and all hands getting down from the coach for refreshment, including Valentine (whose place was just behind the driver) he was so much recovered that, on retaking his seat, he began seriously to think of the exercise of his power.

'Whit, whit,' said the driver, between a whisper and a whistle, as the fresh horses galloped up the hill.

'Stop! hoal!' cried Valentine, assuming a voice, the sound of which appeared to have traveled some distance.

'You have left one behind,' observed a gentleman in black, who had secured the box-seat.

'O let un run a bit. Whit. It'll give un a winder up this little bill, and teach un to be up in time in future. If we was to wait for every passenger as chooses to lag behind, we shouldn't git over the ground in a fortnit.'

'Hoal! stop! stop! stop!' reiterated Valentine in the voice of a man pretty well out of breath.

Tooler, without deigning to look behind, re-ticked the hanches of his leaders, and gleefully chuckled at the idea of how he was making a passenger sweat.

The voice was heard no more, and Tooler on reaching the top of the hill pulled up and looked round, but could see no man running.

'Where is he?' he inquired.

'In the ditch?' replied Valentine, throwing his voice behind.

'In the ditch?' exclaimed Tooler. 'Blarn me, whereabouts?' 'There,' said Valentine.

'God bless my soul!' cried the gentleman in black, who was an exceedingly nervous village clergyman. 'The poor person no doubt has fallen down in an absolute state of exhaustion. How very, very wrong of you, coachman, not to stop.'

Tooler, apprehensive of some serious occurrence, got down with the view of dragging the exhausted passenger out of the ditch, but although he ran several hundred yards down the hill, no person of course could be found.

'Who saw un?' shouted Tooler, as he panted up the hill again.

'I saw nothing,' said a passenger behind, 'but a boy jumping over the hedge.'

Tooler looked at his way-bill, counted the passengers, found them all right, and remounting the box, got the horses again into a gallop, in the perfect conviction that some villainous young scarecrow had raised the false alarm.

'Whit! blarn them 'ere boys!' said Tooler, 'stead o' mindin' their crews they are allus up to suffen. I only wish I had un here, I'd pay on to their blarned boddes; if I wouldn't—' At this interesting moment, and as if to give a practical illustration of what he would have done in that case, he gave the off-wheeler so telling a cut round the leins, that the animal without any ceremony kicked over the trace. Of course Tooler was compelled to pull up again immediately; and after having adjusted the trace, and asking the animal seriously what he meant, at the same time enforcing the question by giving him a blow on the bony part of his nose, he prepared to remount; but just as he had got his left foot on the nave of the wheel, Valentine so admirably imitated the sharp snapping growl of a dog in the front boot, that Tooler started back as quickly as if he had been shot, while the gentleman in black dropped the reins and almost jumped into the road.

'Good gracious!' exclaimed the gentleman in black, trembling with great energy; 'how wrong, how very horribly wrong of you, coachman, not to tell me that a dog had been placed beneath my feet.'

'Blarn their carcasses!' cried Tooler, 'they never told me a dog was shoved there. Lay down! We'll soon have yow out there together!'

'Not for the world!' cried the gentleman in black, as he approached the foot-board in order to open it. 'Not for the world! un-un-un-less you le-le-le me get down first. I have no desire to pe-pe-perish of hydrophobia!'

SELECTIONS FROM MODERN HUMORISTS.

VALENTINE VOX, THE VENTRILOQUIST.

HIS JOURNEY TO LONDON.

Valentine's tricks at the election being privately rehearsed to his Uncle John and his mother, it occurred to them that should the facts come to the knowledge of the authorities the result

'Kip yar fut on the board then, sir, please,' said Tooler; 'we'll soon have the varmint out o' that.' So saying, he gathered up the reins, remounted the box, and started off the horses again at full gallop.

The gentleman in black then began to explain to Tooler how utterly inconceivable was the number of persons who had died of hydrophobia within an almost unspeakably short space of time, in the immediate vicinity of the residence of a friend of his in London; and just as he had just got into the marrow of a most excruciating description of the intense mental and physical agony of which the disease in its worst stage was productive, both he and Tooler suddenly sprang back, with their feet in the air, and their heads between the knees of the passengers behind them, on Valentine giving a loud growling snap, more bitingly indicative of anger than before.

As Tooler had tightly hold of the reins when he made this involuntary spring, the horses stopped on the instant, and allowed him time to scramble up again without rendering the slow process dangerous.

'I cannot, I—I positively cannot,' said the gentleman in black, who had been thrown again into a dreadful state of excitement. 'I cannot sit here—my nerves cannot endure it; it's perfectly shocking.'

'Blister their bows!' exclaimed Tooler, whose first impulse was to drag the dog out of the boot at all hazards, but who, on seeing the horses waiting in the road a short distance ahead for the next stage, thought it better to wait till he had reached them. 'I'll make un remember this the longest day of thar blessed lives—blarn un! Phih! I'll let un know when I get back, I warrant. I'll larn un to—'

'Hoa, coachman! hoal! my bat's off!' cried Valentine, throwing his voice to the back of the coach.

'Well may I be phit!'—said Tooler. 'I'll make yow run back for't any how—phit!'

In less than a minute the coach drew up opposite the stable, when the gentleman in black at once proceeded to alight. Just, however, as his foot reached the roller bolt, another growl from Valentine frightened him backwards, when falling upon one of the old horsekeepers, he knocked him fairly down, and rolled over him heavily.

'Darg your cloomay carkus!' cried the horsekeeper, gathering himself up, 'carn't you git oof ar coarch aroat knocking o' pippie darn?'

'I-I beg pardon,' trembling, observed the gentleman in black; 'I hope I-I—'

'Whoap! pardon!' contemptuously echoed the horsekeeper, as he limped towards the bars to unhook the leaders' traces.

'Now then, yow warmint, let's see who yow belong to,' said Tooler, approaching the mouth of the boot; but just as he was in the act of raising the foot-board, another angry snap made him close it again with the utmost rapidity.

'Lay down! blarn your body!' cried Tooler, shrinking back. 'Here, yow Jim, kim here, bol, and take this 'ere devil of a dog out o' that.'

Jim approached, and the growling was louder than before, while the gentleman in black implored Jim to take care that the animal didn't get hold of his hand.

'Here, yow Harry!' shouted Jim, 'yare noot afeared o' doogs together—darg un, I don't like un.'

Accordingly Harry came, and then Sam, and then Bob, and then Bill, but as the dog could not be seen, and as the anarling continued, neither of them dared to put his hand in to drag the monster forth. Bob therefore ran off for Tom Titus, the blacksmith, who was known to care for neither dog nor devil, and in less than two minutes, Tom arrived with about three feet and a half of rod iron red hot.

'Darg un!' cried Tom, 'this 'ere 'll maake un quit together!'

'Dear me! my good man,' said the gentleman in black, 'don't use that unchristian-like implement! don't put the dumb thing to such horrible torture!'

'It don't siggerify a button,' cried Tooler, 'I marnt go to stop here all day. Out o' that he must come.'

Upon this Tom introduced his professional weapon, and commenced poking about with considerable energy, while the snapping and growling increased with each poke.

'I'll tell you what it is,' said Tom, turning round and wiping the sweat off his brow with his naked arm, 'this here cretur here's stark raavin mad.'

'I knew that he was,' cried the gentleman in black, getting into an empty wagon which stood without horses just out of the road; 'I felt perfectly sure that he was rabid.'

'He's a bull-terrier too,' said Tom, 'I knows it by's growl! It's the worstest and dargdest to go mad as is.'

'Well, what shall us do wi' th' warment?' said Tooler. 'Shoot him! shoot him!' cried the gentleman in black. 'O, I've goot a blunderbuss, Bob!' said Tom, 'yow run for't together, it's top o' the forge.'

Bob started at once, and Tom kept on the bar, while Tooler, Sam, Harry, and Bob held the heads of the horses.

'He's got un; all right!' cried Tom Titus, as Bob neared the coach with the weapon on his shoulder. 'Yow'll be doon for in noo time,' he added, as he felt to as certain with his rod in which corner of the boot the bull-terrier lay.

'Is she loarded?' asked Bob, as he handed Tom the instrument of death.

'Mind you make the shot come out at bottom,' shouted Tooler.

'Hool,' said Tom, putting the weapon to his shoulder. 'Noo the loord ha' marcy on yar sool, as jooge says sizes,' and instantly let fly.

The horses of course plunged considerably, but still did no mischief; and before the smoke had evaporated, Valentine introduced into the boot a low melancholy howl, which convinced Tom Titus that the shot had taken effect.

'He's giv oop the goost, darg his carkus!' cried Tom, as he poked his dead body into the corner.

'Well, let's have a look at un,' said Tooler, 'let's see what warment is like.'

The gentleman in black at once leaped out of the wagon, and every one present drew near, when Tom, guided by the rod which he had kept upon the body, put his hand into the boot, and drew forth a fine hare that had been shattered by the shot all to pieces.

'He arn't a bull-terrier,' cried Bob.

'But that arn't he,' said Tom Titus. 'He's some'er about here as dead as a darg'd nail; I know he's a corpse.'

'Are yow sure on't?' asked Tooler.

'There arn't any bairn door deader,' cried Tom. 'Here, I'll lug him out an' show yar.'

'No, no!' shouted Tooler, as Tom proceeded to pull out the luggage. 'I marnt stay for that; I'm an hour behind now, blarn un! Jimp up, genelmen!'

Tom Titus and his companions, who wanted the bull-terrier as a trophy, entreated Tooler to allow them to have it, and having at length gained his consent, Tom proceeded to empty the boot. Every eye was, of course, directed to everything drawn out, and when Tom made a solemn declaration that the boot was empty, they were all, at once, struck with amazement. Each looked at the other with astounding incredulity, and overhauled the luggage again and again.

'Do you mean to say,' said Tooler, 'that there, arn't nuffin else in the boot?'

'Darg'd a thing!' cried Tom Titus, 'coom an' look.' And Tooler did look, and the gentleman in black looked, and Bob looked, and Harry looked, and Bill looked, and Sam looked, and all looked, but found the boot empty.

'Well, blarn me!' cried Tooler—'but darg it all, he must be somewhere!'

'I'll taake my solum davy,' said Bill, 'that he was there.' 'I seed un myself,' exclaimed Bob, 'wi' my oarn eyes, an didn't loike the looks on un a bit.'

'There cannot,' said the gentleman in black, 'be the smallest possible doubt about his having been there; but the question for our mature consideration is, where is he now?'

'I'll bet a pint,' said Harry, 'you blowed un away.' 'Blowed un away, you fool!—how could I ha blowed un away?' said Tom Titus, in tones of contempt.

'Why, he was there,' said Bob, 'and he baint there noo, and he baint here nayther, so you must ha blowed un o' th' boot; sides look at the muzzle o' this ere blunderbust!'

'Well, of all the rummest goes as ever happened,' said the driver, thrusting his hands to the very bottom of his pockets—'this ere flogs 'em all into nuffin!'

'It is perfectly astounding!' exclaimed the gentleman in black, looking again into the boot, while the men stood and stared at each other with their mouths as wide open as human mouths could be.

'Well, in wi' em agin,' cried Tooler, 'in wi' em!—blarn me if this here arnt a queer 'un to get over.'

The luggage was accordingly replaced, and Tooler, on mounting the box, told the men to get a gallon of beer, when the gentleman in black generously gave them half-a-crown, and the horses started off, leaving Tom with his blunderbuss, Harry, Bill, Sam, and their companions, bewildered with the mystery which the whole day spent in the ale-house by no means enabled them to solve.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1868.

NATIONAL TRAITS AND THEIR CAUSES.

NUMBER FOUR.

We have not yet glanced at the Irishman, the representative of very remarkable peculiarities.

The Irishman proper and unadulterated is as unique a person as is to be found on the globe. He stands solidly out from the common run of national qualities with a shape peculiarly his own. The original Irishman is a specimen of an unmixed race. He presents none of that mixture of the characteristics of other nations which mark the Englishman; because he has not like him derived his blood and habits from a mixture of races. The Celt he was and the Celt he is, but a Celt laboring under the most untoward circumstances that ever afflicted that race.

There are, however, small parts of Ireland where this Celtic blood has been by invasion in past periods mixed with that of their conquerors, and Anglo-Saxonized to a degree. In those parts the Irishman in his character differs materially from the Irishman pure. There are other parts where Scotch colonies have—in times of difficulty between that people and England—been settled, and there, in the midst of a nation distinguished—as the Irish are—for impulsiveness, demonstration, and profuseness of expression, you can find the reticence, slowness, caution, and hard-thinking of the Scotch, dashed with just a breath of the wit, humor, and joyous freedom of the happy Celt—a remarkable instance of the blending of characteristics produced by the intermixture of circumstances in national life.

It is, however, of the unadulterated Irishman of whom we speak at present; the apparently careless, thoughtless, happy-go-lucky being, famed the world over. Allowing that the race from whom he is derived were hot, impulsive and inconsiderate in the start, there has been nothing in his history to change those qualities to those of caution or ambition for a future. Like the Scotch, he has known poverty for generations. With the Scotch, however, that poverty has arisen from the scantiness of natural supplies, which, pressing on men given to free thought and action, has but stimulated their faith and enterprise, but the poverty of the Irishman has been produced by the crushing and hopeless influences of a bad social system, which has limited his opportunities and destroyed his energies. Finding that care and thought have availed him nothing, he has fallen back upon the condition in which he found himself as the natural limit to all that was possible in life. On the top of his other difficulties, a priestly system, whose chief glory is that it has crushed out the spirit of progress wherever it has found it—has sat like a nightmare upon his remaining energies, and preached poverty and submission, to the evils, as well as "the powers that be," as the will of God. Is it a matter of surprise that the Irishman of past times thus hemmed in by oppressive masters on the one side, with content-preaching priests on the other, without education to develop, or scenes of enterprise to inspire him, and finding that his little garden patch would produce

as much as he was likely to get, should become stationary and unenterprising? Is it remarkable that a warm, lively, volatile people, surrounded by circumstances like these, should develop the bog-trotting, hod-carrying race, whose highest ambition has been a mud cabin with a few potatoes, and whose paradise "a dhrap of the craythur" and a fight at Donnybrook Fair?

But it must be understood that it is the Irish villager that has furnished the world with its ideal Irishman. The Irishman of the big cities where education has travelled and commerce prevailed is another person. Perhaps no country in the world has furnished such extremes of human face and character as Ireland—the extreme of ignorance and abasement, and the highest pitch of refinement—the most brutalized countenances the European world has produced and the most exquisitely-cut and delicately-defined. What education and favorable surroundings can do in elevating and developing a people, and what want, ignorance, and a false creed can do in degrading them, have been seen in Ireland to perfection. Educated Irishmen are famed the world over for eloquence, and perhaps in no country in the world are men more open to the influence of eloquence than the Irish. In this they are the reverse of the Scotch. Eloquence or warmth of speech never inflames them. They will stand and look on with an air of mixed curiosity and commiseration; but a proof—a bit of cold reasoning, like that of two and two making four, will touch them to the soul. Naturally, therefore, the educated Irishman develops a cultivated imagination; the educated Scotchman, a cultivated reason. The cause of this is, a warm-blooded race are always quicker in conception, but less correct in judgment; a colder temperament, while it produces slowness of mental effort, at the same time leads to greater soundness of conclusion.

Another feature peculiar to the lower order of Irishman is that he is a totally unconvertable creature. Catholicism boasts with reason that her Irish believers are safe from the influences of every creed. The untutored and unreasoning always are safe in this respect. Any race uncontaminated by free thought and unperverted by reason, will make splendid hereditary believers. But the Irish protestant is a deadlier hater of the papacy than the world can furnish elsewhere. It is true that many of the highest and most intellectual families of Ireland are Catholic; but with that other portion of the intelligence of Ireland, which has preserved its Catholicism it has been on the same principle that men preserve their estates—as a family heirloom. To turn Protestant would be a reflection on their ancestry. But as to the masses, in past ages they emerged from heathenism into Catholicism and ignorance and undevelopment—coupled to some extent with this family feeling—have kept them so ever since. Looking at things naturally, one could say in advance concerning a people crushed as they have been intellectually, but possessing so much of the imaginative and devotional, that they ought to be Catholics, if they are not. The pompous ceremonies of that church, with its demands for devout unthinking submission is the natural food of such minds. The nation that did not become Catholic under such circumstances when the opportunity offered would be untrue to its natural instincts. For the Irish masses

to evince Protestant tendencies or produce in abundance, Quakers, Universalists, or radicals in religion generally, would be as unnatural as for birds to swim or fish to fly. No people become fearless seekers after truth, except where the influences of education and enterprise abound around them. Probably emigration, and its natural consequence—intermarriage, alone can break the chains which bind this warm-hearted race. So far as it has already gone, it has led to such results. The Irishman under favorable circumstances develops, as we have said, a brilliant imagination, rare powers of eloquence, and all requisites of a polished mind. Ireland has given birth, under its best conditions, to poets, orators and many of the world's most distinguished military men. She adds another link to the chain of evidence that surroundings and conditions of life make or unmake a people.

OLD-FOGY SYSTEMS OF EDUCATION.

The grandfathers of the present generation were profoundly impressed with the idea that there was but one way to make the young idea and knowledge mutually acquainted, and that was to chain the two together and guard them by a sentry commonly called a schoolmaster. The business of this schoolmaster was simply to "stand guard," and deal out from time to time portions of certain dry unexplanatory works on grammar, geography, etc., and see that they were regularly swallowed. The chief beauty of these works generally consisting in the fact that they were prepared on the supposition that the reader knew all about them before he began to study.

A glance at the first sentence in any one of these ancient grammars will show their extraordinary adaptation to the youthful mind. They begin by a learned statement that Grammar is composed of Orthography, Etymology, Syntax and Prosody—four fearful things to contemplate in the first place; this is followed by a dive into the perplexities of Vowels, Consonants, Diphthongs, Triphthongs, Nouns, Pronouns, Adjectives and mysteries without end. All this is introduced to the boyish comprehension in language suitable for Doctors of Divinity. Never an illustration is given to show the young martyr to learning what purpose all this is to serve, or wherein life will be the better for hammering these hard words into his memory. Such writers and teachers apparently forgetting that the minds of little boys, as well as bigger ones, are eternally asking the question in reference to hard work of any kind "what good is it?" and "what's it all for?" and that unless this point is made more or less plain at the start, there will be no natural opening of the intellect to the science-knocking for admission.

In the old-fashioned lesson system, to which we refer, a number of such books, all equally adapted to look mysterious and useless to a youthful judgment were handed out to the pupil who was simply asked to memorize their contents so many inches per day. Providing he did this, it was generally understood that the object of his being upon the earth was accomplished and his parents might be contented. By dint of pounding—much on the principle that people drive nails—a vast amount of such parrot-schooling has been given to thousands, the pupil generally acquir-

ing about ten years after the process a distant idea where some of it could be usefully applied.

Of late years, however, a new spirit has come over the instructors of youth. It has been discovered that they have eyes, hands, and a whole mass of sensibilities that can be appealed to as much as their memories. It has been found out that most people have imaginations that can be worked into service and made to assist the work of education; and finally, that one day of experiments and demonstration in the presence of the learner does more to assist the understanding and develop it than months of dry application shut up in schools.

What the pupil needs, then, is to be taught by the aid of models, pictures, and experiments. In fact, to handle and see as well as remember. If he is being taught Grammar, he needs familiar illustration. For instance, instead of trying to swallow those hard lumps, the parts of speech, wholesale, it should be explained that they are merely the names of the different kind of bricks with which he is to build his house of words; and that syntax consists simply of directions how to lay those bricks one upon another. If he is learning chemistry, he requires to see the action of acids and alkalies, or the method of collecting gases, etc., before his eyes. In geology, he wants a model, or picture at least, of the various strata with bits of the different rocks to knock to pieces. If geography, he should be made in imagination to sail up the rivers, climb over the mountains, with stories by the way how Napoleon fought here, or Paul got wrecked there; or he may be requested to stop to notice that the Italian peninsula is like a boot with a lame man's heel. From these illustrations he can return with renewed zest to books. The key has been turned, he sees inside of the hidden chambers of knowledge, and some of its hidden beauties and utilities have been disclosed.

Such is a rough outline of the Educational process we need. The practical system of book-keeping and mercantile instruction now being imparted in this city is all in harmony with this. Hereafter we may refer to the Educators we require.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTE.—Correspondence is invited from our friends.

A HOME-MADE BUILDER.—In our estimation a foot wall bonded every other course is far superior to an eighteen-inch one bonded as at present, every fifth or sixth course. As walls are generally built here, they consist of two distinct walls held together by a very frail bond indeed. Very little mortar finds its way, except accidentally, between the inner and the outer course. All our good masons or bricklayers—and we have many—would prefer to build with proper bond than otherwise. If suitably paid.

A 20TH WARDER wishes to express his indignation at the long dresses worn by the ladies. He's a heartless fellow. He says it puts him in mind of a certain kind of sheep raised in some parts of Africa, the wool on whose tail is so valuable that the sheep-raisers provide little carriages to carry them upon, lest they should be spoiled by getting into the mud or water; and he asks could not our ladies be provided with small carriages for a similar purpose. We wonder where our correspondent expects to go to be certainly can't believe in any hereafter. We don't dare to publish his name, lest he should be annihilated.

T. S. is on dangerous ground. Do not meddle with the rights of women. A lady has an equal right with a gentleman to admire or even love the opposite sex, and if she should make an offer, we don't see why the following answer should have been sent. Our fighting editor is out, or he would, doubtless, feel considerably like punching T. S. We only publish his verse, which, by the bye, is not new, for the sake of punishing him. It is:—

When a woman is willing
A man must needs look like a fool,
For I would not give a shilling
For one that loves without rule;
For the fruit that falls without plucking,
Indeed is too mellow for me.

There's a specimen of poetry and narrow-mindedness. What can be expected of a man that calls an offer from a confiding and delicate young female over "mellow" fruit. T. S. must keep his head out of the hands of the phrenologists, or they may discover something too mellow there.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S EARLY LIFE.

(From the Atlantic Monthly.)

The pious care of good, poor parents, Abraham certainly never had. His step-mother—a woman far superior to any whom Thomas Lincoln could have hoped to win in any state of society but one which made a man a necessary protector to every woman—seems to have been his first and best friend. To her he was always grateful, and to the last stood between her and trouble. Among the most touching relics which I saw at Springfield was an old copy-book, in which, at the age of fourteen, Lincoln had taught himself to write and cipher. Scratched in his boyish hand on the first page were these lines:—

'Tis Abraham Lincoln holds the pen,

He WILL be good, but God knows WHEN!

I am not ashamed of the tears that started as I read, with instructed eyes, that half-despairing prayer. He never carried from home the "laughing face" which Charles Sumner once ascribed to him. His life had been sad; there was nothing pleasant to remember in anything connected with the past—many things he would have given the world to forget. "I must make a name for myself," he began to think; and, turning his back on the home which he had no desire to see again, he went to New Salem, and opened his life as a shopkeeper and surveyor. Here he met a woman more cultivated and refined than could have been expected among the people I have described. Once—about the time of his arrival there—he was wrestling, in Illinois fashion, with his sister Sarah and some neighbor's girls. He threw one of the latter roughly, and his sister turned upon him with sharp words. "What do you ever expect to be," she asked, "if you treat women like that?" A sort of shadow settled over him; the exhilaration of the gymnast disappeared, and, putting a hand on each of her shoulders, he answered seriously, "I am to be a great man, Sarah, and to have a sad destiny," then turned and left her.

Ann Rutledge was a lady—one of the few that had penetrated to Illinois as early as 1833. Of a family educated and aristocratic, but broken down, she was betrothed, before Mr. Lincoln ever saw her, to a Scotch merchant. In those days Illinois was as far from New York as Kamchatka now is. They were soon to be married, when the Scotchman went for business purposes to that city. For months nothing was heard of him. It was supposed that he was dead, or had wickedly deserted Ann. The truth was that he lay ill of delirious fever, at a small wayside town. In this state of things, while Ann's mind was tortured by suspense and disappointment, Mr. Lincoln went to her father's house to board. Here he first learned to read Shakespeare and Burns. Can we doubt whose memory made their poems precious during those last few months of his life, in which he was once heard to say, "My heart lies buried in the grave of that girl!" In time, a sort of provisional engagement ensued. There were circumstances in both lives which depressed and pained. They learned to hold each other very dear. Upon this state of things broke the rumor of the recovered Scotchman's return, after an absence of more than two years. The delicate nature of the woman sank under it. Betrothed to two, both of whom she had loved, she had no choice but to die. Under the conflict of feeling, Mr. Lincoln's own reason gave way. He pleaded in despair for one last interview, which, long refused, was at last granted, before she died, in August, 1836. That the shock given to his powerful mind was a severe one, his subsequent life was to show. Twice, in crises of great suffering, the unreasoning despair returned, and from that moment he lost his moral poise for years. All the resources of the neighborhood were exhausted to restore him to himself. How he who had been absent loved Ann, let the sequel show. He bought the farm for her sake, and lives there still a bachelor. His quivering hand pointed out, not long ago, the very spot where she died.

Mr. Lincoln's tastes were quiet and domestic. Had he married Ann Rutledge, it is not likely he would have continued in political life. He would have tasted the cup of happiness, and it would have been enough. "The love and death of this girl," said Mr. Herndon, "shattered Lincoln's purpose and tendencies. He threw off his infinite sorrow only by leaping wildly into the political arena." "He needed," said another, "whip and spur to save him from despair."

Some particulars about Mr. Lincoln's partnership and friendship for Mr. Herndon will be interesting:

In spite of their close friendship, Mr. Herndon could not understand it, when Lincoln one day darted up the office stairs, and said, 'Herndon, should you like to be my partner?'

'Don't laugh at me, Mr. Lincoln,' was the poor fellow's sole response.

Persistent repetition of the question could hardly gain a hearing; but at last Mr. Herndon said: 'Mr. Lincoln, you know I am too young, and I have no standing and no money; but if you are in earnest, there is nothing in this world that would make me so happy.'

Nothing more was said till the papers were brought to Herndon to sign.

When he was about to leave for Washington, he went to the dingy little law office which had sheltered his saddest hours. He sat down on the couch. 'Billy,' said he, 'you and I have been together more than twenty years, and have never "passed a word." Will you let my name stay on the old sign till I come back from Washington?' Mr. Herndon's eyes were immediately filled with tears. He put out his hand. 'Mr. Lincoln,' said he, 'I will never have any other partner while you live;—and to the day of the assassination all the doings of the firm were in the name of Lincoln and Herndon.'

STARLIGHT.

(From Once A Week.)

Some five or six years back, the writer of this paper resolved to devote a portion of his leisure time to the study of astronomy. His knowledge of mathematics was, unfortunately, very limited, and he had in consequence many difficulties to contend with; but he determined at all events to make himself acquainted with the names and motions of the heavenly bodies, and all about them, so far as lay in his power. He procured a few good works on astronomy, and a celestial globe; and set to work to read. After mastering the rudiments of the science, one of the first things that puzzled him beyond measure, was this very question of light and its motion. He thinks it likely that the question has puzzled amateur astronomers before, and there may perchance at this moment be some who are similarly puzzled. If these lines should meet the eye of any one such reader, and the writer should be the means of conveying to his mind a solution of the puzzle, it will afford him great satisfaction. The statement concerning the motion and velocity of light is one, the truth of which he never doubted, and this led him on to reason in the following manner:

The light from the star Sirius has been upwards of three years in reaching the earth, traveling at the rate of twelve million miles a minute. How is it that we do not now and then see some new star or stars whose light has been traveling on towards us at this rate for centuries? The more the writer thought about this matter, the more puzzled he became. He tried to gain information from the books at his command, but there was not one that entered minutely into the subject; on the contrary, the more books he consulted, the less he became enlightened.

If we compare the most modern catalogue of the fixed stars, as seen with the naked eye, with that of the catalogue of Hipparchus, we shall find that they are almost precisely the same. Some few stars are certainly missing; but Sir J. Herschel informs us that these losses have arisen, in the great majority of instances, from mistaken entries, and in some from planets having been mistaken for fixed stars; yet, in some, he says it is equally certain that there is no mistake in the observation, and that the star has really been seen, and as really has disappeared from the heavens. At all events, our modern catalogues do not contain any fixed stars that are not included in that of Hipparchus. It seems, therefore, clear that no new stars have made their appearance.

But what the writer wished to ascertain was, why some of the more remote stars did not now and then come into view and remain permanently visible to the naked eye, in the heavens? The light of the stars is ever traveling onwards, but the light of the faintest star now seen by us was equally visible to Hipparchus 2000 years ago. How is it that the star which we will suppose a few millions of miles beyond this faintest star has not yet become visible to us?

This question the writer was unable to solve. He consulted such of his friends and acquaintances as he thought most likely to know something about the matter; but, alas, there was not one who could enlighten him at all about it. He at last determined to address a letter to a gentleman, with whom he was totally unacquainted, but who is certainly one of the greatest living authorities in matters connected with astronomy. He wrote to this gentleman (whose name he has no authority to use) stating his difficulty in words very nearly as above, and to his letter received the following reply, "I do not entirely ap-

predominate your difficulty. Suppose (not as an accurate supposition, but as one which will coarsely resemble truth) that stars generally are bodies of nearly the same dimensions and specific brightness. Those which are nearest to us have the appearance of first magnitude, those up to some other distance are of second magnitude, and so on to the smallest that we can see with a telescope, say fifteenth magnitude. All beyond this fifteenth magnitude, whether their existence has been long or short, we are unable to see as stars. Now it is probable that the light from all stars of the fifteenth magnitude, and even very much further, has reached us long ago, but it is not seen by us in the shape of images of stars, but as generally diffused skylight. And all the fresh stars whose light has reached us successively since that time, would not appear as stars, but would make the sky a little brighter." Here then, thanks to the courtesy of this eminent astronomer, was a solution to the difficulty. It seems curious, however, that no work on astronomy in our language (as the writer believes) is to be found that will give a plain answer to the question which had puzzled him so long.

HEPWORTH DIXON ON MARRIAGE FOR ETERNITY.

[From his new work, "Spiritual Wives."]

"The higher theory of spiritual wives may be stated in a few words; the common notion of a legal union between man and woman is an act of pairing for life. At the altar, we promise to take each other for good and ill, for better and worse, engaging before the world to dwell together, cleaving one to the other, and to none else, until death shall part us. What do we mean by these large words? Simply that we take each other for life, and for life only? that the bargain made in time is only good for time? that the affections, and the ties which bind them cease with the grave? In short, do we mean that marriage is a temporary bond, which has no part in our eternal life. And this is the usual teaching of the schools; and in all those countries where the Church still reigns and rules this view of the marriage vow is never impeached by adverse decisions in a court of law. Such vow is for life, and for the whole of life. If it lasts until the grave, it ends with the grave. A Latin maxim says, once married, always married. 'What God has bound, let no man put asunder,' says the Western Church. A husband shall be to his wife, the wife shall be to her husband only, until death shall break the seal and tear the record. So far runs the contract, and no farther. Death only makes men free. Now, this theory of a marriage vow being good for life—and only for life—is more than simply unsatisfactory to men and women of a certain type of mind; it is absolutely repulsive. Husbands who care nothing for their wives, wives who care little for their husbands, may learn to bear it. When there is no rich estate of love, no subtle yearning, no blended life, between the two sexes, they can look forward to the grave as to an end of their wedded bonds, if not with ardor, yet still without agony of soul. But then, as the mystics say, in such a case, there has been no true marriage, either first or last. Such unions, they allege, are only partnerships in business and estate; two properties, perhaps, have been made one; two family lines may have been run into one stream; a dull and legal act having been solemnized with religious form, and beautified by orange-blossoms and bridal benedictions. Such an affair of trade, it is alleged, may end most fitly with the hearse and shroud. But when a marriage of true hearts has been blessed throughout by love, as well as by the priest; when two young souls have grown one in feeling, in desire, in aspirations, then the thought of husband or wife ever ceasing to hold that dear relation to the other is hardly to be borne; the spirit kicks against that doctrine of a life apart, even when the promise is that it shall be passed in a brighter and better world. Love, wanting no brighter world, refuses to admit the thought of a separate life. Marriage, to true mates, is not for the time now only, but for the time to come. Carnal ideas have no dominion in the sphere of love. Once bound to each other, true mates desire to be always bound. Love seeks no change; and why, if love is eternal, should the union which makes it visible end with the greater sleep? Men, it is alleged, who have found their manes on earth can never fall back into such a view. Wedlock is, to their eyes, a covenant of soul with soul, made for all worlds in which there is conscious life; for the heavens above no less than to the earth below.

PORTRAIT GALLERY.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

[From London Journal]

Princess Alexandra of Denmark is the fifth, and present Princess of Wales. Happy is it for her that her lot is cast in such a time—a time when her husband, the prince, instead of cutting throats in Guienne or Castile, goes quietly to Paris, the capital of great France, to dine with the emperor and empress, and lend his countenance to the very opposite of war, an exhibition of the arts of industry of all nations—a time when the brutish irregularities of George II. and a Ferdinand would be thought hideous, and the blackguardism of a Prince George impossible.

We are sure that she is grateful that her lot has been cast in such an auspicious time as the present, contrasting as it so splendidly does, with the two short preceding reigns, that brought to a close a period of English history which had not been more charged with ruinous wars abroad than disgraces at home, by general coarseness of manners among all ranks, and the monstrous profligacy of the higher orders.

For the brilliant progress in morals and social condition of the people during the present reign, the nation, of course, is more largely indebted to its own unfettered and indomitable self, than to any other cause, but it is unquestionable that it is to the example of Queen Victoria, and her good husband, may be attributed a very large share of that improved tone, that dignity, reverence for law and religion, and higher appreciation of the more refined influences that govern human conduct, which so markedly distinguish and adorn the England of our day.

The "bad days" of the Georges have forever departed; and the country beholds with pleasure a Prince of Wales taking his ease, like any other gentleman, without violating any of the courtesies, much less the decencies, of society; and always presenting himself as a husband devoted to a beautiful wife, and a lady who is certainly one of the most attractive and lovable woman who have ever graced the palaces of England.

Not but that our fair princess has had her trials. The superstitious would say, she would not be a Princess of Wales if she had not. Royalty does not, more than any other portion of mortality, repose on a bed of roses; and, if Princess Alexandra has been spared one kind of infliction, she has been sorely visited with another—even to the peril of her life.

That terrible disease, rheumatism, in its most acute form seized upon her at a very critical time, and for weeks she lay in a very serious condition. But her good constitution and fortitude, although bitterly tried by the most agonizing tortures, aided by skillful medical treatment, carried her through, to the great joy not only of her own relations, but of the whole nation. The attack brought on a lameness in one of her knee joints, which confined her indoors for months; but now, we are happy to learn, that, since her return from the trip which she and the Prince of Wales took to Wurtemberg in the autumn, her health has so far improved, that her restoration to entire convalescence is almost a certainty; and with it comes the assurance that she will resume that place in society which so well becomes her youth, beauty and position. There is a likelihood also of the Queen, this next season, emerging from her long retirement, and holding some Court revels of that kind only which would have the sanction of Queen Victoria. So that 1868 promises to be a gay year than its predecessor; and let us hope, in addition, it will be a brighter one for the country at large.

The Princess is now in her twenty-fourth year. Her eldest son, the Prince Albert Victor Christian Edward, was born on the 8th of January, 1864, and is as healthy and blooming a boy as the most doting and partial of parents could desire.

This presumptive heir to the future estate of the British empire is an object on which much interesting speculation might dwell; but, in all human probability, it will be long before his now baby brow will be called upon to bear the "massive weight" of the "golden round and top of sovereignty." The male members of the Guelph dynasty have been long-lived, as a rule; so that an actuary would calculate, in his cold way, that it will be at least forty years before this little child-prince will be called upon to assume the splendour and cares of royalty. Forty years! What sort of an England will this child, if he ever should become king, inherit? Who could prophesy on such a subject?

GOSSIP OF THE DAY:

PERSONAL, SCIENTIFIC, AND OTHERWISE.

THEODORE, king of Abyssinia, is a man of wit and sense, if he is a tyrant. The following is told of him: He had subdued an insurrection, and issued an edict whereby he commanded all those who had fought in the rebellion to lay down their arms and return to the employment of their fathers. Shortly after the publication of the edict he was waited on by a band of robbers, who claimed the right, in accordance with his command, to return to the calling of their fathers. "And what, then, were your fathers?" asked the king, unsuspectingly.—"Robbers," was the reply. The king assured them that they would do better to raise herds and till the ground, as most of their countrymen, and offered to give them plows and oxen. But they insisted on the privilege of the edict. "Be it so," said the king, and dismissed them. But as they went their way rejoicing, a band of cavalymen overtook them, with the words: "Your fathers were robbers, and ours were engaged in hunting them; we have a right to follow their calling, and thus cut you to pieces in the name of our master the king."

M. Blondeau asserts that, after many experiments, he has found the action of an induction current on seeds, before planting, produces very beneficial results; noticeable in their subsequent growth. In experimenting with beans, peas, and cereal grains, the seeds were soaked in water for some time, and were then submitted to the action of a current for several minutes. After this they were planted in pots filled with good garden earth, and at the same time other unelectricified seeds were planted and kept under the same conditions for the purpose of comparison. The former always came up first, grew more rapidly and gave much more vigorous and fruitful plants than the latter. "But," says M. Blondeau, "one very singular fact is that many of the electrified seeds obstinately persisted in growing with the true root pointing up in the air, while the plumule was directed downward;" which gives a little shade of incredulity to the whole statement, but the experiment is an easy one for any interested person to try for his own satisfaction.

The party comprising the Russian American Telegraph Expedition, on their return from the northern region, have brought home many interesting relics. An ivory tusk twelve feet long and measuring seventeen inches in circumference, was purchased for twelve leaden bullets from Indians living in the new Territory of Alaska. Near the junction of the Anadyr and Myan rivers, the party found a tusk of enormous size sticking some six or eight feet out of the ground and endeavored without success to dig it up, the frost in the ground holding it so firmly that they were not able to ascertain whether the other bones of the mastodon were beneath or not. And the Indians said that they had used it as a hitching post for many years, and that was all they knew or cared about it.

FRANKENSTEIN appears to have turned up in real earnest in New Jersey. An ingenious mechanic has actually invented a steam man. The figure is some seven feet high, and is thus colossal, as befits such a monster, and a steam-engine in its bowels is said to have the power of three horses. We are not informed whether the daring maker has ever read Mr. Shelley's wonderful story, but the newspaper reports say that the figure can go over the ground at the rate of a mile a minute—although it is thought prudent to restrict him to half that rate—and perform other surprising tasks equally impossible for men of flesh and blood. If the inventor has much imagination—which seems probable—one would think he would not be without occasional apprehension that, like his fictitious prototype, he might possibly fall a victim at last to the creature of his own handiwork.

An Actress, who is about to appear at one of the theatres, is the daughter of Madame Forgeot, also a dramatic artist, formerly well known in London, of whom this singular anecdote is related:—She was one afternoon with some friends who had called to pay her a visit, when her maid entered, and whispered a few words into the ear of her mistress. Madame Forgeot smiled, and said to her friends, "It is my dressmaker. She has just brought me home a curious dress. Come and see it." They followed her into her boudoir, when, what was their surprise to find that it was a coffin of most excellent workmanship, made of rosewood, and lined with white satin. The coffin was standing upright against a wall. Madame Forgeot entered it to try it, and, with a smile on her lips, exclaimed, "Excel-

lent! this dress fits me like a glove; the only thing is to postpone wearing it as long as possible." Three days afterwards she was dead.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE HEN AND EGG-BAG.

You must provide two or three yards of calico, or printed linen, and make you a double bag. On the mouth of the bag, on that side next to you, make four or five little purses, putting two or three eggs in each purse, and do so till you have filled that side next to you and have a hole at one end of it, that no more than two or three eggs may come out at once, having another bag exactly like the former, that the one may not be known from the other, and then put a living hen into that bag, and hang it on a hook near where you stand. The manner of performing it is this:—Take the egg bag and put both your hands in it, and turn it inside out and say, "Gentlemen, you see there is nothing in my bag; and in turning it again you must slip some of the eggs out of the purse, as many as you think fit, and then turn your bag again, and show the company that it is empty, and turning it again, you command more eggs to come out, and when all are come out but one, you must take that egg and show it to the company, and then drop away your egg-bag and take up your hen-bag, shaking out your hen, pigeon, or other fowl. This is a noble fancy if well handled.

THE DANCING EGG.

Send for some eggs, and take care to place among them one which has been emptied of its contents, and to which is fastened a long hair, at the end of which is tied a crooked pin. Borrow a small stick from one of the spectators, and as you go behind your table, contrive to hook the bent pin into your coat, passing it over the stick. Then place the egg on an inverted hat, and ask for some music, and directly it begins to sound, a slight and imperceptible depression or elevation of the stick will cause the egg to twist and roll about upon it as if it had life. You must be careful to turn gently round now and then, so as apparently to vary the distance of the egg from the body.

LADIES' TABLE.

INSTRUCTIONS IN NETTING.

[From Mrs. Pullan's Manual of Fancy Work.]

The implements used are a netting-needle, which is a bar of steel or ivory, open at both ends, and with a small round hole in which to fasten the end of the thread; a plain bar, flat or round, which is called a *meas*, with cotton, silk, or other material. A stirrup is useful for holding the work. It is a strip of embroidered canvas, an inch wide and five or six long, lined with ribbon, of which about a yard and a quarter is left, forming a long loop from one end of the canvas to the other. This is worn on the foot, the foundation of the netting being attached to the ribbon, which ought to be long enough to come within a pleasant range of sight. But, though not so neat and pretty, a fine cord passed round the foot answers all the purpose; and still better is a small cushion screwed firmly to the edge of the table.

THE STITCH.

Tie the end of your thread in a knot to the stirrup, or to a thread fastened to it, if it be a ribbon. Take the mesh in your left hand, and hold it between the finger and thumb, parallel with the former, and close under the knot. The hand is so placed that the other finger is turned inwards, towards you. Pass the thread over the fore, middle and third fingers, round the last, and again over the others, and under the mesh. Catch it with the thumb; now carry it loosely under all the fingers, and insert the needle under the upper part of the former loop, over the second part of it, and in the stitch to be worked, or under the foundation loop. Draw out the needle towards you, first dropping off the first loop, and then gradually tightening the other, retaining it, however, on the little finger as long as possible, to prevent it from knotting. When as many stitches are done as needful, work backwards on them, for a flat piece, but for a round, you must close it by taking the first stitch of the last row as the first of this: after which work round and round. The foundation thread may finally be drawn out. Common netting stitch forms a diamond. Take care that every stitch be drawn up evenly, quite close to the mesh, as long and irregular stitches spoil the beauty of the work. You always increase in netting by doing two or more stitches in one hole.

SQUARE NETTING

Square netting is the simple stitch done so as to have the shape of a square instead of a diamond. Begin on one stitch of every row, and working backward and forward, always do two in the last stitch of every row, until you have one hole less—counting from the point up one side—than the design requires. This forms a half square, when needed. Do one row without increase, and then net two together at the end of every row, till the two last are taken as one. This work always requires to be damped, slightly stiffened, and planned out straight to dry, to give it its proper shape.

LESSONS IN GEOLOGY.—No. 6.

When you look at a correct picture of the outline of the earth, you see that the outer lines of the crust are not even, but rugged. The outer line of the circle is full of dents and hollows, and of swellings and points. You must imagine every one of these indentations to be a deep hollow, or extensive valley some miles deep, and sufficient to form the bed of a gulf or inland sea. As the rain would wear away the upper parts of the curves, the water would run towards the bottom, and there settle and deposit the sand or mud which it had dislodged from the rocks of the crust above. With every shower there would be a fresh flood, which would carry down more sand, or pebbles, or silt. From the repetition of this process two results would follow: at first, the lake or sea thus formed in one hollow, would become deeper and deeper; and then, with every fresh stratum of sand deposited, the bottom would come up higher and higher.

In this manner a new covering would be made on the crust of the earth. These strata of sand would rise higher and higher, with every fresh layer deposited by the flood, until they would become visible as dry land. In the process of growth they would elevate the water of the lake or sea, and eventually drive it off to other hollows or curves of lower level, until at last sea would join sea, and form an ocean.

This, in geological theory, was the beginning of what are called sometimes sedimentary rocks, and sometimes stratified rocks. It is, therefore, no wonder that the most ancient of these rocks have much of a uniform composition, since, at this early epoch in geological time, the water had but one kind of material to work upon. It is necessary to mention the sedimentary rocks now, for you will find that these also have been acted upon by heat from under the earth's crust. According to Hutton's theory, different parts of the crust of the earth have been successively fused by heat in different epochs; and the progress of geology strengthens the evidence, that local variations in heat have melted one part of the crust after another, and have also much altered the superincumbent rocks deposited upon it.

EXPLANATION OF SOME HARD WORDS IN THE PRECEDING LESSONS.

Geology is derived from two Greek words, *ge* and *logos*, which signify *the earth*, and an *account* or *description*; it therefore means *an account of the earth* as regards its structure, and the different changes which it has undergone in the course of its formation.

Fossil is derived from a Latin word *fossilis*, which signifies *that can be dug out of the ground*; it is now restricted to organic remains; that is, the petrified remains of beings that were once possessed of life.

Crystallized is derived from a Greek word *crystallos*, which signifies *ice*; it is applied to the regular forms which bodies assume when they are cooled after having been in a liquid state from the action of heat.

Granite is derived from a Latin word *granatus*, which signifies *having many grains*; it is applied to the hardest known stone, which is composed of *quartz*, *felspar*, and *mica* or *hornblende*.

Calceiferous is derived from two Latin words, *calx*

and *fero*, which signify *chalk* or *lime* and *to carry*; it therefore means *chalk-bearing* or *lime-bearing*.

Grit, from the Saxon *gritta*, meaning *rough, hard particles*; it is applied to stones adapted for grinding, paving, and building purposes.

Boulders, detached stones rounded by travelling in water, and deposited in hollows formed by water.

Quartz is a crystalline substance composed of oxygen and silicium.

Felspar is a crystalline substance composed of sand, clay, lime, and potash.

Mica is a substance which glitters like silver, and is divisible into very thin plates or leaves; it is composed of flint, clay, magnesia, and oxide of iron.

Hornblende, a dark, crystalline substance, composed of alumina, flint, magnesia, and oxide of iron.

Geognosy, though it does not occur in the lessons, is a name formerly applied to the science of geology; it comes from two Greek words, *ge* and *gnosis*, which signify *the earth* and *knowledge*; it therefore means *a knowledge of the earth* as regards its structure, and the changes which have taken place in its formation, until it arrived at its present state. Of the two it is better to be a *geognostic* than a *geologist*.

INSTRUCTIONS TO PAINTERS.

COLORS FOR INTERIOR DECORATIONS.

In a drawing-room, brilliant colors, with a considerable degree of contrast and gilding; the lightest colors and strongest contrast should be upon the furniture. A dining-room should be warm, rich and substantial, without vivid contrast; gilding, unless in very small quantities, should be avoided. Breakfast Parlors ought to be painted in a medial style, between that of a drawing-room and Dining-Room. The coloring for Libraries should be rich and grave, and no higher coloring should be employed than is necessary to give the effect of grandeur, and unite the painting with the richness produced by the book-binder's art. This can scarcely be done by neutral hues; but care should be taken not to disturb the quietness which ought to characterise the coloring of all apartments of this description by any masses of vivid color. In Bed-Rooms, a light, cleanly, and cheerful style of coloring is the most appropriate. Stair-cases, Lobbies, and Vestibules should all be rather of a cool tone, and the style of the color should be simple and free of contrast.

IMITATION DRAGON'S BLOOD.

Shellac, 4 lbs; melt, remove from the fire, and add Canada balsam, 5 oz; and coarsely powdered gum benzoin, 2 oz; when well mixed, stir in red sanders wood and Venetian red—both in fine powder—of each 1 lb; blend well together, and form into sticks. The above preparation may be distinguished from genuine dragon's blood by its partial solubility in alcohol. It makes, however, a very fine-colored powder, but for varnishes is better without the Venetian red.

MERCURY, rubbed on true gilding produces a white spot, while it has no action on spurious gold. A solution of mercury in nitric acid leaves untouched real gold, and produces a white spot on the spurious.

HUMOROUS READINGS.

When a pickpocket pulls at your watch, tell him plainly that you have no time to spare.

WELL MATCHED.—An intelligent farmer being asked if his horses were well matched, replied—'Yes, they are matched first-rate; one of them is willing to do all the work; and the other is willing he should.'

THREE DEGREES OF COMPARISON.—'Arry:—'Ow am I gettin on? Hawful. I've 'ad to keep my bed these six months!'

Jack:—'Vell, that's luck! I could never keep a bed 'alf that time. Could you, Bill?'

Bill:—'Karn't say; I never 'ad no bed to keep!'

CHAFF.—Bus-driver, to conductor of opposition bus, 'I've knowed yer ever since yer was born. I knowed yer poor mother; she had two on yer that time. One was a werry nice little boy—t'other was half a idiot—a sort of brown paper feller. The werry nice little boy died werry young, he did.'

LEARNING.—'Ah,' said old Mrs. Doosenbury, larning is a great thing; I've often felt the need of it! Why, would you believe it, I'm now sixty years old, and only know the names of three months in the year; and them's spring, fall and autumn! I larnt the names of them when I was a little bit of a girl!'

GENTLE EXTENSION.—'Is your horse gentle, Mr. Dabster?' 'Perfectly gentle, sir; the only fault he has got (if that be a fault) is a playful habit of extending his hinder hoofs now and then.' 'By extending his hinder hoofs you don't mean kicking, I hope?' 'Some people called it kicking, Mr. Green, but it's only a slight reaction of the muscles; a disease rather than a vice.'

A SWALLOW OUT OF SEASON.—Scene: Crowd in front of Theatre:—Gentleman in front (bawling): 'Ar-ree!'

'Arry, at back:—'Ullo!'

Gent. in front, as before:—'Where's Bill-lee.'

'Arry:—'Why, the young beggar's been and swallowed his sixpence in the crowd, and they won't let 'im in!'

OUTFLANKED.—'Stop pounding that mule,' said Gen. Sherman to a soldier, who was unmercifully beating the beast. The soldier, unacquainted with the General, told him to mind his own business. 'I tell you again to stop. I am Gen. Sherman.' 'That's played out,' said the soldier; 'every man who comes along here with an old brown coat and a stovepipe hat, claims to be Gen. Sherman.' For once the General considered himself outflanked.

WESTERN ETIQUETTE.—The Yankee traveler who saw the live Hoosier, has again written to his mother, telling her his experience as follows:—'Western people are death on etiquette. You can't tell a man here that he lies without fighting. A few days ago, a man was telling one of his neighbors, in my hearing, a pretty large story. Says I, 'Stranger, that's a whopper.' Says he, 'Lay there, stranger,' and in the twinkling of an eye I found myself in the ditch, a perfect quadruped. On another occasion, says I to a man I never saw before, as a woman passed, 'That isn't a specimen of your Western women, is it?' Says he, 'You're afraid of fever and ague, ain't you?' 'Very much,' says I, 'Well,' replied he, 'that lady is my wife, and

if you don't apologize in two minutes, by the honor of a gentleman, I swear that these two pistols (which he held cocked in his hands) shall cure you of that disorder entirely.' So I knelt down and politely apologized. I admire the Western country much; but darn me if I can stand so much etiquette, it always takes me un-awares."

TWO IN A BED.—Ned and Charley are two room-mates, but they occupy different beds. Ned's sleeping apparatus was so situated that there were two fore-sides, which Ned found very convenient.

One night, Ned and Charley had been out and, on returning, which they did near morning, both were considerably elevated. However, they walked to their room with an air that seemed to say, 'not so drunk after all,' and sought long and patiently for matches and lamp. After knocking the pitcher off the wash-stand and smashing the looking-glass, they finally gave up the search and went to bed.

Went to bed—yes, that is the word, but owing to the darkness and confusion of their senses, they made a slight mistake. In short, Ned's bed had the honor of receiving the two friends—Charley getting in on one side, and his friend on the other.

'I say, Ned,' cried Charley, hitting somebody's calf, 'there's a fellow in my bed.'

'Wonderful coincidence,' exclaimed Ned, feeling a strange elbow in the neighborhood of his ribs; "there's one in my bed, too.'

'Is there?' cried Charley; 'let's kick 'em out!'

'Agreed,' said Ned.

And accordingly the two friends began to kick.—It lasted about a minute and a half, and Ned was sprawling on the floor. Charley was left in possession of the bed.

For a minute all was silent.

'I say, Ned,' cried Charley.

'What!' asked Ned, sulkily.

'I've kicked my fellow out.'

'You are luckier than I am,' said Ned, 'for mine has kicked me out.'

WANTED—A HEART.

I want—ah, me! I want a heart,
But not a heart for love,
To feel the smart of Cupid's dart,
And also rhyme with dove.

I do not want a manly heart,
With high desires to glow,
Or feel what friendship can impart,
And sympathy bestow.

The heart for which I long is none
Of man's, nor yet of maid's.
I only want a little one
To trump that trick in spades.

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[Vol. I.]

POETRY.

THE PAIR-OAR.

Comrade mine, as we row along
By the fresh green banks where the willows grow,
Let the pulse of our stroke be true and strong
From the bent blades flicking to and fro.

Sharp the prow as it cuts away
In a wedge-like furrow the level stream,
And the wrinkles run from the dropping spray
As our bright spruce pinions dart and gleam.

Bubbles swell from the shining track
Of our keel and the oar strokes, flaring wide;
And the wake of foam sweeps merrily back
With its tiny eddies on either side.

"Now, avast!" and we lightly float
Into shadow and coolness, where the trees
Are a mighty arbor above our boat;
And the oars hang gently and drift at ease.

Then once more through the open strait
Of the fresh green banks where the willows grow,
On the homeward stretch, with a glance elate
At the bent blades flicking to and fro.

Comrade mine of the old pair-oar,
Are there days of a better joy than this,
When we slip so swiftly beside the shore
With our stroke as true as our friendship is?

Never long will the daylight last
Or the spring of the happy year endure—
Let us catch the pleasures which hurry past.
While our arms are strong and our stroke is sure.

SELECTIONS FROM MODERN HUMORISTS.

VALENTINE VOX, THE VENTRILOQUIST.

HIS JOURNEY TO LONDON.—CONTINUED.

Valentine chuckled so desperately over his scheme, that he dared not, for fear of being suspected, commence another for some considerable time. The absurd surmises of the puzzled Tooler, and the inferences of the gentleman in black, which were scarcely less ridiculous, kept him in a perpetual fever while they met the "down coach."

"You leave us here, of course?" observed the gentleman in black.

"Noo," said Tooler, "worse look, I'm agoing right through. I've made a 'rangement wi' Waddle, tother coachman. He wants to goo darn and I wants to goo

up. It taint often I do goo to tarn, but whens'er I do, suffin's sure to be the matter. I've got a 'pointment at seven to goo wi' moi gals to the play, an noo you see, blarm it—phit! phit!—I'm a cupple o' hours behind.'

'Hallo, my cherry bounce!' shouted Waddle, as he and Tooler pulled up. 'What's the natur o' the game now? Here a matter o' sixteen mile out.'—Tooler shook his head thoughtfully. 'A spill, my old wegitable? Anything broke?'—continued Waddle—'any haccident?'

'About the rummest go,' replied Tooler, 'as yow ever had any notion on yet. But I marnt stop noo. I'll tell yow ool about it to-morrow—phit, phit.'

'Well, ta, ta, my turnip,' observed Mr. Waddle, and away the coaches rattled in opposite directions, Tooler lashing his leaders with unparalleled severity.

Valentine, having regained full command over his muscles, and perceiving that the coachman's nerves were so perfectly unstrung, that the slightest thing would seriously annoy him, now began to indulge in his favorite imitations of a fretful child, upon the exactness of which he prided himself especially. He sobbed, and squalled, and coughed, and hooped, and strained, and held his breath, and then struggled convulsively with his voice again, with all the vehemence of which he was capable, while the coachman was whipping, and shuffling, and fretting himself into a fever of excitement.

'Blarm that 'ere child,' exclaimed Tooler, looking round, 'if yow'd keep that 'ere leetle un o' yourn quiet, marm, I'd thank yar.' Valentine, however, still continued to persevere in his interesting imitations, until Tooler, having worked himself up to such a pitch of excitement that he could scarcely hold the reins, shouted angrily, 'Marm, yow must keep that 'ere child o' yourn a leetle matter still. My horses carnt stand it; they carnt get along. Phit! Darn me, if it beant enow to drive a man mad.'

'I dare say it's after its teeth, poor thing,' observed the gentleman in black.

'Its teath,' cried Tooler, 'it ony wants the breast. Jist listen to it! Blarm my body.'

'I can't keep it quiet!' cried Valentine, assuming the voice of a female. 'It arn't no use; I must throw it away,' and he immediately uttered a piercing shriek, and exclaimed, 'the child, the child,—the child's off!'

Tooler, of course, stopped on the instant, and having given the reins to the gentleman in black, got down with the view of rescuing the infant from its perilous position, and of pointing out to its mother in

terms of just indignation the extreme inhumanity of her conduct:

'Where is it, yow baggage?' cried Tooler, looking anxiously along the road.

'Ha yow drapped anythin, cooarchman?' inquired a countryman, sitting behind.

'Drapped anythin?' angrily echoed Tooler. 'Where, where is the child?'

'Woot choild?' inquired the countryman.

'Why that wumman's child as she jist throw'd away,' shouted Tooler.

'We arnt had noo choild here,' said the countryman—a fact to which all who sat behind bore instant testimony.

'What!' exclaimed Tooler, 'do yow mean to say? do yow mean to tell me you beant had a child there that's been cryin' the last hour, an' puttin' my horses into this ere darng'd sweat?'

'I tell yow,' replied the countryman, 'we arn't had no choild; we arnt seen nuffin like a choild here.'

'Well, may I be darngd,' exclaimed Tooler, scratching his head very violently, and swinging his right arm with great force through the air.

'This beats all as I ever did hear 'on afore. It doant siggerfy tawking,' added he, on remounting the box; 'the devil's aither an inside or an outside passenger. I've got 'un, to-day, sure enow.' And Tooler drew out his way-bill with the view of ascertaining which was likely to be his Satanic Majesty *incog.*, while the gentleman in black, the three passengers who sat on the same seat with Valentine, and Valentine himself, were expressing to each other their utter astonishment at the extraordinary character of the occurrence, with great eloquence and warmth.

'That's it,—I have it,' said Tooler to himself, as a countrywoman passed with a basket on her arm. 'She said so—she said she would. Blarm her old body.'

It was easy to perceive that at that moment something had flitted across Tooler's mind, which had proved to him a source of fresh annoyance, for he appeared to be in a state of extreme agitation, and continued to be so, muttering short and bitter sentences, scratching his head, striking the crown of his hat, and violently grinding his teeth, until he arrived at the end of the stage, when he ran into the stable with breathless haste, and returned before a second idea of his object could be conceived, with a box of tools in one hand and a horse-shoe in the other.

'Hold hard a bit, Bill,' said he, kneeling upon the pole and nailing the horse-shoe to the foot-board. 'There, now do your worst. Blarm yer carkus. I defy yar. While horses were being put in, Tooler shook his head most triumphantly, and smiled at the horse-shoe with intense satisfaction.

'What, in the name of goodness,' said the gentleman in black, when Tooler had remounted, 'have you nailed to the foot-board?'

'Hold hard, Phih, a horse-shoe,' cried Tooler; 'the cooarch is bewitched, sir,—least ways it was; but I've cured it now—that's a settler.'

'Awful,' exclaimed the gentleman in black, with due solemnity. 'How can you, coachman, entertain so impious a thought?'

'I know it,' said Tooler; 'that wumman as we passed with a basket then brought it my mind. She's for all the word, like her.'

'Like whom?' inquired the gentleman in black.

'Why, like the witch,' replied Tooler. 'I'll tell yow ool about it. T'other day, when I wor comin' along the rooad, I seed this 'ere warmint a settin' on the path, with a basket by her side. Young Harry, the nevy of our propriotor, was on the box wi' me, and so says he, Tooler, says he, I'll bet you a crown bowl o' punch, yow doant hook that 'ere basket up here. Done, says I. It's a bet, says he, done. So I makes my whip ready, and jist as we come along side o' the warmint, I winds it round the handle of the basket, and, sartin enough, up it comes, when Harry catches it jist by the middle o' the handle, and I s'pose it mought ha' had in it a cupple o' score of eggs, wi' the yolks of which, in course, we was smothered. Well, I pulls up at once, for I couldn't see my horses until I wiped some on it off; and while Harry and me was laughing at aich other, fit to split, up comes the old warmint, and, praps, she didn't go it a good un. Well, as soon as I could get through the mess, to my pocket I dropped her half-a-crown, and Harry dropped her another; but even this didn't satisfy the nasty old frump; she wanted them 'ere eggs, pitickler, it seemed, and no others would do; and she swore that I should rue the day I broke 'em. So says Harry do yow know who she is? Noo, says I, I can't say as I do. Why, says he, that's the famous old witch. The devil it is, says I, and so it was; and this is the way she's been a sarvin' me out. But I've fixed her wi' the horse-shoe, there, darng her old carkus she carnt do no more mischief now.'

'Are you sure of that? Beware,' said Valentine, in an awful hollow whisper, sufficiently loud only to reach Tooler's ear.

Tooler trembled for an instant; but, his faith in the virtue of the horse-shoe being fixed, he soon regained his self-possession, and giving his head a knowing, devil-may-care twist, sat firmly in his seat, fully determined to take no heed of anything that might threaten.

'Hoi! coachman!' exclaimed one of the passengers at this moment; 'only look at this wheel.'

Tooler sat like a statue. He did not deign to move a muscle.

'Coachman, coachman,' shouted the countryman who was sitting behind; 'lookkee how this off-wheel's a waddling.'

'Blarm un,' cried Tooler, 'let un waddle. Phit, phit,' and away went the horses down the hill; but in an instant Tooler saw the wheel whizzing a-head, at the rate of full thirty miles an hour.

'Lean all to the left,' shouted Tooler, and the passengers obeyed him, but he also pulled the horses to the left so violently that the coach, coming in contact with the jutting bank, turned over and deposited him and the passengers upon a newly-formed bed of manure.

Witchcraft was, in Tooler's view, again triumphant. His faith in the efficacy of horse-shoes vanished. He felt himself perfectly beaten, and, therefore, after having, with considerable difficulty, managed to get his insides out, he left his horses, coach, and luggage in the care of the persons who had fortunately witnessed the accident, and waddled, with the fragments of the whip in his hand, toward a roadside inn a few hundred yards distant. On reaching the house, of course, a thousand questions were asked in a breath;

not one of them, however, did Tooler deign to answer. He threw himself carelessly into a large arm-chair, and, declaring that he would not drive that day another step, drank with infinite gusto, in a rummer of raw brandy, 'Eternal perdition to the witch.'

ANECDOTE OF MR. ABERNETHY.

Mr. Abernethy was a man of genius, but very eccentric. However he had no real moroseness of disposition; his impatience of loquacity and superfluous details arose from a great degree of sagacity, clearness of judgment, and a feeling of independence. He seemed to feel as if he mentally expressed himself thus:—'Here I am, ready to give my advice if you want it; but you must take it as you find it, and if you don't like it, egad [his favorite word] you may go about your business, I don't want to have anything to do with you; hold your tongue and be off.' In some such mood as this he received a visit from a lady one day who was well acquainted with his invincible repugnance to her sex's predominant disposition, and who therefore forbore speaking but simply in reply to his laconic queries. The consultation was conducted during three visits in the following manner:—First day—Lady enters and holds out her finger—Abernethy. 'Cut?' Lady. 'Bite.' A. 'Dog?' L. 'Parrot.' A. 'Go-home and poultice it.' Second day—finger held out again—A. 'Better?' L. 'Worse.' A. 'Go home and poultice it again.' Third day—Finger held out as before—A. 'Better?' L. 'Well.' A. 'You're the most sensible woman I ever met with—Good bye—Get out.'

Another lady having scalded her arm, called at the usual hour to show it three successive days, when similar laconic conversations took place. First day—Patient, exposing the arm, says—'Burnt.' A. 'I see it,' and having prescribed a lotion, she departs. Second day—Patient shows the arm, and says—'Better.' A. 'I know it.' Third day—Again showing the arm, Patient—'Well.' A. 'Any fool can tell that—What d'ye come again for?—Get away.'

A patient consulted Mr. Abernethy for a pain of the arm, and, holding it up in the air, said, 'It always gives me pain when I hold it up so.' A. 'Then why the devil do you hold it up so?'

A young lady was brought one morning by her mamma, complaining of difficulty of breathing when taking exercise and after her meals. Perceiving her to be tightly laced around the waist, Mr. Abernethy seized a pair of scissors, and without saying a word, ripped up the stays from top to bottom, and then desired her to walk about for ten minutes. The injunction being complied with accordingly, he demanded how she felt. 'Better,' was the reply. The mandate was repeated, and the walk being finished, he asked—'How now?' 'Quite well,' was the answer. Abernethy. 'That will do.—Take her away,—and don't let her wear tight stays.' In such a case a common physician would probably prescribe to oblige the apothecary and to please the patient. The eccentric professor went directly to the cause at once, and removed it, without caring who was pleased or who not so, having no sinister object in view.

LETTER G.

'Madge, you are an angel!'

'Oh, Peter!' exclaimed the angel, blushing like the rosy dawn.

It was summer-time. The two were sitting in a honey-suckle-scented bower, out of which they walked, engaged to be married.

'Very well, my dear,' the angel's step-mother observed to her husband, 'very well. You have permitted that boy, not yet out of college and not worth a cent, to come here, day after day, hanging round Madge, the consequence of which is that he and she walked in from the bower last evening all joy and blushes, evidently having exchanged mutual vows of everlasting love.'

'Bless my soul! Is it possible?'

'Yes, indeed. They are two children, and don't know any better; at least, Madge don't. As to that boy, you know he has only the eight hundred dollars which his grandfather left him, unless his uncle chooses to give him something—a very brilliant alliance for your heiress. I dare say he does not love her; he is after your money.'

'After my money!' A dart of indignation flamed out of the good man's eyes. 'Not love my precious little girl! What if she loves him, and breaks her heart about him!'

'Break her heart! she won't break her little finger. She will sigh for six hours, and forget all about him in six days.'

Next evening, when Master Peter Brooks, sumptuously attired for the occasion, asked Mr. Bolton, with whom he was a great favorite, for the hand of his daughter, the old gentleman received him with tremendous stiffness, pooh-poohed his hand and heart, and showed his handsome person the door.

I shall not harrow up my readers' feelings with an account of the unspeakable anguish which the lovers endured for some days after this, because worse is coming. We will hasten on to the miserably blissful day, late in August, when Madge ran away to the city of New York, with a carpet-bag and Peter.—They arrived in the dusk of evening and made instant search for a clergyman. They found one who united them in five minutes, and wrote a certificate in two more; and behold 'man and wife' walked forth in the sweet moonlit night, Peter strutting like a warlike bantam in his pride and happiness.

Love's young dream. For six weeks it was like a story out of an annual. The regulation penitential letter had been written to the obdurate parents, and the regulation no answer had been returned; for Mrs. Bolton took care to have an unfailing supply of caustic on the end of her tongue, which kept Mr. Bolton's rage up to burning heat.

Peter had engaged apartments in the Byron House, Fifth Avenue—not too expensive, for they were going to be very economical, as the ensuing conversation will show, which took place a week after the marriage. The two had written letters again—he to his uncle and guardian, for Peter was an orphan; and Madge to her father, giving their present address.

They were eating dinner—soup, a partridge, macaroni, salad, and meringues glacé—all perfectly plain, and of course cheap.

'Ah!' cried Peter, laying down his knife and fork, and rubbing his hands gleefully, 'isn't it gorgeous!—a cozy little parlor, a capital little dinner, and a lovely little wife. I would not change with the king on his throne.'

'Nor I—we shall get along so beautifully. We must be very careful, though. Now, let's calculate expenses. How much did your grandpapa leave you?'

'Eight hundred dollars.'

'Eight—hundred—dollars! Goodness! why papa never gave me more than twenty dollars at a time.—Now let's count. How much do we pay here?'

'Fifty dollars a week—that's rent, you know.'

'Yes, fifty dollars; four weeks, one month; four times fifty, two hundred. Well, rooms two hundred dollars a month. There, I've got that down. Now what else, Peter?'

'Meals.'

'Oh yes, meals. They will cost hardly anything, we eat so little. I only want chicken, and meringue, and such things.'

'Say fifty dollars a month.'

'Yes. Oh, how nicely we are getting on! Then my dress.—Let me see—I saw mamma's bill at Stewart's last year. It was twenty-two hundred dollars. But, bless your dear heart, I shan't spend a cent hardly; say fifty dollars a month for me; and another for you. You don't have to give more than fifty dollars for a pair of trousers, do you?'

'No, you little goose! not half of fifty. My uncle did not allow me as much a month for my whole wardrobe.'

'Well, then, that will do splendidly. And we must have some nice books.'

'And go to the opera sometimes.'

'And have a carriage to make visits.'

'And a good cigar or two. George! what a long column!' ejaculated Peter, stopping short. 'I think we had better count up.' He made a hasty calculation, and the result stood as follows:—

Rent of rooms	\$200
Meals	50
Dress (Madge)	50
Dress (Peter)	50
Opera	20
Books	20
Carriage	20
Cigars	10
	420

Madge looked perfectly blank at the sum total, and could not help a little tremble in her voice as she said, 'But, you know, dear, we cannot do without these things; can we?'

'No, darling, though it makes my grandfather's bequest melt away like snow under the sun.'

At this moment, a servant entered and said, some trunks and a small parcel had come for Mrs. Brooks.

'For Mrs. Brooks?' repeated Peter; 'send them up.'

Two large trunks were brought into the room, and a package handed to Madge.

'Why, how heavy it is! What can it be—a bracelet? Yes, it feels like one, and from dear papa! He has forgiven us!' and she gave a little skip and crow of exultation.

Her color went and came, and she held the bracelet still sealed, a vague dread creeping through her joy.

'Open it, darling,' said her husband.

Madge did so with trembling fingers, and took out the keys of her trunks and her last letter unopened.

The reaction and disappointment were so bitter that she burst into tears just as the servant had knocked, entered, and had handed a letter to Peter.

'Never mind, darling,' he said, kissing her tenderly. 'It is all the doings of that horrid old step-mother. Hullo! here is a letter from my uncle; he couldn't hold out any longer. I told you he was a regular brick; we're all right, never you fear.'

Inclosed he found his own appeal unopened, and a short pithy note from his uncle, stating that, as his hopeful nephew had chosen to go and make a donkey of himself before he was twenty years old, he might run through his little property as fast as he pleased, and break his wife's heart in the bargain; but he was not to expect any assistance by word or deed from, etc., etc.

'What a thundering old flint!' ejaculated Peter.

'What a dence of a fix!'

'Fix? There's the eight hundred dollars, dear, and we shall be so very, very economical. I'll go and unpack my trunks; perhaps papa has put some money in them.'

She ran into the next room, radiant with this hope, just as the servant entered and handed a note to Peter. It read thus—

BYRON HOUSE, August 31, 186 .	
Rent of rooms, one week	\$50
Meals in private parlor	35
Gas	2
Sundries	10
	97

'Whew! George! Jupiter—here goes a hundred dollars a week's board!' exclaimed Peter, the picture of dismay. I had no idea it cost such a prodigious amount to live! How could we eat up thirty-five dollars in one week! We must be two regular orgies! This is a fix and no mistake.'

'My darling Peter, what are you saying all those dreadful words about? What is the matter?' cried Madge, running in from her trunks. 'What has happened to give you such a terrible long face?' and she put up her mouth for a kiss.

'A clincher!' answered Peter, giving the kiss. 'Our letters are sent back, and here is a bill for nearly a hundred dollars for one week's board.'

'One hundred dollars? It's perfectly monstrous!—Let's go somewhere else, dear; the Saint Romnald or the Coleridge. I'm sure they can't charge such wicked prices! We boarded at the Coleridge last winter. I don't know what papa paid, but he had a great big parlor with the loveliest curtains, and such a splendid mantle glass, and a perfectly elegant Wilton carpet; and I remember papa said the charge was very reasonable.'

'Was it, darling? Let's go and try.'

They set off in high glee to get cheaper accommodations at the Romnald, but found upon inquiry, to their unspeakable astonishment, that the same style of rooms would cost them still more.

This wouldn't do; the Coleridge was very little better; and our two children went back to the Byron, not knowing where else to go, and staid five weeks longer, to the tune of five hundred dollars more, and there was just two hundred left in the bank.

They had had such a delightful time! Peter could not resist bringing home, once in a while, a basket of

fragrant flowers to his darling. They had given two little *recherché* dinners to friends of Peter's who had happened in town, and his friends had slapped him on the back and volubly envied him the possession of such an angel; and he loved her.

But now another guest came; a scarcely defined shadow of Care began to sit at the table unbidden.

It was now October. People were beginning to come into the city for winter quarters. It was plain that they must leave. The poor boy looked at the beautiful, innocent face of his wife, and thought how much curtains, chickens, and other bare necessities(?) cost, and how very little money was left, and how soon they might come to utter destitution, he groaned aloud and wrung his hands.

'Darling what is the matter?' cried Madge, running to him and kissing him. 'What made you utter that dreadful groan?'

'We are beggars!' moaned Peter.

'What? You don't mean it! Can't we get some more money somewhere?'

'Yes, we can beg, borrow or steal.'

'Oh, Peter!'—the little hands went up in dismay, and the piteous eyes became dim with big tears, then a soft arm went curling round his neck. 'We have each other, darling!' said her loving, pleading voice. 'We can work. I know how to crotchet very well, and you write such heavenly poetry! I am sure somebody will give you loads of money for it. Just think of that sweet thing you wrote about me! I'll tell you what,' she continued, suddenly brightening up, 'let's go to house-keeping!—not in a whole house, you know, but in two rooms, as mamma's seamstress when she married the carpenter. That will be the very thing. I'll go to market and cook. I know how to stir a pudding—I did it once for fun! Yes, I am certain I shall be a capital poor man's wife, and we shall get on famously. Will you, dear?'

Good little wife! precious little soul! sly little woman! cheating him out of his heart-ache to hide it with her own. Oh, what an artful witch every good wife must learn to be. And so this extra-designing one got her husband to do her bidding with tolerable philosophy; for in two days the last hotel bill was paid, and our young couple settled in three small, plainly-furnished rooms, in the third story of a shabby house in a retired street—where, with a little cooking-stove, a large cookery-book, just one hundred and fifty dollars, and undiminished affection for each other, they began this new phase of their married life.

Peter went vaguely about in search of employment, and Madge did the marketing. The first day she sallied forth with a small basket on her arm—bought a chicken, which she put in her basket; then went to a grocer's and asked for butter. She must taste it, of course, for 'Peter was very particular indeed about butter.'

'Yes, mum, I keep the primeest butter in market; and this is only thirty-eight cents.'

'Thirty-eight cents, is it? Well, it is excellent! You may send it home.'

'Send the tub, mum?'

Madge thought an instant, and decided that, as he was so kind as to offer, the tub might be a good thing to have in the house; so she said,

'Oh, thank you; yes; send the tub, if you please;

and I want some macaroni—Peter is so fond of it.'

'How much, mum?'

'How much do you usually sell to private families?'

'The genteeldest customers take a box, mum.'

'Oh, do they? Well, send it. If there is too much for once, you know—will it keep?'

'Lor' bless you, mum, keep a year,' said the grocer, shaking with inward laughter.

'Well, then, send the butter and macaroni with the bill,' and she gave her address, and went joyfully home.

She busied herself making the little rooms look as inviting as she could; and just before Peter came home, she had popped the chicken in the oven, and was clapping her tiny hands, and laughing, and declaring to herself that, 'after all, lace curtains and Wilton carpets were no great things.'

When Peter came in, he was followed up the stairs and into the room by a man with a large, heavy tub on his shoulder. He set this down, went out, and returned with a box about two feet square, marked 'Macaroni.' This he also set down, and taking a bill out of his hat, handed it to Peter.

'What is this?' he cried; '40 pounds of butter, at 38 cents per pound, \$15.20; and 30 pounds of macaroni, at 20 cents a pound, \$6.00. Who told you to bring this here?'

'Fifteen dollars for butter!' exclaimed Madge. 'Why, the dreadful man told me it was only thirty-eight cents, and I didn't think there was more than two or three pounds.'

'Forty pounds, ma'am, in the tub; forty times thirty-eight, fifteen twenty; all right, you see,' said the man.

'Oh Peter, what shall I do?' sobbed the poor child. 'I was going to have everything so nice; and there is such a lovely chicken cooking in the oven.'

'Never mind, darling; we must pay for these things, I suppose; they will last the rest of our lives; and we will have the chicken, if it is done, for I am as hungry as a hawk.'

The bill was paid, and Madge dried her tears. Peter and she set the table together, and were soon screaming with laughter over their own awkwardness, as man and maid of all work. A loaf of bread was placed on one corner, and some of the butter on another. Then the chicken was taken out of the oven. It was brown enough for one thing; and Peter, thrusting his fork on either side of the breast-bone, prepared to cut it. It was a momentous crisis. Madge's eyes grew wide with expectant pride and happiness in the success of this her first step in the majestic science of cooking. The knife fell, and rattle, rattle, rattle, like small shot, went about half a pint of corn all over the dish.

Madge grew ghastly pale—nothing of this kind was ever in the chickens at her papa's table. What sort of strange monster was it?

Peter gave one cut more, dropped his knife and fork, and fell back in his chair, the image of consternation and despair. Suddenly he darted up, clapping his hands, and tore round the room, screaming with laughter. 'Oh, oh, hold me!' he cried, 'I shall burst. She forgot to take the insides out—the dear little innocent kitten. She has cooked insides, crop, and all. Ha! ha! Oh, what a brute I am!'

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

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NATIONAL TRAITS AND THEIR CAUSES.

NUMBER FIVE.

We turn now to the Welshman.

For generations such an intermixture and association of English and Welsh have been going on, that in the counties bordering each country, it is hard to say, as to location, where the Englishman begins or the Welshman leaves off. In these parts the two peoples have by intermarriage been so mixed up that as to characteristics, like as to their names, it is difficult to say how much of Welsh or English there is in the composition of either, but the pure-blooded Welshman wherever you find him, is as distinct in his nature from the Englishman to-day as he was two centuries ago.

The principal difference between the two nations lies in the fact that the English partake more of the nature of their Anglo-Saxon progenitors, than they do that of such of the Celtic race as they have also descended from; while the Welshman is all Celt—nearly as pure as to blood to-day, as he was before the Saxons arrived in England. The German (or Anglo-Saxon) character is slow, steady and scientific; that of the Celt impetuous, sentimental, and poetic. The Englishman unites the blood of both these races, hence he inherits the German sureness and his plodding nature associated with a degree of the poetic and ideal temperament—the Anglo-Saxon quality however preponderating. The Welshman betrays no such drawback upon his imaginative and emotional qualities there being no such opposing natures combined in his ancestry.

As to the Welsh and Irish they appear to have sprung from different families of a common race. The ancient languages of each have their resemblances. Both are Celts, but they manifest a different side of the same impulsive ardent character. The Celtic Irishman is rollicking and unabashable, the Welshman retiring and sensitive of observation.

The Welsh like the Irish are open to the charms of eloquence, like them they are more touched and aroused by appeals to the heart and imagination than by logical display, Welsh oratory is full of metaphors and comparisons, and the language itself, which is an out-growth of the Welsh character, is adapted thereto. This tendency in the Welsh to the ideal is to be accounted for by their Celtic nature, which abounds with vigor, sprightliness, and pathos, and partially by the propitious effects of a history replete with phases of heroism, as well as by the exhilarating effects of a mountain life. There is a sort of altitude of feeling engendered by a life in the mountains, calculated to develop the imagination and foster romance. All these facts taken together account for the poetic temperament of the Welshman—for Wales is a nation of poets. The humblest artisan of Wales, the hardest grubber of the soil, tries his hand at poetry,—simply because his soul is full of it. It was this national love for poetry which sustained as a profes-

sion in ancient times the minstrel bards, who harp in hand wandered from county to county awakening tradition and romance as they passed along.

Allied to the poetic character of the Welsh is their love of music. Welsh choirs sing with peculiar melody and soul. The whole of their emotional nature finds a natural expression in song, which, of course, is harmony and sentiment combined. In respect to this twin-love of music and poetry the Welsh nature singularly resembles the Judaic type. In fact the Welshman can sing and talk of Zion with the fervor of a Hebrew prophet. As to religion the Welsh are—as they should naturally be with their descent and associations—intensely devotional. Methodism with its raptures and fervor has therefore obtained a great ascendancy in Wales. The Welsh are not adapted for hair-splitters of dogmas—they are by nature worshippers. Unlike the Germans they indulge in no metaphysical inquiries into the origin and relationship of all things before they can trust themselves to a creed. They worship from the heart out, and not from the brain in.

Let us now refer to that strong trait of the Welshman, his nationality of feeling. He is strong in national impulses because he is strong in everything that relates to feeling. His non-mixture with other races has given him something to cherish as to nationality. A people made up from half a dozen other nations do not know particularly which one to be proud of, hence, they become enthusiastic over their country instead. Welsh history is replete with grand traditions. A people with such memories are always national. If the Welshman believes in anything it is in the antiquity of his race. He believes his language originated no farther back than the Garden of Eden, simply because he does not know the exact name of a previous world on which to locate it—or he would certainly derive it thence. He has records which—to his satisfaction—show that he was at Troy before the siege, and at Rome before the Cæsars. To him the ancient Irish and Scotch are babes in history—degenerate Welshmen, or colonies from his parent stock at best. When he and his arrived in England to become the ancient Britons they brought with them an aged history whose remote periods were even then lost in the depth of a hoary antiquity. The imagination of a romantic and fervid people has of course done much to fill in and embellish these traditions, but as traditions, they are not inappropriate to a race whose past is interlocked with the remotest periods of European history.

Much more might be said of the Welshman, but as far as we have gone, we think his geographical position, climate, origin, and past conditions of life, fully account for his national peculiarities. The Welsh are of course more distinct individually than nationally. Their association with England has absorbed and incorporated with that nation much of their strength; hence they have not so distinctively made their national mark. The process of connection now going on will, doubtless, result in fusing them and the English into a mass undistinguishable from each other, in process of time, but it will be centuries before the influence of their warm and rich natures will cease to be distinctly visible in the future of Great Britain or the character of her people.

SEVENTIES' LECTURES.

The concluding lecture of this course was given on Wednesday evening last, by Mr. John Nicholson, on Phrenology and Physiognomy. The lecturer endeavored more to give an idea of the general groupings of the varied organs of the brain, and of the principal facial distinctions, than anything of a detailed nature. In this we think he was wise; the organs are so numerous and the spaces they occupy relatively so small, that it is useless in a rapid lecture to endeavor to fix them in the memory of an audience. Let people understand, as Mr. Nicholson explained, that the intellectual faculties lie on the front of the head, the moral and spiritual on the top, the animal at the sides, and the social at the back, and they will soon find the places of each particular organ in the group to which it naturally belongs.

That particular phase of Phrenology—principally evolved, we believe, by Messrs. Fowler & Wells—and which was unknown in the earlier days of the science, that size of brain, apart from texture and quality, does not indicate power, was effectively explained; as also that important doctrine emphatically enforced by the gentlemen referred to, that the physiognomy and temperament of an individual, as well as his phrenological development, are absolutely necessary to be considered before a true reading of character can be obtained. It was too much the case at one time that phrenological lecturers pushed forward the pretensions of that branch of the science of human character, as capable by itself of settling the extent of one's mental calibre. It has been reserved to the developments of late years to construct one grand science out of the sciences of Phrenology, Physiognomy, and Physiology combined, and we were glad to see them so enforced by Mr. Nicholson.

Another point suggested by the lecturer's remarks was the wondrous agreement between external features and mental qualities. The narrow, tall, aspiring head, and the spiritual upward tendency of feeling that accompanies it. The broad upper head and wide generalizing mind. The full lips and the strong passionate soul. The "bullet head" and the pugilistic nature. The lion's face and the lion's heart, etc. There is in these and kindred points a rich field of thought for the student, and we invite our young men especially to the study. We do not vouch for the mathematical accuracy of Phrenology, or accompanying sciences, but its general grouping of faculties corresponds with our experience; anyway, it can be tested daily. If in these points, or in the details of the science, there are errors, let our young men think, so that in future years they may assist in correcting and adjusting the science to greater truthfulness. If there be after all no truth about it, thinking will do nobody harm, but be a very useful as well as novel employment to many persons.

"OUR HIRED MAN" AT THE PHRENOLOGICAL LECTURE.

'Our Hired Man' is not only a profound astronomer, but he is a most astounding Phrenologist. Indeed he has a new theory of Phrenology which he intends to propound some day, but as it will take exactly nine volumes to explain it, it will not be ready

for some time yet. Early in life he began a course of phrenological examinations. On one occasion in early years he was ignominiously dragged from the frantic embrace of another boy—he was only a 'Hired Boy' in those days—whom he was affectionately 'manipulating' with his knuckles. He has since learned that the fingers only are necessary to the operation; and that where bumps are scarce, it is not necessary to promote their too rapid development in that sort of a way. There is one point that has struck him as very remarkable on the subject of Phrenology, and that is, that all people with large heads and bumpy foreheads believe in it vigorously, while all small-headed individuals don't. 'Our Hired Man,' who has a forehead bumpy to a fault, and which evinces 'causality' to such an alarming degree that he cannot wear a hat except on the back of his head, believes in it with all his soul. Inspired by his ancient love for the science and, furthermore, stimulated by the benevolent idea of seeing all small-headed individuals in a state of utter despair, he went to the lecture and narrates his experience.

When the Lecturer remarked that young ladies with flat back heads—as though they had 'parted with a slice' or two—were not much to speak of, he noticed that all young ladies having the organ of waterfall largely developed, looked around with conscious satisfaction on the poor creatures whose 'back heads' were open to investigation.

'Our Hired Man' considers it remarkable that when destructiveness and other amiable qualities were shewn to exist at the side of the head, at least twenty-four individuals felt it necessary to examine the nature of their ears in a furtive and concealed manner. One man pretended he was only feeling his beard, but from some unaccountable cause felt for it three inches under his hair.

He also noticed as a curious fact, that when intellectual superiority was demonstrated to be only evinced by a broad forehead, etc., that certain narrow-headed individuals looked very doubtful as to the sanity of the Lecturer; but brightened up immediately on his observing that people with broad heads in the region of the ears, were as a class very dangerous individuals.

He was also delighted to notice that when the Lecturer explained that thin or pointed-chinned ladies were generally scolds, all the round-chinned ladies smiled a pleasant smile as though they thought the meeting was 'going off good.'

'Our Hired Man' has since discovered that the sentiment that high crowns are generally accompanied by a muleish disposition, receives the full assent of all individuals of his acquaintance whose heads are gracefully depressed in that region.

It will also be interesting for him to state that he has conversed with a number of young ladies all remarkable for bulginess at the back of the head, [waterfalls not counted] who wish it distinctly understood that they fully endorse the idea that a preponderance in that direction indicates materials for excellent wives and most splendid housekeepers; and they are ready to prove it true to any suitable young man who may be interested in the solution of the question. In fact, should he be worthy of the trouble, they are willing—merely for the advancement of science—to give him such a practical illustration as will last him his life.

THE CREAM OF THE PAPERS.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

(From Punch.)

MR. CAUDLE HAS LENT AN ACQUAINTANCE THE FAMILY UMBRELLA.
MRS. CAUDLE LECTURES THEREON.

Bah! That's the third umbrella gone since Christmas. What were you to do! Why let him go home in the rain, to be sure. I'm very certain there was nothing about him that could spoil. Take cold, indeed! He doesn't look like one of the sort to take cold. Besides he'd have better taken cold than take our only umbrella. Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear the rain? And as I'm alive, if it isn't Saint Swithin's day! Do you hear it against the windows? Nonsense; you don't impose upon me. You can't be asleep with such a shower as that! Do you hear it, I say? Oh, you do hear it! Well, that's a pretty flood, I think, to last for six weeks; and no stirring all the time out of the house. Pooh! Don't think me a fool, Mr. Caudle. Don't insult me. He return the umbrella! Anybody would think you were born yesterday. As if anybody ever did return an umbrella! There—do you hear it? Worse and worse! Cats and dogs, and for six weeks—always six weeks. And no umbrella?

I should like to know how the children are to get to school to-morrow. They shan't go through such weather. I'm determined. No; they shall stop at home and never learn anything—the blessed creatures!—sooner than go and get wet. And when they grow up, I wonder who they'll have to thank for knowing nothing—who, indeed, but their father? People who can't feel for their own children ought never to be fathers.

But I know why you lent the umbrella. Oh, yes; I know very well. I was going out to tea at dear mother's to-morrow; you knew that; and did it on purpose. Don't tell me; you hate me to go there, and take every mean advantage to hinder me. But don't you think it, Mr. Caudle. No, sir; if it comes down in buckets-full, I'll go all the more. No; I won't have a cab! Where do you think the money's to come from? You've got nice high notions at that club of yours! A cab, indeed! Cost me sixteenpence at least—sixteenpence!—two-and-eightpence, for there's back again! Cabs, indeed! I should like to know who's to pay for 'em? I can't pay for 'em; and I'm sure you can't, if you go on as you do; throwing away your property, and begging your children—buying umbrellas!

Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say do you hear it? But I don't care—I'll go to mother's to-morrow; I will; and what's more, I'll walk every step of the way—and you know that will give me my death. Don't call me a foolish woman—it's you that's the foolish man. You know I can't wear clogs; and with n^o umbrella, that's sure to give me a cold—it always does. But what do you care for that? Nothing at all. I may be laid up for what you care, as I dare say I shall—and a pretty doctor's bill there'll be. I hope there will! It will teach you to lend your umbrellas again. I shouldn't wonder if I caught my death; yes; and that's what you lent the umbrella for. Of course.

Nice clothes, I shall get too, trapesing through weather like this. My gown and bonnet will be spoilt quite. Needn't I wear 'em then? Indeed, Mr. Caudle, I shall wear 'em. No, sir, I'm not going out a dowdy to please you or anybody else. Gracious knows! It isn't often that I step over the threshold; indeed, I might as well be a slave at once,—better, I should say. But when I do go out, Mr. Caudle, I choose to go as a lady. Oh! that rain—if it isn't enough to break in the windows.

Ugh! I do look forward with dread for to-morrow. How I am to go to mother's, I'm sure I can't tell. But if I die, I'll do it. No, sir; I won't borrow an umbrella. No; and you shan't buy one. (With great emphasis.) Mr. Caudle, if you bring home another umbrella, I'll throw it in the street. I'll have my own umbrella or none at all.

Ha! and it was only last week I had a new nozle put to that umbrella. I'm sure if I'd have known as much as I do now, it might have gone without one for me. Paying for new nozles, for other people to laugh at you. Oh, it's all very well for you—you can go to sleep.

Men, indeed!—Call themselves lords of the creation!—pretty lords when they can't take care of an umbrella!

I know that walk to-morrow will be the death of me. But that's what you want—then you may go to your club, and do as you like—and then, nicely my poor dear children will be used—but then, sir, then you'll be happy. Oh, don't tell me! I know you will. Else you'd never have lent the umbrella!

You have to go on Thursday about that summons; and, of course, you can't go. No, indeed, you don't go without the umbrella. You may lose the debt for what I care—it won't be so much as spoiling your clothes—better lose it; people deserve to lose debts who lend umbrellas.

And I should like to know how I'm to go to mother's without the umbrella? Oh, don't tell me that I said I would go—that's nothing to do with it; nothing at all. She'll think I'm neglecting her, and the little money we were to have, we shan't have at all—because we've no umbrella.

The children, too! Dear things! They'll be sopping wet; for they shan't stop at home—they shan't lose their learning; it's all their father will leave 'em, I'm sure. But they shall go to school. Don't tell me I said they shouldn't; you are so aggravating, Caudle; you'd spoil the temper of an angel. They shall go to school; mark that. And if they get their deaths of cold, it's not my fault—I didn't lend the umbrella.

"Here," says Caudle in his MS., "I fell asleep; and dreamt that the sky was turned into green calico, with whalebone ribs; that, in fact, the whole world revolved under a tremendous umbrella!"

FRENCH BARBERS.

(From Bow Bells.)

A gentleman traveling on the Continent gives his experience of French barbers, and how they doubly shave their customers in the following description:

"Here, in Paris, as I presume in every other part of the world, the individuals with whom you are brought in contact will take advantage, if they can, of the stranger. Shortly after my arrival, I met an English friend in a towering passion. He had gone to a barber's shop to get shaved. While the operation was being performed, the artist kept asking him whether he would not have this cosmetic on his head, and that oil on his hair, and so on. My friend replied in the affirmative to every question which he was asked, and when he got through, in reply to a demand as to the charge, he was informed that it was only twenty-six francs—£1 0s. 10d.

Warned by my friend's experience, your correspondent entered one of these shaving shops in a double sense, with the determination not to be fleeced. A gentleman whom he had never seen, to the best of his knowledge, rushed forward to meet him, with the enthusiasm of an old and very dear acquaintance. Monsieur, he presumed, desired to be shaved; and being answered in the affirmative, set about to work with an ardor that showed there was more of friendship and deep respect than mere business considerations in his actions. Monsieur must have been to sea; his face is very much sun-burnt. They had a delightful preparation which would restore the skin to its usual color in an incredibly short space of time; would monsieur like to see it? 'Yes,' was the response, and the precious fluid was placed on the dressing-table before him for his admiration. Monsieur's hair is beginning to turn gray; it was an established fact that if hair was subjected to the most extraordinary and delightful compound which they manufactured in that house, the change would be arrested immediately, and grayness and baldness kept at bay. It only costs twelve francs a bottle. Would not monsieur like to see it? 'Yes,' and this wonderful mixture was placed beside the other on the dressing-table. It was very strange, but one side of monsieur's moustache grew more heavily than the other. The difficulty could only be removed by an application to the sterile spot. It would never do to clip one side down to suit the other. After a great and laborious search they had found a grease which would make hair grow upon the mosaic floor; it only costs fifteen francs. Would not monsieur like to see it? 'Yes,' and this sort of thing, until, in short, the table was literally piled up with pomades, lotions, fluids, extracts, and I do not know what, to the value of at least one hundred francs—£4. As soon as the shaving was over, I inquired what was the cost, and was informed a franc (tenpence), which I, of course, cheerfully paid, and turned to go, when the 'artiste,' in his blandest manner, inquired where I would have all the articles which he had piled upon the table, and the inestimable value of which could not be set forth in any known language, sent; and your correspondent repelled with the greatest degree of composure possible under the circumstances, that, upon the whole, he thought he should not invest the cash that day. There was no knowing what he might do in the future, but for the present he had no idea of setting up a perfumery shop. The change which the 'artiste' about this time underwent was truly wonderful. All

his blandness at once forsook him. He looked tremendous, and opened the door in rather a testy and contemptuous manner."

GENERAL GRANT.

The Washington correspondent of the Lewiston Journal furnishes the following account of an interview with General Grant's father:

Last week I had a very pleasant and interesting conversation with the father of Gen. Grant. He is a very genial, social, unpretending old gentleman, whose fatherly pride and pleasure in his own son it was most pleasant to witness. During a conversation of nearly two hours, I learned from him many interesting facts relative to his son's early life and education, and I should like to correct one or two misstatements which I have seen in the public press. One is the often-published story that, while at West Point, General Grant whipped one of the officers. "This," said his father, "was not true; he was never known to have a quarrel with anyone, either as boy or man; and also that he was never known to use a profane word." This, I think, can be said of very few army officers.

Another is the widely-circulated report that it was only after great difficulty and strenuous exertions on his part that General Grant succeeded in obtaining a commission in the army. His father's statement is that, after eleven years' service in the regular army, Ulysses had resigned his commission, and come home to live. In the spring of 1861 he was employed in his father's store, at Galena, at a salary of \$800 a year. One morning he came to the store early, and while sweeping it out, the morning paper was thrown in. He picked it up, and read of the storming of Fort Sumpter, walked around the counter, put on his coat, and, in his usual calm, deliberate manner, said, "Boys, I owe my education to Uncle Sam, and, although I have served eleven years in the army, I still feel in his debt, and I am going to offer him my services."

He at once left the store, and assisted in raising a company. They wished to elect him captain, but he refused, knowing that his long experience would be of more use elsewhere. He soon went to Springfield, where he saw Governor Yates, who at first thought there was no place for him, but in a few days reconsidered the subject, sent for him, when the well known conversation occurred, in which the Governor asked him if he knew "how many men it took to form a company," &c. He was very soon placed upon the Governor's staff, and was employed in mustering the Illinois regiments into service. While he was so engaged, Governor Yates met an old book-keeper, formerly employed in the store of General Grant's father, and the Governor inquired of him what sort of a man Grant was; said he had offered him a colonel's commission in various regiments, but Grant had declined them; also, a brigadier-general's commission, which he also declined. The book-keeper, who knew Grant very well, replied; "If you wish for Grant's services, you must appoint him without consulting him at all."

Acting upon this information regarding Grant's peculiar character, Governor Yates took advantage of his absence from Springfield, on a visit to his family, to appoint him colonel in the very next regiment ready for mustering in, and telegraphed to him of the fact. Grant at once came back, quietly accepted the appointment, and promptly and quickly commenced his work there and then. How he has carried that work on, the country and the world know. How he will finish the work which his country still has for him to do, we must judge by his past. But I, for one, think General Grant has paid "Uncle Sam for his education," and may honestly consider himself free from that debt.

CURIOUS SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATION.

(FROM ROUND TABLE.)

The following is an extract from a letter written in the autumn of 1852, by Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman, of Providence, R. I., to Horace Greeley. Mr. Greeley heads the extract with a note to this effect: "The writer has received the following letter from Mrs. Sarah H. Whitman in reply to one of enquiry from him as to her own experience in 'spiritualism,' and especially with regard to a remarkable 'experience' currently reported as having occurred to Hon. James F. Simmons, late U. S. Senator from Rhode Island, and widely known as one of the keenest and clearest observers, most unlikely to be the dupe of mystery or the slave of hallucination. Mrs. Whitman's social

and intellectual eminence are not so widely known; but there are very many who know that her statement needs no confirmation whatever."

By the way, Mr. Simmons was in the Senate for another term after that writing, and he was looked up to as one of the ablest, most practical, and most upright of its members. But to Mr. Greeley's letter:

"DEAR SIR: I have had no conversation with Mr. Simmons on the subject of your note until to-day. I took an early opportunity of acquainting him with its contents, and this morning he called on me to say that he was perfectly willing to impart to you the particulars of his experience in relation to the mysterious writing performed under his very eyes, in broad daylight, by an invisible agent.

In the fall of 1850 several messages were telegraphed to Mrs. Simmons through the electric sounds, purporting to come from her stepson, James D. Simmons, who died some weeks before in California. The messages were calculated to stimulate curiosity and lead to an observation of the phenomena. Mrs. Simmons, having heard that messages in the hand-writing of deceased persons were sometimes written through the same medium, asked if her son would give her this evidence. She was informed (through the sounds) that the attempt should be made, and was directed to place a slip of paper in a certain drawer at the house of the medium, and to lay beside it her own pencil, which had been given her by the deceased. Weeks passed and although frequent enquiries were made, no writing was found on the paper.

Mrs. Simmons, happening to call at the house one day, accompanied by her husband, made the usual enquiry and received the usual answer. The drawer had been opened not two hours before and nothing was seen in it but the pencil lying on the blank paper. At the suggestion of Mrs. Simmons, however, another investigation was made, and on the paper were found a few pencilled lines, resembling the handwriting of the deceased, but not so closely as to satisfy the mother's doubts. Mrs. Simmons handed the paper to her husband; he thought there was a slight resemblance, but would probably not have remarked it had the writing been casually presented to him. Had the signature been given him, he should at once have decided on the resemblance. He proposed, if the spirit of his son were indeed present, as alphabetical communications received through the sounds affirmed him to be, that he should, then and there, affix his signature to the suspicious document.

In order to facilitate the operation, Mrs. Simmons placed the closed points of a pair of scissors in the hand of the medium and dropped her pencil through one of the rings or bows, the paper being placed beneath. The hand presently began to tremble, and it was with difficulty it could retain its hold of the scissors. Mr. Simmons then took the scissors into his own hand and dropped the pencil through the ring. It could not readily be sustained in this position. After a few moments, however, it stood as if firmly poised and perfectly still. It then began slowly to move. Mr. Simmons saw the letters traced beneath his eyes—the words, James D. Simmons, were distinctly and deliberately written, and the handwriting was a fac-simile of his son's signature.

But what Mr. Simmons regards as the most astonishing part of this seeming miracle is yet to be told. Bending down to scrutinize the writing more closely, he observed, just as the last word was finished, that the top of the pencil leaned to the right. He thought it was about to slip through the ring; but, to his infinite surprise, he saw the point slide slowly back along the word 'Simmons' till it rested over the letter i, when it imprinted a dot. This was a punctilio utterly unthought of by him—he had not noticed the omission and was therefore entirely unprepared for the amendment. He suggested the experiment and he thinks it had kept pace only with his will or desire; but how will those who deny the agency of disembodied spirits in these marvels, ascribing all to the unassisted powers of the human will, or to the blind action of electricity—how will they dispose of this last significant and curious fact?

The only peculiarity observable in the writing was that the lines seemed sometimes slightly broken, as if the pencil had been lifted, then set down again.

One other circumstance I am permitted to note which is not readily to be accounted for on any other than spiritual agency. Mr. Simmons, who received no particulars of his son's death until several months after his decease, purporting to send for his remains, questioned the spirit as to the manner in which the body had been disposed of, and received a very minute and circumstantial account of the means which had been resorted to for its preservation, it being at the time unburied. Improbable as some of these statements seemed, they were,

after an interval of four months, confirmed as literally true by a gentleman then recently returned from California who was with young Simmons at the period of his death. Intending soon to return to California, he called on Mr. Simmons to learn his wishes in relation to the final disposition of his son's remains. The above particulars I took down in writing, by the permission of Mr. Simmons, during his relation of the facts."

PORTRAIT GALLERY.

BENJAMIN D'ISRAELI AND JOHN BRIGHT.

[From Phrenological Journal.]

Mr. D'Israeli is one of the finest instances of the power of industry and perseverance in conquering the obstacles in the path of an aspirant for political honor and distinction. Four successive attempts to enter parliament were failures, but on the fifth he achieved the great object of his ambition. His first speech called forth only laughter and ridicule in the house. He closed it with these famous words: "I have begun several times many things, and I have often succeeded at last. I shall sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me." For two years he was silent, and when he again opened his mouth in parliament, his speech was listened to with attention, and warmly applauded for its ability.

In person, Mr. D'Israeli is of medium size, with intensely black eyes and glossy raven hair. He dresses with artistic elegance and perfection in the finest of velvet and broadcloth; gems of rare value adorn his person, and he never appears but in exquisite toilette. In public, the air of solitariness ever hangs about him. He always sits alone, stands alone; other members may be seen chatting together pleasantly and familiarly; but with Mr. D'Israeli, never.

Mr. D'Israeli never forgets—never allows others to forget—that he is of that race whence all our prophets came and Jesus Christ himself was born. If we can imagine that face glowing with divine inspiration as it is with intellectual power, we may almost see another Isaiah with lips touched by burning coals from God's altar. On one occasion, when taunted with being a descendant of the thief on the cross, he replied, in proud and soul-stirring words, "My blood thrills with the traditions of my race! My ancestors were lords of the tabernacle and princes in Israel when his were naked savages in the woods of Northern Germany."

In person, Mr. Bright is stoutly built, with light complexion, blue eyes, hair brown and silky, skin fine and ruddy, presenting in all these points as marked a contrast to the Prime Minister as is found between their aims and characters.

Mr. Bright is eminently a social man and of warm domestic instincts, but so ardently devoted to the interests of the people that he seldom indulges himself in the delights of home. "Mother," said his little daughter, "who is that pleasant gentleman that sometimes comes to see you and stays all night?" "That, my daughter," was the reply, "is your father."

Much as we may admire the sheer force and ability by which D'Israeli has risen once and again and again to be the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Prime Minister of England, when we see John Bright unselfishly devoting himself soul and body, not to his own aggrandizement and the achievement of ambitious personal designs, but to the highest good and largest happiness of his people, our hearts are touched, and in our inmost souls we do him reverence. The Israelite is a brilliant, splendid, successful man! but the Englishman is a glorious philanthropist; and Jesus Christ has taught us by his life and by his death, which we should most admire, which most earnestly strive to imitate! In these two behold the contrast between Judaism and Christianity; the one shut up in itself, exclusive, aristocratic, stationary; the other diffusive, all-embracing, genial, progressive!

Though liberally educated, Mr. Bright is not at all a literary man. His successes are not with the pen, but in the line of business activity, promotion of great reformatory measures, and public speaking. He is noted for force and earnestness rather than rhetorical finish and oratorical elegance. He has written nothing to charm the scholar and delight the esthetic reader as D'Israeli has, but he has stirred the English heart to its depths and carved his name thereon in ever-during capitals.

GOSSIP OF THE DAY: PERSONAL, SCIENTIFIC, AND OTHERWISE.

There is at the village of Decorah, near the northern boundary of the State of Iowa, a cave where the operations of nature are reversed. In this cave it is cold in summer and warm in winter. The ice begins to form the fore-part of June and disappears again the latter part of August, the coldest period being about the middle of July. On the fourth day of July icicles may be found from six to eight inches in diameter and from four to eight feet long, affording fine sport for the boys who take them into the market for sale. In this cave no ice is found nor sun from September to June, but June, July and August it is extremely cold so that a man can only stay in it a few minutes. This cave has been known about twenty years and the above facts appear every year. Thousands of people have been into this cave to see icicles in summer.

The Japanese have a singular custom of exchanging clothes with persons to whom they wish to be friendly. A farewell supper was given to the Japanese embassy at New York, a few years ago. The American gentlemen present were attired in the usual evening dress. Supper over; everybody was pleased; the Americans had eaten with chop-sticks; the Japanese had partaken of pork and beans; all were about to separate in the best of humor, when suddenly the interpreter announced the Japanese custom above mentioned, and suggested its adoption. There was no help for it. Off came the black dress-coats, and on went the thin silk garments of the Japanese. The transformations were excessively comical; but the fun culminated when Major W. L., a fat good-natured old gentleman showed himself in a yellow spangled gown, and gave his arm to a wiry little bare-legged Japanese, extinguished under the blue swallow-tailed coat and brass buttons of the rotund warrior,

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

SIMPLE ELECTRICAL EXPERIMENTS.

1. Lay a watch down upon a table, and on its face balance a tobacco-pipe very carefully. Next take a wine-glass, rub it quickly with a silk handkerchief, and hold it for half a minute before the fire; then apply it near to the end of the pipe, and the latter, attracted by the electricity evolved by the friction and warmth in the former, will immediately follow it; and by carrying the glass around, always in front of the pipe, the latter will continue its rotatory motion; the watch-glass being the center or pivot on which it acts.

2. Warm a glass tube, rub it with a warm flannel, and then bring a downy feather near it. On the first moment of contact, the feather will adhere to the glass, but soon after will fly rapidly from it, and you may drive it about the room by holding the glass between it and the surrounding objects; should it, however, come in contact with anything not under the influence of electricity, it will instantly fly back to the glass.

3. A stick of sealing-wax rubbed against a warm piece of flannel or cloth, acquires the property of attracting light substances, such as small pieces of paper, lint, etc., if instantly applied at the distance of about an inch.

LADIES' TABLE.

INSTRUCTIONS IN NETTING.

[CONTINUED.]

AN OBLONG PIECE OF SQUARE NETTING.

Do the half square and plain row as described last week. Then decrease at the end of every ALTERNATE row only; increasing one at the end of every intermediate one. When you have one hole less than you want, on the long side, do another plain row, and decrease as in square netting. Must be washed like the last.

HONEY-COMB NETTING.

Begin with an even number of stitches.
1st Row—Miss the first, net the next. Draw the first through it, and net. Repeat to the end.
2nd and 4th Rows—Plain rows.
3rd Row—Net the first. Then work like the first row to the end, when you will have an odd stitch, which net.
Repeat these four rows. Some people use, for the plain row a mesh five sizes larger than the other. It makes a more open stitch.

ROUND NETTING.

Like plain netting, but that after passing the needle through the loop of the thread you draw it out, and by another movement, insert it downwards and rewards you, in the stitch to be worked. Draw it up like an ordinary stitch. It contracts very much, for which allowance of nearly a fourth must be made if you desire to work in round netting any article for which the directions are in common netting.

HOW TO BUILD CONCRETE HOUSES.

The following excellent practical directions are from the pen of Mr. D. Redmond, of Georgia, editor of the "Southern Cultivator," and appeared originally in "Life Illustrated."

1. **LOCATION, ETC.**—Select, if possible, a dry situation, and get all heavy materials, such as rock, sand, lime, gravel, etc., on the spot as early in the season as possible, in order that you may avail yourself of the long, warm days of summer for successfully carrying on your operations.

2. **MATERIALS.**—The proper materials are lime, sand, coarse and fine gravel, large and small rock, and water. The lime may be from any good, pure limestone that will slack readily, and "set" or harden thoroughly when dry; the sand should be sharp, and as free from clay, loam, and other earthy matter as possible; and the gravel and rock may be of any size, from that of a boy's marble up to eighteen inches or two feet square, according to the thickness of your walls.

3. **FOUNDATION.**—Having fixed on your plan, lay off the foundation, and dig a trench two feet deep the area or full size of your outer wall. With a heavy piece of hard wood, squared or rounded at the lower end, pound or ram down the earth in the bottom of this trench, going over it repeatedly, until it is solid and compact. A layer of hydraulic cement mortar (where procurable) two inches thick, spread evenly over the bottom of the trenches thus compacted, gives you a solid foundation to start on, as soon as it "sets" or becomes hard. If you intend carrying up inside division walls of concrete, the foundation for these should be laid in the same way.

4. **FRAME AND BOXING.**—Cut common 3 x 4 scantling two feet longer than you wish your highest story to be; set up a double row, with the lower end resting firmly upon the foundation in the bottom of the trench; range them true, and "plumb" them, letting them stand three or four inches farther apart than you desire your wall to be in thickness; then nail cleats across, above and below, to keep them in place, adding also "stays" or "braces," driven slantingly into the ground and nailed to the scantling at the upper end. Your skeleton or frame-work of scantling being all set up and "stayed" firm and "plumb," proceed to arrange your "boxing" for holding the concrete and keeping the walls in shape. This is done by cutting sound inch or inch-and-a-half plank of ten inches or a foot wide, so as to fit inside of the two rows of scantling and form two sides of a box. Moveable pieces the thickness of the wall are dropped in between, at intervals, to keep the box of the proper width, and wedges driven in between the boxing and the scantling, on the outside, prevent spreading by the pressure of the concrete. Wooden "clamps," to slip down, here and there, over the upper edges of the boxing, will also be found very serviceable.

5. **MIXING CONCRETE; LAYING UP, ETC.**—It will be well to have at least four large mortar beds, one on each side of the house, made of strong plank, in the usual way. These should be surrounded by casks of water (oil casks cut in two are excellent), piles of rock, sand, gravel, etc.—the lime of course, to be kept under cover, and used as wanted. Slack up your lime until it forms a thin, smooth, creamy mass, then add four or five parts of clean, sharp sand, stirring and mixing constantly, and using water enough to bring the whole, when thoroughly mingled, to the consistency of a thick batter. Into this "batter" mix coarse and fine gravel (that has previously been screened) until the mass is thick enough to be lifted on a common shovel. [The proper and thorough mixing of the sand with the lime, and the gravel with the mortar afterward, is very important, and should only be entrusted to your most careful hands.] Having one or two "beds" full of this mixture, you are ready to begin your wall. Wheel the mortar to the foundation in common railroad wheelbarrows, letting the common hands shovel it into the bottom of the trenches, while the superintendent or "boss" workman spreads it evenly with his trowel. When the bottom layer of mortar, three inches thick, is laid in, wheel large and small rocks previously sprinkled with water, to the wall, and press it into the soft mortar at every available point leaving a small space between each piece of rock, and working the soft mortar against the plank boxing, to preserve a smooth surface on the wall. When you can press no more rock into the mortar, pour another layer of the latter over and through the rock, then add a layer of rock, as before, and so on, until your boxing all around is full. You have now ten inches or a foot of wall, all around, built; and if the lime is good and the weather dry, it will be hard enough in twenty-four hours to raise your boxes another tier. This is readily done by knocking out the wedges between the plank and the scantling, raising up the plank and

sustaining it in place by "cleats" nailed on the scantling. In raising the boxing, begin at the point where you commenced laying up the day previous, as that portion of the wall will, of course, be the hardest. It is not necessary to raise all the boxing, or go entirely around the wall in a day. A foot or yard of the wall can be completed at a time, if advisable; but if the complete round can be made, so much the better. Planks to cover up with, in case of a sudden shower, or when a storm is apprehended, should be provided, and placed within reach.

6. **GENERAL DETAILS, FLOORS; WINDOWS, DOORS, ETC.**—We prefer a cement floor for the basement, on many accounts; but those who desire a wooden floor should leave air-holes in the outer walls, under the lower floor, six inches above the surface. This may be easily done by inserting wedge-shaped blocks or pins through the wall, to be knocked out afterwards. When you are ready to lay the floors, level up your walls and run one course of brick all around the thickness of the wall, for the ends of the flooring-joists to rest on—filling in around these ends with concrete, when they are fixed in their proper places. The door and window frames should be made of three inch yellow pine, the full thickness or width of the walls, and may be set up and built around, like those in a brick house, as the wall progresses. A piece of common inch plank, "cut in" all around them, to prevent the actual contact of the damp mortar, will keep them, in a great measure, from warping. Where base-boards are needed, blocks of scantling may be built in flush with the inner surface of the wall, at the proper distances apart.

LESSONS IN FRENCH.

LESSON II.—CONTINUED.

With one remark more, closing our cautions on this subject, we will proceed to give an exercise in French with a literal translation interlined. We have said enough to give a thorough understanding of *le* and *la* and *les*, in all their cases, *when they are articles* and when they mean "the" in English. But *le* and *la* do not mean "the" except when they precede a noun adjective or a noun substantive—that is, a word signifying some positive object or thing, or the quality of that object or thing. For example, "The king—the bad king," *Le roi—le mauvais* (pronounced "movay") *roi*. Here you have the article. But if *le* and *la* precede not a noun but a verb—that is, a word signifying any kind of doing or of enduring, then *le* and *la* and *les* are not articles, do not mean *the*, and must be rendered in English by *he* or *him*, *she* or *her*, *they* or *them*, or *it*. For example, *La dame le pense*, "The lady it thinks, (or) thinks it, (or) thinks so." Here the first *la*, coming before a noun (*dame*, "lady") means *the*; the second *le*, coming before a verb (*pense*, "thinks") means *it*. Apply these various rules towards the mastering of the exercises which we will now subjoin:—

Sir, have you been formerly in England?

Monsieur, avez vous été autrefois en Angleterre? (pronounced *Mos-yeu, avay voo-zettay otréfoawé, zo n Ongletair?*)

No sir, never.

Non monsieur, jamais (pronounced *noang, mos-yeu, zhammay.*)

What's the price of this?

Combien vendez vous ceci? (literally, "at how much do you sell this?" and pronounced *Koambiand vonday vou sessé?*)

Which is the way to the Exhibition?

Quelle [f.g.] est la route à l'Exposition? (*kell lay lah root ah lezposeeseoang?*)

HUMOROUS READINGS.

What riches are those that certainly take themselves wings and fly away?—Ost-riches.

An enraged man tears his hair; but an enraged woman tears her husband's.

A genius, at this late day, discovers that Cleopatra was a woman of Mark.

What is the difference between a honeycomb and a and a honeymoon? A honeycomb consists of a number of 'small cells,' and a honeymoon sometimes consists of one 'great sell.'

'Aw, how duth you like my moustache, Mith Laura?' lisped a dandy to a merry girl. 'Oh, very much. It looks like the fuz on the back of a caterpillar.'

THE TABLES TURNED. — Nurse: 'Did you ring, ma'am?'

Naughty Little Girl: 'No; I rang. Take mamma, away, please. She's very cross and disagreeable.'

An old lady was telling her grandchildren about some trouble in Scotland, in the course of which the chief of her clan was beheaded. 'It was nae great thing of a head, to be sure,' said the good lady, 'but it was a sad loss to him.'

A small tradesman was invited to a parish dinner, and a dish of ice-cream was placed before him. It was a new dish to him. He tasted it, then beckoned to the waiter, and said, 'This is a very good pudding, but do you know it's froze?'

BRITANNIA TO COLUMBIA.

Columbia, you unjustly do
(I mention it with pain)—
When I sent Dickens out to you,
To send me G. F. Train.

The following epitaph, in a country churchyard, touchingly commemorates the gluttony of a husband and the grief of his bereaved widow:

'Eliza, sorrowing, rears this marble slab
To her dear John, who died of eating crab.'

CRUEL REVENGE.—A crusty old bachelor, not liking a way his landlady's daughter had of appropriating his hair-oil, filled his bottle with liquid glue the day before a ball, to which the girl was invited, and she staid at home in consequence. It was a terrible revenge.

A GREAT PITY.—Years ago, when the project of a route to the west through the Hoosac mountain was first started, the late Rev. Thomas Whitmore, president of the Vermont and Massachusetts railroad, was in the western part of the State, an enthusiastic tunnel man was urging the importance and feasibility of the enterprise.—'Why,' said he, 'look at the route. It seems as if the finger of Providence had pointed it out.' 'What a pity,' said the old minister, 'the finger hadn't been run through the mountain.'

A waggish journalist, who is often merry over his own personal plainness, tells this story of himself:—'I went to an apothecary the other day for a dose of morphine for a sick friend. The assistant objected to give it to me without a prescription. evidently fearing that I intended suicide, "Pshaw!" said I, "do I look like a man who would kill himself?" Gazing steadily at me a moment, he replied, "I don't know. It seems to me, if I looked like you, I should be greatly tempted to kill myself."

A DUTCHMAN'S CHARACTER.—A Dutchman was desirous of becoming a citizen of the great country, and therefore called Hans to testify as to his character.

The judge asked the latter—

'How long have you known the applicant?'

'Vell, I knows him six year.'

'Is he a man of good moral character?'

'Yaw, he ish no thief.'

'True; but is his character good in a moral point of view?'

'Yaw; he vill not steal notting.'

'But what do the people generally say about his character?'

'Vell, I never hear anybody say dat Shon steal nothing.'

'But what do you know about him yourself, as a good or bad man?'

'Vell, so far as I knows, he never takes anything vat does not belong to him.'

The court weakened. The applicant was admitted, and the witness was heard to mutter, as he left the court-room:

'Vell, I makes Shon vote. Yaw, is moral character, dat ish good. Shon vill not steal, but he does vip his frau, and cheet peeple, and lie like de very tyvil.'

BY GOLLY.

You ne'er saw Yankee, far or near,
Who, when his plans got out of gear,
Said not, "Wal, now then, I don't keer,
By golly!"

And should he stub his toe and fall,
Don't want to swear, but great or small,
Will vent his ire in "Darn it all,
By golly!"

The Yankee boy, with open eyes,
When first the elephant he spies,
With wonder stares, and swows, and cries,
"By golly!"

And when with jack-knife sharp and stout,
He tries a trade to whittle out,
He, whittling, queries, "What are yeon 'bout,
By golly!"

And if ill luck attends him, and he makes
A miss or two, he swaps the stakes,
With, "Arter all, taint no great shakes,
By golly!"

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POETRY.

THE VOICELESS.

[BY O. W. HOLMES.]

We count the broken lyres that rest
Where the sweet wailing singers slumber,—
But o'er their silent sister's breast
The wild flowers who will stoop to number?
A few can touch the magic string,
And noisy Fame is proud to win them;—
Alas for those that never sing,
But die with all their music in them!

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone,
Whose song has told their heart's sad story,—
Weep for the voiceless, who have known
The cross without the crown of glory!
Not where Leucadian breezes sweep
O'er Sappho's memory-haunted billow,
But where the glistening night-dews weep
On nameless sorrow's churchyard pillow.

O hearts that break and give no sign
Save whitening lip and fading tresses,
Till Death pours out his cordial wine,
Slow-dropped from Misery's crushing presses,—
If singing breath or echoing chord
To every hidden pang were given,
What endless melodies were poured,
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!

LETTER G.

[CONCLUDED.]

With this sudden change of tune he ran to his wife, who sat, white and miserable, staring through fast-dropping tears at the unfortunate chicken. If she had bought it with the feathers on, it would have gone into the oven all the same, with undoubting faith that it would come out ready for the table; and now to be so laughed at, and to deserve it!—she was ready to die with distress.

But Peter comforted her with the maxim that "accidents would occur in the best regulated families," and then went out and bought some oysters, and they had a nice time after all.

Poor things! they were devoted to each other. Grim, gaunt Poverty had not planted herself quite yet on their hearthstone, and love bravely held his own.

But the time did come.

In vain had Peter tried to sell his poetry, and his wife's crochet-work; the newspapers and fancy stores declined speculating in amateur performances. Then

the poor fellow, unknown to his wife, had answered two advertisements, one of which directed the anxious inquirer to send four postage stamps, and receive in return an infallible receipt for making a fortune—no capital required. Peter got liberal directions how to make *waffles*, pouring the mixture out of an oil-can, cooking, and afterwards carrying them round for sale, kept hot on a portable stove. The other proved to be an invitation, if he was "small and spry" to join a negro minstrel band, in the capacity of female dancer.

It was now November, and Mr. Bolton had come to the city with his wife. Madam had kept the whip hand over him in splendid style; for he had not dared to write to his little Madge, and forgive her, as he longed to do.

"Wait a while," said she, "Master Brooks' money will certainly last six months. When it is gone, and they have felt the consequences of their disobedience, it will be time enough for forgiveness."

And so the poor old man, with his gray hair a shade whiter, and one or two additional furrows in his kind, weak face, put his hands in his pockets, and went brooding up and down the house like a heavy old ghost.

He took rooms at the Coleridge, and the very next day went wandering, in an anxious, stupid way, past the Byron House, staring at the windows, hoping to catch a glimpse of the sweet face he loved so dearly. Not succeeding, he took courage, buttoned up his coat tight, and gave a desperate ring at the bell.

"What? gone away?" he echoed after the servant. "Gone where!"

"Don't know, sir."

"Don't know, you scoundrel! You *do* know. Tell me instantly, instantly, you rascal!"

"You had better ask at the office," said the man.

The office did not know either; and the poor old chap went home with a big lump behind his left waistcoat pocket, and a smaller one in his throat, which would not go away.

Some weeks after this, Mr. Bolton heard a lady who sat next him at dinner telling her neighbor on the other side, of such an interesting young person who had applied at their Society for work.

"She could bring no references," the lady continued, "but her sweet face and modest, trembling manner moved my pity, and I gave her some coarse sewing. She brought it back this morning, spotted here and

there with tiny red dots of blood, which had come from her poor little pricked fingers. She is evidently not used to needlework, for the stitches are seven ways for Sunday, and by no means presentable; but I gave the poor thing more work, and shall take out some of the first and sew it properly. She refused to tell me where she lived; but I am certain there are some romantic or sad circumstances connected with her present destitution."

Mr. Bolton listened with his lips apart and a blanched face.

He began counting on his fingers, "September, October, November: not quite three months. No, no," he thought, "it cannot be my darling! God forbid it. My wife said his money would last six months."

The same evening he met the lady in the hall. "Madam," he said, his voice trembling, "I heard you telling at the dinner-table to-day about a poor young creature who was trying to earn bread. Give her this, and God bless you!" He put a fifty dollar note in her hand, and almost ran away. The lady looked extremely astonished, then extremely thankful; for she had taken a singular interest in this case.

But it was Madge who had come to this pitiful pass! Day after day had her husband rushed desperately out, determined to saw wood if he could do no better, while the weeping little wife sat alone brooding and brooding, thinking how to escape utter destitution. They owed for rent, and starvation was close at hand.

At last she bethought herself of applying to her landlady, who seemed kind-hearted in her rough way; and the hapless little woman went down, timidly knocked at her door, and, when bidden to enter, told her wishes.

"Can you do braiding on merino? I can get you lots of that."

"Not well, I am afraid," answered Madge, sadly. "I would rather try some very plain sewing."

"Why can't you do *fine* sewing?" said the woman, with a shade of contempt in her voice. "If you can't sew well, why don't you get a machine? You can't help making nice work with that."

She might as well have asked why she didn't leave this sorrowful world, and fly up to the moon on a broomstick. Madge simply said she could not buy a machine; whereupon the good soul twisted her brows, and bit her thumb, and having thus refreshed her memory, said: "Well, I believe the ladies in Transfiguration Church give out work to poor folks. You might try there, and to-day is the day."

Poor little Madge thanked her; and lest her courage should fail, hurried on her bonnet and shawl, and almost ran to the church, with what success the reader has already learned.

Meanwhile Peter had got copying to do for a lawyer; and thus the two barely managed to keep the wolf from the door. More they could not do, except love one another; and this love melted, like electricity, the iron chains of despair as fast as the cruel links were forged, and kept their hearts from breaking.

They began to look gaunt and hungry. They were wretchedly shabby in their dress, for the best of their wardrobe had gone, long since, to the pawnbrokers. Yes, they had learned the way to that dreadful tomb, where, laid away like corpses, are myriad tokens of better days.

One day when Madge took back her work, she looked so unusually wan, almost wild, that her kind friend, with delicate questioning begged once more to know her history. It was the first time the Society had met after Mr. Bolton had given the fifty-dollar note, and Mrs. Easton was anxious to bestow it immediately; but at the first inquiry Madge's trembling lips closed, after one little deep sob, and she froze into a white statue.

Then Mrs. Easton tried pretended harshness. "Your sewing is very badly done, Mrs. King" (she had given this name), "I can help you, perhaps, in a better way. I can assist you with money, and—"

"Madame!" Up the blood rushed to her face, forth flashed a dart from her eyes, and trembling all over she cried: "I do not want your money! I want work!" Then nature resenting the fierce struggle with her pride, gave way suddenly, and she sank down, fainting, on the floor, one hand pressed against her crushed and bleeding heart, which that offer of money had torn like a barbed arrow.

Mrs. Easton hastened to call assistance and unloose the dress of the poor little creature. A faint color came creeping back to her lips, and she made a feeble attempt to rise. But she was powerless, and she lay there uttering half unconscious farewells to her husband, who would go back to his uncle and be forgiven; she was quite broken down; her friends, putting their arms tenderly around her, raised her to her feet and assisted her into Mrs. Easton's own carriage at the door, and conveyed her to her poor home.

When she had been gently laid upon her own bed, and Mrs. Easton had smoothed back her hair, and kissed her, Madge opened her heart, and, with stormy, scalding tears, told all her story except her name.

"Sixteen and nineteen! two mere children, and struggling for bread!" murmured Mrs. Easton. "Something must be done, and instantly." She looked around the room. It was as neat as hands could make it, but cold and dreary, for the small fire in the little stove made poor resistance against a gloomy December day. She did not dare to buy food and send it to Madge, whose resolute words, "I want work!" still rang in her ear, and defied her to make a pensioner on charity of this young thing, at once so frail and so indomitable. Suddenly a thought struck her, and affectionately patting Madge's cheek, she said: "Take courage, dear—take hope to your heart. The worst has passed. Since you will not take money for your bitter needs, I will send you that which will make money for you, this evening if I can. Good-by. Keep up a brave heart, better times are coming."

She replenished the fire, and went away; while Madge, still too weak to rise, lay, with closed eyes, wondering over her words, and soon after fell into a dreamless sleep.

Towards evening it grew stormy. Peter had written all day, until the characters danced on the page, yet he had a thick roll of MSS. which must be copied that evening. Desolate and desperate, mortally tired, he fought his way against the sharp, blinding sleet, which the sobbing gusts of wind drove into his face. Gaining his home, he paused a moment at his room-door to call into his haggard countenance a hopeful look, for these two loving hearts wore masks, when in each other's presence.

He opened the door; he glanced at the bed; a shudder shook his frame, and a black veil seemed to come down over his eyes. She lay there so still, her face so white in such a death-like hush. Was it sheet or shroud which covered her?

"Madge!" How strange his voice sounded, like a far away hoarse whisper. Mastering his awful terror with a strong effort he advanced to the bed; leaned over, straining his eyes blinded with fear, and saw the gentle rise and fall of her breathing. "Thank God, it is not death but sleep!" he almost screamed. He flung himself on his knees at the foot of the bed, and buried his face in the clothes. Great sobs burst from his laboring, heaving breast; the veins in his temples stood out tense like cords; then a hot rain of tears poured from his eyes, and his cry was "My little wife, my poor, little wife! I thought I had killed her."

In vain Madge, who had started up in affright at his first exclamation, implored him to look at her; to speak to her, to stop those dreadful tears. His passionate anguish would have way, and remorse was tugging at his heart-strings; he had deliberately robbed his darling of every earthly comfort—so it seemed now to him; his selfish love confronted him, and, pointing at the wan face and emaciated figure of his wife, held him to the rack and kept him there.

"Madge, Madge!" he said, in a tone of such bitter sadness that it brought great wistful tears in her eyes—"I wonder you do not curse the day you ever saw my face. Let me take you back to your father and go my way alone. I will kneel to him! I will kiss his feet!" he cried, frantically; "but you shall no longer die by inches. I have been cruel. I am a wretch. O God! help me to save my darling, my little, little wife."

"You don't love me, then; you want to send me away; and her cheek grew livid, her breast heaved, and her woeful eyes grew more hollow and shadowy.

"Oh, Madge, you know better! you know how wholly, entirely, my heart is yours. It is because I have loved you so selfishly, and stolen from you all the bloom, and light, and bliss of youth that I wish to save you. Why were you lying in that death-like sleep? Was it not exhaustion from overwork?"

"Why no, dear, nothing of the kind;" and with changing color she recounted the adventures of the morning, and the strange hopeful language of her friend Mrs. Easton.

Then she rose and steadying herself so her husband should not see how weak she still was, hastened to make tea. If she had dared she would have brought out two tiny mutton chops, put away for the next day's dinner; but there was "the next day" sitting on the chops, like a goblin keeping guard, and she shut the cupboard door with a sigh.

They had just set down to the tea and some dry toast; for the last of the butter had been eaten the day before. It had lasted three months; and had been a capital purchase after all; but to have any more of so great a luxury was not to be thought of. Madge had poured out one cup of tea, when some one knocked at the door. Being bidden to enter, a man came in with a small table on his shoulder. He set it down, went out, returned with a bundle, set that down, said there was nothing to pay, and vanished.

"Some amiable lunatic seems to have sent us a piece of furniture," said Peter.

"I haven't the slightest idea what it can mean, dear. What an odd little table, isn't it, with such a strange ornament in the middle of it? I declare it looks like a big letter G. How funny. What can that mean?"

"Being sent to you, it stands for little goose, darling," said Peter, getting up from his untasted tea and going round to the mysterious table to examine it. "Don't you see what it is? It's a sewing machine. Here's the wheel, and here's the place for the foot. Listen."

Hegently moved the treadle, and in a moment an almost imperceptible tiny "tick, tick" was heard, like the faint echo of a cheery little cricket on the hearth. Then Peter opened a small drawer; in it were three or four strange-looking little instruments, some needles, and a pamphlet. He took the last out and turned over the leaves. "Oh," he said, "these odd looking steel customers are hemmers, fillers, etc., are they? And here are some jolly directions for using it. I tell you what, Madge, it will be just next to nothing to turn out a dress with twenty-nine founces. Gorgeous letter G."

But what was that foolish little Madge doing standing there so absorbed and silent?

Oh, was this blessed relief meant for her? With a pale face and clasped hands she listened to her husband, her gaze fastened on the magical letter which had the power to bring such unutterable comfort to their home—debts paid, sufficient food, bright fires. All at once Mrs. Easton's words—"I will send you that which will make money for you"—flashed into her mind. She understood. Her heart beat loud and fast, and then tide upon tide of rosy color overspread her face until, at length, the tears bursting from her uplifted eyes, she sobbed out, "Thank God, oh, thank God, it is for me. Now we need not starve."

The next instant she was clasped in her husband's arms, and these two poor lonely children had a good cry together.

"You won't think now of sending me home, darling, will you?" murmured Madge, nestling close to his heart. "Here is my home." And she pressed her soft cheek against him—she was "just as high as his heart."

She got a tight hug for answer, and then they found out that they were very hungry, and the tea was quite cold. Madge flew round and made more tea, although it was the very last drawing but one, declaring she didn't care a fig for the extravagance; and then getting more excited, she whipped the mutton-chops out of the cupboard in a trice, and broiled them without the slightest compunction about the next day's dinner, and made toast brown and crisp, and said, laughing, "Oh, never mind the butter."

After tea Peter helped to wash the dishes, and the clumsy fellow broke a plate, and Madge laughed at it—such a blithe little laugh, and all because there stood in the room a small table—with the letter G upon it. They had quite forgotten the bundle all this time; but now Madge opened it, and found a note inside. It read thus:

"December 22.

"DEAR MRS. KING.—A kind old gentleman accidentally heard me tell a friend of your painful situation, and it was he who gave me the money for you, which you refused. I have therefore purchased with it this sewing-machine.

I send you a dozen fine shirts from our Society, for making which we shall pay you seventy-five cents each.

Your self-reliance is as fortunate for you as the accident which gave you your benefactor, for you could not have made, I am sure, a wiser use of the money.

Happy that you will be dependent only on your own brave heart and the sewing-machine, I am your sincere friend.

MARY EASTON."

She very nearly got crying again over this note, thankful, grateful tears, and not trusting herself to speak, she handed it to her husband, and sat down at the machine with the little book of directions in her hand. It would almost go of itself! She adjusted her work, put her foot on the treadle, and began. Absorbed, fascinated, now pale, now flushed, her lips apart, her eyes shining like stars, she watched the white seam gliding swiftly away.

The letter G was a magical living thing to her, and its gentle little "tick, tick," was like the joyous song of the lark to her upward-lifted, praying, grateful heart.

One hour and a half, two, and the shirt was finished; with a radiant, gladsome smile, Madge, threw it to her husband, who had been watching the work with almost breathless interest.

"Oh, darling letter G!" cried Madge. "Seventy-five cents! It would have taken me three days to have earned so much money with my fingers; and here you sing a dear old song, and, presto! the seventy-five cents are mine!"

"It has brought back hope and life to my darling," said Peter; "and I say long life and happiness to the good old cove whose money bought this. Bless his spectacles, wig and whiskers! he is worth an army of such as your cruel old father, and my snarling old uncle."

"Don't say so. But really I think I ought to thank him."

"Do you? Well, write a pretty little note, and tell him he's a darling and you're another."

"I shall do no such thing; I shall thank him with all my heart for my letter G."

And so she did.

Before two days were over she had finished and taken to the Society rooms the dozen shirts, and nine dollars were handed to her. She sat as one entranced, believing that she must be a second Danae, with the golden shower falling around her.

She gave her note to Mrs. Easton with a blush and smile, and begged her to hand it to her kind unknown friend, and hurried home with a new supply of work.

At the door she met her landlady.

"Was it a sewing-machine, ma'am," she inquired, "which came to you the other night?"

"Yes," answered Madge.

"Lor, ma'am! my Jane's almost crazy with the work they want her to do for Christmas. She's got all of a dozen children's dresses to braid, which it aint possible to do half. If you could help her ma'am, of course you'd get the money for all you'd do. Is there a braider to your machine?"

"Come up and I'll see," said Madge.

The landlady only waited to run into her room and bring out a bundle when the two ascended the stairs. Madge hurried to the little drawer and took out her book of directions.

"Yes, yes!" she said, joyfully, "here it is! 'The braid is to pass through a hole in the foot.' Yes I can do it a id thank you a thousand times!"

"Well here's a little merino dress, all stamped, and here is the braid; and that's the machine, is it? an odd one, any how," and off went the good soul quite relieved.

In the afternoon, just before the sun set, Peter came in. She could hardly stop to give him welcome with a kiss. Her dress was nearly done.

"Madge, do you know it is Christmas-eve?" asked Peter.

"Yes darling." And a little fluttering sigh escaped her.

"What an unkind, unforgiving, uncharitable old blunderbuss your father is!"

"Hush, dear! Poor papa! I'm sure he'll be lonesome to-night. I wish—oh, how I wish he could have forgiven me! I should be glad and thankful to live here just as we do if papa would forgive me and love me again."

Fast-coming tears blinded her. She had to stop working and hide her pale face on her husband's shoulder. They were so absorbed in each other that they had not heard the door open. They did not see standing there in the dusky gloom, as if transfixed, an old man, with remorse and grief convulsing every feature. His lips moved but no sound came from them; it seemed as if this remorse and grief had swelled in his throat and closed it. His eyes were strained upon the wan, tearful face of the young wife. He wildly pressed his hands upon his head, and uttered a hollow groan.

"What's that?"

With a piercing, sudden scream which rang through the room, Madge was in his arms, crying, sobbing, laughing with her lips against his cheek, and murmuring, "Father, dear father, thank God! thank God!"

"Oh, Madge, darling," he cried, "forgive me, try to forgive me! I know you do; but oh! say it, my little Madge, whom I have treated so cruelly. And you my son, you will not refuse my hand? Oh! God bless you both and forgive me. She said I must wait six months; she said I must punish you for your disobedience. But oh, my darling, will God ever forgive me for bringing you to this?"

He held her tight, and great scalding tears fell from his eyes upon her face. His very heart was torn by the sight of that pale, patient face, so unlike his blooming dimpled Madge.

"Never mind, papa," she said at last; "don't be so grieved; it is all right now; and I would not have had it different."

"Oh, my little Madge, when I gave the money to Mrs. Easton for the poor suffering creature, little did I dream it was for my own darling. As I sat down to dinner to-day Mrs. Easton handed me your precious note. Your handwriting! I jumped up, upset my chair, and rushed out of the room. I suppose they thought me mad. But I have you once more, my pet. You shall never leave me again. You and Peter must come away immediately. She shall give way. She shall forgive you. She ought to ask your forgiveness. And we shall all be happy again."

They told him of all that had happened. They softened the bitterest part of the sad narrative, for his poor old heart was so grieved and remorseful.

Then they made a little feast for him; for he had lost his dinner in the mingled joy and anguish of find-

ing his child, and they too had appetites sharpened and quickened by their happiness.

Peter ran out and bought a capital steak with the appropriate "fixings." It took all his money, but we won't mention it; and when he returned he sat the table, while Madge broiled, and turned; and tossed the steak in a manner to reflect undying honor on her skill as a cook; while her father first pulled the corners of his mouth down to cry, then suddenly twisted them up to laugh, winking very hard between misery and amusement that his little girl should have been brought to such a pass.

But oh! wasn't it jolly? wasn't it gorgeous?—these are Peter's vulgar expressions, not mine. Madge with her blue eyes fixed upon her venerable parent, her husband with his adoring eyes fixed upon her, and the kind old father burying his face every other minute in his pocket-handkerchief. Everybody was forgiven, and all the sad past was forgotten; and a sweet, fresh look of joyous peace came into Madge's eyes.

They could not go away that night, but next morning, Peter went to that awful place, the pawnbroker's, and redeemed their wardrobe with some of the money which Mr. Bolton had given to his darling.

Then the good landlady was paid, and presented with such little articles of furniture as they had bought; and a half sad, and half happy farewell look was taken at the poor, little rooms, which had witnessed so much suffering, and so much happiness.

"Peter, we must take my precious letter G. Do you ever think I shall part with that, my dear?"

Madge did not dream of relinquishing her dearly-bought self-reliance, and becoming once more a useless fine lady. No indeed! She and her letter G., both singing, made almost everything she wore, with no end of tucking and hemming; and many of her dresses sprouted out in "curly-cues and whirligigs" of the most intricate and beautiful patterns of braiding and embroidery. Oh yes! and better than this, many another letter G made music in the wretched homes where hitherto Hood's "Song of the Shirt" had been sobbed out by fainting, starving souls. Madge picked her father's pocket with impunity for this purpose. With every gift of one his poor old heart grew lighter. It seemed like expiating for his unkindness to his darling, and soothing his bitter memory of her troubles.

And when, nearly a year after, little babe Madge came, and lay nestling soft on her happy young mother's breast, seeming like a tiny child-angel which had floated down to her out of heaven, the snow-white robes in which the wee thing was tenderly wrapped owed their dainty grace to the letter G.

THE BOUDOIR.

[From Flag of Our Union.]

The Marquis de C., a French nobleman of large property, possesses a handsome mansion in the Champs Elysees, Paris. It was his fortune to espouse a very beautiful woman, to whom he was fondly attached, and a chateau of the marquis's, some forty miles from the capital, became their constant residence. Here, however, the marchioness was at length attacked with severe illness, and, although her life was saved, continued to suffer from agonizing pains in the head, the sole alleviation of which seemed to consist in

having her beautiful hair, which touched the ground, combed for several hours a day, the marquis himself, when her maid was tired, frequently taking his turn in this occupation.

The seeds of disease were, however, too deeply sown, and, after many alternations of sickness and amendment, the poor young wife ultimately died.

In despair at her loss, the marquis left the chateau forever, and returning to Paris, shut himself up in his house, refusing all comfort and all society excepting that of one intimate friend, Monsieur Alphonse F., who had been a frequent visitor at the chateau.

It happened that a process rendered it incumbent on the widower to produce certain papers essential to the case, which had been placed in a cabinet at the chateau. But the bereaved husband positively refused to revisit the scene of his former happiness, and despite the arguments of his legal adviser, remained inexorable, when Alphonse F., entering while the discourse continued, volunteered to spare his friend's feelings by visiting the chateau and obtaining the required papers.

The marquis thanked him cordially, adding, "You will find the papers in my *escritoire* beside the door. They are tied with red tape, and are deposited in the second pigeon-hole at the end furthest from the door."

With these instructions, Alphonse F., started on his journey, and, on reaching the chateau, reached the apartment he sought.

A cold, damp vapor seemed to pervade the room and he hastened to complete his task and begone. Recalling, in spite of himself, the image of the fair and blissful being he had met there, he slowly opened the *escritoire*, and at once descried the papers, described by his friend. Carefully removing them, he was in the act of reclosing the *escritoire*, when he felt or fancied he felt, a light pressure on his shoulder. He turned and beheld—the marchioness!

She was dressed in white, her face was deadly pale, and her beautiful black silken tresses were, as he had often seen them in later days, flowing unconfined to her very feet. He let fall the papers, and rushing through the deserted rooms, never stopped till he reached the courtyard, where his horse awaited him.

He was about to mount and gallop from the haunted spot, when the reflection of his friend's disappointment, and the incredulity with which his explanation would certainly be met, induced him to make an effort to recover what he began to consider superstitious weakness. He re-ascended the stairs, traversed the rooms without glancing to the right or left, entered the boudoir, seized the papers and was departing, when again a touch was laid upon his shoulder. The figure he had before seen stood close beside him, holding what seemed to be a *comb* in its hand, and offering it to him, as if inviting him to use it on the black tresses that covered her like a shroud.

Hardly knowing what he did, A. seized the comb, made an attempt to pass it through the flowing hair, failed, and fell back insensible. How long he remained in that state he never knew. The moment he regained consciousness he tottered from the room, mounted his horse, and made his way to Paris, where he lay for weeks, prostrated with brain fever.

Monsieur Alphonse F. still lives, and himself related this anecdote to the narrator.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1868.

NATIONAL TRAITS AND THEIR CAUSES.

NUMBER SIX.—PART 1.

An examination of the American character will conclude our present series.

The most distinguished colonists of America being English, the American may be said in general terms, to be an Englishman existing under new conditions. All that has been said of the English character, so far as it has been influenced by a mixture of the blood of the daring and energetic of all ages, can therefore be said of the American; and yet, as now developed, the American presents some strong characteristics entirely unknown to his English progenitor.

So far as the independent nature of the American is concerned, it was brought with him to this continent. Oppressive circumstances but stimulated and called it into exercise. This feature he owes more to his descent than to any influence of location. Both ancestry and surroundings, however, had their influence in this particular. While all the tendencies of his race led him to resist aggression, the propitious facts of a rich and expansive country, inspiring in its extent and productiveness, invited him to independence. The Declaration of Independence did not spring alone from the depths of feeling possessed by a manly race—under less favoring circumstances they might never have given birth to it—it was inspired by mountain, river, lake and teeming fields, as well as by a greater influence still. God does not make a nation out of a single quality or a solitary favoring condition; but from the combination of a series of multiplied and carefully conducted providences all leading up to the general end.

As to those qualities which now so much distinguish the American from the Englishman, they have been gradually induced by the necessities of his situation. The first few generations were English in tone and habit. Take, for instance, the statesmen of the Revolution, they were English in their formalities, their love of decorum, and their moderation of language. They clung tenaciously to many of the customs and most of the etiquette of the old world—simply excepting its right to control their liberties. By slow degrees these habits induced by descent and sustained by tradition died out, and the influences of nature as felt in scenery and climate; of enterprise as inspired by an almost untrodden country; of boldness and hardihood as promoted by exploration; of unlimited ambition as developed by a new world far vaster than their hopes, began to make their own peculiar and distinct impression, and a new type of character—the Anglo-American—was presented before the world.

Among the characteristics which have been developed since the days of the Revolution, and which now distinguish the American, is a certain hugeness—or as some deem it an extravagance of speech and conception. This is seen more particularly in American orators of the modern school, as well as in much of the literature of the present period,—not but that there

are many illustrations and remarkable exceptions to this rule. Speaking, however, in general terms, the national mind seems striving to express itself in hyperbole as though ordinary language was too tame for its purpose. This has furnished in the estimation of foreigners, who always observe salient points, a national trait. American humor possesses also this quality of hugeness. The case of the man whose foot was so large that he had to repair to a fork of the road to find a boot-jack of sufficient size is an illustration of this, desire for extreme proportions even in matters of fun. This tendency to extravagance in conception, we take it, has been fostered by the opening presented for speculative thought by constantly enlarging scenes of national and individual greatness—for extravagant as has been the American mind, it has hardly kept pace with the facts of American progress. Even the half humorous, half earnest boast of "whipping all creation" may be traced to that vast opening for unlimited domain which spread before the nation like a mist hiding a glory too great for comprehension.

PROFESSOR TULLIDGE'S BENEFIT CONCERT.

This concert came off on Saturday evening last at the 13th Ward Assembly Rooms.

Among many excellent points, both vocal and instrumental, we notice the following:

Danby's splendid old glee, "Awake, Æolian Lyre," was rendered by the company with excellent precision; several fine points of expression were well brought out by Professor Tullidge.

The execution of Mrs. Tompson in the songs "Thou art lovelier" and "Blanche Alpen" proved her practical acquaintance with the florid and expressive school of vocal music.

The rendition of the comic duetto, "The Cousins," by Miss Nunn and Mrs. Tompson, was highly appreciated by the audience and was loudly encored.

That vocal and instrumental master-piece of Sir H. R. Bishop, "The Chough and the Crow," from the semi-opera of Guy Mannering, was a gem of choral and solo vocalization, by both principals and company.

Miss Nunn's "Sweet Spirit Hear my Prayer" was a choice bit of vocal expression.

Calcott's spirited glee the "Red Cross Knight" sung by Messrs. Williams, Tullidge and Daynes, reminded us of the superiority of English authors over those of all other nations in this style of composition. "Come to the Greenwood" by Miss Evans, a young lady who made her debut on this occasion, showed her possession of a good voice and a fine intonation.

The principal soprano Mrs. Lindsay proved her excellence as a choral leader. Her songs "Sunny Day's" and "Floating in the Wind" were very creditably rendered.

Our young artist Mr. Dayne, Jun., gave us some choice organ execution. Mrs. Cook exhibited her usual skill as an accompanist.

"The Tickling Trio," which was loudly encored sent the audience home in a good humor.

SALT LAKE CITY, March 31, 1868.

EDITOR UTAH MAGAZINE:

I think it but due to the readers of your articles on "National Traits and their Causes," that you should enlighten them as to the correctness of certain dissenting views on the above subject, published in the *Daily Telegraph* on Friday last and signed "RESURGAM." W. S. G.

We are under obligation to our correspondent for his interest in the subject, but we never treat seriously articles of the kind referred to. We have, however, handed over the matter for the amusement and edification of "Our Hired Man."

"OUR HIRED MAN" ON THE RESURRECTION MAN.

[AN EXPLANATION.]

Our Hired Man comes to the relief of an unhappy individual, a countryman of a very "low" order, whose mind has been laboring against seas of affliction at discovering from some of the leading articles of this paper that a mountain-bred people as a general thing possess some qualities uncommon to lowlanders. This individual signs his name RESURGAM, which means "I shall rise again," and is a neat reference to his present depressed condition. Our assistant's Latin pronunciation having been neglected in his youth, he calls him the "Resurrection Man" for shortness.

The first plaintive utterances of this "depres'd" individual are as follows:—

Errors

I wish to ask you a question, which I consider of some importance to the people of this Territory. I wish to know whether you, as a public journalist, deem it wisdom on the part of those who know better, to allow an individual, without remonstrance, to mislead the ignorant and the unwary of this Territory, by statements such as follows:

"The denizens of a valley, or a wide, low, flat extent of country, is as sure to be so many degrees lower in the temperature of his feelings, as in the air he breathes, and he will be as much less excitable as the uniformity of the plain he surveys is less inspiring than mountain wilds."

Here "Our Hired Man" flies to the aid of the resurrection man. Benighted individuals will wonder where the "importance to the people of this Territory" lies. "Our Hired Man" is able to explain. The "importance to the people of this Territory" is two-fold. The Editor of this Magazine has been guilty of eulogizing a mountain bred people. It is important that this should be stopped because the Utonians live in the mountains. The "Resurrection man" holding that a mountain bred people are sometimes disposed "to be afflicted with *goutre* which makes them semi-idiotic it is important that this should be known, it being to the "inhabitants of this Territory" a very cheering and interesting fact for contemplation."

Having assisted our "rising" friend so far "Our Hired Man" will still further expend his energies in his behalf, regardless of expense. It "strikes" the "Resurrection Man" that there are "low countries wherein this trait of excitability is developed to a certain extent" "*he instances the bogs of Ireland*" "*Irishmen have been known to become excited.*" It is

very strange but "Our Hired man" has discovered the same phenomenon. He has known whiskey to have a very "elevating" effect even in a "flat low country," and even where—in addition to the general flatness of the country—there was superadded a very interesting "flatness" of the individual himself. For the time being, whiskey has, in his opinion, an effect very similar to living in a mountainous region. But as it happens that "*excitability*" of temperament is not imputed by the UTAH MAGAZINE to a mountain life alone, but hardihood, boldness and such like qualities instead, neither the Irishman nor the whiskey have particularly to do with the case.

Not only does it "strike" the "Resurrection Man" that Irishmen are excitable, but profound observation has enabled him to discover that the inhabitants of France's fertile plan are mercurial. That the Ishmaelite of the plains is sometimes a *Tartar*; and that the southern American is often a "fire eater," all of which facts our mountain bred "Hired Man"—whose ancestors of the twentieth degree made a point of never speaking anything but mountain galleic of the most guttural and unpronounceable kind—is very reluctantly compelled to admit. But as it happens again—and such things will happen—that the UTAH MAGAZINE traces temperature and fiery warmth of nature to climate and peculiarities of race as well as to a mountain life—and only traces them to that kind of existence all other things being equal, the admission only proves one thing, and that is, that the "Resurrection Man" is of that order of philosophers who believe they can construct a chart of man's character from the nature of a wart on the end of his nose; or tell all his instincts from seeing one corner of his eye—or what is the same thing, understand the whole theory of half a dozen chapters from an intense study of one side of an idea:

In closing, "Our Hired Man" will say, he was so interested in the original idea that the Swiss do not sustain the mountain theory, that he almost resolved to abolish William Tell for ever from his mind; and place under the severest ban all Geographies which tell how the "little brave Swiss nation" has preserved its independence in the midst of the Lions of Europe. Reflection has of course shown him how the sprightly Hollanders prove the "Resurrection Man's" case to a hair. How unlike the flat, dead level of their country they are! How swift of foot! How gay and energetic! And then that a mountain life does not dispose to untameableness and unconquerability of character is clear because as everybody knows, the Scotch and the Welsh were so easily subdued by the English; and the Circassians of the mountains—those poor, weak little fellows—who some ridiculous people imagine fought for a generation—laid down their arms at the very first whisper of command by the Russians, just like an oppressed mountain people always do!

Our "lowland" friend must be comforted. If the nature of a country will infuse itself in all cases into its inhabitants, it is pleasing to reflect that the brains of such as live in flat regions ought at least to be "level." These mountaineers won't always have it all their own way. As the poet says "Resurgam, may not live to see the day. But perhaps his little babbies may.—Behold the good time coming."

THE CREAM OF THE PAPERS.

CURIOUS EPITAPHS.

[From "Temple Bar."]

There is Franklin's famous epitaph for himself:—

"The Body of
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,
PRINTER,

Like the cover of an old book,

Its contents torn out,
And stripped of its lettering and gilding,
Lies here, food for worms.

Yet the work itself shall not be lost.
For it will (as he believed), appear once more,
In a new and more beautiful edition,
Corrected and amended

by
The AUTHOR."

Or this one on a bellows maker:—

"Here lies John Mellows,
The Prince of Good Fellows,
Clerk of All-hallows,
And maker of bellows,
He bellows did mend till the day of his death;
But he who made bellows could never make breath."

Or this, at Manchester, on an old man:—

"Here lies John Hill,
A man of skill,
His age was five times ten;
He ne'er did good,
Nor ever would,
Had he lived as long again."

Or this on a dyer:—

"Beneath this turf a man doth lie,
Who dyed to live, and lived to die."

As for the unintentionally grotesque epitaphs, they may be found in almost every churchyard in England. Now and then, when we hear of them, we have a suspicion that they are "too good to be true," but he who has had any experience of British monumental stupidity, will hesitate to put limits to the absurdity it may display.

The following are a few which we recall to mind, omitting such as we happen to have elsewhere seen in print. Can anything be more simply touching than the second line of this couplet:—

"IN MEMORY OF JOHN DALY, ETC.
He died of a Quinsy,
And was buried at BINSY."

Or the third of this triplet:—

"Here lieth wrapt in clay,
The body of William Wray
—I have no more to say."

There is certainly no lack of faith displayed in the following, which is, we believe, to be found in Sunbury churchyard:—

"A— B—
Left Sunbury
And started for Paradise,
June 25, 18—."

Very different is the sceptical, not to say rollicking, tone of the inscription over a certain Gabriel John:—

"Here lies the body of Gabriel John,
Who died in the year eighteen hundred and one.
Pray for his soul, or let it alone,
For it is all one to Gabriel John,
Who died in the year eighteen hundred and one."

There is a fearful weight of innuendo conveyed in this stern, brief notice in the churchyard of Cotton Hackett, Worcester-shire:—

"Here lieth the body of John Gale, in expectation of the Last Day.

WHAT SORT OF A MAN HE WAS THAT DAY WILL DISCOVER."

Here is a cruel remark on a doctor:—

"Here lies the corpse of Dr. Chard,
Who filled the half of this churchyard";

and a still more unpardonable one on a lady, possibly of those loquacious tendencies too often harshly attributed to her sex:—

"Here rests in silent clay,
Miss Arabella Young,
Who, on the 21st of May
BEGAN TO HOLD HER TONGUE."

This is as bad as the unkind hint conveyed in the following:—

"Here lies Margaret Sexton,
Who never did ought to vex one.
Not like the woman under the next stone."

The following is simple, at all events. It is at Melton Mowbray, in Leicestershire:—

"Here lieth the wife of Simon Stokes,
Who lived and died like other folks."

Grief and selfishness are finely mingled in the following, by a widower:—

"I've lost the comfort of my life,
Death came and took away my wife.
And now I don't know what to do,
Lest death should come and take me too."

Grammar is postponed in the next to high poetical and moral considerations:—

"She's gone and cannot come to we,
But we shall shortly go to she."

Another is grossly personal:—

"Reader! wherever thou be, oh, tread not hard,
For Tadlow lies all over this churchyard."

The following would be set down as Irish, but we believe may claim a Saxon origin:—

"Ah, cruel Death! Why so unkind,
To take her, and leave me behind!
Better to have taken both or neither
It would have been more kind to the survivor!"

But of the following there can be no mistake:—

"Under this stone lie two babies dear,
One is buried in Connaught, and the other here."

The monument—is it needful to say?—is in Ireland, in Athlone churchyard.

We have always felt satisfied that that most delicious of all epitaphs which celebrates the virtues of Lady O'Looney, must have been composed by her confidential maid. We only repeat it here to illustrate our hypothesis:—

"Here lies Lady O'Looney,
Great niece of Burke, commonly called 'The Sublime.'
She was bland, passionate, and deeply religious;
Also she painted in water-colors,
And sent several pictures to the Exhibition,
She was first cousin of Lady Jones,
And of such is the Kingdom of Heaven!"

The following was composed by three Scotch friends, to whom the person commemorated had left a legacy, with the hope expressed that they would honor him by some record of their regrets! The first friend composed the line which naturally opened the epitaph:—

"Provost Peter Patterson was Provost of Dundee,

The second added—

"Provost Peter Patterson, here lies he,

The third could suggest no other conclusion than

"Hallelujah! Hallelujah!"

The following must have been flattering to the bereaved widower:—

"Here lies the body of Mary Ford,
Whose soul, we trust, is with the Lord;
But if for hell she's changed this life,
'Tis better than being John Ford's wife."

We wonder whether the old bachelor commemorated in the next would have indorsed the epitaph provided for him:—

"At threescore winters' end I died,
A cheerless being, lone and sad:
The nuptial knot I never tied,
And wished my father never had!"

We confess we are sceptical about the authenticity of the epitaph on the architect Trollope:—

"Here lies William Trollope,
Who made these stones roll up;
When death took his soul up,
His body filled this hole up."

to doubts, however, attach to the sweet agricultural simplicity which breathes through the following:—

"Here I lies, and no wonder I'm dead,
For the wheel of a wagon went over my head."

A very facetious story is told in some quarters of a pauper, having died in a workhouse, was to be buried in the most comical fashion. The master proposed to inscribe over his abstone:—

"Thomas Thorps,
His corpse."

The guardians at the next meeting of the board indignantly made such a profligate expenditure of the rates, and ordered the epitaph to be curtailed thus:—

"Thorps'
Corpse."

Perhaps the most absurd of all epitaphs is that attributed to pyrotechnist who died a few years ago. In the course of his life he had been immensely struck by an inscription on the grave of the great musical composer Purcell:—

"He is gone where alone his melodies can be exceeded."
Induced by laudable ambition to secure such praise, Mr. B. requested that over his tomb might be written—
"He is gone where alone his FIREWORKS can be exceeded."

HOW THE GERMANS MAKE LOVE.

[Boston paper.]

Oh! you American lovers, rejoicing in your secret walks, or lonely rides, your escorts from evening prayer meetings, or well-established rendezvous for lovers; you who can indulge in secret sighs, billet-doux, and poetry, little do you realize the inconvenience with which a German courtship is beset. There are no secret interviews and smuggled letters inspire the heart of an amorous German. If he has anything to say, he says it before anybody and everybody who happens to be in the room.

If he calls upon the mistress of his affection, he beholds her busily knitting a stocking in the midst of the family circle; and with all this array of spectators must he unbosom his heart to woo his bride. By unbosoming his heart I do not mean exposing. Unless he can watch a second behind a door in a parlour, or elude the watchful care of the young lady's guardians, that momentous question, "Will you have me?" and its decisive answer, "Yes, dearest," will never be whispered between them at all. He must go to paterfamilias, or some married friend, whose affections are doubtless as withered as her fears, and make them the mediators. When all is arranged, the engagement announced, and the romance entirely over, then he can see the lady alone, take her occasionally to the theatre, when he wishes to do this before the engagement he must induce also the mother or the aforementioned withered relation,) and indulge in a walk once a week.

This extreme reserve seems at first glance the more unnatural, from the fact that Germans are essentially a romantic and poetical people. Their literature, their love of music and worship of art, show this, no less than the mistaken and romantic tempers at chivalry among the students, and the tenderness and kindness one meets with everywhere: their politeness, which it sometimes is, and the interest, almost curiosity, which is taken in your affairs.

But Germans have to look beyond mere flirtation and love-making. They are usually poor, and must choose a wife as the bar of Wakefield did, "for wear." A flashy, brilliant girl, who lacked the usual domestic instruction, would never do for them, and a lady who should throw off her reserve and openly accept the attentions of gentlemen would, if she succeeded in keeping her character, never win a husband.

German men are not easily caught by appearances. There are some sad stories connected with German engagements, owing to the excessive poverty of the men, and the necessity of almost every one to work his way from the bottom of the ladder. Fran Dr. S. told me, with tears in her eyes, of an elderly lady living near here who has been engaged fifty years. No time has her lover earned enough to marry upon, and

now both are grey-haired, and approaching the grave, and though their hopes of marriage in life are over, they keep their vows sacred for another world.

In America, if a lady consents to deliver up her own precious self, the sacrifice is considered by the enraptured lover quite sufficient; but here the lady must bring as a dowry all the furniture, linen, and household utensils—in fact, everything necessary to housekeeping. The absolute dismay of an honest German, with eight charming daughters and five hundred thalers' income, can be conceived where such a custom is in vogue.

Perhaps this is one reason why the mothers do not spend their lives like the English dowagers, in constant endeavors to knock their daughters off to the lowest bidder (I fear that "lowest bidder" will not be understood by the speculative Yankee)—I mean to the man who will take the smallest amount of money with them, for Englishmen never think of making the incumbrance of a wife without the jointure.

BRUNEL'S MISHAPS.

[From Bow Bells.]

Although Brunel, the celebrated engineer, who built the Great Eastern, died at the comparatively early age of fifty-three, it is even matter of surprise that he lived so long. He had more perilous escapes from violent death than fall to the lot of most men. At the outset of his career, when acting as assistant engineer to his father, in making the Thames Tunnel, he had two narrow escapes from drowning by the river bursting in upon the works.

Some time after, when inspecting the shafts of the railway tunnel under Box Hill, he was one day riding a shaggy pony at a rapid pace down the hill, when the animal stumbled and fell, pitching the engineer on his head with great violence; he was taken up for dead, but eventually recovered. When the Great Western line was finished and at work, he used frequently to ride upon the engine with the driver, and occasionally he drove it himself. One day when passing through the Box Tunnel upon the engine at considerable speed, Brunel thought he discerned between him and the light some object standing on the same line of road along which his engine was traveling. He instantly turned on the full steam and dashed at the object, which was driven into a thousand pieces. It afterwards turned out to be a contractor's truck, which had broken loose from a ballast train on its way through the tunnel. Another narrow escape which he had was on board the Great Western steamship, where he fell down a hatchway into the hold, and was nearly killed.

But the most extraordinary accident which befel him was that which occurred while one day playing with his children. Like his father, Sir Isambard, he was fond of astonishing them with sleight-of-hand tricks, in which he displayed considerable dexterity; and the feat which he proposed to them on this occasion was the passing of a half-sovereign through his mouth out at his ear. Unfortunately, he swallowed the coin, which dropped into his windpipe. The accident occurred on the 3rd of April, 1843, and it was followed by frequent fits of coughing, and occasional uneasiness in the right side of the chest; but so slight was the disturbance of breathing that it was for some time doubted whether the coin had really fallen into the windpipe. After the lapse of fifteen days, Sir R. Brodie met Mr. Key in consultation, and they concurred in the opinion that most probably the half-sovereign was lodged at the bottom of the right bronchus. The day after, Mr. Brunel placed himself in a prone position on his face upon some chairs, and bending his head and neck downwards, he distinctly felt the coin drop towards the glottis. A violent cough ensued, and on resuming the erect posture he felt as if the object again moved downwards into the chest.

Here was an engineering difficulty, the like of which Mr. Brunel had never before encountered. The mischief was purely mechanical; a foreign body had gone into his breathing apparatus, and must be removed, if at all, by some mechanical expedient. Mr. Brunel was, however, equal to the occasion. He had an apparatus constructed, consisting of a platform which moved upon a hinge in the centre. Upon this he had himself strapped; and his body was then inverted, in order that the coin might drop downward by its own weight, and so be expelled. At the first experiment the coin again slipped towards the glottis, but it caused such an alarming fit of convulsive coughing and appearance of choking that danger was apprehended, and the experiment was discontinued.

Two days after, on the 25th, the operation of tracheotomy was performed by Sir Benjamin Brodie, assisted by Mr. Key, with the intention of extracting the coin by forceps, if possible. Two attempts to do so were made without success. The introduction of the forceps into the windpipe, on the second occasion, was attended with so excessive a degree of irritation that it was felt the experiment could not be continued without imminent danger to life. The incision in the windpipe was, however, kept open by means of a quill or tube, until May 13, by which time Mr. Brunel's strength had sufficiently recovered to enable the original experiment to be repeated. He was again strapped to his apparatus; his body was inverted; his back was struck gently, and he distinctly felt the coin quit its place on the right side of his chest. The opening in the windpipe allowed him to breathe while the throat was stopped by the coin, and it thus had the effect to prevent the spasmodic action of the glottis. After a few coughs the coin dropped into his mouth.

Mr. Brunel used afterwards to say that the moment when he heard the gold piece strike against his upper front teeth was perhaps the most exquisite in his whole life. The half-sovereign had been in his windpipe for not less than six weeks.

GOSSIP OF THE DAY:

PERSONAL, SCIENTIFIC, AND OTHERWISE

The following appeared in a late number of the New York "Tribune":

"A western paper says—'Every day brings us tidings of the drunken debauchery of our public men. Every day strengthens the fears that muddled Senators and boozy Congressmen are enacting laws for a Bourbon President to veto.' We think the statement is rather exaggerated; but that habits of intoxication are prevalent among our public men. The fault is with ourselves. To elect a man to office who deliberately gets drunk is to bring delirium tremens into our legislation, and to make the preparation and execution of our laws uncertain, wild and spasmodic. Now is the time for the men who really believe in the virtue of temperance to show their faith by their works. Let us resolve to vote for no man who has not strength enough to resist the temptation of wine."

Republicans and democrats all admit that Gen. Grant drinks and many reliable persons assert that they have seen him drunk in the streets of Washington. Yet, with the above words from thy pen, and these facts known unto thee, darest thou, O Horace, say that thou wilt support such a man if he runneth? O Horace, wilt thou be a hypocrite?

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's new book is now going through the press in Hartford, and samples of it have been carried around by the agents to show to purchasers. Among the steel portraits in it is one of Fred. Douglass. A few days ago the agents began to come back, with the assertion (made to the publishers) "that the portrait of Fred. Douglass spoils the sale of the book." The publishers consulted Mrs. Stowe, and requested that the offensive portrait be taken out. Mrs. Stowe firmly refused to allow it to be removed, and it stays there.

It appears that the misfortunes of the Emperor Maximilian were not destined to terminate at Queretaro. The Figaro asserts that he was put into a coffin that was too small, and that the Emperor of Austria had ordered a magnificent wreath of immortelles from a celebrated house in Paris, which he intended to have laid himself on his brother's coffin. The wreath, properly packed, and duly despatched by the Eastern Railroad, not only never reached its destination, but is nowhere to be found, whereupon a trial is to ensue, the Emperor refusing to pay for a couronne which never arrived at Vienna.

The uses of visiting meteors to our sublunary sphere has at length been discovered by a French savant, M. Dufour. From a careful study of the motions and effects of meteors, he has found, among other things, that these bodies scatter promiscuously in their course a peculiar dust of oxidized meteoric matter, consisting principally of phosphorus in a decomposed form but combined with other elements essential to the growth of plants. M. Dufour has calculated that the annual deposit of this fertilizing material is equal to about two cubic yards per acre of the earth's surface.

It may be some satisfaction to those who dwell with pleasure upon the idea that it is the mission of England to civilize, to note that one of the incidental consequences of our invasion of Abyssinia is the construction of certain works of masonry at

Annesley Bay, which are in themselves a perfect revolution to the African mind. Piers, houses, streets have sprung up upon the ground where the English forces have landed, and from all the regions within reach of Annesley Bay the natives are flocking into the town—at present dignified only with the name of bazaar—where they can familiarize themselves with European habits. If, as is most probable, our occupation should not terminate with the present season, it is inevitable that results more important than those which are represented by the rude and temporary architectural and engineering works of an armed expedition will arise out of this new contact of the English with the African mind.

The Paris Exhibition building, which so lately housed not only the art products of the world but its principal potentates, and which cost eleven millions of francs, has been sold for one million ten thousand. The Emperor would willingly have allowed it to stand, but Marshal Niel wanted the ground for the reviewing of troops, and the building is to be taken down.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

TO TAKE A FEATHER BED OUT OF A HAT.

Yes,—actually to pull and shake out enough feathers to make a respectably large bed. "How is it done?" Well this is the way. Hanging down from the back of a table is a small bag packed tight with fine down. Enough of the down to make a great show when picked out and spread about with the fingers can be packed in a bag small enough to go inside of a hat. Having the bag already, the next thing is to get it into the hat without being seen. This is effected thus.

Take the bag in your left hand, keeping it down behind the table, and the hat in your right hand. Bring your left hand and the bag even with the edge of the table, and immediately place the hat over both, and begin brushing it with your right hand. This movement is such a natural one, that it will not be suspected. After the brushing is completed, withdraw the left hand and take hold of the rim of the hat with it. Take the hat towards the owner, as if you were about returning it to him, when you suddenly stop, affect surprise, and putting the fingers of your right hand in the hat, loose the drawing string of the bag and begin to pull out the feathers; work your fingers down into them, and bring up a handful and spread them out, as they will seem to be thrown up, as if coming from a spring. This you continue until the supply is exhausted, by which time you will have seemingly such a quantity as to astonish not only the audience but yourself, the first time you perform the trick. The bag which held the feathers you can take out of the hat at any time, by rolling it up and concealing it in your hand. Brush all the feathers from both inside and outside of the hat, return it to the owner with thanks, and bow your acknowledgments of the applause which you are sure to obtain.

LADIES' TABLE.

INSTRUCTIONS IN NETTING.

[CONTINUED]

GRECIAN NETTING

Take two meshes, one being seven sizes larger than the other. Do plain row with the large mesh. Now take the small one, and begin the stitch as usual, but when putting the needle in the loop as usual, take up also, the second, which draw through the first. Through this again draw the first and finish it.

The 2d row forms a very small loop, at the side, which net as usual. Repeat to the end.

3d row.—Plain, with large mesh.

4th row.—Small mesh. Do one plain stitch; then the pattern like the second row, and end with plain stitch.

LONG TWIST STITCH.

Do alternately three rows of round netting, with a small mesh, and a plain row with a mesh double the size.

FRENCH GROUND NETTING.

Have an even number of stitches.

1st row.—(One stitch of plain netting; one with the thread twice round the needle (usually called a double-stitch, and always treated as ONE in the following row). Repeat these two

2d row.—Plain netting, one stitch being long, and the next short. 3d row.—Make a double-stitch and draw the needle entirely from under the mesh insert it in the right-hand hole of the last row not over, which is part of the line of holes where those last made. Take up the first stitch of last row and draw it through that of the lower row; net it. The second loop of the last row will also be drawn partly through. Net this, which is a very small stitch, in the ordinary way. Repeat these two stitches throughout. The next row is like the second; the fifth like the third, except that a plain stitch is done at the beginning and end of the row. 7th row.—Short stitches are not netted in the following row.

LESSONS IN GEOLOGY.—No. 7.

You will now refresh your recollection of what has been said in the third and fourth lessons about the cooling cinder, cavity inside, and the melted globule floating at the bottom of it.

This melted globule is supposed to have in it, or about it, means of perpetuating, and even of increasing its burning at. You can imagine that the materials of which the cinder is composed, and which lie nearest the bottom, the sides, or the top of the cavity, are more fusible, or more easily melted than the component parts of it. The consequence of this easier fusibility will be that the dimensions of the cavity will widen and deepen, and that the quantity of melted matter will be greatly increased.

It would depend on the intensity of the heat and the thickness of the crust, whether the roof above would be worn down by melting, would become swelled out, on the surface, or whether the entire crust would be cracked through by fissures. If melted matter has a tendency to expand and to rise; accordingly it acquires an elevating force, which will cause the mass to may lie on its surface to swell out in the form of a curve. This process of elevation the heat will produce in the superincumbent matter many cracks and fissures. These cracks are never likely to be in right lines, or in perpendicular lines, parallel to each other, but they will be rather in directions which if continued would join in points or angles.

Imagine that the crust of the earth were cut through so that we could see the face of it, just as you can see the lines in the rind of a divided lemon. You could then mark the cracks, which were made by the intense heat in the first instance before the fused matter had acted upon the fissures themselves. The ridges of the crust would appear between the different fissures meeting like wedges the sharp points of which had been so off.

The burning heat which had produced these fissures will now apply its elevating force to the different wedge-shaped masses. Some of these wedges present a larger surface to the fire than others. The consequence is, that the elevating force of the heat will be greater upon those which present the smallest surface; and will therefore push them up, it may be that those edges which have their smaller ends downwards, will also sink a little, until they become jammed between the others, and at they would descend low enough for the heat to act upon them with sufficient force to keep them up.

The consequence of such a process would be, that the wedge-shaped masses, whose broader sides are downwards, will be elevated above the other wedges which have their broader sides upwards. The heaved-up surface will then appear uneven and jagged; that is the crust of the earth will put on the appearance of mountains, table-lands, and valleys.

On the supposition that, by some means, the elevating power of heat be either withdrawn, or somewhat suspended, you will understand that the masses thus heaved up and cracked, will never again fall into their first position in reference to the fissures. The roof of the cavity will now be formed into a conical arch, capable of supporting itself, if the abutments of the arch be strong enough. As soon as the arch would be thus formed the heat would begin to melt portions of those wedge-shaped masses which were below the rest, this would supply a melted lake with additional bulk of matter, while all the superior mass would be still maintained in a state of fusion or solidity.

When you make further progress in the knowledge of geological phenomena, you will learn that our imaginary arch has often in many instances, been able to support itself. It is possible at the body of the arch was so near the lake of fused matter as to be on its surface, to float upon it, and to be kept up by it; or it is possible that certain portions of the arch may sink down [to the very bottom] and so form a new support for it. The consequence of this breaking down of certain masses will be that, instead of one large lake, we shall now have a number of lakes formed, which will be connected with each other by narrow channels, running between the masses that have fallen down. These facts are important, as they will materially assist you when you come to examine what geologists call "faults" in the strata, or to account for the displacement of beds on the opposite side of a fault. These beds, or strata, are found at unequal depths.

Let us once more suppose that the heat under the crust of the earth becomes more intense; that, consequently, the quantity of melted matter becomes greatly increased, and that the expansive power of heat seeks a vent, it will either avail itself of

one of the fissures already made, though now partly closed, or it will form a fresh one. By means of this vent formed through the entire crust, the expanding force will throw up the melted matter to the surface, where, upon cooling, it will form a hill or mountain. By the same elevating power, it will also fill up any of the crevices or fissures which the previous action of heat may have left in the crust.

In cases, where vents are opened from the matter in fusion, the melted rock is thrown up into mountains. In other cases where the mass of molten rock is not forced completely through the crust but is injected into the fissures it forms what geologists and miners call "dikes."

As the melted matter was heaved up to the arched roof of the cavity, and as the roof above was cooler than the fused mass below, the fluid when it came in contact with the roof, would, while partly altering it, become, in the process of cooling, crystallised, or perhaps vitrified into a hardened rock, and would thus gradually form a new roof over the matter in fusion. It is probable that at this day there may be masses of fused matter in the process of cooling, at the depth of several miles, in some immense cavities around the vents of volcanoes and that they are forming beds below beds, which increase downwards as they cool and crystallize. These deep formations will remain invisible and unknown till either some mighty changes in the Earth's crust, or elevating power from below shall snap the crust, and throw up the rocks into the open air.

INSTRUCTIONS TO FARMERS AND GARDENERS.

FOR APRIL.

On bench lands, and when bottom lands are dry enough, trim and clean flower beds. Prune suckers from roses, except those wanted for rearing, and carefully fork in well rotted manure, leaving the ground in a prepared state for thorough watering when needed. Mend stone walls, and other fences, and underpin adobic houses where the wet and splash of winter have worn them. Sow peas freely, they are good when bread is scarce. Continue to transplant trees of every kind and finish up pruning. The spring is early, have sage brush, old straw or hay, or shavings convenient, that in case of a frosty night, material may be on hand to create a smoke around trees in blossom. Trim strawberry beds and set out new ones if good plants can be obtained. See to silk worm eggs in warm weather, and put them in a cool place until the mulberry leaves are ready to feed them. If you have none already, buy good manure, and apply it to your soil, it is means well spent; and prepare necessary convenience for saving a supply for the next year. Sow beet and carrot seed plentifully, and cultivate the plants faithfully for they contain an abundance of fattening matter. Prepare lime with old brine and dirty salt to be applied on potatoes, asparagus and onion grounds. Continue to mulch orchards with long or short manure, and also with chips and saw dust from the wood yard. Empty vaults of their contents, deodorize and prepare to use as a top dressing for onions. Sow good onion seed on the best soil. Gather up ashes, bones, old boots and shoes, and scraps of leather and raw hide and bury in the vicinity of the roots of trees. Carry away and apply the soil as a top dressing, where the slopes of the house have been thrown, and replace it with new soil. White wash kitchens and bedrooms, and also cellars, especially those under living and sleeping rooms. Plow deep, and harrow to an even surface farming the land with skill and judgment and listen not to the man who says "it won't pay."

G. D. WATT.

HUMOROUS READINGS.

The likeliest bird to see a joke.—The chaffinch.

A stupid witness being asked what a certain person died of, said, "He died of a Tuesday."

"I'm a broken man," exclaimed a poet. "So I should think," was the answer, "for I have seen your pieces."

To economise is to draw in as much as possible. The ladies apply this art to their persons, and the result is a very small waste.

An old lady, when she heard the minister say that there was to be a nave in the new church, observed that she knew well who the party was.

A little four-year-old having heard her father call her younger brother 'a little shaver,' and desiring afterwards to use the expression, could come no nearer to it than "Oh, you little barber shop."

A little girl was told to spell "ferment," and give its meaning in a sentence in which it is used. The following was literally her answer: "F-e-r-m-e-n-t, signifying work. I love to ferment in the garden."

A person visiting the London Museum of Curiosities, was shown the skull of Oliver Cromwell: "It is extremely small," said the visitor. "Bless you, sir," replied the cicerone, "it was his skull when he was a little boy."

AN ANGLER'S PATIENCE.—A person late on a Saturday afternoon, hailed an elderly gentleman, as he was skillfully essaying the wily fisherman's art for trout, with "Hallo, there! Got anything?" "Got anything? Of course not; I only came here last Wednesday!"

DIDN'T UNDERSTAND HIM.—A story is told of a certain colonel. The colonel aforesaid was riding in a stage coach, with several other passengers, when he accidentally dropped his hat out of the coach window, and exclaimed in a stentorian voice, "Charioteer, pause! I have lost my chapeau." The driver paid no heed to the demand. Again the bombastic fellow authoritatively spoke, "Charioteer, pause! I have lost my chapeau." No attention being paid by the driver to this last command, a plain, blunt man, who had become disgusted with his fellow-traveler's silliness and pomposity, put his head out of the window, and said, "Driver, hold on, this fool has lost his hat." This was perfectly intelligible to the driver, expletive and all, and the hat was secured.

NO OTHER CERTIFICATE NEEDED.—It became necessary lately in a criminal court at Newport, U. S., in order to render a boy witness competent, to prove that he had reached the age of ten years, and his mother, an Irishwoman, was called for that purpose.

"How old is your son John?" yuoth the lawyer.

"Indade, sir, I dunno, but I think he's not tin yit," was the reply.

"Did you make no record of the birth?"

"The priest did, in the ould country, where he was born,"

"How long after your marriage was that?"

"About a year; may be liss."

"When were you married?"

"Dade, sir, I dunno."

"Did you not bring a certificate of your marriage with you from the old country?"

"Hey, sir. And what should I nade with a certificate whin I had the ould mon himself along w me?"

JUDICIAL FRANKNESS.—An eastern paper says that a Texas judge was recently called upon to pass sentence in a capital case. After dwelling upon the enormity of the offence, the solemnity of the prisoner's position, and kindred topics, he concluded his address as follows:—"The fact is, Jones, the court did not intend to order you to be executed before next spring, but the weather is very cold, and our jail, unfortunately, is in a very bad condition; much of the glass in the windows is broken; the chimneys are in such a dilapidated state that no fire can be made to render your apartment comfortable; besides, owing to the great number of prisoners, not more than one blanket can be allowed to each; to sleep sound and comfortable, therefore, is out of the question. In consideration of these circumstances, and wishing to lessen your sufferings as much as possible, the court, in the exercise of its humane compassion, hereby orders you to be executed to-morrow morning, as soon after breakfast as may be convenient to the sheriff and agreeable to you."

LOVE IN STUTTERS.

A gentleman, troubled with an unfortunate stuttering impediment, in the following poetic strain 'popped the question' to the fair idol of his heart:—

'Oh, boo-boo-beauteous Mary say,
When shish-shish-shall we wedded be;
Nin-name the ha-ha-happy day
That will us marr-married see.

Nay, did-did-dearest, though thy cheek
A crick-erick-crimson blush hath dyed
I could not wait a wee-wee-week
Without my jo-jo-joyful bride.

Then Mary, let us fiff-fiffix
For To-To-Tuesday next the day,
When in the morn at sis-sis-six,
I'll fy-fy-fetch thee hence away.

Then to some bub-bub-blissful spot
To pass the mum-mum-month we'll go,
A coo-coo-coach I've gee-gee-got,
Thou could'st not say nin-NIN-NT-no!"

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[Vol. I.

POETRY.

FAIRY LORE.

Glad were the children when their glowing faces
Gathered about us in the winter night,
And now, with gleesome hearts in verdant places,
We see them leaping in the summer light;]

For they remember yet the tales we told them
Around the hearth, of farles long ago,
When they could only look out to behold them,
Quick dancing, earthward, in the feathery snow.

But now the young and fresh imagination
Finds traces of their presence everywhere,
And peoples with a new and bright creation
The clear blue chambers of the sunny air.

For them the gate of many a fairy palace
Opes to the ringing bangle of the bee,
And every flower-cup is a golden chalice,
Wine-filled, in some grand elfin revelry.

Quaint little eyes from grassy nooks are peering;
Each dewy leaf is rich in magic lore;
The foam-bells, down the merry brooklet steering,
Are fairy-freighted to some happier shore.

Stern theorists, with wisdom overreaching
The aim of wisdom, in your precepts cold,
And with a painful stress of callous teaching,
That withers the young heart into the old.

What is the gain if all their flowers were perished,
Their vision fields for ever shorn and bare,
The mirror shattered that their young faith cherished,
Showing the face of things so very fair?

Time hath enough ofills to undeceive them,
And cares will crowd where dreams have dwelt before;
Oh, therefore, while the heart is trusting, leave them
Their happy childhood and their fairy lore!

HUNTED DOWN.

IN TWO PORTIONS. PORTION THE FIRST.

I.

Most of us see some romance in life. In my capacity as Chief Magistrate of a Life Assurance Office, I think I have within the last thirty years, seen more romances than the generality of men, however unpromising the opportunity may at first sight seem.

As I have retired, and live at my ease, I possess the means that I used to want, of considering what I have seen, at leisure. My experiences have a more remark-

able aspect, so reviewed, than they had when in progress. I have come home from the Play now, and can recall the scenes of the Drama upon which the curtain has fallen, free from the glare, bewilderment and bustle of the Theatre.

Let me recall one of these Romances of the real world.

There is nothing truer (I believe) than physiognomy, taken in connexion with manner. The art of reading that book of which Eternal Wisdom obliges every human creature to present his or her own page with the individual character written on it, is a difficult one, perhaps, and is little studied. It may require some natural aptitude, and it must require (for everything does) some patience and some pains. That these are not usually given to it—that numbers of people accept a few stock common-place expressions of face as the whole list of characteristics, and neither seek nor recognise the refinements that are truest—that you, for instance, give a great deal of time and attention to the reading of music, Greek, Latin, French, Italian, Hebrew, if you please, and do not qualify yourself to read the face of the master or mistress looking over your shoulder teaching it to you—I assume to be five hundred times more probable than improbable. Perhaps some little self-sufficiency may be at the bottom of this; facial expression requires no study from you, you think; it comes by nature to you to know enough about it, and you are not to be taken in.

I confess, for my part, that I have been taken in, over and over and over again. I have been taken in by acquaintances, and I have been taken in (of course) by friends; far oftener by friends than by any other class of persons. How came I to be so deceived? Had I quite mistaken their faces? No. Believe me, my first impression of those people, founded on face and manner alone, was invariably true. My mistake was, in suffering them to come nearer to me, and explain themselves away.

II.

The partition which separated my own office from our general outer office, in the City, was of thick plate glass. I could see through it what passed in the outer office, without hearing a word. I had had it put up in place of a wall that had been there for years—ever since the house was built. It was no matter whether I did or did not make the change, in order that I might derive my first impressions of strangers who came to us on business, from their faces alone, without being influenced by anything they said. Enough to mention that I turned my glass partition

to that account, and that a life assurance office is at all times exposed to be practised upon by the most crafty and cruel of the human race.

It was through my glass partition that I first saw the gentleman whose story I am going to tell.

He had come in without my observing it, and had put his hat and umbrella on the broad counter, and was bending over it to take some papers from one of the clerks. He was about forty or so, dark, exceedingly well dressed in black—being in mourning—and the hand he extended with a polite air had a particularly well-fitting black kid glove upon it. His hair, which was elaborately brushed and oiled, was parted straight up the middle; and he presented this parting to the clerk, exactly (to my thinking) as if he had said, in so many words: "You must take me, if you please, my friend, just as I show myself. Come straight up here, follow the gravel path, keep off the grass, I allow no trespassing."

I conceived a very great aversion to that man, the moment I thus saw him.

He had asked for some of our printed forms, and the clerk was giving them to him, and explaining them. An obliged and agreeable smile was on his face, and his eyes met those of the clerk with a sprightly look. (I have known a vast quantity of nonsense talked about bad men not looking you in the face. Don't trust that conventional idea. Dishonesty will stare honesty out of countenance, any day in the week, if there is anything to be got by it.)

I saw, in the corner of his eyelash, that he became aware of my looking at him. Immediately, he turned the parting in his hair towards the glass partition, as if he said to me with a sweet smile, "Straight up here, if you please. Off the grass!"

In a few moments he had put on his hat and taken up his umbrella, and was gone.

I beckoned the clerk into my room, and asked, "Who was that?"

He had the gentleman's card in his hand. "Mr. Julius Slinkton, Middle Temple."

"A barrister, Mr. Adams?"

"I think not, sir."

"I should have thought him a clergyman, but for his having no Reverend here," said I.

"Probably, from his appearance," Mr. Adams replied, "he is reading for orders."

I should mention that he wore a dainty white cravat, and dainty linen altogether.

"What did he want, Mr. Adams?"

"Merely a form of proposal, sir, and a form of reference."

"Recommended here? Did he say?"

"Yes; he said he was recommended here by a friend of yours. He noticed you, but said that as he had not the pleasure of your personal acquaintance, he would not trouble you."

"Did he know my name?"

"Oh, yes, sir! He said, 'There is Mr. Sampson, I see.'"

"A well-spoken gentleman, apparently?"

"Remarkably so, sir."

"Insinuating manners, apparently?"

"Very much so, indeed, sir."

"Hah!" said I. "I want nothing at present, Mr. Adams."

Within a fortnight of that day, I went to dine with a friend of mine—a merchant, a man of taste, who buys pictures and books; and the first person I saw among the company was Mr. Julius Slinkton. There he was, standing before the fire, with good large eyes and an open expression of face; but still (I thought) requiring everybody to come at him by the prepared way he offered, and by no other.

I noticed him ask my friend to introduce him to Mr. Sampson, and my friend did so. Mr. Slinkton was very happy to see me. Not too happy; there was no overdoing of the matter; happy, in a thoroughly well-bred, perfectly unmeaning way.

"I thought you had met," our host observed.

"No," said Mr. Slinkton. "I did look in at Mr. Sampson's office, on your recommendation; but I really did not feel justified in troubling Mr. Sampson himself, on a point within the every-day routine of an ordinary clerk."

I said I should have been glad to show him any attention on our friend's introduction.

"I am sure of that," said he, "and am much obliged. At another time, perhaps, I may be less delicate. Only, however, if I have real business; for I know, Mr. Sampson, how precious business time is, and what a vast number of impertinent people there are in the world."

I acknowledged his consideration with a slight bow. "You were thinking," said I, "of effecting a policy on your life."

"Oh, dear no! I am afraid I am not so prudent as you pay me the compliment of supposing me to be, Mr. Sampson. I merely inquired for a friend. But you know what friends are, in such matters. Nothing may ever come of it. I have the greatest reluctance to trouble men of business with inquiries for friends, knowing the probabilities to be a thousand to one that the friends will never follow them up. People are so fickle, so selfish, so inconsiderate. Don't you, in your business, find them so every day, Mr. Sampson?"

I was going to give a qualified answer; but, he turned his smooth, white parting on me, with its "Straight up here, if you please!" and I answered, "Yes."

"I hear, Mr. Sampson," he resumed, presently, for our friend had a new cook, and dinner was not so punctual as usual, "that your profession has recently suffered a great loss."

"In money?" said I.

He laughed at my ready association of loss with money, and replied, "No, in talent and vigor."

Not at once following out his allusion, I considered for a moment. "Has it sustained a loss of that kind?" said I. "I was not aware of it."

"Understand me, Mr. Sampson. I don't imagine that you have retired. It is not so bad as that. But Mr. Meltham——"

"Oh, to be sure!" said I. "Yes! Mr. Meltham, the young actuary of the 'Inestimable!'"

"Just so," he returned, in a consoling way.

"He is a great loss. He was at once the most profound, the most original, and the most energetic man I have ever known connected with Life Assurance."

I spoke strongly; for I had a high esteem and admiration for Meltham, and my gentleman had indefinitely

conveyed to me some suspicion that he wanted to sneer at him. He recalled me to my guard by presenting that trim pathway up his head, with its infernal, "Not on the grass, if you please—the gravel."

"You knew him, Mr. Slinkton?"

"Only by reputation. To have known him as an acquaintance, or as a friend, is an honor I should have sought, if he had remained in society; though I might never have had the good fortune to attain it, being a man of far inferior mark. He was scarcely above thirty, I suppose?"

"About thirty."

"Ah!" He sighed, in his former consoling way. "What creatures we are! To break up, Mr. Sampson, and become incapable of business at that time of life!—Any reason assigned for the melancholy fact?"

("Humph!" thought I, as I looked at him. But I won't go up the track, and I will go on the grass.")

"What reason have you heard assigned, Mr. Slinkton?" I asked point blank.

"Most likely a false one. You know what Rumor is, Mr. Sampson. I never repeat what I hear; it is the only way of paring the nails and shaving the head of Rumor. But, when you ask me what reason I have heard assigned for Mr. Meltham's passing away from among men, it is another thing. I am not gratifying idle gossip then. I was told, Mr. Sampson, that Mr. Meltham had relinquished all his avocations and all his prospects because he was, in fact, broken-hearted. A disappointed attachment—I heard—though it hardly seems probable, in the case of a man so distinguished and so attractive."

"Attractions and distinctions are no armor against death," said I.

"Oh, she died? Pray pardon me. I did not hear that. That, indeed, makes it very sad. Poor Mr. Meltham! She died? Ah, dear me! Lamentable, lamentable!"

I still thought his pity not quite genuine, and I still suspected an unaccountable sneer under all this, until he said, as we parted, like the other knots of talkers, by the announcement of dinner:

"Mr. Sampson, you are surprised to see me so moved, on behalf of a man whom I have never known. I am not so disinterested as you may suppose. I myself have suffered, and recently too, from death. I have lost one of two charming nieces, who were my constant companions. She died young—barely three-and-twenty—and even her remaining sister is far from strong. The world is a grave!"

He said this with deep feeling, and I felt reproached for the coldness of my manner.

And he talked and talked. I became quite angry with myself. I took his face to pieces in my mind, like a watch, and examined it in detail. I could not say much against any of his features separately; I could say even less against them when they were put together. "Then is it not monstrous," I asked myself, "that because a man happens to part his hair straight up the middle of his head, I should permit myself to suspect, and even to detest him?"

(I may stop to remark that this was no proof of my good sense. An observer of men who finds himself steadily repelled by some apparently trifling thing in

a stranger, is right to give it great weight. It may be the clue to the whole mystery. A hair or two will show where a lion is hidden. A very little key will open a very heavy door.)

I took my part in the conversation with him after a time, and we got on remarkably well. In the drawing-room, I asked the host how long he had known Mr. Slinkton? He answered, not many months; he had met him at the house of a celebrated painter then present, who had known him well when he was traveling with his nieces in Italy for their health. His plans in life being broken by the death of one of them, he was reading, with the intention of going back to college as a matter of form, taking his degree, and going into orders. I could not but argue with myself that here was the true explanation of his interest in poor Meltham, and that I had been almost brutal in my distrust on that simple head.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SELECTIONS FROM MODERN HUMORISTS.

THE PICKWICK CLUB.

SHOWING HOW MR. PICKWICK UNDERTOOK TO DRIVE, AND MR. WINKLE TO RIDE; AND HOW THEY BOTH DID IT.

Our readers will remember that when we parted with Mr. Pickwick and his friends in our last extract, they had promised to visit Mr. Wardle at the Manor Farm.

'Now, about Manor Farm,' said Mr. Pickwick. 'How shall we go?'

'We had better consult the waiter, perhaps,' said Mr. Tupman, and the waiter was summoned accordingly.

'Dingley Dell, gentl-men—fifteen miles, gentlemen—cross road—postchase, sir?'

'Post-chaise won't hold more than two,' said Mr. Pickwick.

'True, sir—beg your pardon, sir—seat for two behind—one in front for the gentleman that drives—oh! beg your pardon, sir—that'll only hold three.'

'What is to be done?' said Mr. Snodgrass.

'Perhaps one of the gentlemen like to ride, sir,' suggested the waiter, looking towards Mr. Winkle; 'very good saddle horses, sir—any of Mr. Wardle's men coming to Rochester, bring 'em back, sir.'

'The very thing,' said Mr. Pickwick. 'Winkle, will you go on horseback?'

Now, Mr. Winkle did entertain considerable misgivings in the very lowest recesses of his own heart, relative to his equestrian skill; but, as he would not have them even suspected on any account, he at once replied with great hardihood, 'Certainly. I should enjoy it, of all things.'

Mr. Winkle had rushed upon his fate; there was no resource. 'Let them be at the door by eleven,' said Mr. Pickwick.

'Very well, sir,' replied the waiter.

The waiter retired; the breakfast concluded; and the travellers ascended to their respective bed rooms,

to prepare a change of clothing, to take with them on their approaching expedition.

Mr. Pickwick had made his preliminary arrangements, and was looking over the coffee-room blinds at the passengers in the street, when the waiter entered, and announced that the chaise was ready—an announcement which the vehicle itself confirmed, by forthwith appearing before the coffee-room blinds aforesaid.

It was a curious little green box on four wheels, with a low place like a wine bin for two behind, and an elevated perch for one in front, drawn by an immense brown horse, displaying great symmetry of bone. An hostler stood near, holding by the bridle another immense horse—apparently a near relative of the animal in the chaise—ready saddled for Mr. Winkle.

'Bless my soul!' said Mr. Pickwick, as they stood upon the pavement while the coats were being put in. 'Bless my soul! who's to drive? I never thought of of that.'

'Oh! you, of course,' said Mr. Tupman.

'Of course,' said Mr. Snodgrass.

'I!' exclaimed Mr. Pickwick.

'Not the slightest fear, sir,' interposed the hostler. 'Warrant him quiet, sir; a hinfant in arms might drive him.'

'He don't shy does he?' inquired Mr. Pickwick.

'Shy, sir?—He wouldn't shy if he was to meet a vaggin-load of monkeys, with their tails burnt off.'

The last recommendation was indisputable. Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass got into the bin; Mr. Pickwick ascended to his perch, and deposited his feet on a floor clothed shelf, erected beneath it for that purpose.

'Now, shiny Villiam,' said the hostler to the deputy hostler, 'give the gen'lm'n the ribbins.' 'Shiny Villiam'—so called, probably, from his sleek hair and oily countenance—placed the reins in Mr. Pickwick's left hand; and the upper hostler thrust a whip into his right.

'Wo—o?' cried Mr. Pickwick, as the tall quadruped evinced a decided inclination to back into the coffee-room window.

'Wo—o!' echoed Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass, from the bin.

'Only his playfulness, gen'lm'n,' said the head hostler encouragingly, 'jist kitch hold on him, Villiam.' The deputy restrained the animal's impetuosity, and the principal ran to assist Mr. Winkle in mounting.

'T'other side, sir, if you please.'

'Blow'd if the gen'lm'n worn't a gettin' up on the wrong side,' whispered a grinning post-boy, to the inexpressibly gratified waiter.

Mr. Winkle thus instructed, climbed into his saddle, with about as much difficulty as he would have experienced in getting up the side of a first-rate man-of-war.

'All right?' inquired Mr. Pickwick, with an inward presentiment that it was all wrong.

'All right,' replied Mr. Winkle faintly.

'Let 'em go,' cried the hostler, '—Hold him in, sir; and away went the chaise and the saddle-horse, with Mr. Pickwick on the box of the one, and Mr. Winkle on the back of the other, to the delight and gratification of the whole inn yard.

'What makes him go sideways?' said Mr. Snodgrass in the bin, to Mr. Winkle in the saddle.

'I can't imagine,' replied Mr. Winkle. His horse was drifting up the street in the most mysterious manner—side first, with his head towards one side of the way, and his tail towards the other.

Mr. Pickwick had no leisure to observe either this or any other particular, the whole of his faculties being concentrated in the management of the animal attached to the chaise, who displayed various peculiarities, highly interesting to a by-stander, but by no means equally amusing to any one seated beside him. Besides constantly jerking his head up in a very unpleasant and uncomfortable manner, and tugging at the reins to an extent which rendered it a matter of great difficulty for Mr. Pickwick to hold them, he had a singular propensity for darting suddenly every now and then to the side of the road, then stopping short, and then rushing forward for some minutes, at a speed which it was wholly impossible to control.

'What can he mean by this?' said Mr. Snodgrass, when the horse had executed this manœuvre for the twentieth time.

'I don't know,' replied Mr. Tupman; 'it looks very like shying, don't it?' Mr. Snodgrass was about to reply, when he was interrupted by a shout from Mr. Pickwick.

'Woo,' said that gentleman, 'I have dropped my whip.'

'Winkle,' cried Mr. Snodgrass, as the equestrian came trotting up on the tall horse, with his hat over his ears; and shaking all over as if he would shake to pieces, with the violence of the exercise. 'Pick up the whip, there's a good fellow.' Mr. Winkle pulled at the bridle of the tall horse till he was black in the face; and having at length succeeded in stopping him, dismounted, handed the whip to Mr. Pickwick, and grasping the reins, prepared to remount.

Now whether the tall horse, in the natural playfulness of his disposition, was desirous of having a little innocent recreation with Mr. Winkle, or whether it occurred to him that he could perform the journey as much to his own satisfaction without a rider as with one, are points upon which, of course, we can arrive at no definite and distinct conclusion. By whatever motives the animal was actuated, certain it is that Mr. Winkle had no sooner touched the reins, than he slipped them over his head and darted backwards to their full length.

'Poor fellow,' said Mr. Winkle, soothingly, '—poor fellow—good old horse.' The 'poor fellow' was proof against flattery: the more Mr. Winkle tried to get nearer him, the more he sidled away; and, notwithstanding all kinds of coaxing and wheedling, there were Mr. Winkle and the horse going round and round each other for ten minutes, at the end of which time each was at precisely the same distance from the other as when they first commenced—an unsatisfactory sort of thing under any circumstances, but particularly so in a lonely road, where no assistance can be procured.

'What am I to do?' shouted Mr. Winkle, after the dodging had been prolonged for a considerable time. 'What am I to do? I can't get on him!'

'You had better lead him till we come to a turnpike,' replied Mr. Pickwick from the chaise.

'But he won't come,' roared Mr. Winkle. 'Do come, and hold him.'

Mr. Pickwick was the very personation of kindness and humanity: he threw the reins on the horse's back, and having descended from his seat, carefully drew the chaise into the hedge, lest anything should come along the road, and stepped back to the assistance of his distressed companion, leaving Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass in the vehicle.

The horse no sooner beheld Mr. Pickwick advancing towards him with the chaise whip in his hand, than he exchanged the rotatory motion in which he had previously indulged, for a retrograde movement of so very determined a character, that it at once drew Mr. Winkle, who was still at the end of the bridle, at a rather quicker rate than fast walking, in the direction from which he had just come. Mr. Pickwick ran to his assistance, but the faster Mr. Pickwick ran forward, the faster the horse ran backward. There was a great scraping of feet, and kicking up of the dust; and at last Mr. Winkle, his arms being nearly pulled out of their sockets, fairly let go his hold. The horse paused, stared, shook his head, turned round, and quietly trotted home to Rochester, leaving Mr. Winkle and Mr. Pickwick gazing on each other with countenances of blank dismay. A rattling noise at a little distance attracted their attention. They looked up.

'Bless my soul!' exclaimed the agonized Mr. Pickwick, 'there's the other horse running away!'

It was but too true. The animal was startled by the noise, and the reins were on his back. The result may be guessed. He tore off with the four-wheeled chaise behind him, and Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass in the four-wheeled chaise. The heat was a short one. Mr. Tupman threw himself into the hedge, Mr. Snodgrass followed his example, the horse dashed the four-wheeled chaise against a wooden bridge, separated the wheels from the body, and the bin from the perch; and finally stood stock still to gaze upon the ruin he had made.

The first care of the two unspilt friends was to extricate their unfortunate companions from their bed of quickset—a process which gave them the unspeakable satisfaction of discovering that they had sustained no injury beyond sundry rents in their garments, and various lacerations from the brambles. The next thing to be done was to unharness the horse. This complicated process having been effected, the party walked slowly forward, leading the horse among them, and abandoning the chaise to its fate.

An hour's walking brought the travellers to a little road-side public house, with two elm trees, a horse trough, and a sign post, in front; one or two deformed hay ricks behind, a kitchen garden at the side, and rotten sheds and mouldering out-houses jumbled in strange confusion, all about it. A red-headed man was working in the garden; and to him Mr. Pickwick called lustily—'Hallo there!'

The red-headed man raised his body, shaded his eyes with his hand, and stared, long and coolly, at Mr. Pickwick and his companions.

'Hallo there!' repeated Mr. Pickwick.

'Hallo!' was the red-headed man's reply.

'How far is it to Dingley Dell?'

'Better er seven mile.'

'Is it a good road?'

'No, t'ant.' Having uttered this brief reply, and apparently satisfied himself with another scrutiny, the red-headed man resumed his work.

'We want to put this horse up here,' said Mr. Pickwick; 'I suppose we can, can't we?'

'Want to put that ere horse up, do ee?' repeated the red-headed man, leaning on his spade.

'Of course,' replied Mr. Pickwick, who had by this time advanced, horse in hand, to the garden rails.

'Missus'—roared the man with the red head, emerging from the garden, and looking very hard at the horse—'Missus.'

A tall bony woman—straight all the way down—in a coarse blue pelisse, with the waist an inch or two below her arm-pits, responded to the call.

'Can we put this horse up here, my good woman?' said Mr. Tupman, advancing, and speaking in his most seductive tones. The woman looked very hard at the whole party; and the red-headed man whispered something in her ear.

'No,' replied the woman, after a little consideration, 'I'm afeerd on it.'

'Afraid!' exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, 'what's the woman afraid of?'

'It got us into trouble last time,' said the woman, turning into the house; 'I'll have nothin' to say to 'un.'

'Most extraordinary thing I ever met with in my life,' said the astonished Mr. Pickwick.

'I—I—really believe,' whispered Mr. Winkle, as his friends gathered round him, 'that they think we have come by this horse in some dishonest manner.'

'What!' exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, in a storm of indignation. Mr. Winkle modestly repeated his suggestion.

'Hallo, you fellow!' said the angry Mr. Pickwick, 'do you think we stole this horse?'

'I'm sure ye did,' replied the red-headed man, with a grin which agitated his countenance from one auricular organ to the other. Saying which, he turned into the house, and banged the door after him.

'It's like a dream,' ejaculated Mr. Pickwick, 'a hideous dream. The idea of a man's walking about all day, with a dreadful horse that he can't get rid of!' The depressed Pickwickians turned moodily away, with the tall quadruped, for which they all felt the most unmitigated disgust, following slowly at their heels.

It was late in the afternoon when the four friends and their four-footed companion turned into the lane leading to Manor Farm: and even when they were so near their place of destination, the pleasure they would otherwise have experienced was materially damped as they reflected on the singularity of their appearance and the absurdity of their situation. Torn clothes, lacerated faces, dusty shoes, exhausted looks, and, above all, the horse. Oh, how Mr. Pickwick cursed that horse: he had eyed the noble animal from time to time with looks expressive of hatred and revenge; more than once he had calculated the probable amount of the expense he would incur by cutting his throat; and now the temptation to destroy him, or to cast him loose upon the world, rushed upon his mind with tenfold force. He was roused from a meditation on these dire imaginings, by the sudden appearance of two figures, at a turn of the lane. It was Mr. Wardle and his faithful attendant, the fat boy.

THE UTAH 'MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1868.

NATIONAL TRAITS AND THEIR CAUSES.

NUMBER SIX.—PART II.

As we can trace the tendency for hugeness and extreme in American oratory and literature to the huge prospects and conditions which have attended the nation's career, so can we trace the American disposition for vast practical efforts to the same source.

The unparalleled conditions under which the Anglo-American nation suddenly sprung into power upon so vast a continent, naturally shaped the American mind to deeds of wide and extended enterprise. Habits of migration and exploration familiarized it with vast distances; while the rapidity with which the nation was carried from point to point in matters of progress and extension made speed of thought and performance a necessity. Hence magnitude of project with swiftness of execution have grown to be distinguishing traits of the American character.

And now, just as easily can the shrewd commercial character of the American be accounted for by the openings presented for individual speculation in the settlement and subsistence of new locations, which have called out and kept his acquisitive energies ever upon the stretch. While the system of barter, or exchange of commodities prevalent in new localities, has developed keenness and shrewdness in matters of trade. Opportunities will develop any faculty, and the opportunities for the profitable exercise of these propensities in such conditions are unbounded.

And now let us turn to the every-day matters of art and mechanism and notice how the national genius has been bent in conformity with the pressing requisitions of life as developed on American soil.

American architecture and machinery has a style of its own. A piece of American machinery will resemble a very plain English specimen pulled out at both ends. There is a peculiar roundness and dumpiness about English models, and a lengthiness about those of American origin. So with architecture, the American artist rejoices in length and height. An ornamental bracket will be sometimes purely English in every detail—save and except, that the whole has been stretched to greater length in proportion to its breadth; and so even down to the plainest of all architectural features, a base or plinth, in the hands of an American it will be twice the height of an English pattern, as well as twice as plain. In this tendency to a certain extreme, even here we can trace the influence of association. The Englishman, from the densely packed nature of his country, giving birth to an economy of space and material, finds his ideas always taking the compact form, the American, surrounded by objects of size and profuseness, has had his taste cultivated in the opposite direction.

Then again American construction is less complicated than English. The Englishman aiming for perfection and security rather than rapidity of manufacture naturally overloads his work in its design, as well as imparts to it a heaviness of proportion. In large

engineering or architectural works he will on the same principle, try to crowd in all the support he can obtain, while the American will instinctively seek to discover how many he can go without and be safe. In all these points we have an illustration of the fact that the conditions of a country will shape its tastes and peculiarities. Here in America we have English blood pursuing a bent the reverse of that marking its qualities elsewhere for centuries. The new conditions under which it is found easily explain this. In England labor has been superabundant, and elaborate detail more easily obtainable, time being of comparatively little value, and security and perfection everything. In America labor has been scarce and time everything; hence necessity has induced the American mind to seek to accomplish its results at the least possible outlay, which accounts for the plainness, simplicity, and sometimes the comparative frailty of American workmanship.

To this same matter of time, as well as to the fact of the newness of things in general, can be referred the comparative backwardness of the arts of poetry, music, and sculpture in America. Individual excellencies of rare degree in these departments exist, but there has been no wholesale devotion to them as in Europe. In fact, in proportion to population, it would appear that even American artists have more admirers abroad than at home. The reason of this is it takes leisure for the perfection or enjoyment of these arts. Hence old and closely settled-up countries will always produce the greatest number of devotees at their shrine. Indeed so great is the amount of work yet before the American nation in the settlement of its vast territory that, naturally speaking, it seems as though it would be generations before the masses would be in a condition to give the full strength of their minds to the cultivation of these refining and ennobling pursuits.

Heretofore we have confined ourselves mainly to the traits of character peculiar to the north. The industrial and mercantile element exists principally there. Not only has the north been chiefly recruited from countries where these characteristics have prevailed, but its geographical position, has, more than that of the south, placed it in direct contact with the stream of commerce flowing from the old world. Excessively warm climates seem to be uncongenial for the patient and persevering toil necessary in mechanical pursuits. Such countries are too rich and spontaneous to produce a community of laborers or artisans in great abundance; consequently the absolute labor of the South has been thrown into the hands of the negro race, while the north has been looked to for such commodities as mechanical skill supplies. Then as to temperature of character the Southerner's fire and impetuosity, as well as the Northerner's coolness and application, are both akin to the nature of the regions to which they belong; but it is equally true that these qualities are as much traceable to the special races from which each have descended. While, however, the ancestry of both north and south will account for many of the characteristics of their respective denizens, it is worthy of remark that the progenitors of each division of the nation instinctively and providentially chose locations, in harmony with their habits and origin, and thus the relationship of race to climate has been perpetuated and increased. This will be

seen in a cursory review of their history. The Spaniard steered for Florida. The Frenchman populated Louisiana. While the Englishman and the German as naturally and instinctively settled in the New England States.

And that brings us to remark: What a mixture of races do we find in America! If the Englishman is a make-up of many nations, what sort of a combination would an American be, who should represent truly the whole of the nationalities with their varying faiths, that have composed the nation. Take the English portion alone, one part, settled by puritanical roundheads, another under the leadership of their opposites the roystering cavaliers. A third section by Quakers, and a fourth by Catholics. In addition to these varying types of English we have in one section a colony of persecuted Huguenots, and in another a mass of Frenchmen who, doubtless, thought their persecution a very proper thing; and alongside of the mercurial Frenchman the sedate and stately sons of Spain. And since the times of these primitive colonizers have come Germans, Irish and Scotch, with a greater or less proportion, of representatives from every other nation in the world. What a flooding of races has there been to "this new world of ours." America, therefore, ought to present the greatest diversity among its people of any portion of the globe. Different sections of America, of course, do exhibit more or less of a difference in political traits in proportion as they were settled by King-defying roundheads, or feudal-tinctured and aristocracy-worshipping French or Spanish. In religion, they differ in degree in accordance as they are derived from authority-disputing Puritans, orthodox Episcopalians, or Catholics. Certain portions of America to-day clearly represent their origin in their present sympathies. One reason why the Southerners are conservative is because they have to a large degree sprung from a mixture of French and other feudalistic races. The Northerner, on the same principle, is democratic because descended from refugees from the excesses of kingly systems. The religious and political tendencies of these antagonistic fathers of the nation, are to be traced to-day in their children. The "irrepressible conflict" which has so far been developed, and hangs even yet gloomily over the nation, has its roots to a great extent, in the opposing sentiments engendered and bequeathed in blood and brains by the contending races and creeds that first struck their roots in the soil of America.

The politician that would consolidate peoples so diverse, must accept them as they are, and in his provisions allow for the tendencies of tradition and association. He that would drag them indiscriminately together, or force upon either a course hateful by habit and instinct will but explode and rend them the more apart. Statesmen of the true type will yet appear. For the Providence which brought these varied races to this continent, and in whose hand the peculiarities of each are but as so many means to an end, will not now forsake a work so magnificently begun or so wondrously sustained. America with its free institutions is but the culmination of a series of providential inspirations commencing with Wickliffe and Luther, carried on by the Pilgrim Fathers, and which has yet to be crowned by institutions broader, freer, and more enduring than the world has hitherto beheld.

NATIONAL TRAITS AND THEIR CAUSES.—In this number we give the concluding article of the present series. Our aim in presenting this subject has been two-fold. First to revive in the mind of our readers many interesting facts of history, and secondly to induce a spirit of charity for national characteristics, by showing that whatever may be the peculiarities of a nation, similar circumstances might have produced more or less of such traits in any other people. On this account we have referred to no national characteristic as a *weakness* but as a natural trait in harmony with the conditions of the nation to which it belongs. In submitting these views to the judgment of our readers, we should say, they are not presented as final or conclusive, but simply as interesting points worthy of their thought and reflection.

NOTICE.—QUARTERLY SUBSCRIPTIONS, &c.—In consequence of the rapid disposal of our back numbers, we shall be unable hereafter to supply subscribers for any less period than a half year. Our agents will please take notice, and govern themselves accordingly.

While on this subject we take the opportunity to thank our numerous friends throughout the Territory, for the wide circulation which we have attained. We already count subscribers from Bear Lake to Arizona, with a continually increasing list. It is our hope in due time—with the additional facilities rendered by the near approach of the great railroad, and the prospective increase of our circulation, to publish the Magazine at a price within the reach of all. We intend to add new and choice features continually to the MAGAZINE; and as quickly as our support will justify the expense we shall endeavor to beautify our pages by suitable illustrations, and thus render it a journal of art as well as of choice literature. Will our friends help us along to that end?

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTE.—Correspondence is invited from our friends.

Owing to press of matter, "answers to Correspondence" have been unavoidably crowded out for the last two weeks. Our friends will accept this as an apology.

D. C. Brigham City. We think it would be quite in the interest of the Magazine to publish music lessons, and we hope after a time to do so. Our correspondent is, perhaps, unaware that it takes a class of type to give such lessons not usually possessed by printing offices. We have had the subject for some time before us and intend to procure the necessary material.

JOSEPH H.'s letter has not been answered for the reasons stated above. The wet season is now comparatively past and the difficulty referred to no longer exists. We do not think the treasurers of the Poll Tax are bound to apply it specially on Roads or Paths, but we have often felt that if the paths were as much considered as the Roads traveling would be a great deal pleasanter in wet weather.

IGNORAMUS propounds the following questions—

First—"If a peach tree is cut down, and the root left in the ground, will the young limbs that spring from it be as good as a young tree?" Answer—"No. It will have just as many less years to live as the stock was aged at the time of cutting down. Second—"Where do you consider the best place to plant mulberry trees?"—"A black gravelly soil, not too rocky, is said to be the best kind. Bench land of the loamy kind is therefore excellent. Third—"How long will it be before they produce food for the silk worm?"—"We are informed that about three years is the usual period. It may be advisable not to denude them too soon. Feeding silkworms on leaves attached to twigs or small boughs is recommended in preference to leaves stripped from the tree. Mrs. Ursebach, of the 16th, or Mr. G. D. Wart, of the 24th Ward, are the persons most likely to have worms on hand for sale. We do not know their price. A gentleman acquainted with the best method of rearing of mulberry trees pursued here, informs us that branches should be cultivated within a few inches of the ground, making the tree somewhat in the form of a bush, as by that method the greatest quantity of leaves are obtainable.

STY WALL FLOWER.—We have received some poetry with some good points in reply to "H. M. & Co." but think too long a time has elapsed since the latter was published for the allusions to be understood by the public in general.

THE CREAM OF THE PAPERS.

WONDERFUL EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM OF CHINA.

[From All the Year Round.]

Not far from the Pearl River in Canton there is a spot called the Horse-head quay. As we get near, there is a gathering and thickening of the crowd. Great is the clamor of music, immense the assemblage of flags, painted dragons, and other grotesque devices: the shouts of the chair-bearers, the confusion of sedans, the demands for precedence, the cries and the wranglings—what does it all mean?

It all means that the barges are approaching which convey the imperial commissioner, who arrives from Peking to superintend the triennial examinations. The procession has to make its way through the innumerable boats which cover the stream.

The sedan of the Ta-jin (his excellency) arrives. He is locked in when he leaves the capital, in order that he may hold no intercourse with any person likely to pervert his mind by suggestions, or to influence his decisions by bribes. He is to be delivered in his long progress from one authority to another, to be conducted to their Ya-muns (offices or palaces), and they are to be responsible for his being kept from any of the seductions to which he might be exposed.

It is he who is charged with the selection of the great men of the future to whom the administration of the country will hereafter be transferred. It is he who may elevate the meanest to become the mightiest, and who holds in his hand that ladder from whose steps the poorest scholar may ascend to be the ruler of millions. From that body of candidates whose acquirements he is about to investigate, there will be chosen those who are to be the generals, the admirals, the governors, the viceroys, the censors, the cabinet councillors, to whom will be conferred authority over more than four hundred millions of men.

As the sedan in which the high functionary was seated, uncovered, with his fan in his hand, was placed upon the quay, the governor of the province and the principal officials came forward to welcome him; but he received them with the ordinary Chinese salutation, the two hands touching one another, the head very slightly bent, but the countenance wholly unmoved.

We looked earnestly in the face of the grand functionary, on the occasion now recalled. It seemed as if it could never have been disturbed by a smile. It was fitted to inspire the scholar with awe and reverence for the great master. There was in it an imperturbable gravity, a concentrated unruffled dignity, as of a judge of appeal upon whom a responsibility lay greater than that of awarding life and death; for life and death are nothing in the eyes of a Chinaman when compared with the hopes and fears, the joy and the agonies which attach to triumph or defeat in the great literary conflict. In proportion to the disappointments of the rejected many, will be the delights of the chosen few.

The newspapers have announced the arrival of the great educational contest. No other matter is thought about, or talked about, in the gay mansions of the rich, or the dirty hovels of the poor. In every shop, in every warehouse, among the paupers in the streets, among the groups in the public places, there is but one all absorbing topic, which gives unwonted vivacity to speakers and to listeners. Everybody knows somebody who is about to enter the lists in the great hall of examination.

The names of the different candidates are discussed among those acquainted with their respective merits. Each orator has a tale to tell of men whom he has seen, or of whom he has heard, who through the portals of the Kung-yuen have risen to fortune and to fame, ennobling themselves, and throwing the splendor of their own reputation over all their kindred. The busy city is stirred with a busier life. The imperial commissioner is come. When will the lists appear of those who have won the prizes? and what are the names which will be resplendent in those lists?

Every district in the province has its representatives, and the history of the celebrated men of each is familiar to the whole community. Are not their titles written in the ancestral halls?

Canton is indeed crowded with visitors. The elementary schools of a province of twenty millions of inhabitants have

sent forth their most advanced pupils, and there are more than eight thousand candidates who have been selected for examination. The influx of strangers, students, and their attendants, exceeds thirty thousand. Many youths of the opulent classes, who have had the advantage of special domestic education, and have been under the training of experienced teachers, come not only with their parents and relations, but with suites of servants.

Strange are the contrasts which the streets at Canton now present. Many a poor student may be seen, ill-clad and exhausted, whom the alms of the charitable, the hardly-earned contributions of the family or the clan, have enabled to reach the provincial city. Many, unable to pay the expenses of transport, have to perform long and wearying journeys on foot; multitudes arrive by the canals and rivers, whose passage boats are now over-crowded; some come in vessels roomy enough to furnish all the appliances of comfortable life, with abundance of attendants; the very wealthy are conveyed in sedan-chairs carried by four servants, the bamboo supporters resting on the shoulders instead of being sustained by the hands of the bearers. Messengers are sent before to make ready for their coming, and there is an unusual exhibition of that state and parade of which the Chinese are so fond.

But at the doors of the examination hall there is a general leveling. The credentials of patrician and plebeian are the same.

Proclamations are everywhere distributed, calling upon all the candidates to have their passports in order, assuring them that they will be equally and honorably dealt with, requiring them to be themselves honest, to employ no artifices, to conceal nothing in their garments which may give them any advantage over their competitors.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DANIEL WEBSTER AND JENNY LIND.

[From the "San Francisco Bulletin"]

Jenny Lind gave a concert at Washington during the session of Congress, and, as a mark of her respect and with a view to the eclat, sent polite invitations to President Fillmore, the members of the Cabinet, Clay, and many other distinguished members of both houses of Congress.

It happened on that day several members of the Cabinet and Senate were dining with Bodisco, the Russian Minister. His good dinner and choice wines had kept the party so late that the concert was nearly over when Webster, Clay, Crittenden and others came in; whether from the hurry in which they came, or from the heat of the room, their faces were a little flushed, and they all looked somewhat flurried.

After the applause with which these gentlemen had been received had subsided, and silence was once more restored, the second part of the concert was opened by Jenny Lind with "Hail Columbia."

This took place during the height of the debate and excitement of the slavery question, and the compromise resolutions of Clay; and this patriotic air, as a part of the programme, was considered peculiarly appropriate at a concert where the head of the Government and a large number of both branches of the Legislative Department were present.

At the close of the first verse Webster's patriotism boiled over; he could stand it no longer, and rising like Olympian Jove, he added his deep, sonorous voice to the chorus; and I venture to say that never in the whole course of her career did she ever receive one-half of the applause as that with which her song and Mr. Webster's chorus were greeted.

Mrs. Webster, who sat immediately behind him, kept tugging at his coat-tail to make him sit down or stop singing, but it was of no earthly use—and at the close of each verse Mr. Webster joined in, and it was hard to say whether Jenny Lind, Webster or the audience were the most delighted. I have seen Rubini, Lablache and the two Grisis on the stage at one time, but such a happy conjunction in the national air of "Hail Columbia" as Jenny Lind's treble and Daniel Webster's bass we shall never see nor hear again.

At the close of the air Webster rose with his hat in his hand and made her such a bow as Chesterfield would have deemed a fortune for his son, and which eclipsed D'Orsay's best. Jenny

Lind, blushing at the distinguished honor, courtesied to the floor, the audience applauded to the very echo; Webster, determined not to be outdone in politeness, bowed again; Miss Lind recourtesied; the house again applauded; and this was repeated nine times, or "I'm a villain else."

A "MOVING" STORY.

(From "Star Spangled Banner.")

Yesterday was the 1st of April, and everybody except those who were so unfortunate as to own their houses—thereby being liable at any time to be sent to the State Prison for the taxes—moved.

We moved.

And it was the movingest sight we ever saw.

Our readers ought to have seen the scene.

Our folks commenced pulling up and tearing down the traps a week ago.

Most of the "plunder" was thrown into a heap and humped off into loads, with a total disregard of ordinary rules.

The paregoric and hive syrup vials were packed in our new hat—one of McKenzie's latest and best.

The castor bottles were placed in our other boots, it being so handy to carry them by the loops. The stopper came out of the one containing tomato catsup, and the top of the mustard concern was broken off.

That is the best seasoned pair of boots we ever had.

The other family insisted on coming into the house before we got out.

And so the thing got mixed up some.

But we got all that belonged to us at least.

The cartman swore because the cook stove was so heavy, and one said "hanged if he'd have it if we offered it to him."

Didn't offer it to him, but offered both of them a drink out of a quarter barrel of ale, nearly full, standing in the kitchen.

They took it—very kindly, but it made 'em thirsty all the forenoon.

Guess the spigot must have got out of the barrel on the road, for we couldn't squeeze half a glass out last night.

Finally got moved.

Thought we'd have our supper before we tackled the bedsteads and back room stove.

Better half, with patch of soot on her nose, said supper was ready.

She was mad, because, when she asked us to bring home a keg of soft soap, we proposed an amendment, substituting a keg of powder and a slow match.

We hate soft soap—have to use so much of it every day in sollicing men and things.

Sat down at the table and took a cup of tea that was handed to us.

Thought it tasted strangely and prospected the bottom of the cup.

Found the brimstone ends of three broken matches.

Didn't drink any more tea.

Came near breaking one of our teeth on a carpet tack in the butter, and thought we'd had supper enough.

Commenced playing putting up bedsteads. It's fun when you like it.

But people don't like it mostly.

None of the blasted rails would fit. Got the wrong post, and couldn't screw them up.

Marked them all with a pencil before we took them down, and thought we'd know how they went together again; but somebody wiped the marks out.

And there we were.

Better half suggested that one at our time of life ought to have more patience, and gave it as her opinion that we "couldn't swear the bedsteads together."

Found we couldn't.

Finally got 'em up—four of 'em—and commenced putting the cords on.

Cords broke, and we had to tie them together.

The knots wouldn't slip around the pegs, and we couldn't draw the rope tight.

More remarks from the children's mother on the subject of profanity.

Didn't pay any attention to her, and thus succeeded in getting through the job.

Then went down and "harnessed" the stove.

The legs all fell out when we tried to lift it on the zinc, but got it into position at last.

Two lengths and one elbow of the pipe missing.

Finally found the elbow in the bureau drawer, and the two lengths rolled up in the parlor carpet.

Got a hatchet and a stick of wood and commenced pounding the pipe together.

Knocked a chunk out of one of our knuckles, and got the elbow on wrong end up.

Had to take it all apart and change it.

Commenced pounding again, but couldn't make it jibe.

Pounded more.

The more we pounded, the more it wouldn't fit, and thought we'd give it up.

Expressed our opinion in relation to stove pipes in general, and this one in particular, and made some allusions to the original inventor of this kind of furniture.

Concluded we'd smoke, smoked end of an old cigar and resumed the attack on the stove pipe.

Found out what ailed us before was that we hadn't pounded it enough.

Remedied the defect, and the job was done. Stove smoked beautifully.

Got wife to tie rags around three of our fingers and one thumb, and thought we'd sit down and have a smoke.

Found meerschaum after a while, and discovered amber mouthpiece broken.

Got the tobacco can, but on ascertaining that the salt cellar had been emptied into it, made up our mind that we wouldn't smoke.

We concluded that we'd better go to bed, and started to pick our way through the mass of things piled up and scattered about.

Stumbled over the long rockers of a chair and barked our shin. Returned no answer to an interrogatory as to why we "didn't break our neck," repeated "Now I lay me," and turned in.

Having a strong constitution, which enables us to bear a good deal of sleep, and always paying strict attention to our sleeping, didn't know anything till morning.

Went down stairs and found wife getting breakfast, with tears in her eyes.

Told us she "was deceived in the house,"—if she'd "known what it was, she would never have moved into it," and that she'd never be able to "settle" in it.

This settled us. We shall never move again.

PORTRAIT GALLERY.

GENERAL GRANT.

About two weeks ago we gave a short sketch of General Grant, but as that account contains very little of a personal character, we present the following:

Whittling and smoking are among Grant's favorite occupations. He is a true Yankee in these respects. It is recorded of him that during the battles of the Wilderness he was engaged in whittling the bark of a tree under which his headquarters were established; and on all occasions, great and small, he smokes. He is a more inveterate smoker than either Sherman or Rosecrans, but he smokes in a different style and for a different effect. Both Sherman and Rosecrans take to tobacco as a stimulant to their nervous organizations. Grant smokes with the listless, absorbed, and satisfied air of an opium-smoker, his mind and body being soothed into repose rather than excited by the effects of the weed.

In his manners, dress, and style of living, Grant displays more republican simplicity than any other general officer of the army. In manner he is very unassuming and approachable, and his conversation is noticeable from its unpretending, plain, and straightforward style. There is nothing didactic nor pedantic in his tone or language. His rhetoric is more remarkable for the compact structure than the elegance and finish of his sentences. He talks practically, and writes as he talks; and his language, written and oral, is distinguished by strong common sense. He seldom indulges in figurative language; but when he does his comparisons betray his habits of close observation. He dresses in a careless but by no means slovenly manner. Though his uniform conforms to army regulations in cut and trimmings, it is often, like that of Sherman, worn threadbare. He never wears any article which attracts attention by its oddity, except, indeed, the three stars which indicate his rank. His wardrobe, when campaigning, is generally very

seant, while his head quarter train is often the smallest in the army. For several months during the war he lived in a log-hut of unpretending dimensions on the James river, sleeping on a common camp-cot, and eating at a table common to all his staff, plainly furnished with good roast beef, pork and beans, "hard tack," and coffee. It is related of the General that when the march to the rear of Vicksburg began he announced to his army the necessity of "moving light," i. e., without extra baggage. He set an example by sending to the rear all his baggage except a green brier-root pipe, a tooth-brush, and a horn pocket-comb.

THE SMUGGLED LACE.

A gentleman holding a high official position in the courts of law in Paris, during the long vacation, went, in company with his wife, on a tour of pleasure in Belgium. After having traveled through this interesting country, they were returning home by the railway, the husband with his mind quite at rest, like a man blessed with an untroubled conscience, while the lady felt that uncomfortable sensation which arises from the recollection of some imprudence, or the dread of some approaching danger.

When they were near the frontier, the lady could no longer restrain her uneasiness. Leaning towards her husband, she whispered to him, "I have lace in my portmanteau—take it and conceal it, that it may not be seized."

"What! as a smuggler?" exclaimed the husband, with a voice between astonishment and affright.

"It is beautiful Malines lace, and has cost a great deal," replied the lady. "We are now near the custom-house; haste and conceal it."

"It is impossible; I cannot do it!" said the gentleman. "On the contrary, it is very easy," was the reply. "The lace would fit in the bottom of your hat."

"But do you recollect," rejoined the gentleman, "the position I occupy?"

"But recollect," said the wife, "that there is not an instant to be lost, and this lace has cost me 1,500 francs (£60)."

During the conversation, the train rapidly approached the dreaded station.

Imagine the consternation of the worthy magistrate, who had always been in the habit of considering things with calm and slow consideration, thus unexpectedly placed in a position so embarrassing and so critical. Overcome and perplexed by his difficulties, and losing all presence of mind, he allowed his wife to put the lace in his hat, and, having placed it on his head, he forced it down almost to his ears, and then resigned himself to his fate.

At this station the travelers were invited to come out of the carriage, and to walk into the room where the custom-house agents were assembled.

The gentleman concealed his uneasiness as best he could, and handed his passport with an air of assumed indifference.

When his position as a judge became known, the officials of the custom-house immediately hastened to tender their respects, and declared they considered it quite unnecessary to examine the luggage labelled with the name of one who occupied such a high and important position in the State.

Never had the magistrate more sincerely valued the respect attached to his position; and if a secret remorse for a moment disturbed his mind, at least he breathed more freely when he recollected the danger was passed, and that the violation of the revenue laws he had committed would escape discovery.

With this comforting assurance, and while a severe examination was passing on the property of other passengers, the head of the custom-house and the commander of the local gendarmerie, having heard of the arrival of so distinguished a person, came to offer him their respects.

Nothing could be more gracious than their manner. To their profound salutation the judge responded by immediately raising his hat with the utmost politeness. Could he do less? But alas! in his polite obeisance, so rapid and so involuntary, he had forgotten the contents of his hat. He had scarcely raised it from his head when a cloud of lace rushed out, covering him from head to foot, as with a large marriage veil.

What language can describe the confusion of the detected smuggler, the despair of the wife, the amusement of the spectators, or the astonishment of the custom-house officers at this scene? The offence was too public to be overlooked.

With many expressions of regret on the part of the authorities, the magistrate was detained till the matter should be investigated.

After a short delay, he was allowed to resume his journey to Paris, and we can easily believe that the adventure formed a subject for much gossip and amusement in that gay capital.

OUT-DOOR GAMES FOR BOYS.

As the season for out-door amusements has now returned, we present the following:—

GAMES WITH TOPS.

While the general form of a top is that of a pear, there is much difference as to the breadth of the shoulder, the size of the head, and the length of the peg. Some boys can turn their own tops, and fasten the pegs also. Tops with heavy bodies and short pegs spin most steadily, or "sleep" better, than light tops with long shanks. The top may be spun merely to see how long it can keep up, or how often it can be litted on the hand, or on a wooden spoon; but for sport, the usual game is "Peg in the Ring."

Two circles are marked, the inner two or three feet in diameter, and the outer eight or nine feet, from which the tops are thrown. The first player leads off by sending his top into the ring, and while there the others let fly at it as fast as they can. Any of the tops falling within the ring are counted dead, and are put in the centre to be pegged at. It is a good rule to allow a commoner top than that used by the player to be put in as ransom. The boy who led off the game may take up his top while spinning, as soon as it is across the inner circle, so as to peg at the others which are still spinning. Long, sharp pegs are the most formidable in this game, as they are likely to split the dead or "sleeping" tops, besides having better chances of rolling beyond the ring when done spinning.

WHIP TOP.

The whip top is kept up either alone, or with two players, driving the top towards opposite goals. The strokes should be given in turns, else by violent collisions the top is likely to be upset. If the game is "Hit when you can," the oversetting of the top should count one to the opposite player. The object is to make the top strike the wall, or cross the line while yet spinning.

Racing with whip tops is another trial of skill. A piece of unravelled rope or tow, fastened to a short stick, makes a good whip, better than cords, or leather, which are also severally recommended.

LADIES' TABLE.

INSTRUCTIONS IN BRAIDING.

(From Mrs. Pullan's Manual of Fancy Work.)

Braiding is usually considered the simplest of all the sorts of fancy-work, in none, however, are skill and knowledge more apparent. It consists in running braid, whether of cotton, worsted, or silk, or any material, in a certain pattern already marked on it. Narrow braids are those commonly used; and they may be sewed on if of silk, with threads drawn out of one length, which is first cut off, and the strands of which will supply material for sewing on the rest of the skein. This, of course, insures the silk match in the braid. The stitches should be taken not along the center of the braid, but slightly across it, which keeps the edges from curling up, and the material from widening. Curves should be made by coxing the braid into the required form, but sharp angles should have a stitch or two taken across, not in the braid, to confine its width, after which, the braid is turned over. The only exception to this mode of working is with any braid that has two edges of different colors, as allance braid has. Then points must be made as usual, as possible, without turning, as this would put inside the pattern, the color that had been outside. When broad braids are put on they are mitred at the point; that is, so folded that the opening of the fold goes straight down the center. Broad braids must be run on at both edges.

Worsted braids must be run on with fine wool of the same colors, and be held rather loosely than at all contracted, for any washing material, as they are sure to shrink. All narrow braids should have the ends drawn through to the wrong side, except in braiding for point lace.

RAISED BRAIDING.

This is sometimes done in worsted braid for such children's dresses as are not washable. The braid is sewed along one edge, so that, in fact, it stands up. It has a rich and handsome effect, but is troublesome to do.

CORD BRAIDING.

Gold and silver cord, or coarse thread, A bert braid, and other fancy cords are sometimes used for braiding. The ends are always drawn through the wrong side and the stitches taken across the braid—never through it. In the case of gold and silver cord for which china silk, of the same shade is employed, the stitches are taken somewhat standing, and so that the silk will be partially concealed, by being sunk between the twists of the cord.

LESSONS IN GEOLOGY.—No. 8.

HOW MOUNTAINS ARE FORMED.

By referring to our last lesson you will understand why it is that the different strata, of which the crust of the earth is composed, are not parallel to each other. You must keep in mind, however, that our imagined mass of clinder, or the crust of the earth, is many scores of miles in thickness, from the surface down to the roof of the cavity. The bottom and the sides of the cavity are constantly in a state of being melted and torn away to increase the glowing fluid. The intense action of the fire on the bottom may be melting deep rocks, which may consist of materials very different from those of the first roof, and also from those which, by cooling or crystallising below, have formed an additional roof.

Beneath the outer or first hardened crust of the earth are the nether-formed rock (or hypogene, as it is called) which first in a fused state was heaved against the roof, and which by bursting the outer crust forced a fissure, and driving the matter through the outside formed a mountain there—the balance of fused matter left under the outer crust forming a crystallised bed below. After the cooling of this lower crust of crystallised rock, the expansion of the heat below it again requiring an outlet to get rid of the materials accumulated by the constant fusion of the bottom and the sides, and perhaps of the new roof itself, will force another vent or fissure for its escape, and the melted matter is thrown up again—in this case through both the crystallised rocks and the outer crust beyond, and a new mountain is formed differing in lithological character from the first one referred to. When the heat below becomes diminished in intensity the lower or last formed rock cools, hardens, and forms another roof below the one previously formed, as that did below the outer crust. The burning sea of matter having thrown off its old surface, begins again to melt or wear away deeper rocks at its bottom, and other rocks at its sides. It again acquires intensity of action and accession of mass, and with them a fresh elevating force that seeks a vent. The crust is again cracked and rent and from depths greater than those of any former eruption; and from beneath the crystallised or calcined two lower roofs or layers, melted matter is again thrown up to the surface, where a third mountain is formed differing in composition from both the preceding ones. The same process and the same results may be repeated again and again by the same Plutonic lake; or another Plutonic sea may be acting on a different material of the crust, and may form a rock either on the surface or in a chasm of the earth different in structure from all the others.

The difference in the lithological structure of these eruptive rocks does not always depend on the unequal depths from which they have been thrown up: it will also depend on the circumstance whether the eruption has taken place on the surface, in the air, or at a great depth under the sea.

Let me now call your attention to the rocks referred to as the second and third inner roofs. You see from the description given that the crust of the earth has been thickened by accessions from below. It is evident that these rocks may be in the course of forming below, notwithstanding that the upper or outer crust of the earth may not have been in the least affected by them. The stupendous chemistry which has the power of destroying one class of rocks, has also the power of forming new ones. The outer crust of the earth may continue for ages undisturbed and unaffected, while the second and third crusts at great depths are passing from a solid to a fluid state, and then consolidating themselves again so as to acquire a lithological character perfectly new.

This may have been the case in ancient geological time, with granite, gneiss, hornblende, &c. On this account, Sir Charles Lyell has called these kind of rocks "hypogene," a term derived from the Greek, and implying "to be born" or "to be produced." The name is intended to imply the hypothesis that rocks such as granite, hornblende, schist, certain porphyries, and other crystalline formations are nether-formed rocks. They are supposed to be formed and constituted **BENEATH** the earth's crust; and not formed by cooling after they had been erupted to the surface. The hypothesis also supposes that these nether-formed rocks may be brought to view by the denuding action of water, which may cut deep into the overlying beds; and thus, by valleys of denudation as well as by the uplifting and tilting action of eruptive rocks, expose some of the lowest rocks in the crust of the globe.

LESSONS IN FRENCH.

[CONTINUED.]

You must go by the omnibus. (*You must* is always rendered in French by *il faut que vous*: "it is necessary that you.")

Il faut que vous alliez par l'omnibus (pronounced *eel fo ke voo s allee-ay par lomneebis*.)

Have you apartments to let?

Avez vous des appartements à louer? (pronounced *av-voy voo day-s appartamong-s ah looy?*)

Yes, sir, I have excellent ones, and cheap.

Oui, monsieur, J'en ai d'excellents, et de bon marché (pronounced *wee, mos-yeu, zhon ay dezzellong, aye de boang marshay*: literally, yes, sir, I have of them excellent, and of good market).

I want but a sleeping room, at about twelve shillings a week.

Il ne me faut qu'une chambre à coucher à peu près pour douze schellings la semaine (pronounced *eel ne me fo kune shambre ah kooshay, ah peu pray poor dooz sheellang lah semaine*). Literally, *il ne me faut que* means, it is not to me necessary (to have more than.) *The me* means to me.

I will go.

J'irai (pronounced *sheeray*).

I will not go.

Je n'irai pas (pronounced *zhee neeray pah*.)

Shall I not go?

N'irai-je pas? (pronounced *neerayzh pah*.)

The French almost always use two negatives, and the literal translation would be, *I not will go not*.

Your invention will succeed.

Votre invention réussira (pronounced *votre anvonse-oang ray-use-eerah*).

The invention will not succeed.

L'Invention ne réussira pas (pronounced *lanvonse-oang ne ray-use-eerah-pah*).

A watch.

Une montre (pronounced *une moantr*).

A horse.

Un cheval (pronounced *un sheeval*).

Horses.

Chevaux (pronounced *shero*).

VELOCITY OF SOUND AND LIGHT.—Sound moves about thirteen miles a minute. So that if we hear a clap of thunder half a minute after the flash, we may calculate that the discharge of electricity is six miles and a half off.

In one second of time—in one beat of the pendulum of a clock, light travels over 102,000 miles. Were a cannon-ball shot towards the sun, and were it to maintain full speed, it would be twenty years in reaching it. And yet light travels through this space in seven or eight minutes.

THE RELICS OF JERUSALEM.—The Palestine explorers are making large additions to our knowledge of Jerusalem. The cheese-monger's valley—the great hollow separating Zion from Moriah—turns out to have had a shape surprisingly unlike what has been supposed. When the excavations now in progress are complete, we shall have a new map of the Holy City. The present labors are devoted mainly to investigations connected with the sites of the Temple and the Holy Sepulchre.

HUMOROUS READINGS.

A LANGUAGE of the sole.—Creaking boots.

The best way to get along with people "who are set up in pride" is to upset their pride and them too.

ANIMAL FOOD.—An ignoramus had been sick, and on recovering was told by the doctor that he might take a little animal food. "No, sir," said he, "I took your gruel very well, but hang me i I can eat your hay and oats."

HORRIBLE DISCOVERY.—Last week Mrs. Stitchinside milliner, of Camden-town, discovered in her shop the *body* of a young lady, awfully cut and gored, and scolloped and ripped in a most un-seamly manner. One of Mrs. S.'s assistants is accused of being the author of the crime, for which she will be brought to account.

TICTACS.—A colonial paper tells a good story of a sentry who was placed on guard to watch a certain post. The adjutant of the regiment came along and attempted to pass. The gallant soldier cried out, "Halt! I'm a century here, and if you don't dismount and give the counterpin, I'll make you reform the whole revolution of tictacs." It is needless to say that the solitary horseman came down.

TRIAL OF MEMORY.—A person was once boasting in Foote's presence of the extraordinary facility with which he could commit anything to memory, when Foote said he would write down a dozen lines of prose, which he would not be able to repeat from memory in as many minutes. A wager was instantly laid, and Foote wrote the following: "So she went into the garden to cut a cabbage-leaf to make an apple-pie; and a great she-bear, coming up the street, pops its head into the shop. 'What, no soap?' So he died, and she very imprudently married the barber. And there were present the Picaninnies, and the Jobalilies, and the Garuilles, and the grand Panjandrum with the little round bottom at the top, and they fell to playing catch as catch can till the gunpowder run out of the heels of their boots." Such a mass of nonsense was too much for the boaster's memory, and the wit won his money.

ANY EXCUSE IS BETTER THAN NONE.—A very good widow, who was looked up to by the congregation to which she belonged as an example of piety, contrived to bring her conscience to terms for one little indulgence. She loved porter; and one day, just as she had received half-a-dozen bottles from the man who usually brought her the comfortable beverage, she—oh, horror!—she saw two of the grave elders of the church approaching her door. She hurried the man out of the back door, and the bottles under the bed.

The weather was hot, and while conversing with her sage friends, pop went a cork.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the good lady, "there goes that bed-cord, it snapped yesterday the same way. I must have another rope provided."

In a few minutes went another, followed by a peculiar hiss of escaping liquor. The rope would not do again; but the good lady was not at a loss.

"Dear me!" said she, "that black cat of mine must be at some mischief under there, S-cat!"

Another bottle popped off, and the porter came stealing out from under the bed-curtains.

"Oh, dear me!" said she, "I had forgot; it is the yeast! Here, Prudence, come and take those bottles of yeast away."

ECCENTRIC DIVINE.—The Rev. Zeb. Twitchell was the most noted Methodist preacher in Vermont—for shrewd and laughable sayings. In the pulpit he maintained a suitable gravity of manner and expression, and out of the pulpit he overflowed with fun.

Occasionally he would, if emergency seemed to require, say something queer in a sermon for the sake of arousing the flagging attention of his hearers. Seeing that his audience was getting sleepy, he paused in his discourse and discussed as follows:

"Brethren, you haven't any idea of the sufferings of our missionaries in the new settlements, on account of the mosquitoes. The mosquitoes in some of those regions are enormous. A great many of them weigh a pound, and they will get on logs and bark when the missionaries are going along."

By this time all ears and eyes were open, and he proceeded to finish his discourse.

The next day one of his hearers called him to account for telling lies in the pulpit.

"There never was a mosquito that weighed a pound," he said.

"But I didn't say one of them would weigh a pound, I said a great many, and I think a million of them would."

"But you said that they barked at the missionaries."

"No, no, brother, I said they would get on logs and bark."

SPARE THAT GIRL.

Youngster, spare that girl!

Kiss not her lips so meek!

Unruffled let the trim locks curl

Upon the maiden's cheek!

Believe her quite a saint!

Her looks are all divine!

Her rosy hue is paint!

Her form is crinoline!

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[Vol. I.

POETRY.

NATURE AND ART.

The following ingenious test was related by a Rabbin, which, in the Talmud, is attributed to Solomon.

A maiden knelt before the king,
And placed beside his throne
Two wreaths—the one by Art entwin'd,
The other Nature's own.

So exquisite the mimic wreath,
Wove with an artist's care,
She deem'd its hues would emulate
The flowers more rich and fair.

He gazed upon the beauteous wreaths,
Doubt gather'd o'er his brow;
His treasured guide had Nature been—
And would Art triumph now?

He paused, when thro' a window spied,
Some bees had cluster'd near;
He bade them throw the casement back,
And greet the balmy air.

But not the perfumed breath of Art,
Could now its influence lend—
The bees alight on Nature's wealth,
The flowers they love to tend.

The maiden bow'd before his power,
Whose wisdom could impart
The dictates of a mighty God
Within a perfect heart.

Then sigh not for the works of Art,
Cling to the good and true;
God's blessing yields us lovelier flowers
Than painter ever drew.

HUNTED DOWN.

IN TWO PORTIONS. PORTION THE FIRST.

III.

On the very next day but one, I was sitting behind my glass partition as before, when he came into the outer office as before. The moment I saw him again without hearing him, I hated him worse than ever.

It was only for a moment that he gave me this opportunity; for he waved his tight-fitting black glove the instant I looked at him, and came straight in.

"Mr. Sampson, good day! I presume, you see, upon your kind permission to intrude upon you. I don't keep my word in being justified by business,

for my business here—if I may so abuse the word—is of the slightest nature."

I asked, was it anything I could assist him in?

"I thank you, no. I merely called to inquire outside, whether my dilatory friend has been so false to himself as to be practical and sensible. But, of course, he has done nothing. I gave him your papers with my own hand, and he was hot upon the intention, but of course he has done nothing. Apart from the general human disinclination to do anything that ought to be done, I dare say there is a speciality about assuring one's life? You find it like will-making? People are so superstitious, and take it for granted they will die soon afterwards?"

—Up here, if you please. Straight up here, Mr. Sampson. Neither to the right nor to the left! I almost fancied I could hear him breathe the words, as he sat smiling at me, with that intolerable parting exactly opposite the bridge of my nose.

"There is such a feeling sometimes, no doubt," I replied, "but I don't think it obtains to any great extent."

"Well!" said he, with a shrug and a smile, "I wish some good angel would influence my friend in the right direction. I rashly promised his mother and sister in Norfolk, to see it done, and he promised them that he would do it. But I suppose he never will."

He spoke for a minute or two on indifferent topics, and went away.

I had scarcely unlocked the drawers of my writing-table next morning when he reappeared. I noticed that he came straight to the door in the glass partition, and did not pause a single moment outside.

"Can you spare me two minutes, my dear Mr. Sampson?"

"By all means."

"Much obliged," laying his hat and umbrella on the table. "I came early not to interrupt you. The fact is, I am taken by surprise, in reference to this proposal my friend has made."

"Has he made one?" said I.

"Ye-es," he answered, deliberately looking at me; and then a bright idea seemed to strike him;—"or he only tells me he has. Perhaps that may be a new way of evading the matter. By Jupiter, I never thought of that!"

Mr. Adams was opening the morning's letters in the outer office. "What is the name, Mr. Slinkton?" I asked.

"Beckwith."

I looked out at the door and requested Mr. Adams,

if there were a proposal in that name, to bring it in. He had already laid it out of his hand on the counter. It was easily selected from the rest, and he gave it me. Alfred Beckwith. Proposal to effect a Policy with us for two thousand pounds. Dated yesterday.

"From the Middle Temple, I see, Mr. Slinkton."

"Yes. He lives on the same staircase with me; his door is opposite mine. I never thought he would make me his reference, though."

"It seems natural enough that he should."

"Quite so, Mr. Sampson; but I never thought of it. Let me see." He took the printed paper from his pocket. "How am I to answer all these questions?"

"According to the truth, of course," said I.

"Oh! Of course," he answered, looking up from the paper with a smile: "I meant, they were so many. But you do right to be particular. It stands to reason that you must be particular. Will you allow me to use your pen and ink?"

"Certainly."

"And your desk?"

"Certainly."

He had been hovering about between his hat and his umbrella, for a place to write on. He now sat down in my chair, at my blotting paper and inkstand, with the long walk up his head in accurate perspective before me, as I stood with my back to the fire.

Before answering each question, he ran over it aloud, and discussed it. How long had he known Mr. Alfred Beckwith? That he had to calculate by years, upon his fingers. What were his habits? No difficulty about *them*; temperate in the last degree, and took a little too much exercise, if anything. All the answers were satisfactory. When he had written them all, he looked them over, and finally signed them in a very pretty hand. He supposed he had now done with the business? I told him he was not likely to be troubled any further. Should he leave the papers there? If he pleased. Much obliged. Good morning!

I had had one other visitor before him; not at the office, but at my own house. That visitor had come to my bedside when it was not yet daylight, and had been seen by no one else but by my faithful confidential servant.

A second reference paper (for we always required two) was sent down into Norfolk, and was duly received back by post. This, likewise, was satisfactorily answered in every respect. Our forms were all complied with, we accepted the proposal, and the premium for one year was paid.

PORTION THE SECOND.

IV.

For six or seven months, I saw no more of Mr. Slinkton. He called once at my house, I was not at home; and he once asked me to dine with him in the Temple, but I was engaged. His friend's Assurance was effected in March. Late in September or early in October, I was down at Scarborough for a breath of sea air, where I met him on the beach. It was a hot evening; he came towards me with his hat in his hand; and there was the walk I had felt so strongly disinclined to take, in perfect order again, exactly in front of the bridge of my nose.

He was not alone; he had a young lady on his arm. She was dressed in mourning, and I looked at her

with great interest. She had the appearance of being extremely delicate, and her face was remarkably pale and melancholy; but she was very pretty. He introduced her as his niece, Miss Niner.

"Are you strolling, Mr. Sampson? Is it possible you can be idle?"

It was possible, and I *was* strolling.

"Shall we stroll together?"

"With pleasure."

The young lady walked between us, and we walked on the cool sea sand in the direction of Filey.

"There have been wheels here," said Mr. Slinkton.

"And now I look again, the wheels of a hand-carriage. Margaret, my love, your shadow, without doubt!"

"Miss Niner's shadow?" I repeated, looking down at it on the sand.

"Not that one," Mr. Slinkton returned, laughing. "Margaret, my dear, tell Mr. Sampson."

"Indeed," said the young lady, turning to me, "there is nothing to tell—except that I constantly see the same invalid old gentleman, at all times, wherever I go. I have mentioned it to my uncle, and he calls the gentleman my shadow."

"Does he live in Scarborough?" I asked.

"He is staying here."

"Do you live in Scarborough?"

"No, I am staying here. My uncle has placed me with a family here, for my health."

"And your shadow?" said I, smiling.

"My shadow," she answered, smiling too, "is—like myself—not very robust, I fear; for, I lose my shadow sometimes, as my shadow loses me at other times. We both seem liable to confinement to the house. I have not seen my shadow for days and days; but it does oddly happen, occasionally, that wherever I go for many days together, this gentleman goes. We have come together in the most unfrequented nooks of this shore."

"Is this he?" said I, pointing before us.

The wheels had swept down to the water's edge and described a great loop on the sand in turning. Bringing the loop back towards us, and spinning it out as it came, was a hand-carriage drawn by a man.

"Yes," said Miss Niner, this really is my shadow uncle!"

As the carriage approached us and we approached the carriage, I saw within it an old man, whose head was sunk on his breast, and who was enveloped in a variety of wrappets. He was drawn by a very quiet but very keen-looking man, with iron-grey hair, who was slightly lame. They had passed us, when the carriage stopped, and the old gentleman within putting out his arm, called me to him by name. I went back, and was absent from Mr. Slinkton and his niece for about five minutes.

When I rejoined them, Mr. Slinkton was the first to speak. Indeed, he said to me in a raised voice before I came up with him: "It is well you have not been longer, or my niece might have died of curiosity to know who her shadow is, Mr. Sampson."

"An old East India Director," said I. An intimate friend of our friend's at whose house I first had the pleasure of meeting you. A certain Major Banks. You have heard of him?"

"Never."

"Very rich, Miss Niner; but very old and very crippled. An amiable man—sensible—much interested

in you. He has just been expatiating on the affection which he has observed to exist between you and your uncle."

Mr. Slinkton was holding his hat again, and he passed his hand up the straight walk, as if he himself went up it serenely, after me.

"Mr. Sampson," he said, tenderly pressing his niece's arm in his, "our affection was always a strong one, for we have had but few near ties. We have still fewer now. We have associations to bring us together, that are not of this world, Margaret."

"Dear uncle!" murmured the young lady, and turned her face aside to hide her tears.

"My niece and I have such remembrances and regrets in common, Mr. Sampson," he feelingly pursued, "that it would be strange indeed if the relations between us were cold or indifferent. If you remember a conversation you and I once had together, you will understand the reference I make. Cheer up, dear Margaret. Don't droop, don't droop. My Margaret! I cannot bear to see you droop!"

The poor young lady was very much affected, but controlled herself. His feelings, too, were very acute. In a word, he found himself under such great need of a restorative, that he presently went away, to take a bath of sea water; leaving the young lady and me sitting on a point of rock, and probably presuming—but, that, you will say, was a pardonable indulgence in a luxury—that she would praise him with all her heart.

She did, poor thing. With all her confiding heart, she praised him to me, for his care of her dead sister, and for his untiring devotion in her last illness. The sister had wasted away very slowly, and wild and terrible fantasies had come over her towards the end; but he had never been impatient with her, or at a loss; had always been gentle, watchful, and self-possessed. The sister had known him and, she knew him, to be the best of men, the kindest of men, and yet a man of such admirable strength of character, as to be a very tower for the support of their weak natures while their poor lives endured.

"Young lady," said I, looking around, laying my hand upon her arm, and speaking in a low voice; "time presses. You hear the gentle murmur of that sea?"

She looked at me with the utmost wonder and alarm, saying, "Yes!"

"And you know what a voice is in it when the storm comes?"

"Yes!"

"You see how quiet and peaceful it lies before us, and you know what an awful sight of power without pity it might be, this very night?"

"Yes!"

"But if you had never heard or seen it, or heard of it, in its cruelty, could you believe that it beats every inanimate thing in its way to pieces, without mercy, and destroys life without remorse?"

"You terrify me, sir, by these questions!"

"To save you, young lady, to save you! For God's sake, collect your strength and collect your firmness! If you were here alone, and hemmed in by the rising tide on the flow to fifty feet above your head, you could not be in greater danger than the danger you are now to be saved from."

The figure on the sand was spun out, and straggled off into a crooked little jerk that ended at the cliff very near us.

"As I am, before Heaven and the Judge of all mankind, your friend, and your dead sister's friend, I solemnly entreat of you, Miss Niner, without one moment's loss of time, to come to this gentleman with me!"

If the little carriage had been less near to us, I doubt if I could have got her away; within five minutes, I had the inexpressible satisfaction of seeing her—from the point we had sat on, and to which I had returned—half supported and half carried up some rude steps notched in the cliff, by the figure of an active man. With that figure beside her, I knew she was safe anywhere.

I sat alone on the rock, awaiting Mr. Slinkton's return. The twilight was deepening and the shadows were heavy, when he came round the point.

"My niece not here, Mr. Sampson?" he said looking about.

"Miss Niner seemed to feel a chill in the air after the sun went down, and has gone home."

He looked surprised.

"Ah!" said he, "She is easily persuaded—for her good. Thank you, Mr. Sampson."

"Miss Niner is very delicate," I observed.

He shook his head and drew a deep sigh. "Very, very, very. Dear Margaret, dear Margaret! But we must hope."

The hand-carriage was spinning away before us, at a most indecorous pace for an invalid vehicle, and was making most irregular curves upon the sand. Mr. Slinkton, noticing it after he had put his handkerchief to his eyes, said:

"If I may judge by appearances, your friend will be upset, Mr. Sampson."

"It looks probable, certainly," said I.

"The servant must be drunk."

"The servants of old gentlemen will get drunk sometimes," said I.

"The major draws very light, Mr. Sampson."

"The major does draw light," said I.

By this time, the carriage, much to my relief was lost in darkness.

"Do you stay here long, Mr. Sampson?"

"Why, no. I am going away to London to-night."

"I shall be there too, soon after you."

I knew that as well as he did. But I did not tell him so. Any more than I told him what defensive weapon my right hand rested on in my pocket, as I walked by his side. Any more than I told him why I did not walk on the sea-side of him, with the night closing in.

We left the beach, and our ways diverged. We exchanged good night, and had parted indeed, when he said, returning:

"Mr. Sampson, may I ask? Poor Meltham, whom we spoke of.—Dead yet?"

"Not when I last heard of him; but too broken a man to live long, and hopelessly lost to his old calling."

"Dear, dear, dear!" said he, with great feeling. "Sad, sad, sad! The world is a grave!" And so went his way.

It was not his fault if the world were not a grave. The next time I saw him, and the last time, was late in November.

SELECTIONS FROM MODERN HUMORISTS.

VALENTINE VOX, THE VENTRILOQUIST.

THE BURGLAR IN THE CHIMNEY.

We left Valentine at an Inn on the road, with Tooler in a state of great exhaustion drinking 'perdition to the witch.' After several other amusing occurrences which we cannot stop to narrate, the coach containing Valentine rolled into the yard of a London Inn where Valentine was affectionately received by Mr. Goodman who had been waiting several hours for his arrival. Upon Valentine detailing the cause of delay Goodman roared with merriment and begged him to give him a specimen of his powers.

'But be careful, my dear boy, be careful,' said Goodman.

'Oh! there is not the slightest danger of discovery. —Waiter!' said Valentine, throwing his voice into a box in which two extremely stout individuals were eating devilled kidneys.

'Yes, sir,' cried the person in pumps, throwing his napkin under his arm, and approaching the box in question.

'Waiter!' said Valentine, assuming a voice which appeared to proceed from the box opposite.

'Yes, sir,' repeated the waiter, turning round on ascertaining that that party had no orders.

'Waiter!' cried Valentine in precisely the same voice as at first.

'Yes, sir!' exclaimed the sleek functionary, returning, 'you call, sir?'

'No,' said the gentlemen, 'we did not call.'

'Waiter!' shouted Valentine, throwing his voice to the other end of the room, to which end he of the pumps of course immediately pelted.

'Now, where is that bottle of port?' cried Valentine, bringing the voice about half way back.

'Beg pardon, sir, I'm sure, sir,' said the waiter, addressing the person from whom he imagined the sound had proceeded, 'did you order a bottle of port, sir?'

'No,' said the person addressed, 'I'm drinking negus.'

'Waiter?' shouted Valentine with all the force of which he was capable.

'Yes, Sir!' cried the waiter with corresponding energy, and again he followed the sound, and continued to follow it until Valentine ceased, when the knight of the napkin, whose blood began to boil, approached the fire and poked it with all the power at his command.

'Jim!' cried Valentine sending his voice up the chimney, while the waiter was taking his revenge—'get up higher: I'm roasting.'

'Hush!' said Valentine, assuming the voice of 'Jim,' who appeared to be half-choked. 'Hush!—don't speak so loud.'

The waiter, who still grasped the instrument of his vengeance with one hand, raised the other to enjoin silence, and walked on tip-toe towards the bar, from which in an instant he returned with the landlord, the hostess, the barmaid, the boots, and in fact nearly the whole of the members of the establishment, who crept with the utmost care upon their toes towards the fire, when Valentine conducted the following in-

teresting conversation between 'Jim' and 'Joe,' in the chimney.

'It's flaming hot *here*, Jim, but there—that'll do. Did you ever in your born days see sich a fire?'

'Hold on a bit, Joe, our sweat 'll soon damp it.'

'I wish he as poked it was in it.'

'Oh, that wouldn't do at any price. His fat 'ud blaze to sich a hextent, it 'ud do us brown in no time.'

The landlord approached. 'So we've caught you at last then, you blackguards. Hollo!' cried he, peering up the chimney.

'Hush,' said the invisible Jim.

'Ay, you may say hush,' said the host, 'but you're trapped now, my tulips; come down—d'ye hear?'

The tulips did not condescend to reply.

'Here, Jerry,' continued the host, 'run out for the policeman,' and Jerry, of course, ran with all possible speed.

'You'd better come down there, you wagabones,' cried the landlord.

'Hexcuse us,' said Jim, 'you are werry perlitte.'

'If you don't, I'll blow you bang through the pot,' cried the landlord.

'You haven't enough powder,' said the invisible Joe.

The policemen here entered, and bustling up to the grate shouted, 'Now young fellows, come along, I wants you.'

'Do you?' said one of the young fellows.

'It's o' no use, you know,' cried the policeman, who held his authority to be contemned, and his dignity insulted, by that tranquil remark. 'You'd better come at once, you know, my rum uns.'

'That's werry good advice, I des-say,' said one of the rum uns, 'only we doesn't think so.'

'Why, it taint o' no use,' urged the policeman, 'you ain't got a ha'porth o' chance. Here give us hold of a stick or a broom,' said he to the waiter, and the chambermaid ran to fetch one, when another policeman entered, to whom the first said, 'Smith, go and stand by them ere chimney pots, will yer,' and accordingly up Smith went with the boots.

'Now then,' said the policeman having got a long broom, 'if you don't come down, my crickets, in course I shall make you, and that's all about it.'

In reply to this acute observation, one of the 'crickets' indulged in a contemptuous laugh, which so enraged the policeman, that he on the instant introduced the long broom up the chimney, and brought down of course a sufficient quantity of soot to fill an imperial bushel measure. This remarkable descension, being on his part wholly unexpected, caused him to spit and sneeze with considerable vehemence, while his face was sufficiently black to win the sympathies of any regular philanthropist going.

'Now then, you sirs,' shouted Smith from the top; 'do you mean to come up or go down? Ony say.'

As soon as the first fit of sneezing had subsided, the policeman below was just about to give vent to the indignation which swelled his official breast, when he was seized with another, which in its effects proved far more violent than the first.

'Good luck to you,' said he on regaining the power to speak, 'give us something to wash it down, or I shall choke. It'll be all the worse for you, my kids,

when I gets you. De you mean to come down now? thats all about it. It's o' no use, you know, for in course we don't leave you. Once for all, do you mean to come down?"

'You are werry perlite,' replied one of the kids, 'but we'd much rayther not.'

'Why, then,' said the constable in disguise, who, as far as the making up of his face was concerned, appeared perfectly ready to murder *Othello*—'in course we must make you.'

As this observation on the part of the policeman was followed by another contemptuous laugh, that respectable functionary became so indignant that he entertained thoughts of achieving their annihilation by virtue of fire and smoke. While, however, he was considering whether a jury under the circumstances would bring it in justifiable homicide, manslaughter, or murder, it was suggested that as there lived in the neighborhood an extremely humane and intellectual sweep, who had become particular knock-kneed in the profession, and peculiarly alive to the hardships which the corrupt climbing system inflicted upon the sooty generation in general, had a machine which was patronized by the nobility and gentry, and which might in this instant have the effect of accelerating the process of ejection. For this remarkable master-sweep, therefore, boots was dispatched, while the policeman, bent upon a wicked waste of coals, endeavored to persuade the invisibles to descend by making the fire blaze with a fury which a couple of salamanders only could stand.

Nothing, however, bearing the similitude of blazes could bring the burglars down, and just as Valentine's guardian *pro tem*, was declaring that he must either laugh loudly or burst, a stout stumpy man, who stood about five feet five, upon legs to which nothing stands recorded, in the annals of legs, at all comparable in point of obliquity, was lead in by boots, with the machine on his shoulder, and at once assumed the air of an individual conscious of the immaculate character of his motives, and of the general integrity of his professional reputation.

'I understand,' said he, bowing with all the importance of which a master-sweep is comfortably capable towards the fire—'I understand that you have certain burglarious burglars up the flue. Well! as the integral integrity of this glorious and empirical empire demands that all such dishonest thieves should be brought when caught to the barrier of judicial justice, ergo, that is for to say, consequently, therefore, they *must* descend down, and this'll bring 'em! It was never known to fail,' he added, drawing forth a huge bread-and-cheese knife to cut the cord which bound the machine together, 'in an, thing successfully attempted. It is patronized by the titled nobility, and clerical clergy in, oly orders, besides the official officers of the loyal household, and the principal aristocratic members of the aristocracy in high life, and ought to be known in every particle of the globe and her colonies. It was only t'other day as I was called in to hoperate upon the chimneys of one of our tip topmost dukes, a great agricultural proprietor of landed property, and a peticular friend of mine, wot had heered from some vagabone wot I holds werry properly in contemptuous contempt, that my machine had turned out a dead failure.' 'So,' says he, when

I'd done the job, 'Shufflebottom' says he, 'you're a werry ill-used man, a hindividual wot's werry much respected uniwersally by all, and therefore, it's a werry great pity that you should be sich a wictim of misrepresentation.' Why, says I, my lord duke, you knows werry well as how I treats all such wagabones with suitable contempt. But I'm obleeged to you, my lord duke, and I feels werry grateful as I allus does feel for any favor as is showed, and I allus likes to return it too, 'specially if them as shows it puts themselves you know werry much out of the way in the most friendliest spirit, and has their motives in consequence suspected.'

'Well, come,' said the host, interrupting this remarkable sweep, who displayed a disposition to go on for an hour, 'let us see if we can get these rascals out of the flue.'

Shufflebottom marvelled at this ungentlemanlike interruption, but after hurling a look of contempt at the illiterate landlord, he introduced the head of his machine into the chimney and sent it up joint by joint. Of course, during its progress a considerable quantity of soot descended, but when the brush had reached the pot, the policeman above grasped it firmly, conceiving it to be the rough hair of one of the burglars, and pulled it completely out of Shufflebottom's hand.

'The baggards is at the top!' cried Shufflebottom, loudly. 'they've stole my machine!—go, go upon the roof.'

'Come with me,' said the policeman, but as Shufflebottom had not sufficient courage for that, the policeman and boots went up together, with the view of rendering all necessary assistance. On reaching the roof, they of course discovered the cause of Shufflebottom's great alarm, and having sent his machine down the chimney again, descended with the view of deciding upon some other course. It was the conviction of the policeman above, that no burglars were in the chimney at all, for he himself had been nearly suffocated by simply looking from the top, but as this very natural idea was repudiated as monstrous by all below, Shufflebottom in the plentitude of his humanity, suggested that a sack should be tied tightly over the pot, in order that the invisible burglars might be stifled into an unconditional surrender. As this appeared to be decidedly the most effectual way of compelling them to descend, the policeman urged it strongly, and as the host did by no means object to its adoption, orders were given for the sack to be tied over at once.

This humane and ingenious operation had scarcely been performed, when the room was of course filled with smoke, and in less than three minutes, every soul had departed with the exception of the policeman and Shufflebottom the sweep, who soon deemed it expedient to crawl out on their hands and knees to avoid suffocation.

Valentine and his guardian, with several other gentlemen, repaired to the bar, when orders were given for the removal of the sack, and on its being decided, that when the smoke had evaporated, one policeman should remain in the room, and another on the roof of the house all night, a coach was ordered, and Goodman with his charge proceeded home irrepressibly delighted with the evening's entertainment.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1868.

A BLUSTERING SUBJECT.

"How to raise the wind" is often a subject of earnest inquiry among needy folks, how the wind is raised is what we propose to descant upon just now.

Before we "raise the wind" we may as well ask what it is. It is air in motion we are told. This may not satisfy everybody, curious people may want to know what necessity there is for air getting in motion; why cannot it take it easy and rest in quiet instead of passing over the face of the earth in every degree of velocity from that of the gentle zephyr to the mad hurricane or tornado. In reply to this it may be stated the air moves much on the same principle that individuals often do in life. Somebody else wants to move and they move to get out of his way or to jump into his place. So with the air—it hasn't all its own way although it is air. There is a law given to it that when it is warmed and rarefied it must ascend out of the way, and allow its colder brother, the cool air, to take its place, which it accordingly does—perhaps as much as anything from the fact that the lighter or thinner air is glad to make room for the heavier or denser, which is fighting its way to the bottom.

It comes out then after all that the sun is in most cases responsible for windy times. In fact it is the great Jeremy Didler that is always "raising the wind." It effects this in several ways. Sometimes by evaporating the water of lakes, seas, and oceans, causing an upward movement of immense bodies of vapor which displace the common air and carrying much of it along with it in its passage, it causes a rush of air below. Then, again, by warming the air itself it lightens it and causes it to ascend, when streams of air from colder quarters pour into the vacant space, and as a consequence, we have wind, or air in motion. In this way we account for the strong and tempestuous nature of very hot climates and their tendency to hurricanes &c., the excessive heat of the sun suddenly displacing great masses of atmosphere causes violent rushes of air from cooler regions to fill its place.

The sudden falling of the innumerable drops of rain at a thunder shower is another way of "raising the wind." In their descent they displace the air with great force, hence at such times it is a very common thing to have violent gusts of wind blow out from the spot where the rain has fallen.

Another old wind brewer on this planet, less than the sun but holding its influence indirectly from him, is that remarkable stream of warm water which rushing outwards from the Gulf of Mexico traverses the ocean producing wonderful changes in its progress. It is this Gulf Stream which gives the British Islands a mild and temperate time, when other countries, such as Denmark, no nearer the north are bound in the fetters of winter. This stream is called by some the great "weather breeder" of the Atlantic ocean. Its waters are so warm that they give off a constant stream of vapor by evaporation. On a winters day if one could only get far enough off to look down up-

on this planet, the direction of the Gulf Stream might be traced across the ocean by the mist in the air. It is the warmth of this stream coming in contact with the cold shores of Newfoundland, which causes the silver fogs surrounding that coast. So much vapor ascending into the air must necessarily prove a great disturber of the atmosphere, and just as we should expect, the most violent storms occur along its course. Consequently, it is stated, that navigators dread the storms in the vicinity of the Gulf Stream more than those of any other part of the ocean—especially as it raises the highest kind of waves, owing to the stream going one way and the wind another.

It is an interesting fact that the southern end of our globe, which is principally covered with water, is comparatively free from the storms which disturb the north. Even the stormy capes of Africa and America will not compare with the Atlantic coast of North America, in the violence of its storms. The China seas and the North Pacific may perhaps vie with this part of the Atlantic, but neither Cape Horn or the Cape of Good Hope can equal them in frequency or fury.

This may be explained by the fact that in these southern regions there is an absence of the mountains, deserts, seas and continents, which by reflecting heat and disturbing the masses of air above, lead to such disturbances; neither is there in the south such a mixture of hot and cold currents. In the southern hemisphere, too, the currents being unbounded or unhedged in by continents, are broad and sluggish, while in the north, they are narrow sharp and strong; hence southern waters are, as they ought to be, less boisterous than those of the north.

Among the curiosities of our globe are the trade winds. Extending entirely around the earth are two zones of perpetual winds. With slight exceptions these winds blow perpetually, and are always moving in the same direction, except where they are turned aside as in crossing a desert or by a rainy season. They are principally caused by heat but chiefly by the latent heat or vapor which is set free by the changes which it undergoes. Then we have Monsoons which blow one way for six months at a stretch, and for the remaining six in a nearly opposite direction. They are supposed to be due to the influence of the sun acting on the atmosphere as he passes from the equator to the northern tropic and back again. When in the north its heat causes the warm air to rise, when cold air from the southern hemisphere rushes in to make good the deficiency. This is a southerly Monsoon. The northern Monsoon is caused in a similar way by the sun when at the other end of his journey.

The inhabitants of the sea-shore in tropical countries, have a wind from the sea by day and one from the land by night, with the regularity of the rising and the setting of the sun. At Valparaiso, in summer time, the sea breeze blows furiously every afternoon, tearing up the pebbles in the streets and causing them to be deserted and business suspended. Suddenly the winds and sea, as if they had heard the voice of an almighty rebuke, are hushed, and there is a great calm. The population sally forth, the ladies in ball costume, for there is not wind enough to disarrange the slightest curl. This surprising change occurs with the greatest regularity.

The causes of alternate land and sea breezes are the setting of the sun, and the consequent giving forth of heat which cools the land below the temperature of the sea. The land atmosphere thus becoming the heaviest rushes seaward, hence the evening breeze.

And now with the light of these views cannot our mountain readers explain many curious facts with which they are acquainted; in particular, can they not account for the cool and blessed evening breeze which after our sultriest days sweeps over these valleys?

THE SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

We introduce this week a new department under the above heading. In it we shall endeavor to give the raciest hits, the newest thoughts, and the choicest ideas that can be gathered up from the Magazine Press of the day. It will differ from "The Cream of the Papers," inasmuch as it will be more a summary of ideas than a presentation of whole or condensed articles.

We commence with Theodore Tilton's paper, the *Independent*, which thus sarcastically puts a *Te Deum* to Napoleon in the mouth of Pope Pius, by way of thanksgiving for the defeat of the Garibaldians at Mentana.

"We praise thee, O, Napoleon, we acknowledge thee to be our lord.

"The National Guard and the French Newspapers are full of the majesty of thy glory.

"The Glorious Company of Tyrants praise thee.

* * * *

"When thou tookest upon thee to deliver me from that accursed Garibaldi, thou didst not abhor to do my dirty work, who a short time since railed at thee with bitter and contumelious words.

"Thou hast been so snubbed of late, that thou wert greedy to get the upper hand of somebody; and so, forgetting my anathemas and scornful words, or willing to take them "in a Pickwickian sense," thou madest haste to attack Garibaldi and his handful of young heroes with thy hireling hosts. * * *

"We believe that thou art come to be our Savior.

"Let us not be numbered with the Mexicans and the Prussians who have most unmannerly tweaked thy sacred and portentous nose."

Oh Napoleon, in thee, and not in right or justice, have I trusted; let me never be confounded.

"O Napoleon, have mercy upon us." &c.

From an article on "The Curiosities of Sound" in *Once a Week*, we gather that sound follows the same general laws as light. Flat surfaces, such as a blank wall, will reflect sound back, just as a looking-glass will reflect back light. Concave surfaces will bring the sound to a focus in particular spots and prevent its diffusion, just as the image of a candle is projected to a particular spot upon a wall by a concave reflector or lens. The utility of sounding boards lies in the fact that they catch the sounds over the speaker's head, and reflect them down upon the audience. The harder and smoother their surfaces, the better they will reflect. &c.

Some day or other we may have a Bonaparte Pope. An exchange says:

As there are 21 red hats vacant in the Sacred College, the Pope has decided to create a batch of cardinals; and, in deference to the wishes of the Emperor Napoleon, will include in the number the Archbishop of Paris and Prince Lucien Bonaparte, prelate of his household. The family has had consuls, kings, and emperors among its members, and is now looking forward to a pope.

CHARIVARI has its pop at the intervention in Italian matters. "Why don't you study your Roman history?" says a schoolmaster to a lazy pupil. "I am waiting for it to be finished," is the reply.

Mr. Parton, husband of "Fanny Fern" in an article entitled "Does it pay to Smoke," *Atlantic Monthly*, thus handles the gorgeous club-houses of Fifth Avenue.

"What is the real attraction of these gorgeous establishments?" I asked the other evening of an acquaintance. His answer was. No women can enter there! Once within the sacred walls we are safe from everything that wears a petticoat! Are we getting to be Turks? The Turks shut women in; we shut them out. The Turks build harems for their women; but we find it necessary to abandon to women our abodes, and construct harems for ourselves."

Mr. Parton's great argument against tobacco is found in the smoker's praise of it. "It soothes and lulls so." Mr. Parton thinks, in vulgar parlance, that "that's just what's the matter." It lulls the poor workman into content with his wretched home. It makes men content with very poor company. In Mr. P's words:

"One of the worst effects of smoking is that it *deadens our susceptibility to tedium*, and enables us to keep on enduring what we ought to war against and overcome. Tyrants and oppressors are wrong in drawing so much revenue from tobacco; they ought rather to give it away, for it tends to enable people to sit down content under every kind of oppression."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTE—Correspondence is invited from our friends.

We open this portion of our columns for the use of such of our readers, who, like the following wish to get an exchange of good books, and thus obtain an increase of reading matter.

JOHN I. wishes to borrow a copy of "Ernest Maltravers;" will loan "Ivanhoe" in exchange.

LAOY T. wishes to borrow "Vanity Fair;" will loan volumes of "Pickwick" or "All the Year Round" in exchange. Apply at this office for either of above.

SCHOOLMASTER.—We are anxious to have the *Wagazine* become increasingly a vehicle for education, and a help to the schoolteachers of the Territory. Any wishing to introduce it among their scholars will have a reduction made on taking a number, and every effort made to accommodate them.

ENQUIRER.—Andrew Jackson Davis does, as far as we have had the patience to peruse his so-called "Revelations," appear to profess to give a description of each planet of our Solar System. Excepting those of Venus he would have us believe that the inhabitants of the planets are generally superior to men on this earth. Davis is, like others of his class, a very verbose and wearying author.

THE CREAM OF THE PAPERS.

WONDERFUL EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM OF CHINA.

[From All the Year Round.]

(CONCLUDED.)

The preliminary examinations took place in the principal town of the different districts, of which there are ninety-one in the province of Kwang-tung. These examinations are open to all comers, without distinction. They take place once in eighteen months, under the direction of the Chi-hien, or district magistrate, a mandarin generally of the seventh grade. The selected scholars then proceed to the departmental city—there are nine of these in the province—where the prefect (Chi-foo, a mandarin of the fourth rank) presides, and from these the Sen-tsai are elected, who proceed to the provincial city for the triennial examinations.

The number of candidates on this occasion who had in the departmental cities obtained the grade of Sen-tsai, was eight thousand seven hundred, from whom seventy-two are, according to imperial decrees, to be elected to the rank of Ken-jin, and conveyed to Peking for presentation to the emperor. Twenty-eight are to be chosen from the scholars of the provincial city and its environs. It is required—there being allowed only eight exceptional cases—that every candidate should prove the settlement of his family in a particular locality for at least three generations.

The provincial governor is locked up during the examinations in the hall with the imperial commissioner, and is prohibited from holding any intercourse with any but the imprisoned students, for whose accommodation no less than ten thousand cells are provided. It is generally understood that one in twelve is nominated by the special favor and patronage of the commissioner, and for the nomination of each of these a large sum is ordinarily paid, which is deemed a fair perquisite to the honorable and distinguished official; but when corruption exceeds these moderate bounds, the risk of denunciation and punishment is extremely great. We have before us a Peking Gazette of 1858, in which there is a long report of the trial of a bribed examiner who was brought before the Board of Punishment, and, with his confederates and the bribing candidate, ordered to be decapitated. It was proved that a rolled essay, not written by the student, was fraudulently and clandestinely passed in his name to the head examiner, who was one of the principal secretaries of state; and the imperial decree declares that both examiners and literary graduates must be advised that they will be beheaded if there be any dishonest collusion, or if degrees are purchased by money. Should there be a false assumption of name, or illegal acts be employed to obtain office, the offender shall wear the Tan-kia, or wooden pillory, at the door of the chief magistrate's office, and be exposed, with a description of his crime, to the gaze of all the people. Banishment is to follow the neglect of subordinate duties connected with the literary examinations. In the case in question the nomination took place by "secret signs." "It might have been," says the emperor, "'a slight sin' if the money had been lent to defray the expenses before, or had been given as a present to one of the functionaries after the examination, but as it was, capital punishment must be inflicted." Against this decision an appeal was made on behalf of the minor offenders, but after the decapitation of the principals. The emperor summoned his council to consider the appeal, but with respect to one of the criminals, who had endeavored to bribe his father, he orders that he be beheaded without reprieve. "Father and son have incurred the death-penalty, but, in truth, our heart cannot endure the decapitation of both at one blow. Let the father then experience our mercy, and expiate his crime by his exertions in the military colonies. This is an act of goodness irrespective of the law. There is a certain difference in the degrees of guilt of the others;" so the emperor directs that all be degraded, and some be banished. "The father of one of the guilty has recently died; ascertain whether he has left any other son; if not, let him be allowed to remain till the hundred days of mourning have ended, and his transportation must take place after his father has been becomingly buried." But for this special interference, the power of the council would have been limited to commuting the sentence of decapitation into that of strangling. So the emperor forestalls their decision, and he requires the further investigation and punishment according to law be directed against other charges of im-

probity. He declares that this species of crime does not come under the character of ordinary offences: "The examinations for degrees are the great institutions for the selection of true talent. The punishment of beheading must be awarded alike to those who receive and those who offer bribes." He will not, in this case, allow the ordinary distinction between the attempt to commit and the commission of a crime. He directs his peremptory order to be recorded "as a law for ever more." In the year 1859, the emperor's brother, Yih-jin, was, by imperial decree, handed over to the Board of Punishment, because, during the literary examination, he had treated a censor with disrespect.

The highest literary title is that of Chwang-yuen, or president of the Han-lin College. We had the honor of holding some intercourse with the last person elected to this distinction. He was the son of a man who kept a small stationary shop in an obscure street at Ningpo. The whole town and neighborhood was in a state of bewildered joy when the great news of his nomination arrived. Processions, illuminations, public rejoicings, universal visitings, occupied everybody's thoughts. The humble domicile of the father was crowded with people of the highest rank bringing their congratulations to the parents, family, and friends of him who was lifted to the apex of the pyramid of literary glory, whose brightest light was not only shed on the most adjacent kindred, but spread over the city, the country, and even to the remotest parts of the province.

MORMON EMIGRATION.

[From Macmillan's Magazine.]

Of all the various sects of which Mr. Dixon treats, Mormonism is by far the most important. About the only unfavorable literary criticism I should feel inclined to make about his book is, that he fails to convey any distinct estimate of the relative importance of the different religious bodies about which he discourses so ably and pleasantly. There is nothing to indicate, to a reader unacquainted with the subject, that, while the Mormons are a body whose importance can hardly be overrated, Mount Lebanon is hardly, if at all, more influential than the Agapemone near Taunton, of which Brother Prince was, or is for aught I know, the Messiah.

The superior success of Mormonism to that of other American sects of a similar character I take to arise from the fact that it is grafted upon a system of emigration. The founders of the faith had the wit to perceive that the tendency which carries the surplus population of Europe from the Old World to the New, might be turned into a religious agency. The apostles of the faith as it is in Brigham Young go forth to Welsh peasants, and English laborers, and Norwegian cottiers, and to the poor of every country where the migratory passion has begun to work, and promise them not only salvation in the world to come, but land in this. A friend of mine not long ago was engaged in trying to obtain emigrants amongst the agricultural classes for a distant English colony. He found plenty of persons willing to go, but their reluctance to embark alone upon a long journey proved an almost insuperable obstacle to his success as a recruiter for the colony. Let everybody imagine what it must be to ordinary laborers, who have never known anything of the world beyond the limits of their parish, to set forth, without friends or acquaintances, to seek their fortunes in a strange country where they know nobody. They would like well enough to go, but they are afraid of going.

Now this feeling,—which is, I believe, a very general one amidst the emigrant class,—is made to do service for Mormonism. Converts to the new creed have emigration made easy to them: the whole responsibility of the journey is taken off their hands. They are escorted on their road by men they know; amongst their fellow-converts they have friends, or at any rate acquaintances, already provided for them; and they know that, when they reach the far-away land which seems to them so utterly beyond their mental vision, they will find homes and employment prepared beforehand. I do not attribute the success of Mormonism solely, or even mainly, to its connection with a well-organized system of emigration; but I do believe that any sect which offered the same or similar inducements would find no want of proselytes.

Mr. Dixon is obviously inclined to think that polygamy is an incident rather than a characteristic of Mormonism. It flourished before a plurality of wives was practically allowed, and would continue, he believes, to flourish even if monogamy were re-established as an institution. How far this may be

true or not is a matter of speculation. But this much is clear, if Mr. Dixon can be at all rolled on, that Utah is not at present, whatever it may become hereafter, a mere sink of licentious indulgence. As a body, the Mormons are hard-working, sober, temperate men; actuated by a deep faith and devotion to the interests of their creed. There must be something in that faith which appeals to men's convictions as well as to their passions.

LILLIPUT TOWN.

WHERE THE CHILDREN HAD IT ALL THEIR OWN WAY.

[From Chambers Journal.]

It will be a warning to "Parents and Guardians," to read the following account how the youngsters managed things in Lilliput Town, after they had dethroned the old folks and established a government of their own.

This is the way they began:

"They sucked the jam, they lost the spoons,
They sent up several fire-balloons,
They let off crackers, they burnt a guy,
They piled a bonfire ever so high.

"They offered a prize for the laziest boy,
And one for the most Magnificent toy;
They split or burnt the canes off-hand;
They made new laws in Lilliput Land.

"Never do to-day what you can
Put off till to-morrow,' one of them ran;
'Late to bed and late to rise,'
Was another law which they did devise.

"They passed a law to have always plenty
Of beautiful things; we shall mention twenty:
A magic-lantern for all to see,
Rabbits to keep, and a Christmas-tree.

"A boat, a house that went on wheels,
An organ to grind, and sherry at meals,
Drums and wheelbarrows, Roman candles,
Whips with whistles let into the handles.

"A real live giant, a roe to fly,
A goat to tease, a copper to sky,
A garret of apples, a box of paints,
A saw and a hammer, and no complaints.

"Nail up the door, slide down the stairs,
Saw off the legs of the parlor chairs,—
That was the way in Lilliput Land,
The Children having the upper hand.

"They made the Old Folks come to school,
All in pinafores,—that was the rule,—
Saying: 'Eener-deener-diner-duse,
Kattler-wheeler-whiler-wuss;'

They made them learn all sorts of things
That nobody liked. They had catechisms;
They kept them in, they sent them down
In class, in school, in Lilliput Town.

"O but they gave them tit for tat!
Thick bread-and-butter, and all that;
Stick jaw pudding that tires your chin,
With the marmalade spread ever so thin.

"They governed the clock in Lilliput Land,
They altered the hour or the minute-hand,
They make the day fast, they made the day slow,
Just as they wished the time to go.

"They never waited for king or for cat;
They never wiped their shoes on the mat;
Their joy was great; their joy was greater,
They rode in the baby's perambulator."

Then they gave evening entertainments on a magnificent scale.

"Every one rode in a cab to the door;
Every one came in a pinafore.
Lady and gentleman, rat tat-tat,
Loud knock, proud knock, opera-hat!"

The old folks were made to give "recitations," as the young ones had to do under the ancient system.

"One fat man, too fat by far,
Tried 'Twinkle, twinkle little star!'

"His voice was gruff, his pinafore tight;
His wife said: 'Mind, dear, sing it right;'
But he forgot and said Fa-la-lal!
The Queen of Lilliput's own papa!

"She frowned and ordered him up to bed;
He said he was sorry; she shook her head;
His clean shirt-front with his tears were stained,—
But discipline had to be maintained."

THE PYRAMID OF BAYONETS.

The officers as well as sub-officers of the Russian horse-guards are subjected to the most rigorous discipline, and are required to execute, on horseback, all the manœuvres of a theatrical equestrian.

One day an officer of the lancer guard was going through his exercise before the Grand Duke. He had performed all the usual evolutions in the most satisfactory way until, when at full gallop, he was suddenly ordered to turn,—his horse proved restive, and refused to obey either bridle or spur.

The command was repeated in a thundering voice, and the officer renewed his efforts to make the horse obey it; but without effect, for the fiery animal continued to prance about in defiance of his rider, who was nevertheless an excellent horseman.

The rage of the Grand-Duke had vented itself in furious imprecations, and all else trembled for the consequence. 'Halt!' he exclaimed, and ordered a pyramid of twelve muskets with fixed bayonets, to be erected. The order was instantly obeyed.

The officer had by this time subdued the restiveness of his horse was ordered to leap the pyramid—and the spirited horse bore his rider safely over it.

Without an interval of delay, the officer was commanded to repeat the fearful leap, and to the amazement of all present the noble horse and his brave rider stood in safety on the other side of the pyramid.

The Grand-Duke exasperated at finding himself thus thwarted in his barbarous purpose, repeated the order for the third time. A general, who happened to be present, now stepped forward and interceded for the pardon of the officer; observing that the horse was exhausted, and that the enforcement of the order would be to doom both horse and rider to a horrible death.

This humane remonstrance was not only disregarded, but was punished by the immediate arrest of the general who had thus presumed to rebel.

The word of command was given, and horse and rider for the third time cleared the glittering bayonets.

Rendered furious by these repeated disappointments, the Grand-Duke exclaimed for the fourth time:—"To the left about—Forward!"—The command was obeyed, and for the fourth time the horse leaped the pyramid and then, with his rider, dropped down exhausted. The officer extricated himself from the saddle and rose unhurt, but the horse had both his fore-legs broken.

The countenance of the officer was deadly pale, his eyes stared wildly, and his knees shook under him.

A deadly silence prevailed as he advanced to the Grand-Duke, and laying his sword at his Highness' feet he thanked him in a faltering voice for the honor he had enjoyed in the Emperor's service.

'I take back your sword;' said the Grand-Duke, gloomily, 'and are you not aware of what may be the consequence of this unprofitable conduct towards me?'

The officer was sent to the guard-house. He subsequently disappeared, and no trace of him could be discovered.

The scene took place at St. Petersburg, and the facts are proved by creditable eye-witnesses.

PORTRAIT GALLERY.

LUTHER AND DURER.

It is singular how certain names grow upon you in Germany and others diminish: at least they have done so with me. Take Martin Luther and Albrecht Durer. All the world knows the former, and perhaps something of the latter. But I could not bring up my conception of Luther in Germany to the idea I had of him before. I saw his manuscripts, collections of his works, portraits; but his big drinking-cups were after all the most prominent memorials he left behind him. He was a jolly old soul, hearty and honest, I dare say, and banged away at the Pope and the Devil with good will and good effect. But there was nothing high and grand about him. I went to see the place where the Devil is said to have helped him over the walls of Augsburg; but even there, not a gleam of poetry associated itself with his name. The huge drinking-cup seemed to swallow up every thing, and the couplet said to be his appeared to tell the whole story:

"Who loves not wine, woman, and song,
Remains a fool all his life long."

In short, his burly face and figure, and the goblets that testify to his powers, made it absolutely impossible for me to connect any heroic idea with the man.

But how different with Albrecht Durer! His pictures in the collections at once excited my interest; his portrait completed the work. The marvellous beauty of his face; the sweet, sad expression it always wears; the lofty purity and ideal grace that seems to transfigure the mortal into an immortal nature, distinguish him from all other men of those ages. His spirit gained a stronger and stronger hold upon me every day I was in Germany. I studied every work of his that I could find, and every lineament of his noble countenance is stamped ineffaceably on my memory. At Nuremberg, I traced him from his cradle to his grave. I visited his house; the house of his friend Pirkheimer; and I went twice to the church-yard of St. John, outside the city, to pay my homage at his tomb. I do not know whether his genius and character affect others as they have me; but I would gladly give the time and money for a voyage to Europe, if I knew that I should see nothing else than the works, the portrait, the house, and the grave of Albrecht Durer.—[Prof. Felton.]

THE TOWER OF BABEL.

A writer describes the present appearance of the place where language got mixed:—

After a ride of nine miles we were at the foot of the Bier's Nimrood. Our horses' feet were trampling upon the remains of bricks, which showed here and there through the accumulated dust and rubbish of ages. Before our eyes uprose a great mound of earth, barren and bare. This was the Bier Nimrood, the ruins of the Tower of Babel, by which the first builders of the earth had vainly hoped to scale to high heaven. Here, also, it was that Nebuchadnezzar built—for bricks bearing his name have been found among the ruins. At the top of the mound a great mass of brickwork pierces the accumulated soil. With your finger you touch the very bricks—large, square and massive—that were 'thoroughly' burned, the very mortar, the 'lime' now as hard as granite, handled more than four thousand years ago by earth's impious people. From the summit of the mound, far away over the plain, we see glistening, brilliant as a star, the gilded dome of a mosque, that caught and reflected the bright rays of the morning sun. This glittering speck was the tomb of the holy Ali. To pray before this at some period of his life; to kiss the sacred dust around there, at some time or other; to bend his body and count upon his beads—is the daily desire of every devout Mahomedan.

DREAM OF A QUAKER LADY.

There is a story told of a pious aged Quaker lady who was addicted to smoking tobacco. She had indulged in the habit until it had increased so much upon her that she not only smoked her pipe a large portion of the day, but frequently sat up for this purpose in the night. After one of these nocturnal

entertainments, feeling a little guilty, she fell asleep, and dreamed that she died and approached heaven.

Meeting an angel she asked if her name was written in the book of life. He disappeared, but replied upon returning, that he could not find it.

"Oh," said she, "do look again; it must be there."

He examined again, but returned with a sorrowful face, saying, "It is not there!"

"Oh," she said, in agony, "it must be there! I have the assurance it is there! Do look again!"

The angel was moved to tears by her entreaties, and again left her to renew his search. After a long absence he came back, his face radiant with joy, and exclaimed, "We have found it, but it was so clouded with tobacco smoke that we could hardly see it!"

The woman upon waking immediately threw her pipe away, and never indulged in smoking again.

[Can't we get other smokers to dream similar dreams? It would be a great blessing to the living if both chewers and smokers could be similarly impressed. Some there are, we fear, whose names will become quite obliterated, and they will be lost themselves, lost to their friends, and lost to the world. There are other kinds of "slavery" and of sin besides negro slavery and drunkenness.]—Phrenological Journal.

OUT-DOOR GAMES FOR BOYS.

CAT, OR TIP-CAT.

Trap probably took its origin from the ruder game of cat, which consists of a rounded piece of wood pointed at the ends, either of which being struck with a stick, the cat bounds into the air, and is then hit at. A circle of about six to eight yards diameter is made, in the middle of which the striker stands. Two misses put out the player, or a hit not sending the cat out of the ring. When sent beyond, it is taken up and pitched towards the centre of the ring. The player is on guard to strike it back, which will secure a large number of bats' lengths for the score, if five be not taken as the maximum, as in trap-ball. If within one bat's length, the player is out.

There are varieties in the modes of playing, but the game in any form gives less fun than any game with ball, and is dangerous, especially when played in places where there are persons passing. In what is called Rounder Cat, the players stand at different stations, changing each time the cat is struck. The feeder, who pitches the cat to the home, or first station, tries, after it is hit, to throw it across any of the players before reaching his station. Two misses also put out, the feeder then taking his place at the rounder. With a common ball, pitched within a bat's length of each hob station, and thrown straight at the players when shifting stations, there is a rounder game of the right sort, which may be arranged either for sides or every player for himself.

LADIES' TABLE.

INSTRUCTIONS IN BRAIDING.

[From Mrs. Pullan's Manual of Fancy Work.]

[CONTINUED.]

COTTON BRAIDING.

This braiding is much done, and ought to be in still greater favor, for morning collars and sleeves. Narrow, close woven cotton braid is employed on clean muslin on which the pattern is previously marked. Such articles are usually finished with a row of button hole stitch, to which a narrow Valenciennes lace is sewed.

BEAD BRAIDING.

Lines of small beads are often laid on in patterns, which have been previously marked for braiding. To make the beads set evenly some care is required. Thread two fine needles with silk the color of the beads. Make a knot, and draw one through to the right side of the cloth, in the line of the pattern; and it is always better to begin at an angle. On this thread beads. Take the other needle, fasten on in like manner, and bring out in the same marked line slightly in advance. With this second needle, take a stitch across the thread of the first between every two beads, so that they are not only kept in their places; but they are prevented from being rubbed, which spoils the pattern. Bead-braiding is often edged, on one side at least, by a line of gold thread, which throws up the beads and gives them a charming effect.

LESSONS IN GEOLOGY.—No. 9.

ON PLUTONIC CHANGES IN THE STRATIFIED SURFACE OF THE EARTH.

You have become acquainted with three causes which have contributed to the production of the earth's crust. These are—1, the first hardening of the crust by cooling; 2, the action of subterranean heat in throwing up eruptive rocks, through fissures to the surface, and also consolidating "nether formed" rocks below the crust; and 3, the action of water in dissolving, wearing away, or disintegrating, portions of upper rocks, and carrying down the sand, or detritus, to deposit it at a lower level.

Upon an examination of sedimentary rocks, there are two inferences which you cannot avoid making. The first is, that the rock which has been worn or abraded by the water, must have been older than the rock formed by disposition. The second is, that the rocks thus worn by running water must, at the time of their disintegration, have been at a higher level than the place where they are deposited. To this second inference there is one exception. Water, hot or boiling, has a greater disintegrating power to act upon rocks, chemically, than when it is cold. When the earth's crust, therefore, had only just become cool enough, to allow water to exist upon it, in a fluid state, and not in one of vapor, the heated, boiling, agitated waters must have worn away the granite at the bottom very deeply and extensively. These abraded materials which the water held in solution or suspension, they would naturally deposit, either in deeper hollows, or along surfaces, that were of a lower temperature,

There are some phenomena developed in the condition of some of these sedimentary rocks that will greatly puzzle a young inquirer when he meets them for the first time. They are sometimes on a higher level than the rock from which their sands or clays have been derived. In other cases, they are so altered in general aspect and mineral character, that he would hardly recognize them as stratified deposits. In other places they are so disjointed, dislocated and separated from the series of which they formerly constituted a continuous part, that their stratification appears almost reversed. All these changes are owing to the action and force of subterranean heat.

We have now the original crust of the earth, beneath which is the nether formed rock to which we referred in our last lesson, and above which is the sedimentary rock deposited on the crust in its primitive state. These depositions are sometimes on a higher level than the crust from which they were originally worn down. Since the laws of Hydrostatics would prevent water from depositing matter above its own level, the elevation of these beds must be ascribed to the action of heat from below. This elevation would take place gradually and tranquilly, in consequence of the slow expansion of the crust.

Before the sedimentary rocks had been deposited the crust of the earth parted with its heat freely: but deposits of clay conduct heat very slowly, and the consequence would be that the temperature of the stratum, below such beds of clay, would increase to a higher degree. The increase of heat in the stratum below would enlarge its bulk by expansion; which, in its turn would elevate the newer-formed deposits above their former level; so that what was once the bottom of the sea may become a large island or small continent.

It is not the science of geology only which asserts and proves that such elevations have taken place in very remote ages, for our observations can demonstrate that they take place in our day. The changes of level which take place along the sea coast are ascribed, by the common people; to the sea receding, but geologists can show that the change is the result of the earth rising.

Even so late as the year 1822, in the neighborhood of Valparaiso, the whole coast of Chili, on the western side of South America, was raised three or four feet above its usual level along a line of more than a hundred miles in length. There could be no doubt of this elevation, for, after a tremendous earthquake, an old ship that lay as a wreck at some distance in the water, could, after Nov. 20th of that year, be safely visited dryshod; and an extensive bed of oysters and mussels, of whose existence the inhabitants of the city knew nothing, was now exposed, which with the dead fish contaminated the air with their bad odor. At this moment, the coast of Sweden,

from Fredericksball to Abo in Finland, is gradually, but visibly, rising at the rate of about three feet in every hundred years; but the rate varies in different parts of the coast. This elevation is proved by the fact, not only that the shores are now dry that used to be covered at low water, but that the shells of fish which now live in the Baltic abound in the soil which is about four feet higher than the water, and that at the distance of about seventy miles from the present margin of the sea. It is also a fact that barnacles, shellfish which attach themselves only to rocks or walls washed by the sea, are now found fixed on high parts of the cliffs; which proves that these cliffs with their barnacles were once at a level that could be washed by the sea. You therefore see, that wherever the sea is receding, it is occasioned by the earth rising, and that this rising is caused by the expansive power of heat below.

INSTRUCTIONS TO MECHANICS.

SCARFING.

In oak, ash, or elm, the whole length of the scarf should be six times the depth or thickness of the beam, when there are bolts or straps,

In pine, the whole length of the scarf should be about twelve times the thickness of the beam, when there are no bolts or straps.

In oak, ash, or elm, the whole length of a scarf depending on bolts only, should be about three times the breadth of the beam; and for pine beams, it should be about six times the breadth.

When both bolts and indents are combined, the whole length of the scarf for oak and hard woods may be twice the depth, and for pine and soft woods, four times the depth.

STRENGTH OF TIMBER.

If several pieces of timber of the same scantling and length are applied one above another, and supported by props at each end, they will be no stronger than if they were laid side by side; or this, which is the same thing, the pieces which are applied one above another are no stronger than one whose width is the width of the several pieces collected into one, and its depth the depth of one of the pieces; it is therefore useless to cut a piece of timber lengthways, and apply the pieces so cut one above another, for these pieces are not so strong, even if bolted.

EXAMPLE.—Suppose a girder 16 inches deep, 12 inches thick, the length is immaterial, and let the depth be cut lengthways into two equal pieces; then will each piece be 8 inches deep and 12 inches thick. Now, according to the rule of proportioning timber, the square of 16 inches, that is, the depth before it was cut, is 256, and the square of 8 is 64; but twice 64 is only 128, therefore it appears that the two pieces applied one above the other, are but half the strength of a solid piece, because 256 is double 128.

If a girder be cut lengthways in a perpendicular direction, the ends turned contrary and then belted together, it will be but very little stronger than before it was cut; for although the ends being turned give to the girder an equal strength throughout, yet wherever a bolt is there it will be weaker, and it is very doubtful whether the girder will be any stronger for this process of sawing and bolting.

HUMOROUS READINGS.

AN OLD REVOLVER.—The earth.

It is asserted that a man with glass eyes can't real eyes (realize) anything.

WHAT resemblance is there between a fallen man and a fallen wave?—Both are crest-fallen.

WHY might carpenters believe there is no such thing as stone?—Because they never saw it.

WHY is a fanciful idea entertained by a negro like a certain avocation?—Because it's a *black's myth*.

WE have lately read a short story written by a lady. Having analyzed it, we find the word "splendid" occurs 64 times; "beautiful," 77; "delightful," 61; "nice," 611; "delicious," 205; "lovely," 63. Of course she was writing about courtship.

WHEN the celebrated Beau Nash was ill, Dr. Chayne wrote a prescription for him; the next day the doctor coming to see his patient, inquired if he had followed his prescription. "No, faith," said Nash, "if I had I should have broke my neck, for I threw it out of a two pair of stairs window."

A CAUTION.—Never nod to an acquaintance at an auction. We did so once, and when the sale closed we found four broken chairs, six cracked flower-pots, and knock-kneed bedstead knocked down to us. What we intended as nods to a friend had been taken by the auctioneer as bids for the kitchen furniture.

UPON coming into the office, the other day, we asked an ancient printer his rule of punctuation. Said he—"I set up as long as I can hold my breath, then put in a comma; when I gape I insert a semicolon; when I sneeze a colon; and when I want to take another chew of tobacco, I insert a period." We cannot withhold these rules, so admirable in their simplicity, from the public.

AN OLD BACHELOR, who had become melancholy and poetical, wrote some verses for the village paper, in which he expressed the hope that the time would soon come when he should

"Rest calmly within a shroud,
With a weeping willow by my side,"
but to his inexpressible horror, it came out in print—
"When I shall rest calmly within a shawl,
With a weeping widow by my side."

DREAMING.—When Bishop Leighton was one day lost in meditation in his own sequestered walk at Dunlane, a widow came up to him, and said it was ordered that he should marry her, for she had dreamed three times that she was married to him. The Bishop answered, very well—whenever he should dream thrice that he was married to her, he would let her know, and then the union should take place.

A military officer of diminutive stature was drilling a tall Irish recruit; "Hold up your head," said the officer, elevating the chin of the Irishman with the end of his cane to an angle of nearly forty degrees. "Hold up your head, so." And must I always do so, captain?" asked the recruit. "Yes, always," answered the officer. "Then fare you well, my dear little fellow," rejoined Paddy, "for I shall never see you more."

MRS. PARTINGTON IN ILL-HEALTH.—"La, me!" sighed Mrs. Partington, "here have I been sufferin' the begamies of death for three mortal weeks. Fust, I was seized with a painful phrenology in the left hampshire of the brain, which was exceeded by a stoppage of the left ventilator of the heart. This gave me an inflammation in the borax, and now I'm sick with the chloroform morbus. There is no blessin' like that of health, particularly when you're sick."

HOTEL SCENE.—Stranger: "Have you a good, strong porter about the house?"

Clerk: "Yes, we have the strongest one about the place."

Stranger: "Is he intelligent?"

Clerk: Oh, yes, sir, quite intelligent for a porter, we think."

Stranger: "One point more. Do you consider him fearless—that is, bold and courageous?"

Clerk: "As for that matter, I know he is, he would not be afraid of the devil himself."

Stranger: "Now, Mr. Clerk, if your porter is intelligent enough to find room No. 117, fearless enough to enter, and strong enough to get my trunk away from the bedbugs, I would like to have him bring it down."

TO MARY ANN.

When morning gilds the pearly lawn,
And sunlit skies you scan,
When night's dark curtains are withdrawn,
Arise, my Mary Ann!

When chanticleer proclaims the day,
And rosy grow the skies,
When all the stars have fled away,
My Mary Ann, arise!

When, that the day is coming soon,
A thousand signs declare,
O, don your kirtle and your shoon,
And steal adown the stair!

But by my chamber door abide,
To do this best of mine:
You'll find I've put my boots outside—
O TAKE THEM DOWN TO SHINE!

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[Vol. I.

POETRY.

MITHERHOOD.

BY REV. J. E. RANKIN,

As dimpled han' is at my breast,
Where lay a beaded head at rest;
I leuk to see what it may mean,
An' meet twa roguish, twinklin' een.

Far af in slumbers saft before,
Now pulling at luv's beating door;
And sure the eager han' will win,
And mither'll let the stranger in.

Nay, dinna pout, and dinna frown,
O' all my joys this is the crown;
To see thee in thy greedy strife,
Sae taggin' at my very life.

Take in thy mou' my breastie's bnd,
Draw through thy lips the snawy flood,
Ay, press me hard wi' toothless gums,
And dent me wi' thy tiny thumbs.

'Tis biney sweet to min' thy whims,
To soothe thy rest wi' cradle-hymns,
To tumble thee in gladsome play,
An' bear thee on my heart a' day.

I dinna o' my lot complain,
I dinna grudge gudeman's domain,
How happier could a mither be,
Than I am aft with God and thee!

HAROLD.

THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

[BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.]

ABRIDGED.

BOOK I.

THE NORMAN VISITOR, THE SAXON KING, AND THE DANISH
PROPHETESS.

CHAPTER I.

Merry was the month of May, in the year of our Lord 1052. Few were the boys, and few the lasses, who overslept themselves on the first of that buxom month. Long ere the dawn, the young crowds had sought mead and woodland, to cut poles and wreath flowers. Many a mead then lay fair and green beyond the village of Charing, and behind the isle of Thorney (amidst the brakes and briars of which, were then rising fast and fair the Hall and Abbey of West-

minster); many a wood lay dark in the star-light, along the slopes, rising above the dank Strand, with its numerous canals or dykes, and on either side of the great road into Kent; flutes and horns sounded far and near through the green places, and laughter and song, and the crash of breaking boughs.

As the dawn came gray, up the east, arch and blooming faces bowed down to bathe in the May dew. Patient oxen stood dosing by the hedge-rows, all fragrant with blossoms, till the gay spoilers of the May came forth from the woods with lusty poles, followed by girls with laps full of flowers, which they had caught asleep. The poles were pranked with nosegays, and a chaplet was hung round the horns of every ox. Then towards day-break, the processions streamed back into the city, through all its gates; boys with their May-gads (pealed willow wands twined with cowslips) going before; and clear through the lively din of the horns and flutes, and amidst the moving grove of branches, choral voices, singing some early Saxon stave, precursor of the later song—

"We have brought the summer home."

On the great Kent road, the fairest meads for the cowslip, and the greenest woods for the bough, surrounded a large building that once had belonged to some voluptuous Roman, now all defaced and despoiled; but the boys and the lasses shunned these demesnes; and even in their mirth, as they passed homeward along the road, and saw near its ruined walls, and timbered outbuildings, gray Druid stones (that spoke of an age before either Saxon or Roman invader) gleaming through the dawn—the song was hushed—the very youngest crossed themselves; and the elder, in solemn whispers, suggested the precaution of changing the song into a psalm. For in that old building dwelt Hilda, of famous and dark repute; Hilda, who despite all law and canon, was still believed to practice the dismal arts of the Wicca and Morth-wyrtha (the witch and the worshipper of the dead). But once out of sight of these fearful precincts, the psalm was forgotten, and again broke, loud, clear, and silvery, the joyous chorons.

It is on the second day of May, 1052, that my story opens, at the house of Hilda, the reputed Morth-wyrtha. It stood upon a gentle and verdant height; and, even through all the barbarous mutilation it had undergone from barbarian hands, enough was left strikingly to contrast the ordinary abodes of the Saxon.

The remains of Roman art were indeed still numerous throughout England, but it happened rarely that

the Saxon had chosen his home amidst the villas of those noble and primal conquerors. Our first forefathers were more inclined to destroy than to adopt.

By what chance this building became an exception to the ordinary rule, it is now impossible to conjecture, but from a very remote period it had sheltered successive races of Teuton lords.

One of the apartments called the gynæcium was still, as in the Roman time, the favored apartment of the female portion of the household, and indeed bore the same name,—and with the group there assembled we have now to do.

In this room the walls were draped with silken hangings richly embroidered. On a beaufet were ranged horns tipped with silver, and a few vessels of pure gold. A small circular table in the center was supported by symbolical monsters quaintly carved. At one side of the wall, on a long settle, some half-a-dozen handmaids were employed in spinning; remote from them, and near the window, sat a woman advanced in years, and of a mien and aspect singularly majestic. Upon a small tripod before her was a Runic manuscript, and an inkstand of elegant form, with a silver graphium or pen. At her feet reclined a girl somewhat about the age of sixteen, her long fair hair parted across her forehead, and falling far down her shoulders. Her dress was a linen under-tunic, with long sleeves, rising high to the throat, and, without one of the modern artificial restraints of the shape, the simple belt sufficed to show the slender proportions and the delicate outline of the wearer. The color of the dress was of the purest white, but its hems or borders, were richly embroidered.

This girl's beauty was something marvelous. In a land proverbial for fair women, it had already attained her the name of "the fair." In that beauty were blended, not as yet without a struggle for mastery, the two expressions seldom united in one countenance, the soft and the noble; indeed, in the whole aspect there was the evidence of some internal struggle; the intelligence was not yet complete; the soul and heart were not yet united: and Edith the Christian maid dwelt in the home of Hilda the heathen prophetess. The girl's blue eyes, rendered dark by the shade of their long lashes, were fixed intently upon the stern and troubled countenance which was bent upon her own, but bent with that abstract gaze which shows that the soul is absent from the sight. So sat Hilda, and so reclined her grandchild Edith.

"Grandam," said the girl in a low voice, and after a long pause; and the sound of her voice so startled the handmaids, that every spindle stopped for a moment, and then plied with renewed activity; "Grandam, what troubles you—are you not thinking of the great earl and his fair sons, now outlawed far over the wide seas?"

As the girl spoke, Hilda started slightly, like one awakened from a dream; and when Edith had concluded her question, she rose slowly to the height of a statue, unbowed by her years, and far towering above even the ordinary standard of men; and turning from the child, her eye fell upon the row of silent maids, each at her rapid, noiseless, stealthy work.

"Ho!" said she; her cold and haughty eye gleaming as she spoke; "yesterday, they brought home the summer—to-day, ye aid to bring home the winter.

Weave well—heed well warf and woof. Skulda among ye, and her pale fingers guidethe web!"

The maidens lifted not their eyes, though in every cheek the color paled at the words of the mistress. The spindles revolved, the thread shot, and again there was silence more freezing than before.

"Askest thou," said Hilda at length, passing to the child, as if the question so long addressed to her had only just reached her mind; "askest thou if thought of the earl and his fair sons?—yea, I hear the smith welding arms on the anvil, and the hammer of the shipwright shaping strong ribs for the horses of the sea. Ere the reaper has bound his sheaves, Ead Godwin will scare the Normans in the halls of the Monk King, as the hawk scares the brood in the dove-cot. Weave well, heed well warp and woof, nimble maidens—strong the texture, for biting is the worm.

"What weave they, then, good grandmother?" asked the girl, with wonder and awe in her soft, misty eyes.

"The winding sheet of the great!"

Hilda's lips closed, but her eyes, yet brighter than before, gazed upon space, and her pale hand seemed tracing letters, like runes, in the air.

Then slowly she turned, and looked forth through the dull window. "Give me my coverchief and my staff," said she quickly.

Every one of the handmaids, blithe for excuse, quit a task which seemed recently commenced, and was certainly not endeared to them by the knowledge of its purpose, communicated to them by the lady's own obeisance.

Unheeding the hands that vied with each other, Hilda took the hood, and drew it partially over her brow. Leaning lightly on a long staff, the head which formed a raven of some wood stained black, she passed into the hall, and thence through the consecrated tablinum, into the mighty court formed by the sheltered peristyle; there she stopped, mused a moment, and called on Edith. The girl was soon by her side.

"Come with me. There is a face you shall see but twice in life—this day"—and Hilda paused, and the rigid and almost colossal beauty of her countenance softened.

"And when again, my grandmother?"

"Child, put thy warm hand in mine. So! the vision darkens from me. When again, saidst thou, Edith? alas, I know not."

While thus speaking, Hilda passed slowly by the Roman fountain and the heathen fane, and ascended the little hillock. There, on the opposite side of the summit, backed by the Druid crommell and the Teutonic altar, she seated herself deliberately on the sward.

A few daisies, primroses, and cowslips grow around these Edith began to pluck, singing, as she wove, a simple song.

As she came to the last line, her soft, low voice seemed to awaken a chorus of sprightly horns and trumpets, and certain other wind instruments peculiar to the music of that day. The hillock bordered the high road to London—which then wound through wastes of forest land—and now emerging from the trees to the left, appeared a goodly company. First came two banner-bearers abreast, each holding a flag. On the one was depicted the cross and five martlets; the device of Edward, afterward surnamed the Co-

essor: on the other, a plain, broad cross, with a deep order round it, and the streamer shaped into sharp points.

The first was familiar to Edith, who dropped her arland to gaze on the approaching pageant; the last was strange to her. She had been accustomed to see the banner of the great Earl Goodwin by the side of the Saxon king; and she said, almost indignantly,

"Who dares, sweet grandame, to place banner or ennon where Earl Goodwin's ought to float?"

"Peace," said Hilda, "peace and look."

Immediately behind the standard-bearers came two gures—strangely dissimilar indeed in mien, in years, a bearing: each bore on his left wrist a hawk. The me was mounted on a milk-white palfrey, with housings inlaid with gold and uncut jewels. Though not eally old—for he was much on this side of sixty—oth his countenance and his carriage evinced age. His complexion was extremely fair indeed, and his cheeks ruddy; but the visage was long and deeply arrowed, and from beneath a bonnet not dissimilar to hose in use among the Scotch, streamed hair long and white as snow, mingling with a large and forked beard. White seemed his chosen color. White was he upper tunic clasped on his shoulder with a broad such or brooch; white the woolen leggings fitted to somewhat emaciated limbs; and white the mantle, bough braided with a broad hem of gold and purple. The fashion of his dress was that which well become a noble person, but it suited ill the somewhat frail and graceless figure of the rider. Nevertheless, as dith saw him, she rose, with an expression of deep reverence on her countenance, and saying, "It is our ord the king," advanced some steps down the hil-pock, and there stood, her arms folded on her breast, and quite forgetful, in her innocence and youth, that he had left the house without the cloak and cover-hief which were deemed indispensable to the fitting appearance of maid and matron when they were seen abroad.

King Edward followed the direction of his compan-ou's outstretched hand, and his quiet brow slightly ontracted as he beheld the young form of Edith standing motionless a few yards before him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HUNTED DOWN.

(CONCLUDED.)

PORTION THE SECOND.

IV

I had a very particular engagement, to breakfast at the Temple. It was a bitter northeasterly morning, and the sleet and slush lay inches deep in the streets. I could get no conveyance, and was soon wet to the knees; but I should have been true to that appointment though I had had to wade to it, up to my neck in the same impediments.

The appointment took me to some chambers in the Temple. They were at the top of a lonely corner house overlooking the river. The name Mr. ALFRED BECKWITH was painted on the outer door. On the floor opposite, on the same landing, the name Mr. JULIUS SLINKTON. The doors of both sets of chambers

stood open, so that anything said aloud in one set, could be heard in the other.

I had never been in those chambers before. They were dismal, close, unwholesome, and oppressive; the furniture originally good, and yet old, was faded and dirty; the rooms were in great disorder; there was a strong pervading smell of opium, brandy, and tobacco; the grate and fire-irons were splashed all over, with unsightly blotches of rust; and on a sofa by the fire, in the room where breakfast had been prepared, lay the host, Mr. Beckwith: a man with all the appearances about him of the worst kind of drunkard, very far advanced on his shameless way to death.

"Slinkton has not come yet," said this creature, staggering up when I went in; "I'll call him. Halloa! Julius Cæsar! Come and drink!" As he roared this out, he beat the tongs and poker together in a mad way, as if that was his usual manner of summoning his associate.

The voice of Mr. Slinkton was heard through the clatter, from the opposite side of the staircase, and he came in. He had not expected the pleasure of meeting me. I have seen several artful men brought to a stand, but I never saw a man so aghast as he was when his eyes rested upon mine.

"Julius Cæsar," cried Beckwith, staggering between us, "Mist' Sampson! Mist' Sampson, Julius Cæsar! Julius, Mist' Sampson, is the friend of my soul. Julius keeps me plied with liquor, morning, noon, and night. Julius is a real benefactor. Julius threw the tea and coffee out of the window when I used to have any. Julius empties all the water jugs of their contents, and fills 'em with spirits. Julius winds me up and keeps me going. Boil the brandy, Julius!"

There was a rusty and furred saucepan in the ashes—the ashes looked like the accumulation of weeks—and Beckwith, rolling and staggering between us as if he was going to plunge headlong into the fire, got the saucepan out and tried to force it into Slinkton's hand.

"Boil the brandy, Julius Cæsar! Come! Do your usual office. Boil the brandy."

He became so fierce in his gesticulations with the saucepan, that I expected to see him lay open Slinkton's head with it. I therefore put out my hand to check him. He reeled back to the sofa, and sat there panting, shaking and red-eyed, in his rags of a dressing-gown, looking at us both. I noticed then, that there was nothing to drink on the table but brandy, and nothing to eat but salted herrings, and a hot, sickly, highly-peppered stew.

"At all events, Mr. Sampson," said Slinkton, offering me the smooth gravel path for the last time. "I thank you for interfering between me and this unfortunate man's violence. However you came here, Mr. Sampson, or with whatever motive you came here, at least I thank you for that."

"Boil the brandy," muttered Beckwith,"

Without gratifying his desire to know how I came there, I said quietly, "How is your niece, Mr. Slinkton?"

He looked hard at me and I looked hard at him.

"I am sorry to say, Mr. Sampson, that my niece has proved treacherous and ungrateful to her best friend. She left me without a word of notice or ex-

planation. She was misled, no doubt, by some designing rascal. Perhaps you may have heard of it?"

"I did hear that she was misled by a designing rascal. In fact I have proof of it."

"Are you sure of it?" said he.

"Quite."

"Boil the brandy!" muttered Beckwith. "Company to breakfast, Julius Cæsar! Do your usual office—provide the usual breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper—boil the brandy!"

The eyes of Slinkton looked from him to me, and he said, after a moment's consideration:

"Mr. Sampson, you are a man of the world, and so am I. I will be plain with you."

"Oh, no, you won't," said I, shaking my head.

"I tell you, sir, I will be plain with you."

"And I tell you, you will not," said I. "I know all about you. You plain with any one? Nonsense, nonsense."

"I plainly tell you, Mr. Sampson," he went on, with a manner almost composed, "that I understand your object. You want to save your funds, and escape from your liabilities; these are old tricks of trade with you Office-gentlemen. But you will not do it, sir: you will not succeed. You have not an easy adversary to play against when you play against me. We shall have to inquire, in due time, when and how Mr. Beckwith fell into his present habits. With that remark, sir, I put this poor creature and his incoherent wanderings of speech, aside, and wish you a good morning and a better case next time."

While he was saying this, Beckwith had filled a half-pint glass with brandy. At this moment he threw the brandy at his face, and threw the glass after it. Slinkton put his hands up, half blinded with the spirit, and cut with the glass across the forehead. At the sound of the breakage a fourth person came into the room, closed the door and stood at it. He was a quiet but very keen looking man, with iron-gray hair, and slightly lame.

Slinkton pulled out his handkerchief, assuaged the pain in his smarting eyes, and dabbed the blood on his forehead. He was a long time about it, and I saw that, in the doing of it, a tremendous change came over him, occasioned by the change in Beckwith—who ceased to pant and tremble, sat upright, and never took his eyes off him. I never in my life saw a face in which abhorrence and determination were so forcibly painted, as in Beckwith's then.

"Look at me, you villain," said Beckwith, "and see me as I really am. I took these rooms, to make them a trap for you. I came into them as a drunkard, to bait the trap for you. You fell into the trap and you will never leave it alive. On the morning when you last went to Mr. Sampson's office, I had seen him first. Your plot has been known to both of us, all along, and you have been counterplotted all along. What! Having been cajoled into putting that prize of two thousand pounds in your power, I was to be done to death with brandy, and brandy not proving quick enough, with something quicker? Have I never seen you, when you thought my senses gone, pouring from your little bottle into my glass? Why, you Murderer and Forger, alone here with you in the dead of the night, as I have so often been, I have had my hand upon the trigger of a pistol, twenty times, to blow your brains out!"

The sudden starting up of the thing that he has supposed to be his imbecile victim, into a determined man, with a settled resolution to hunt him down and be the death of him mercilessly expressed from head to foot, was in the first shock too much for him. Without any figure of speech, he staggered under it. But, there is no greater mistake than to suppose, that a man who is a calculated criminal, is, in any phase of his guilt, otherwise than true to himself and perfectly consistent with his whole character. Such a man commits murder, and murder is the natural culmination of his course; such a man has to outface murder, and he will do it with hardihood and effrontery. It is a sort of fashion to express surprise that any notorious criminal, having such crime upon his conscience, can so brave it out. Do you think that he had it on his conscience, or had a conscience that he put it upon, he would ever have committed the crime?

Perfectly consistent with himself, as I believe such monsters to be, this Slinkton recovered himself and showed a defiance that was sufficiently cool and quiet. He was white, he was haggard, he was changed; but, only as a sharper who had played for a great stake, and had been outwitted and had lost the game.

"Listen to me, you villain," said Beckwith, "and let every word you hear me say, be a stab in your wicked heart. When I took these rooms, to throw myself in your way and lead you on to the scheme which knew my appearance and supposed character as habits would suggest to such a devil, how did I know that? Because you were no stranger to me. I knew you well. And I know you to be the cruel wretch who, for so much money, had killed one innocent girl while she trusted him implicitly, and who was, in inches, killing another."

Slinkton took out a snuff-box, took a pinch of snuff and laughed.

"But, see here," said Beckwith, never looking away, never raising his voice, never relaxing his face, never unclenching his hand. "See what a dull wolf you have been, after all! The infatuated drunkard who never drank a fiftieth part of the liquor you plied him with, but poured it away, here, there, everywhere, almost before your eyes—who bought over the fellow you set to watch him, and to ply him, by outbidding you in his bribe, before he had been at work three days—with whom you have observed no caution, who was so bent on ridding the earth of you as a wild beast, that he would have defeated you if you had been ever so prudent—that drunkard whom you have many a time left on the floor of this room, and who has even let you go out of it, alive and undecayed when you have turned him over with your foot—has almost as often, on the same night, within an hour within a few minutes, watched you awake, had his hand at your pillow when you were asleep, turned over your papers, taken samples from your bottles and packets of powder, changed their contents, rid every secret of your life."

He had had another pinch of snuff in his hand, but he had gradually let it drop from between his fingers on the floor, where he now smoothed it out with his foot looking down at it the while.

"That drunkard," said Beckwith, "who had free access to your rooms at all times, that he might do the strong drinks that you left in his way and be sooner ended, holding no more terms with you."

he would hold with a tiger, has had his master-key for all your locks, his tests for all your poisons, his clue to all your cipher writings. He can tell you, as well as you can tell him, how long it took to complete that deed, what doses there were, what intervals, what signs of gradual decay upon mind and body, what distempered fancies were produced, what observable changes, what physical pain. He can tell you, as well as you can tell him, that all this was recorded day by day, as a lesson of experience for future service. He can tell you, better than you can tell him, where that journal is at this moment."

Slinkton stopped the action of his foot, and looked at Beckwith.

"No," said the latter, as if answering a question from him. "Not in the drawer of the writing-desk that opens with the spring; it is not there and never will be there again."

"Then you are a thief," said Slinkton.

Without any change whatever in the inflexible purpose which it was quite terrific even to me to contemplate, and from the power of which I had all along felt convinced it was impossible for this wretch to escape, Beckwith returned:

"And I am your niece's shadow too."

With an imprecation, Slinkton put his hand to his head, tore out some hair, and flung it on the ground. It was the end of the smooth walk; he destroyed it in the action, and it will soon be seen that his use for it was past.

Beckwith went on: "Whenever you left here, I left here. Although I understood that you found it necessary to pause in the completion of your purpose, to avert suspicion, still I watched you close, with the poor confiding girl. When I had your diary, and could read it word by word—it was only about the night before your last visit to Scarborough—you remember the night? you slept with a small flat phial tied to your wrist—I sent to Mr. Sampson, who was kept out of view. This is Mr. Sampson's trusty servant standing by the door. We three saved your niece among us."

Slinkton looked at us all, took an uncertain step or two from the place where he had stood, returned to it, and glanced about him in a very curious way—as one of the meaner reptiles might, when looking for a hole to hide in. I noticed at the same time, that a singular change took place in the figure of the man—as if it collapsed within his clothes, and they consequently became ill-shapen and ill-fitting.

"You shall know," said Beckwith, "for I hope the knowledge will be bitter and terrible to you, why you have been pursued by one man, and why, when the whole interest which Mr. Sampson represents, would have expended any money in hunting you down, you have been tracked to death at a single individual's charge. I hear you have had the name of Meltham on your lips sometimes?"

I saw in addition to those other changes, a sudden stoppage come upon his breathing.

"When you sent the sweet girl whom you murdered (you know with what artfully-made-out surroundings and probabilities you sent her), to Meltham's office before taking her abroad, to originate the transaction that doomed her to the grave, it fell to Meltham's lot to see her and speak with her. It did not fall to his lot to save her, though I know he would

freely give his own life to have done it. He admired her;—I could say he loved her deeply, if I thought it possible that you could understand the word. When she was sacrificed, he was thoroughly assured of your guilt. Having lost her, he had but one object left in life, and that was, to avenge her and destroy you."

I saw the villain's nostrils rise and fall, convulsively; but, I saw no moving at the mouth.

"That man, Meltham," Beckwith steadily pursued, "was as absolutely certain that you could never elude him in this world, if he devoted himself to your destruction with his utmost fidelity and earnestness, and if he divided the sacred duty with no other duty in life, as he was certain that in achieving it he would be a poor instrument in the hands of Providence, and would do well before Heaven in striking you out from among living men. I am that man, and I thank God that I have done my work!"

If Slinkton had been running for his life from swift footed savages, a dozen miles, he could not have shown more emphatic signs of being oppressed at heart and laboring for breath, than he showed now, when he looked at the pursuer who had so relentlessly hunted him down.

"You never saw me under my right name, before; you see me under my right name, now. You shall see me once again, in the body, when you are tried for your life. You shall see me once again, in the spirit, when the cord is round your neck, and the crowd are crying against you."

When Meltham had spoken these last words, that miscreant suddenly turned away his face, and seemed to strike his mouth with his open hand. At the same instant, the room was filled with a new and powerful odor, and, almost at the same instant, he broke into a crooked run, leap, start—I have no name for the spasm—and fell with a dull weight that shook the heavy old doors and windows in their frames.

That was the fitting end of him.

When we saw that he was dead, we drew away from the room, and Meltham, giving me his hand, said with a weary air:

"I have no more work on earth, my friend. But, I shall see her again, elsewhere."

It was in vain that I tried to rally him. He might have saved her, he said; he had not saved her, and he reproached himself; he had lost her, and he was broken-hearted.

"The purpose that sustained me, is over, Sampson, and there is nothing now to hold to life. I am not fit for life; I am weak and spiritless; I have no hope and no object; my day is done."

In truth, I could hardly have believed that the broken man who spoke to me, was the man who so strongly and differently impressed me when his purpose was yet before him. I used such entreaties with him, as I could; but, he still said, and always said, in a patient undemonstrative way—nothing could avail him—he was broken-hearted.

He died early in the next spring. He was buried by the side of the poor young lady for whom he had cherished those tender and unhappy regrets' and he left all he had to her sister. She lived to be a happy wife and mother; she married my sister's son, who succeeded poor Meltham; she is living now; and her children ride about the garden on my walking-stick, when I go to see her.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1868.

THE MISSION OF WOMEN.

WOMEN AND GOVERNMENT.

A copy of a new periodical devoted to "Woman's Rights" and entitled "*The Revolution*" has been placed in our hands. What that alarming title may indicate we are not fully assured, but suppose the proposition of the journal in question is to *revolutionize* the social world on the subject of woman's position and privileges. As to that position we judge from the number before us that women should have thrown open to them not only the right to vote but the privilege of filling all offices of honor and emolument under government, and in every department of professional life.

Judging from the tone of advocates of "woman's rights," it would appear that women are adapted to shine in every position in life except that of mothers or housekeepers. Their true position is the doctor's office, the lawyer's study, and the halls of Congress. Now whatever women are really adapted for one thing is clear, their "advocates" are remarkably adapted to pick out the most comfortable places in life for the ladies and leave the worst for the men. We have said they were to be lawyers, doctors, "congressmen" in fact anything of the kid-glove class of profession that may be come-at-able; but what is very remarkable, while claiming so much generally considered to be masculine, they never urge their right to be sailors, coal-miners, wood-haulers or farm laborers! In this particular they evince a clearness of perception as to what is "nice" which shows how superior woman's judgment is to that of man who has so unrighteously usurped her place.

But leaving the advocate of "woman's rights" to themselves, let us see how this woman's question really stands.

For ages—in fact from the most distant periods of which we have any account, a universal impression has prevailed amongst all nations that woman's true position in life was subordinate to that of man. It is true that in the ages of chivalry unmarried ladies were objects of romantic worship. Knights of high and low degree bent before "ladye fair," swore by her, and did all sorts of absurd things in her behalf, till—they got her, when she very quickly discovered who had to do the bending and who the bidding. Excepting in relation to romantic periods such as these, we say, an instinctive feeling has led all nations to consider woman's sphere, so far as governing and directing, has been concerned, as dependent and inferior to that of man. This feeling although based upon a truth has been more or less displayed in a brutalized or debased form in proportion as the nation adopting it; has been advanced in civilization or sunk in barbarism. If very low in the scale of progress, women have been treated as slaves, if highly civilized as companions, but still subordinate. In no case has any nation been able to throw off this instinct peculiar

no less to its women than its men. So far as reasoning alone is concerned, there can be no more correct way of getting at the truth as to what men and women are adapted for, than by observing what has been the universal instinct of mankind on such subjects in all ages and climes; by noticing to what point they have undeviatingly turned, and incessantly returned, after every diversion from the object. That which all nations—no matter how severed by distance or divided by time have unfailingly considered to be right, must, however distorted their view, be based upon an internal prompting, and that prompting and tendency although transfigured and abused divine in its origin.

Take for instance the question as whether there is a God. What is the greatest evidence of His existence, and that He demands to be worshipped, but the fact that every heart requires a Deity to worship. With or without cultivation, men and women in every nation and period have felt this prompting, this universal cry of humanity for a God to adore. The superficial atheist will tell us that this feeling is solely the result of the inculcations of priests and other interested men. That priesthood and even priestcraft have done much to keep alive this native flame none will deny, but what has given priestcraft its worldwide success; what has made its road to universal influence so easy; what has given its advocates such a wondrous advantage over all other class of teachers, but the fact that there has been in every heart a preparation for some system of worship and devotion? What but the fact that it appealed to a truth of which a greater or less consciousness existed within every man's soul? And so of every other truth necessary for the order and peace of the world, a germ of it has been planted in every heart; and in relation to this question of woman's position it is the same, men in all ages have claimed as a natural right the functions of government and women in all ages have unhesitatingly yielded to the claim, not because of education, habit, or custom, but because it has been more in harmony with their nature to accept this state of things than to oppose it. And even the unresisting submission of women to the cruel and unjust lengths to which this doctrine has sometimes been carried—like the wondrous submission of mankind to the gigantic impositions and exactions of priestcraft,—only go to prove how fixed and constant are the natural impulses which no abuse or imposture can destroy.

While this is the case on the one hand, how easy is it to see that this submission of women would not and could not have been displayed, had women been prepared by God for equal rule and dominion with man. In spite of woman's wish to please man; in spite of man's physical superiority, the inborn propensities of her nature would have asserted themselves. Just as it is with certain races so it would have been with the sexes. That which any race are adapted to be they always become. If adapted for prominence or civilization over and above others, the internal force within them soon creates the necessary opportunities. Had women been possessed of the elements of government equally with man, their native adaptation for the task would have declared itself a thousand times over in the history of the world. If kept down in one age, it would have manifested itself in another, and the

more such evidences were suppressed the greater the fury of their outbreak at last. Outburst would have succeeded outburst until the instincts for equal rule with man had been satisfied. It is folly to talk of a fact of human nature—especially woman nature—being kept buried for six thousand years. Instead, however, of an instinctive recoiling from the claims of man in this respect, we find women in all ages accepting as a great inevitable truth the right of the opposite sex to govern. This, we assert, she has done because because there has been no impulse within her in opposition thereto. Had such an instinct existed, there would have been a daily and eternal objection to such a condition of things and the world would have been one perpetual scene of misery and confusion in consequence.

To this it may be replied that women have sometimes shown an ambition for governmental powers and that they have seemed successfully to exercise them. This is true but where they have succeeded in becoming so much more of men, it has generally been by becoming so much less of women. In nearly every case such women have not only unsexed themselves but have become notorious for intrigue, debauchery and crime. England has her Victoria who governs well by virtue of not governing at all. England had also her Elizabeth who maintained her supremacy and sway by making every faculty of her nature subordinate thereto. She gratified her love of undivided authority by sacrificing the affections of her heart. Who would say she was as much woman as Victoria, or that Victoria could have been as much a woman as she is had she not preferred to be a true woman to a great queen?

So far as the greatness or goodness of woman's nature is concerned, this, however, is only one side of the picture. In our next we shall give the other side of the question of woman's capabilities.

OLD AND NEW SYSTEMS OF TEACHING MUSIC.

BY PROFESSOR JNO. TULLIDGE.

CLASS TEACHING—ITS INTRODUCTION.

On account of the popularity which now attends systems of teaching music *en masse* or in classes, few persons—especially non-musical ones—can realize the difficulties which attended their introduction.

As far as I am acquainted previous to 1838, the practice of teaching vocal music in classes was totally unknown. To illustrate its history allow me to refer to my own experience as a class teacher.

In the year 1838 I took a musical tour to the cathedral cities of Salisbury, Chichester, Bath, Bristol, Rochester, Litchfield and Lincoln, and found myself at last in the cathedral city of York.

My object in visiting these places was two-fold. First, to study the ancient ecclesiastical mode, or Gregorian chant, which *note used* in this style—I have been told—somewhat resembled the one popular in America some years since. Secondly, I had a great desire to understand their system of vocal sight reading, and see whether it could not be applied for teaching large numbers. The system that I had been taught by was the Italian method, the non-moveable Sol-Fa.

After being at York for a short period, I obtained the situation of Choral Vicar in the City Cathedral.

By the kind permission of the Choral Master—who superintended the tuition of "Soprano" boys—I was admitted to their elementary rehearsals. I found by inspection, that they taught a system compiled by Mr. Webbe, the celebrated Glee compo-

ser, which system was used by all the Cathedral choirs I had visited. I had a work in my possession of the same description published in 1749, so the system was not new to me. I felt inclined to put the same method in practice, but I conceived it necessary to extend it and illustrate by diagrammatic ladders the seven changeable keys.

I had noticed, with much pleasure and gratification, in traveling through Yorkshire and Lancashire, the efficient manner in which the chorus singers of both counties performed the Oratorical works of the giant composers Handel and Haydn, and I imputed their excellent sight reading capabilities to the superiority of the method they had adopted. And when I considered that those fine chorus singers were not professionals, but merely factory men and women, it excited in me a desire to try the effect of teaching masses together in part singing by the same system, aided by the diagrammatic illustrations to which I have referred.

At this period, the Sacred Harmonic Society in London was employing professional leaders to conduct each of the four parts, the rest of the choral body not being sight-readers; while at all the Oratorical Festivals, singers had to be selected from the various cathedrals and the associations of the two counties above named.

Previous to starting a class for the teaching of large bodies I consulted Mr. Barker, the principal tenor singer of the Cathedral, who was also the conductor of the Phil-harmonic Concerts in that city. When I mentioned the subject of class teaching to him, he looked at me with bewilderment, and said, "Nonsense! you must be insane to think of such a thing, and more insane will you be if you try to accomplish such an absurdity. Why, man, do you know that all our singers are taught by unisonic examples and practice? Do you also know that the efficiency you have noticed will require a drilling of three or four years for two hours per day for professionals. The factory men and women begin young, and it is eight to ten years before they are admitted in a musical society for public singing in parts. Don't mention the subject to me again."

I must confess I was staggered, but it did not cause me to relinquish class teaching.

Beside my engagement at the Cathedral, I conducted the choir of an Independent Chapel on Sunday evenings, and on that choir I felt determined to try and carry out my pet idea.

I did not take their method of practicing the intervals, but took a shorter road. They ascended the scale as follows: Do to Mi, a third; Do to Fa, a fourth; Do to Sol, a fifth; Do to La, a sixth; Do to Si, a seventh; Do to Do, an octave. All the intervals were taken from the tonic, or key note. 2nd form—Do to Mi, a major third; Re to Fa, a minor third; Mi to Sol, a minor third; Fa to La, a major third; Sol to Si, a major third; La to Do, a minor third.

My idea was, to impress on the minds of my pupils—in the first place—the trumpet sounds of Do to Mi, Mi to Sol, Sol to Do, telling them the effect of these intervals would be the same in every key.

The next form to which I directed their attention was the intervals of Do to La, La to Fa and Fa to Re in descending. Both forms in ascending and descending. The La to Fa, Fa to Re, being of so singular a character, I told them would require more attention, but would have the same effect in every key. One interval alone remained for practice, the Si on the seventh of the scale, and notwithstanding the difficulty of intoning this interval, I told them if they would but notice the piercing sound of that note, and its inclination to ascend by one short step to the Do, it became easy enough.

In about six lessons the intervals were managed, and in six months they could read Psalmody at first sight in four parts. At the end of the year, easy anthems were read with fluency. I introduced fresh diagrammatic ladders at each change of key, and went through the course in the year with one lesson weekly in the old notation.

I received for my pains the opposition of all the professionals in the city. Mr. Hullah was similarly treated when he brought out his system three years subsequently.

In attempting the following criticism of the various systems of choral teachings which have of late years been introduced, I merely mention my experience as an illustration of the fixity of idea with which the profession opposed the method of class instruction.

In my next I will refer to the system introduced by Mr. Hullah throughout England.

THE CREAM OF THE PAPERS.

SKETCHES OF ABYSSINIA.

[From Bow Bells.]

The plan of the campaign against Theodore may be described as a series of bases between Annesley Bay and Magdala, or whatever stronghold in which it may ultimately turn out the captives are imprisoned. The great difficulty which has to be overcome is in the feeding of the troops—for though hitherto the native chiefs and tribes with which our troops have come in contact are sufficiently friendly to sell for British gold whatever commodities they possess, Sir Robert Napier, like a prudent general, declines to trust the fate of his soldiers either to the friendly disposition or means of supply of the semi-barbarous natives. He, therefore, has caused a series of provision depots to be established along the route of his march from the sea-coast into the interior.

Each of these depots will be a base of operations; so that, in the event of the army or any portion of it having to fall back, its retreat will be saved from any disastrous consequences, because, at comparatively easy stages, supplies of food, clothing, medicine and ammunition will be found.

It is not surprising that some of the Abyssinian chiefs, on whose promises or known hostility to the tyrant Theodore our generals relied for assistance in effecting the release of the captives, should have disappointed the expectations of those who trusted in them.

This has been especially the case with a certain Abyssinian potentate called Menelek, King of Shoa. This potentate professed friendship for the British, and as he was known to be a deadly enemy of Theodore's, valuable aid was expected from his alliance. This, considering that he was at the head of an immense force, alleged, in cavalry alone, to amount to 30,000, was by no means an unreasonable expectation.

Now, this Menelek, with his army, was reported to have occupied the mountain passes between Debra Tabor and Magdala, and thus to be between the tyrant Theodore and the European captives. If, therefore, he could have only prevented Theodore from getting at the unfortunate captives until the British forces could come up to the tyrant, it is obvious that immense and inestimable service would have been rendered to this country. From the promises of Menelek, a good many of our officers expected that he would do us this service. But this not unreasonable expectation has been disappointed. Menelek has suddenly vanished, and left the important mountain passes which he occupied, open to Theodore.

The cause of this sudden disappearance of our supposed ally is said to be a superstitious dread of the person of King Theodore, who, by many of the superstitious Abyssinians, is believed to possess a magical power, by which he can confound and blast all those who presume to withstand his pretensions.

There is also another Abyssinian chief, named Wagshum, whose promises have induced the leaders of the expedition to place some value upon his proffered assistance. But, after the experience which our generals have had of Menelek's alliance, it is not likely that they will place any great dependence upon Prince Wagshum's co-operation.

Of all the travelers that ever visited Abyssinia, James Bruce seems to have formed the truest estimate of the Abyssinian character, and to have been the most successful in subduing the chiefs and common people to his own purposes. Both physically and intellectually, Bruce was admirably qualified for such a task. It would, indeed, have been difficult to find a person better fitted for the hazardous enterprise of traversing the country and impressing both chiefs and subjects with the idea that he was the representative of a mighty power and that he himself was a man of great importance.

The manner in which Bruce treated the natives, whenever he found them disposed to presume upon his supposed helplessness or timidity, is illustrated by the following anecdotes.

Bruce's great friend and patron was Ras Michael, the Prime Minister and chief general of the King. Now this Ras Michael had a nephew—a subordinate officer, an ill-natured fellow, who took a strong dislike to Bruce. He was about thirty years of age, of a short, square form, and a most unpromising countenance; a flat nose, a wide mouth, a yellow complexion, and hideous scars of the small-pox.

This hero was insufferably vain and presumptuous; and boasted that to him, his uncle owed all his victories. While they sat at supper, Guebra Mascal (the fellow's name) was provoked by Petros to utter some contemptuous language concerning Mr. Bruce's skill in shooting. Mr. Bruce retorted, and told

him that in his gun the end of a tallow candle would do greater execution than an iron ball in the best of Guebra Mascal's, with all his boasted skill. The Abyssinian called him a liar and a Frank; and, upon his rising, immediately gave him a kick with his foot. Mr. Bruce, in a transport of rage, seized him by the throat, and threw him on the ground. He drew his knife, and enraged with our traveler, gave him a slight cut on the crown of his head. Hitherto Mr. Bruce had not struck him; he now wrested the knife from him, and struck him on the face so violently with the handle, as to mark him with scars which continued discernible even amid the deep pitting of the small-pox.

All was now confusion and uproar in the house. An adventure of so serious a nature overcame the effects of the wine upon our countryman. He wrapped himself in his cloak, returned home, and went to bed.

His friends were eager to revenge the insult which he had received; and the first news he heard in the morning was that Guebra Mascal was in irons at the house of the Ras. Mr. Bruce, though still angry, was at a loss what measures to take. The Ras would probably hear his complaints; but his adversary was formidable. Instead, therefore, of demanding justice, Mr. Bruce excused and palliated the conduct of Guebra Mascal to Ozoro Esther and Ras Michael, obtained his liberty, and listened readily to the intercessor, whom that insolent soldier now sent, in great humiliation, to ask his forgiveness.

Mr. Bruce was sensible that the cause of his quarrel with Guebra Mascal was not immediately forgotten at Court. The King, one day, asked him whether he was not drunk himself as well as his opponent when that quarrel arose. Mr. Bruce replied that he was perfectly sober; for their entertainer's red wine was finished, and he never willingly drank hydromel.

His Majesty, with a degree of keenness, returned, "Did you, then, soberly say to Guebra Mascal that an end of a tallow-candle in a gun in your hand would do more execution than an iron bullet in his?"

"Certainly, sir, I said so."

"And why?"

"Because it was truth."

"With a tallow candle you can kill a man or horse?"

"Pardon me, sir; your Majesty is now in the place of my Sovereign; it would be great presumption in me to argue with you, or urge a conversation against an opinion in which you are already fixed."

The King's kindness and curiosity, and Mr. Bruce's desire to vindicate himself, carried matters, at length, so far, that an experiment with a tallow candle was proposed. Three courtiers brought each a shield; Mr. Bruce charged his gun with a piece of tallow-candle, and pierced through three at once, to the astonishment and even confusion, of the Abyssinian monarch and his courtiers. A sycamore table was next aimed at, and as easily perforated as the shields.

These feats the simple Abyssinians attributed to the power of magic; but they made a strong impression on the mind of the monarch in favor of our traveler.

CURIOSITIES OF MARRIAGE.

[From Waverley Magazine.]

Marriage is the first and most ancient of all institutions. As the foundation of society and the family, it is universally observed throughout the globe, no nation having been discovered, however barbarous, which does not celebrate the union of the sexes by ceremony and rejoicing.

The conditions of woman in all countries have afforded a truthful theme for the observation of the traveler, and the speculations of the philosopher and the novelist. It has been uniformly found that the savage is the tyrant of the female sex, while the position and consideration given to woman is advanced in proportion to the refinement of social life. Under the laws of Lycurgus, Numa, and even later law-givers, the power of the husband over his wife was absolute, sometimes even including the power over life or death. The wife was always defined and treated as a thing, not as a person—the absolute property of her lord. In the earlier ages a man might sell his children or his wife indifferently, and relics of this rude custom still survive, even among the nations called civilized Christians.

In Persia men marry either for life or for a determinate time. Travelers or merchants commonly apply to the magistrate for a wife during residence in any place, and the cadi produces a number of girls for selection, whom he declares to be honest

and healthy. Four wives are permitted to each husband, in Persia, and the same number is allowed by the Mohammedan law to the Mussulman.

In Chinese Tartary a kind of male polygamy is practiced, and a plurality of husbands is highly respected. In Thibet it is customary for the brothers of a family to have a wife in common, and they generally live in harmony and comfort with her. Among the Calmucks, the ceremony of marriage is performed on horseback. The girl is first mounted, and permitted to ride off at full speed, when her lover takes a horse and gallops after her. If he overtakes the fugitive, she becomes his wife, and the marriage is consummated on the spot. It is said that no instance is known of a Calmuck girl being overtaken unless she is really fond of her pursuer.

The Arabs divide their affections between their horses and their wives, and regard the purity of blood in the former, quite as much as in their offspring. Polygamy is practiced only by the rich, and divorces are rare. In Ceylon the marriage proposal is brought about by the man first sending to her whom he wishes to become his wife, to purchase her clothing. These she sells for a stipulated sum, generally asking as much as she thinks requisite for them to begin the world with. In the evening he calls on her, with the wardrobe, at her father's house and they spend the night in each other's company. Next morning if mutually satisfied, they appoint the day of marriage. They are permitted to separate whenever they please, and so frequently avail themselves of this privilege, that they sometimes change a dozen times before their inclinations are wholly suited.

In Hindoostan the women have a peculiar veneration for marriage, as it is a popular creed that those females who die virgins are excluded from the joys of paradise. In that precocious country the women begin to bear children at about the age of twelve some even at eleven. The proximity of the natives of India to the burning sun, which ripens men, as well as plants, at the earliest period in these tropical latitudes, is assigned as the cause. The distinguishing mark of the Hindoo wife is the most profound fidelity, submission and attachment to her husband.

Marriage in Sweden is commonly governed wholly by the will of the parents, and is founded upon interest. A stolen match is almost unheard of, and persons of either sex seldom marry before the age of twenty-five or thirty. Divorces are very rare.

Russia appears to be the most preposterous country in Europe in treatment. The nuptial ceremonies, all and singular, are based upon the idea of the degradation of the female. When the parents have agreed upon the match, the bride is examined by a number of women to see if she has any bodily defect. On her wedding day she is crowned with a garland of wormwood, to denote the bitterness of the marriage state. She is exhorted to be obedient to her husband, and it is a custom in some districts for the newly married wife to present the bridegroom with a whip, in token of submission, and with this he seldom fails to show his authority. In this cold and cruel country, husbands are sometimes known to torture their wives to death without any punishment of the murderer.

We are told of the Aleutian Islanders who form a part of our new Russian American acquisition, that they marry one, two, or three wives, as they have the means of supporting them. The bridegroom takes the bride upon trial, and may return her to her parents, should he not be satisfied, but cannot demand his presents back again. No man is allowed to sell his wife without her consent; but he may (and often does) assign them over to another. This custom, it is said, is availed of by the hunters, who take Aleutian women or girls to wife for a time for a trifling compensation.

THE ARISTOCRACY AND DIGNITY OF WASHINGTON.

(From Independent.)

When the convention to form a constitution was setting in Philadelphia, in 1787, of which Gen. Washington was president, he had stated evenings to receive the calls of his friends. At an interview between Hamilton, the Morrisess, and others, the former remarked that Washington was reserved and aristocratic, even to his intimate friends, and allowed no one to be familiar with him. Governor Morris said that was a mere fancy, and he could be as familiar with Washington as with any of his other friends. Hamilton replied, "If you will, at the next reception evening, gently slap him on the shoulder, and say, 'M

dear general, how happy I am to see you look so well,' a supper and wine shall be provided for you and a dozen of your friends." The challenge was accepted. On the evening appointed a large number attended, and at an early hour Governor Morris entered, bowed, shook hands, laid his left hand on Washington's shoulder, and said: "My dear general, I am very happy to see you look so well!" Washington withdrew his hand, stepped suddenly back, fixed his eyes on Morris for several minutes with an angry frown, until the latter retreated abashed, and sought refuge in the crowd. The company looked on in silence. At the supper which was provided by Hamilton, Morris said: "I have won the bet, but paid dearly for it; and nothing could induce me to repeat it."

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES ON PHRENOLOGY.

(From Professor of the Breakfast Table.)

Oliver Wendell Holmes thus tells how easily a rogue might practice phrenology for a living.

"I will suppose myself to set up a shop. I would invest one hundred dollars, more or less, in casts of brains, skulls, charts, and other matters that would make the most show for the money. That would do to begin with. I would then advertise myself as the celebrated Professor Brainerd, or whatever name I might choose, and wait for my first customer. My first customer is a middle-aged man. I look at him—ask him a question or two, so as to hear him talk. When I have got the hang of him, I ask him to sit down, and proceed to fumble his skull, dictating as follows:—

SCALE FROM 1 to 10.

LIST OF FACULTIES FOR CUSTOMER.

PRIVATE NOTES FOR MY PUPIL, each to be accompanied with a wink.

Amativeness, 7.

Most men love the conflicting sex, and all men love to be told they do.

Allmentiveness, 8.

Don't you see that he has burst off his lowest waistcoat button with feeding—hey?

Acquisitiveness, 8.

Of course, a middle-aged Yankee.

Approbateness, 7. +

Hat well brushed; hair, ditto. Mark the effect of that PLUS sign.

Self-esteem, 6.

His face shows that.

Benevolence, 9.

That'll please him.

Conscientiousness, 8½.

That fraction looks first-rate.

Mirthfulness, 7.

Has laughed twice since he came in.

Ideality, 9.

That sounds well.

Form, Size, Weight, Color, }

Locality, Eventuality, etc., }

etc.

4 to 6. Average, everything that can't be guessed.

And so on with the other faculties.

Of course, you know, that isn't the way the Phrenologists do. They go only by the bumps. I only say that is the way I should practice "Phrenology" for a living.

DODGING A SHARK.

"I think," said the skipper, one morning at breakfast, as we were discussing that meal in the cuddy of the "Calcutta," then at anchor off the mouth of the Ullua—"I think we had better fill in as we go, so I shall send the boats cocoa-nutting. Would you like to go?"

"With all my heart," I replied. "I've never been down among the lagoons, and should like it above all things."

"I'm glad of that," said the skipper; "for I shall not go myself. I'm not ambitious of being stung to death by mosquitoes; but as you have never been down the coast, the novelty will perhaps repay you for the pain."

"I'll run the chance of a stinging," I retorted. "If we get a strong sea-breeze, we may happily escape these little pests, but when do we start?"

"With the land-wind in the morning."

"All right! Who is to go?"

"The stevedore for one, because he knows the coast well; the rest you can choose for yourself."

"Then I shall have Jones for one. He's handy and cooks well."

During the day I selected the rest of my men, hauled the boats alongside, and got everything ready for a start, which it was arranged should be about three o'clock on the following morning, and about that time we started.

We had been pulling for nearly two hours, and a two-hours stretch at the oar, under a tropical sun, is a thing not to be joked about. It was, therefore with no small degree of satisfaction that we saw the entrance to Port Sal open on the starboard side, and shortly afterwards we entered the little land-locked cove of that name.

While the dinner was being prepared, I proposed to the stevedore that we should take a bath in the lagoon. Peter, however, suggested that it was not safe on account of the alligators; but he said he knew a place outside where we could bathe without fear. Accordingly we took the gig, and though we grounded several times, we succeeded in getting through the narrow channel and reached the place Peter had spoken of.

It was a small but beautiful basin of water, with a fine clear sandy bottom, enclosed on one side by a bit of beach, while the rest was encircled by a reef of rocks. In some parts the reef was covered with a sheet of foam, while in others jagged rocks jutted up in huge masses over which a swell broke with a noise like thunder. Outside the reef there was a stiff breeze blowing, but inside the surface was calm, and the waters clear; though now and then it was curled by a brisk flaw, which rendered more refreshing and enchanting the waters of this beautiful inlet.

Not caring to anchor the boat, we undressed, and plunging in, swam out to the reef. I was enjoying the bath amazingly, floundering about under the lee of the rocks, over which the green seas broke at intervals, half smothering me in a natural shower bath. The water on the part of the reef on which I stood was scarcely two feet deep, except where the swell came round, and then I was almost taken off my legs, such was the precarious nature of my footing.

I was just waiting for another roller to burst over me, and the stevedore was floating on his back in the centre of the basin, when to my intense horror I saw a large shark making towards him. I cried out loudly, "A shark! a shark!"

The stevedore hearing the terrifying cry, turned to see from whence the danger came. It would have been useless for him to attempt to reach the boat, so I shouted for him to strike out for the shore. For a second or two he seemed fear-stricken, and made no effort to reach the land. Suddenly, he either realized the danger of his position, or he decided upon some plan of escape, for he struck out boldly for the shore. Those few seconds of indecision on the part of Peter had enabled the monster to get into fearful proximity to him, and for some minutes the race was an exciting one. I held my breath and looked on half paralyzed with terror, while foot by foot the shark drew nearer to him; expecting every instant to see its silvery stomach glancing in the sunlight, and the form of the stevedore dragged under the water.

Just as the shark was within a few fathoms of him, the stevedore turned sharp around and dived. As his foot disappeared beneath the surface, the monster dashed at it, and there was great commotion in the water. For some seconds the brute lashed his tail, his struggles were terrific, and I thought it was all over with poor Peter. But in another moment or two, to my inexpressible joy, I saw his head emerge from the water some distance from the shark, and a cry of thankfulness escaped me as I saw him reach the shore in safety.

Meanwhile the shark had released himself from the shoal; for I now saw that Peter, who knew the place well, had availed himself of his knowledge, and dexterously avoiding it, had put the shark aground upon a spit of sand that ran out from the shore.

No sooner did the brute clear the shoal than he made for the reef. I had been so occupied with the stevedore's danger that I had not thought of myself. When I did the great black fin was sailing down rapidly towards me. To enable the reader to realize my situation more fully, I may say that the boat was floating gaily in the middle of the inlet, and was thus of no service, either to Peter or me. Thus, while on the one hand, my return was effectually cut off by the shark, I could not hope for any assistance from the shore. It is true the case was not so imminent as in the case of the stevedore, but my position was, nevertheless, one of extreme peril, and one from which I could see no means of escape.

Some horrible instinct seemed to have enabled the monster to scent me; for a few minutes after Peter's retreat he was floating close to me, gazing at me with his hideous eyes, and looking as though he was only waiting for a favorable opportunity to seize me. Death, painful and horrible, stared me in the face, and I could do nothing to escape from it.

I had retreated on to the highest part of the reef; but the position afforded little extra security, for when the rollers swept over it I was several times knocked off my feet, and once nearly precipitated into the very jaws of the shark.

I remained for sometime in fearful suspense, half paralyzed with terror, and uncertain what to do. The boat was pursuing a most erratic course, now carried one way, and now another, by the opposite currents of air. At one time it seemed floating towards me, and my spirits began to revive; but as soon as it got under the lee of the rocks it advanced no further, only bobbing and dancing before me, as if to cheat me with vain hopes. Then suddenly another flaw seized it, and carried it once more into the centre of the inlet. One time I thought of attempting to reach the point by wading across the reef; but I was uncertain as to the depth, and I feared when I got quite from under the lee of the high rocks the rollers would be too strong for me, so that idea was dismissed.

I could not keep my eyes from my terrible companion, which had continued to float almost motionless in the clear water before me. His eyes, dull and flaccid, yet so ferocious, seemed to follow my every movement. At intervals, as if to delude me, he would gradually fade away, sinking slowly, and without any motion of his body, till he almost disappeared from sight, and then without any perceptible effort, rose again like a cork to the surface. There he lay like a cat pretending to sleep, yet never taking its glance from its prey.

The tension of the muscles was so great to keep my footing, and I had been so long in the water, that I felt my strength could not last much longer, and I expected every minute to be swept from the reef. All hope, therefore, of escape, as far as any active measure on my part was concerned, was gone,—my trust was now in God; I could do nothing but await His will.

From this state of despondency I was awakened by a shout, and the next instant I was hauled into the boat.

What became of my enemy, or how I got clear of the inlet, I have no very definite idea. All I knew is that, making a bold dash, Peter succeeded in reaching the boat, and rescuing me. We were not long in dressing, and soon got back to the lagoon; and though only half an hour previous I had expected to be food for a shark, the idea had not taken away my appetite, for I enjoyed my dinner as well as if nothing had happened.

HAROLD, THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

We present in this number the first instalment of Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer's grand historical tale, *Harold, the Last of the Saxon Kings*. We have selected this story not only on account of its historical value, but its dramatic interest as a tale. We believe that old and young will be delighted with it, especially those interested in knowing how our Saxon forefathers lived and acted. This number introduces us to Edward the Confessor—the "Monk King" as he is sometimes called, and to stern Duke William of Normandy, afterwards England's conqueror, also to the weird like Hilda the Danish Prophetess. Hilda is a descendant of the old Sea Kings who invaded England. She is, like many of her half-converted countrymen, a believer in a mixture of christianity and heathenism. Among other things, she holds to the ancient belief in incantations and the worship of the dead. William of Normandy—referred to in the first chapter—we meet with on a visit to the court of the pious Edward, secretly laying his plans for the throne of England. We shall notice and illustrate the story as we pass along.

LESSONS IN GEOLOGY.—No. 9.

ON PLUTONIC CHANGES IN THE STRATIFIED SURFACE OF THE EARTH.

(CONTINUED.)

While the heat is, by expansion, affecting and elevating rocks that are remote from it, it is acting with greater intensity upon the rocks that lie nearest to it. It is consequently found, that when the lower beds of the sedimentary rocks lie near enough to the fusing power of heat, they are the most altered by it, both in appearance and even in mineral, or lithological character.

This operation of subterranean heat in altering sedimentary rocks is not, in this lesson; to be mistaken for the action of volcanic intrusions, whether of granite, of basalt or of trap, to which future lessons will refer. Both actions are analogous to each other: but these lessons refer to very early changes in the earth's crust, and which might have been expected from the influence of intense melted matter, and from the effort of disengaged gases struggling to make their way through the porous rocks that overlay them.

The alteration which intense heat produces in a sedimentary rock, will always be according to the nature of the deposit of which it is formed. Shale, a laminated clay, will become so indurated and compact as almost to lose its slaty peculiarities. Argillaceous, or earthy limestone, will become granular and crystalline like the white marble of the statuary. The clays of the coal formations will appear like flinty or jaspery slate. Coal is turned into anthracite, or stone coal; and anthracite into coke. Chalk becomes crystallised marble; which has been verified by a chemist who applied intense heat to chalk, sealed in a gun-barrel. Thus then it is seen that the clay-slate used in roofing houses, is nothing but clay which has been subjected to strong heat under great pressure.

Though these kinds of alterations are remarkable, still greater ones may have been produced in proportion to the greater intensity of the fusing heat; or according to the length of time in which the action of heat continues. There are, for instance, in the extreme South of Norway, sedimentary rocks penetrated by a large mass of granite, which must have been protruded in a state of fusion. All about the mass of granite, the sedimentary beds are altered to the distance, from the once melted matter, of from fifty to four hundred yards. Before this took place, the shale or the schist consisted of green or chocolate colored layers of sediments; but the fused granite has changed these into ribboned jasper, like those which are found in the pebbles at Aberystwith, in South Wales,—specimens in which each stripe faithfully represents the original lines in which their various clays were deposited. The limestone of the neighborhood, which was originally of an earthy texture, and of a blue color, as it is still found at a distance from the granite, is become white granular marble. It is also remarkable that both the slate and the limestone of that rock contain garnets, and ores of iron, copper, lead, and silver.

In Cornwall, also, the fused granite has protruded veins into a rock, which the Cornish miners call "killas," a coarse argillaceous or earthy schist or slate,

a rock which has been altered by the heat of the fused matter, into hornblende schist. This operation is well developed both at St. Agnes, and St. Michael's mount in the Bay of Penzance. These and a thousand similar instances prove that powers exist in nature which are capable of transforming sedimentary and fossiliferous rocks into crystalline strata.

It has been intimated that in altering rocks, heat not only changes their appearance or aspect, but also gives them a new mineral character, and causes them, in some instances, to become identical with the melted rock which has changed them, though they themselves have not been melted. Chemists have proved by experiment, that a rock need not be perfectly melted before its component parts will re-arrange themselves,—that is before they crystallize, or take a new mineral character. Sedimentary rocks, therefore, may be completely altered, without having the lines of their stratification obliterated.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTE—Correspondence is invited from our friends.

WELL. WIEHER writes:—Your interesting "Ministry Subject" gave rise again to a query that has often perplexed me. What is the cause of the ON-TENDED difference in temperature at England, New York and California? They are all adjacent to oceans, are in nearly the same latitude, and according to a sea-level, are at about the same altitude. We can reason out causes for inland places varying, and you would oblige if you can give us a reason for the variations at such places as above mentioned.

We think "Well Wieher's" difficulty may be explained to a great degree by the difference of latitude between these places, which we think he has not taken sufficiently into account. The centre portion of England is in latitude 53. New York lies within a fraction of 41 and San Francisco at about latitude 37. Roughly averaging 60 miles to a degree, New York is about 700 miles south of the centre of England while San Francisco is nearly 1000 miles south of the same line. When our correspondent considers the difference in temperature between our Dixie, only 400 miles south, and his city, he will see that 700 or 1000 miles is sufficient to account for a great deal of the difference he refers to. Great Britain occupies the same degree of latitude as the inclement coast of Labrador, Scotland is no further north than wintry Alaska. England would exhibit a much greater difference between itself and New York but for the warming of its waters by the Gulf Stream.

LADIES' TABLE.

RHUBARB AND ITS USES.

As the season when rhubarb is abundant is now at hand, we therefore subjoin some directions for its employment in various moles from the pens of correspondents who have tested the recipes:

"RHUBARB WINE.—To make this the rhubarb must be quite ripe; to every gallon of rain water boiling, cut 8-lb of rhubarb into thin slices, put it into your pan or tub, cover it close with a thick cloth or blanket, and stir it three times a day for a week; then strain it through a cloth, and add 4-lb of lump sugar, the juice of two lemons, and the rind of one. To free it take one ounce of isinglass or gelatine and one pint of the liquor, and melt it over the fire; be sure you do not add it to the rest of the liquor till quite cold; then cask it. When the fermentation is over, bung it down. Bottle in March, and the following June it will be fit for use. The present time will do to make it, but a month later is better,

— "To every 5-lb. of rhubarb stalk, when sliced and bruised, put one gallon of cold spring water; let it stand three days, stirred two or three times every day; then press and strain it through a sieve, and to every gallon of liquor put 8½ lb of loaf sugar; stir it well, and when melted barrel it. When it has done working bung it up close, first suspending a muslin bag with isinglass from the bung into the barrel (say 2oz. for 15 gallons). In six months bottle it and wire them; let the bottles stand up for the first month, then lay four or five down lengthways for a week and if none burst, all may be laid down. Should a large quantity be made it must remain longer in cask. I have just bottled a quarter-cask of rhubarb wine made by the above recipe, which is pronounced much better than half the champagne one gets.

— "To make 'British champagne,' take 18 lb of rhubarb, cut into small pieces, put them with 20 gallons of soft water in a copper, and boil them till soft; then strain them through a sieve, then add to it five or six handfuls of balm from the garden, or dried. To every gallon of liquor put three pounds of lump sugar and half a pound of Malaga raisins chopped; and when lukewarm put it into the barrel, and in three weeks stop it down. In six months bottle it. It will be fit to use in three months, or it will keep twenty years. You may make it a pink color by adding a pint of damson juice."

HUMOROUS READINGS.

"WELL, Robert, how much did your pig weigh?"—"It didn't weigh as much as I expected, and I always thought it wouldn't."

"I do not say," remarked Mr. Brown, "that Jones is a thief; but I do say that, if his farm joined mine, I would not keep sheep."

At a parish examination a clergyman asked a charity boy if he had ever been baptized. "No, sir, not as I knows on—but I've been waxinated," was the reply.

A person was boasting that he sprang from a high family.

"Yes," said a bystander, "I have seen some of your family so high that their feet could not touch the ground."

It is so seldom, in this age of shams that anything advertised actually performs the work it is reported to do, that it affords us positive pleasure to be able to record a genuine case. Two little children in the country, suffering from colds, recently took some cough lozenges. Judy is able to state, on good authority, that they will "cough no more." An inquest has been held.

FATHER AND SON.—A gentleman was chiding his son for staying out late at nights—or rather early next morning—and said: "Why, when I was of your age, my father would not allow me to go out of the house after dark!"—"Then you had a deuce of a father, you had," sneered the young profligate.—Whereupon the father very rashly vociferated, "I had a confounded site better'n than you, you young rascal!"

A SMART LAD.—A boy from the country was recently taken into a gentleman's family. One afternoon, just before dark, after having been called up to the drawing-room, he came down into the kitchen, laughing immoderately.—"What's the matter?" cried the cook.—"Why, dang it!" said he, "there are twelve on 'em up there who couldn't light the gas, and they had to ring for me to do it!"

A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN being called from home one day during a brief absence of his wife, and being compelled to leave the house empty till his or her return, locked the door, put the key under the steps, and tacked a card on the door, on which he wrote these few words for her exclusive enlightenment, "DEAR WIFE,—Am called away suddenly; did not like to leave house open; locked door and put key under steps; you will find it there if you return before me."

D'YE GIVE IT UP?—Suppose a man and a girl were to get married—the man thirty-five years old, and the girl five years; this makes the man seven times as old as the girl; they live together until the girl is ten years old; makes the man forty years old, and four times as old as the girl, and they still live until the girl is fifteen, the man would be forty-five; this makes the man three times as old; they still live until she is thirty years old, this makes the man sixty, and only twice as old, and so on. Now how long would they have to live to make the girl as old as the man?

TAD LINCOLN is attending school in Chicago, where he occasionally gives evidence that he possesses a share of his father's droll humor. His teacher, the other day, with a severity not altogether unheard of, had inflicted the penalty of "marks" upon another boy for the penalty of blowing his nose. Pretty soon Tad's hand signaled the tutor's eye, whereupon:

Tutor loquitor.—"Lincoln, what do you wish?"

Tad.—"Want to go out, sir."

Tutor.—"For what purpose?"

Tad.—"To scratch my head, sir."

He goes.

A GOOD STORY is told of Dr. S—— M——. Some time ago the doctor accompanied some fair ladies to the Navy Yard. The day was fine but gusty; he was eloquently describing on a ferry-boat the beauty of the surrounding scenery, when a puff of wind gently lifted his hat off his head, and carried it like a bird flapping its wings up the river. "Good heavens!" exclaimed the doctor, there's a poor fellow's hat in the air. Well, that's a joke I always laugh at!" The roar of laughter which greeted him all round, and the direction which all eyes took to his head, induced him to put his hand there. "By the powers," quoth he, "it's MY hat!" But his native wit returning, he said, as he saw it plump itself into the waters of the East river, "That's true to nature; a beaver always takes to the water."

IF!

If skies were bluer,
And fogs were fewer,
And fewer the storms on land and sea;
Were shiny summers
Perpetual comers—
What a Utopia this would be!

If Life were longer,
And Faith were stronger,
If Pleasure would bide—if care would flee;
If all were brothers
To all the others—
What an Arcadia this would be!

Were Gold abolished,
And Steam demolished,
Were Slavery chained and Freedom free;
If all earth's troubles
Collapsed like bubbles—
What an Elysium this would be!

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POETRY.

TWO LITTLE PAIR OF BOOTS.

[By S. S. FERRY.]

Two little pairs of boots, to-night,
Before the fire are drying,
Two little pairs of tired feet
In a trundle bed are lying;
The tracks they left upon the floor
Make me feel much like sighing.

Those little boots with copper toes!
They ran the livelong day!
And oftentimes I almost wish
That they were miles away!
So tired I am to hear so oft
Their heavy tramp at play.

They walk about the new ploughed ground,
Where mud in plenty lies,
They roll it up in marbles round,
And bake it into pies;
And then at noon upon the floor
In every shape it lies.

To-day I was disposed to scold;
But when I look to-night,
At those little boots before the fire,
With copper toes so bright,
I think how sad my heart would be,
To put them out of sight.

For in a trunk, up stairs, I've laid
Two socks of white and blue;
If called to put those boots away,
Whatever should I do?
I mourn that there are not to-night
Three pairs instead of two.

I mourn because I thought how nice
My neighbor "cross the way,"
Could keep her carpets, all the year,
From getting worn or gray;
Yet well I know she'd smile to own
Some little boots to-day.

We mothers weary get and worn,
Over our load of care;
But how we speak of these little ones,
Let each of us beware;
For what would our firesides be to-night,
If no little boots were there?

HAROLD, THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.
[ABRIDGED.]

CONTINUED.

Thus before the king did Edith stand with the warm May wind lifting and playing with her long golden locks. He checked his palfrey, and murmured some Latin words which the knight beside him recognized as a prayer, and to which, doffing his cap, he added an amen, in a tone of such unctuous gravity, that the royal saint rewarded him with a faint approving smile.

Then inclining his palfrey's head towards the knoll, King Edward motioned to the girl to approach him. Edith with a heightened color, obeyed, and came to the roadside. The standard-bearer halted, as did the king and his comrade—the procession behind halted—thirty knights, two bishops, eight abbots all on fiery steeds and in Norman garb—squires and attendants on foot—a long and pompous retinue—they halted all.

"Edith, my child," said Edward, "Edith, my child, thou hast not forgotten my lessons, I trow; thou singest the hymns I gave thee, and neglectest not to wear the relie round thy neck."

The girl hung her neck, and spoke not.

"How comes it, then," continued the king, with a voice which he in vain endeavored to impart an accent of severity, "how comes it, O little one, that thou, whose thoughts should be lifted already above this carnal world, and eager for the service of Mary the chaste and blessed, standest thou hoodless and alone on the waysides, a mark for the eye of man? go to, it is nought."

Thus reproved, in the presence of so large and brilliant a company, the girl's color went and came, her breast heaved high, but with an effort beyond her age, she checked her tears and said meekly, "My grandmother, Hilda, bade me come with her, and I came."

"Hilda!" said the king, backing his palfrey with apparent perturbation, "but Hilda is not with thee; I see her not."

As he spoke, Hilda rose, and so suddenly did her tall form appear on the brow of the hill, that it seemed as if she had emerged from the earth. With a light and rapid stride she gained the side of her grandchild;

and after a slight and haughty reverence said, "Hilda is here, what wants Edward the king with his servant Hilda?"

"Naught, naught," said the king, hastily, and something like fear passed over his placid countenance; "save, indeed," he added, with a reluctant tone, as of that of a man who obeys his conscience against his inclination, "that I would pray thee to keep this child pure to threshold and alter, as is meet for one whom our Lady, the Virgin, in due time will elect to her service."

"Not so, son of Etheldred, son of Woden; the last descendant of Penda should live, not to glide a ghost amidst cloisters, but to rock children to war in their father's shield. Few men are there yet like the men of old, and while the foot of the foreigner is on the Saxon soil no branch on the stem of Woden should be nipped in the leaf."

"By the Splendor of God, bold dame," cried the knight by the side of Edward, while a lurid flush passed over his cheek of bronze; "but thou art too glib of tongue for a subject, and pratest overmuch of Woden, the Paynim, for the lips of a Christian matron."

Hilda met the flashing eye of the knight with a brow of lofty scorn, on which still a certain terror was visible.

"Child," she said, putting her hand upon Edith's fair locks; "this is the man thou shalt see but twice in thy life—look up, and mark well!"

Edith instinctively raised her eyes, and, once fixed upon the knight, they seemed chained as by a spell; His vest, so dark, that it seemed black beside the snowy garb of the Confessor, was edged by a deep band of embroidered gold; leaving perfectly bare his firm full throat—firm and full as a column of granite—a short jacket or manteline of fur, pendent from the shoulders, left developed in all its breadth a breast, that seemed meet to stay the march of an army; and on the left arm, curved to support the falcon, the vast muscles rose, round and gnarled, through the close sleeve.

In height, he was really but little above the stature of many of those present, nevertheless, so did his port, his air, the nobility of his large proportions, fill the eye, that he seemed to tower immeasurably above the rest.

That presence was calculated to command the admiration of women, not less the awe of men. But no admiration mingled with the terror that seized the girl as she gazed long and wistful upon the knight. The fascination of the serpent on the bird held her mute and frozen. Never was that face forgotten; often in after-life it haunted her in the noonday, it frowned upon her dreams.

"Fair child," said the knight, fatigued at length by the obstinacy of the gaze while that smile peculiar to those who have commanded men relaxed his brow, and restored the native beauty to his lip, "fair child, learn not from thy peevish grandame so uncourteous a lesson as hate of the foreigner. As thou growest into womanhood, know that Norman knight is sworn slave to lady fair;" and, doffing his cap, he took from it an uncut jewel, set in Byzantine filagree work. "Hold out thy lap, my child; and when thou hearest the foreigner scoffed, set this bauble in thy locks, and think kindly of William, count of the Normans."

He dropped the jewel on the ground as he spoke;

for Edith, shrinking and unsoftened towards him, held no lap to receive it; and Hilda, to whom Edward had been speaking in a low voice, advanced to the spot, and struck the jewel with her staff under the hoofs of the king's palfrey.

"Son of Emma, the Norman woman, who sent thy youth into exile, trample on the gifts of thy Norman kinsman. And if, as men say, thou art of such gifted holiness that Heaven grants thy hand the power to heal and thy voice the power to curse, heal thy country, and curse the stranger!"

She extended her right hand to William as she spoke, and such was the dignity of her passion, and such its force, that an awe fell upon all. Then dropping her hood over her face she slowly turned away, regained the summit of the knoll, and stood erect beside the alter of the Northern god, her face invisible through the hood drawn completely over it, and her form motionless as a statue.

"Ride on," said Edward, crossing himself.

"Now by the bones of St. Valery," said William, after a pause, in which his dark keen eye noted the gloom upon the king's gentle face, "it moves much my simple wonder how even presence so saintly can hear without wrath words so unclean and foul. Gramercy, 'an the proudest dame in Normandy (and I take her to be wife to my stoutest baron, William Fitzosborne), had spoken thus to me—"

"Thou wouldst have done as I, my brother," interrupted Edward; "prayed to our lady to pardon her, and rode on pitying."

"Now, by my Halidame, I honor and love thee, Edward," cried the duke, with a heartiness more frank than was usual to him—"and were I thy subject, woe to man or woman that wagged tongue to wound thee by a breath. But who and what is this same Hilda? one of thy kith and kin?—surely nought less than kingly blood runs so bold?"

"William, *bien aimé*," said the king, "it is true that Hilda, whom the saints assail, is of kingly blood, though not of our kingly line. It is feared," added Edward, in a timid whisper, as he cast a hurried glance around him, "that this unhappy woman has ever been more addicted to the rites of her pagan ancestors than to those of Holy Church—and men do say that she hath thus acquired from fiend or charm secrets devoutly to be eschewed by the righteous. Natheless let us rather hope that her mind is somewhat distraught with her misfortunes."

The king sighed, and the duke sighed too, but the duke's sigh spoke impatience. He swept behind him a stern and withering look towards the proud figure of Hilda, still seen through the glades, and said in a sinister voice: "Of kingly blood; but this witch of Woden has no sons or kinsmen, I trust, who pretend to the throne of the Saxon?"

"She is sibbe to Githa, wife of Goodwin," answered the king, "and that is her most perilous connection; for the banished earl, as thou knowest, did not pretend to fill the throne, but he was content with naught less than governing our people."

While King Edward was narrating to the Norman duke all that he knew, and all that he knew not, of Hilda's history and secret arts and character, and just as William was beginning to grow weary of his good cousin's prolix recitals, the hounds suddenly gave tongue and from a sedge-grown pool by the

way-side, with solemn wing and harsh boom, rose a bittern.

"Holy St. Peter!" exclaimed the saint-king, spurring his palfrey, and loosing his famous Peregrine falcon. William was not slow in following that animated example, and the whole company rode at half speed across the rough forest-land, straining their eyes upon the soaring quarry, and the wheels of the falcons. Riding thus, with his eyes in the air, Edward was nearly pitched over his palfrey's head, as the animal stopped suddenly; checked by a high gate, set deep in a half embattled wall of brick and rubble. Upon this gate sat, quite unmoved and apathetic, a tall ceorl, or laborer, while behind it was a gazing curious group of men of the same rank, clad in those blue tunics of which our peasant's smock is the successor, and leaning on scythes and flails. Sour and ominous were the looks they bent upon that Norman calvacade. The men were at least as well clad as those of the same condition are now; and their robust limbs and ruddy cheeks showed no lack of the fare that supports labor. Indeed, the working man of that day, if not one of the absolute theowes, or slaves was, physically speaking, better off, perhaps, than he has ever since been in England.

"Open the gate, open quick, my merry men," said the gentle Edward (speaking in Saxon, though with a strong foreign accent), after he had recovered his seat, murmured a benediction, and crossed himself three times. The men stirred not.

"No horse tramps the seed we have sown for Harold the earl to reap;" said the ceorl doggedly, still seated on the gate. And the group behind him gave a shout of applause.

Moved more than ever he had been known to be before, Edward spurred his steed up to the boor, and lifted his hand. At that signal twenty swords flashed in the air behind, as the Norman nobles spurred to the place. Putting back with one hand his fierce attendants, Edward shook the other at the Saxon. "Knaave, knave," he cried, "I would hurt you, if I could!"

There was something in these words, fated to drift down into history, at once ludicrous and touching. The Normans saw them only in the former light, and turned aside to conceal their laughter; the Saxon felt them in the latter, and truer sense, and stood rebuked. This great king, whom he now recognized, with all those drawn swords at his back, could not do him hurt: that the king had not the heart to hurt him. The ceorl sprang from the gate, and opened it, bending low.

"Ride first, Count William, my cousin," said the king, calmly.

The Saxon ceorl's eyes glared as he heard the Norman's name uttered in the Norman tongue, but he kept open the gate, and the train passed through, Edward lingering last. Then said the king, in a low voice—

"Bold man, thou spokest of Harold the earl and his harvests; knowest thou not that his lands have passed from him, that he is outlawed, and his harvests are not for the scythes of his ceorls to reap?"

"May it please you, dread lord and king," replied the Saxon, simply, "these lands that were Harold the earl's are now Clappa's, the sixhændman's."

"How is that?" quoth Edward hastily; "we gave them neither to sixhændman nor to Saxon. All the

lands of Harold hereabout were divided among sacred abbots and noble chevaliers—Normans all."

"Fulke the Norman had these fair fields, yon orchard and tynen; Fulke sold them to Clappa, the earl's sixhændman, and what in mancuses and pence Clappa lacked of the price, we the ceorls of the earl, made up from our own earnings in the earl's noble service. And this very day, in token thereof we have quaffed the bedder-ale. Wherefore, please God and our Lady, we hold these lands part and parcel with Clappa; and when Earl Harold comes again, as he will, here at least he shall have his own."

Edward, who, despite a singular simplicity of character which at times seemed to border on imbecility, was by no means wanting in penetration when his attention was fairly roused, changed countenance at this proof of rough and comely affection on the part of these men to his banished earl and brother-in-law. He mused a little while in grave thought, and then said, kindly—

"Well, man, I think not the worse of you for loyal love to your thegn, but there are those who would do so, and I advise you, brotherlike, that ears and nose are in peril if thou talkest thus indiscreetly."

"Steel to steel, and hand to hand," said the Saxon, bluntly, touching the long knife in his leathern belt, "and he who sets gripe on Sexwolf son of Elfhelm, shall pay his weregeld twice over."

"Forewarned, foolish man, thou art forewarned.—Peace," said the king; and shaking his head, he rode on to join the Normans, who were now, in a broad field, where the corn sprang green, and which they seemed to delight in wantonly trampling, as they curveted their steeds to and fro, watched the movements of the bittern and the pursuit of the two falcons.

"A wager, my lord king!" said a prelate, whose strong family likeness to William proclaimed him to be the duke's bold and haughty brother, Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, "a wager. Mysteod to your palfrey that the duke's falcon first fixes the bittern."

"Holy father," answered Edward, in that slight change of voice which alone showed his displeasure, "these wagers all savor of heathenesse, and our canons forbid them to mone and priest. Go to it is naught."

The bishop who brooked no rebuke, even from his terrible brother, knit his brows, and was about to make no gentle rejoinder, when William whose profound craft or sagacity was always at watch, lest his followers should displease the king, interposed, and, taking the word out of the prelate's mouth, said,

"Thou reprovest us well, sir and king; we Normans are too inclined to such levities. And see, your falcon is first in pride of place. By the bones of St. Valery how nobly he towers! See him cover the bittern! see him rest on the wing! Down he swoops! gallant bird!"

"With his head split in two on the bittern's bill," said the bishop; and down, rolling one over the other, fell bittern and hawk, while William's Norway falcon, smaller of size than the king's, decended rapidly, and hovered over the two. Both were dead.

"I accept the omen," muttered the gazing duke in Latin; "let the natives destroy each other." He placed his whistle to his lips, and his falcon flew back to his wrist.

"Now home," said King Edward.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FOUL PLAY.

BY CHARLES READE AND DION BOUCAULT.

CHAPTER I.

There are places which appear at first sight inaccessible to romance; and such a place was Mr. Wardlaw's dining-room in Russell Square. It was very large, had sickly green walls, picked out with aldermen, full length; heavy maroon curtains; mahogany chairs; a turkey carpet an inch thick; and was lighted with wax candles only.

In the centre, bristling and gleaming with silver and glass, was a round table, at which fourteen could have dined comfortably; and at opposite sides of this table sat two gentlemen, who looked as neat, grave, precise, and unromantic, as the place; Merchant Wardlaw and his son.

Wardlaw senior was an elderly man, tall, thin, iron-gray, with a round head, a short, thick neck, a good, brown eye, a square jaw that betokened resolution, and a complexion so sallow as to be almost cadaverous. Hard as iron; but a certain stiff dignity and respectability sat upon him, and became him.

Arthur Wardlaw resembled his father in figure, but his mother in face. He had, and has, hay-colored hair, a forehead singularly white and delicate, pale blue eyes, largish ears, finely chiselled features, the under lip much shorter than the upper; his chin oval and pretty, but somewhat receding; his complexion beautiful. In short, what nineteen people out of twenty would call a handsome young man, and think they had described him.

Both the Wardlaws were in full dress, according to the inviolable custom of the house; and sat in a dead silence, that seemed natural to the great, sober room.

This, however, was not for want of a topic; on the contrary, they had a matter of great importance to discuss, and in fact this was why they dined *tete-a-tete*: but their tongues were tied for the present; in the first place, there stood in the middle of the table an *epergne*, the size of a Putney laurel-tree; neither Wardlaw could well see the other, without craning out his neck like a rifleman from behind his tree: and then there were three live suppressors of confidential intercourse, two gorgeous footmen, and a sombre, sublime, and, in one word, episcopal butler: all three went about as softly as cats after a robin, and conjured one plate away, and smoothly insinuated another, and seemed models of grave discretion; but were known to be all ears, and bound by a secret oath to carry down each crumb of dialogue to the servants' hall, for curious dissection, and boisterous ridicule.

At last, however, those three smug hypocrites retired, and, by good luck, transferred their suffocating *epergne* to the sideboard; so then father and son looked at one another with that conscious air which naturally precedes a topic of interest; and Wardlaw senior invited his son to try a certain decanter of rare port, by way of preliminary.

While the young man fills his glass, hurl we in his antecedents.

At school till fifteen, and then clerk in his father's office till twenty-two, and showed an aptitude so remarkable, that John Wardlaw, who was getting tired, determined, sooner or later, to put the reins of government into his hands. But he conceived a desire that the future head of his office should be a university man. So he announced his resolution, and to Oxford went young Wardlaw, though he had not looked at Greek or Latin for seven years. He was, however, furnished with a private tutor, under whom he recovered lost ground rapidly. The Reverend Robert Penfold was a first-class man, and had the gift of teaching. The house of Wardlaw had peculiar claims on him, for he was the son of old Michael Penfold, Wardlaw's cashier; he learned from young Wardlaw the stake he was playing for, and, instead of merely giving him one hour's lecture per day, as he did to his other pupils, he used to come to his rooms at all hours, and force him to read, by reading with him.

He also stood his friend in a serious emergency. Young Wardlaw, you must know, was blessed or cursed with Mimicry; his powers in that way really seemed to have no limit, for he could imitate any sound you liked with his voice, and any form with his pen or pencil.

Now, we promise you, he was one man under his father's eye, and another down at Oxford; so, one night, this gentleman, being warm with wine, opens his window, and seeing a group of undergraduates chattering and smoking in the quadrangle, imitates the peculiar grating tones of Mr. Champion, vice-president of the college, and gives them various reasons why they

ought to disperse to their rooms and study. "But, perhaps," says he, in conclusion, "you are too blind drunk to read Bosh in crooked letters by candle-light! In that case—" And he then gave them some very naughty advice how to pass the evening; still in the exact tones of Mr. Champion, who was a very, very strict moralist; and this unexpected sally of wit caused shrieks of laughter, and mightily tickled all the hearers, except Champion *ipse*, who was listening and disapproving at another window.

He complained to the president. Then the ingenious Wardlaw, not having come down to us in a direct line from Bayard, committed a great mistake—he denied it.

It was brought home to him, and the president, who had laughed in his sleeve at the practical joke, looked very grave at the falsehood. Rustication was talked of and even Expulsion.

Then Wardlaw came sorrowfully to Penfold, and said to him, "I must have been awfully out, for I don't remember all that; I had been wining at Christchurch. I do remember slanging the fellows, but how can I tell what I said? I say, old fellow, it will be a bad job for me if they expel me, or even rusticate me; my father will never forgive me; I shall be his clerk, but never his partner; and then he will find out what a lot I owe down here. I'm done for! I'm done for!"

Penfold uttered not a word, but grasped his hand, and went off to the president, and said his pupil had wined at Christchurch, and could not be expected to remember minutely. Mimicry was, unfortunately, a habit with him. He then pleaded for the milder construction, with such zeal and eloquence, that the high-minded scholar he was addressing admitted that construction was possible, and therefore must be received. So the affair ended in a written apology to Mr. Champion, which had all the smoothness and neatness of a merchant's letter. Arthur Wardlaw was already a master in that style.

Six months after this, and one fortnight before the actual commencement of our tale, Arthur Wardlaw, well crammed by Penfold, went up for his final examination, throbbing with anxiety. He passed; and was so grateful to his tutor that, when the advowson of a small living near Oxford came into the market, he asked Wardlaw senior to lend Robert Penfold a sum of money, much more than was needed; and Wardlaw senior declined without a moment's hesitation.

This slight sketch will serve as a key to the dialogue it has postponed, and to subsequent incidents.

"Well, Arthur, and so you have really taken your degree?"

"No, sir; but I have passed my examination. The degree follows as a matter of course—that is a mere question of fees."

"Oh! Then now I have something to say to you. Try one glass more of the '47 port. Stop; you'll excuse me; I am a man of business; I don't doubt your word; Heaven forbid! but, do you happen to have any document you can produce in further confirmation of what you state; namely, that you have passed your final examination at the University?"

"Certainly, sir," replied young Wardlaw. "My Testamur."

"What is that?"

The young gentleman put his hand in his pocket, and produced his Testamur, or "We bear witness;" a short printed document in Latin, which may be thus translated—

"We bear witness that Arthur Wardlaw, of St. Luke's College, has answered our questions in humane letters."

"GEORGE RICHARDSON,

"ARTHUR SMYTHE,

"EDWARD MÉRIVALE,

Examiners."

Wardlaw senior took it, laid it beside him on the table, inspected it with his double eye-glass, and not knowing a word of Latin, was mightily impressed, and his respect for his son rose 40, or 45 per cent.

"Very well, sir," said he. Now listen to me. Perhaps it was an old man's fancy; but I have often seen in the world what a stamp these Universities put upon a man. To send you back from commerce to Latin and Greek, at two and twenty, was trying you rather hard: it was trying you doubly; your obedience, and your ability into the bargain. Well, sir, you have stood the trial, and I am proud of you. And so now it is my turn: from this day and from this hour, look on yourself as my partner in the old-established house of Wardlaw. My balance sheet shall be prepared immediately, and the partnership deed drawn. You will enter on a flourishing concern, sir; and you will virtually conduct it, in written communication with me for I have had five and forty years of it; and then my liver you

know! Watson advises me strongly to leave my desk, and try country air, and rest from business and its cares."

He paused a moment and the young man drew a long breath, like one who was in the act of being relieved of some terrible weight.

As for the old gentleman, he was not observing his son just then, but thinking of his own career; a certain expression of pain and regret came over his features; but he shook it off with manly dignity.

"Come, come," said he, "this is the law of nature, and must be submitted to with a good grace. Wardlaw junior, fill your glass." At the same time he stood up and said, stoutly, "The setting sun drinks to the rising sun;" but could not maintain that artificial style, and ended with, "God bless you, my boy, and may you stick to business; avoid speculation, as I have done; and so hand the concern down healthy to your son, as my father there (pointing to a picture) handed it down to me, and I to you."

His voice wavered slightly in uttering this benediction; but only for a moment: he then sat quietly down, and sipped his wine composedly.

Not so the other; his color came and went violently all the time his father was speaking, and, when he ceased, he sank into his chair with another sigh deeper than the last, and two half-hysterical tears came to his pale eyes.

But presently, feeling he was expected to say something, he struggled against all this mysterious emotion, and faltered out that he should not fear the responsibility, if he might have constant recourse to his father for advice.

"Why, of course," was the reply. "My country house is but a mile from the station; you can telegraph for me in any case of importance."

"When would you wish me to commence my new duties?" "Let me see, it will take six weeks to prepare a balance-sheet, such as I could be content to submit to an incoming partner. Say two months."

Young Wardlaw's countenance fell.

"Meantime you shall travel on the continent and enjoy yourself."

"Thank you," said young Wardlaw, mechanically, and fell into a brown study.

The room now returned to what seemed its natural state, and its silence continued until it was broken from without.

A sharp knocking was heard from the street-door, and resounded across the marble hall.

The Wardlaws looked at one another in some little surprise. "I have invited nobody" said the elder.

Some time elapsed, and then a footman made his appearance, and brought in a card.

"Mr. Christopher Adams."

Now that Mr. Christopher Adams should call on John Wardlaw, in his private room, at nine o'clock in the evening, seemed to that merchant irregular, presumptuous, monstrous. "Tell him he will find me at my place of business to-morrow, as usual," said he knitting his brows.

The footman went off with this message; and, soon after, raised voices were heard in the hall, and the episcopal butler entered the room with an injured countenance.

"He says he must see you; he is in great anxiety."

"Yes, I am in great anxiety," said a quivering voice at his elbow; and Mr. Adams actually pushed by the the butler, and stood, hat in hand, in those sacred precincts. "Pray, excuse me, sir," said he, "but it is very serious; I can't be easy in my mind till I have put you a question."

"This is very extraordinary conduct, sir," said Mr. Wardlaw. "Do you think I do business here, and at all hours?"

"O no, sir; it's my own business. I am come to ask you a very serious question. I couldn't wait till morning with such a doubt on my mind."

"Well, sir, I repeat this is irregular and extraordinary; but as you are here, pray what is the matter?" He then dismissed the lingering butler with a look.

Mr. Adams cast uneasy glances on young Wardlaw.

"O," said the elder, "you can speak before him. This is my partner; that is to say, he will be as soon as the balance-sheet can be prepared, and the deed drawn. Wardlaw junior, this is Mr. Adams, a very respectable bill-discounter."

The two men bowed to each other, and Arthur Wardlaw sat motionless.

"Sir, did you draw a note of hand to-day?" inquired Adams of the elder merchant.

"I dare say I did. Did you discount one signed by me?"

"Yes sir, we did."

"Well, sir, you have only to present it at maturity. Wardlaw and Son will provide for it, I dare say."

"This with the lofty nonchalance of a rich man, who had never broken an engagement in his life."

"Ah, that I know they will if it is all right; but suppose it is not?"

"What d'ye mean?" asked Wardlaw, with some astonishment.

"O, nothing, sir! It bears your signature, that is good for twenty times the amount; and it is endorsed by your cashier. Only what makes me a little uneasy, your bills used to be always on your own forms, and so I told my partner. He discounted it. Gentlemen, I wish you would just look at it."

"Of course we will look at it. Show it Arthur first; his eyes are younger than mine."

Mr. Adams took out a large bill-book, extracted the note of hand, and passed it across the table to Wardlaw junior. He took it up with a sort of shiver, and bent his head very low over it; then handed it back in silence.

Adams took it to Wardlaw senior, and laid it before him, by the side of Arthur's Testamur.

The merchant inspected it with his glasses.

"The writing is mine, apparently."

"I am very glad of it," said the bill-broker, eagerly.

"Stop a bit," said Mr. Wardlaw. "Why, what is this? For two thousand pounds! and, as you say, not my form. I have signed no note for two thousand pounds this week. Dated yesterday. You have not cashed it, I hope?"

"I am sorry to say my partner has."

"Well, sir, not to keep you in suspense, the thing is not worth the stamp it is written on."

"Mr. Wardlaw!—Sir!—Good heavens! Then it is as I feared. It is a forgery."

"I should be puzzled to find any other name for it. You need not look so pale, Arthur. We can't help some clever scoundrel imitating our hands; and as for you, Adams, you ought to have been more cautious."

"But, sir, your cashier's name is Penfold," faltered the holder, clinging to a straw. May he not have drawn—is the indorsement forged as well?"

Mr. Wardlaw examined the back of the bill, and looked puzzled.

"No," said he. "My cashier's name is Michael Penfold, but this is endorsed 'Robert Penfold.' Do you hear, Arthur? Why, what is the matter with you? You look like a ghost. I say there is your tutor's name at the back of this forged note. This is very strange. Just look, and tell me who wrote these two words 'Robert Penfold?'"

Young Wardlaw took the document, and tried to examine it calmly, but it shook visibly in his hand, and a cold moisture gathered on his brow. His pale eyes roved to and fro in a very remarkable way; and he was so long before he said anything, that both the other persons present began to eye him with wonder.

At last he faltered out, "This 'Robert Penfold' seems to me very like his own handwriting. But then the rest of the writing is equally like yours, sir. I am sure Robert Penfold never did anything wrong. Mr. Adams, please oblige me. Let this go no further till I have seen him, and asked him whether he indorsed it."

"Now don't you be in a hurry," said the elder Wardlaw. "The first question is, who received the money?"

Mr. Adams replied that it was a respectable looking man, a young clergyman.

"Ah!" said Wardlaw, with a world of meaning.

"Father!" said young Wardlaw, imploringly, "for my sake, say no more to-night. Robert Penfold is incapable of a dishonest act."

"It becomes your years to think so, young man. But I have lived long enough to see what crimes respectable men are betrayed into in the hour of temptation. And, now I think of it, this Robert Penfold is in want of money. Did he not ask me for a loan of two thousand pounds? was not that the very sum? Can you not answer me? why, the application came through you."

Receiving no reply from his son, but a sort of agonized stare, he took out his pencil and wrote down Robert Penfold's address.

This he handed the bill-broker, and gave him some advice in a whisper, which Mr. Christopher Adams received with a profusion of thanks, and bustled away, leaving Wardlaw senior excited and indignant, Wardlaw junior, ghastly pale and almost stupefied.

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WOMEN AND GOVERNMENT.

No. II.

As we have endeavored to prove, the undeviating instinct of both men and women in all ages has born testimony to the superior adaptation of men to govern and preside. But what does this fact amount to? Simply this, that man has one set of functions, women another. If women have not man's presidential qualities, they have much that he has not. They have an instinctive sense of right; and an inward sense of delicacy, grace and taste, more exquisitely developed than man. They have a different sphere, but in that—lower or higher it makes no difference—they walk unrivalled. They are, in fact, the complement to man. What he possesses they do not. Where he is strong they are weak. On the other hand they travel some paths of thought and perception where man never roams. All the meaning there is in woman's inequality to govern, is just this: it is not in the line of her abilities to do it. Her force and power lie another way, and she excels in another direction. She is not constituted to find enjoyment or profit in it. Except where artificially cultivated, she never has, nor ever will desire it.

Some of the greatest blessings of life grow out of this different allotment of callings and abilities to the sexes; men and women are organized dissimilarly, that out of this very difference may grow the charm of each others society, and the necessity for each others presence. And this is no more true in respect to any gift or grace by which either sex become attractive to the other, than it is in relationship to the superior capabilities of men for government. This very investment of headship in man, is one of those skillful arrangements of the Almighty, by which man becomes essential to the woman, and the union of the sexes is ensured. All the world over, it is known by students of human nature, that one of the most prominent charms of men in the eyes of woman, lies in her belief and hope that he is fitted for her superior and head. Much as women love to have their own way, they despise the man that cannot properly govern them and theirs. Those superficial thinkers, who in their huge little wisdom, ignore man's position, and think they confer such a benefit on woman by declaring her perfect equality with man in this respect, strike a heavy blow at one of the greatest wants of woman's nature, as well as at one of the divinest and strongest ties by which the sexes are held together.

Because women cannot govern men, it does not follow that they have no understanding of government, or that they cannot in their sphere contribute to the intelligence and wisdom of those that govern. Woman's true instincts will never take her to the halls of Congress, or the political platform, but like man when properly developed, she radiates a portion of divine intelligence. Her spirit, like that of man, is

open to impressions from the fountain of eternal knowledge. Like man, she passes through life garnering up experience weighty and true. Truths conceived in her mind are as precious as those comprehended by man's intellect. All her powers are intended to have their influence; for while it is a fact that for the sake of harmony and peace, the governing power should be invested in one of the sexes, it is no less true, that that deciding power, so royally invested in man, was intended to be aided and assisted from every source within his reach, be that source angel of light, man's fellow in the flesh, wife or even child. But, of course, of the value and disposal of that light, man being the responsible party must ever be the judge.

It is clear to all thinking minds that wide a range of abilities, although of another order to those of man, lie invested in women, and the question comes, in what callings or pursuits in life can these abilities be legitimately exercised. We reply in any which do not interfere with the self-evident design of her being. Ask, for instance, the delicate and jewelled watch with its machinery for measuring time and its dial plate for recording it, whether it was intended as a machine for breaking stones or plowing the ground, and the reply would be: "I am intended for nothing which unfits me for correctly measuring time—measuring time may be a very plodding and humble occupation, but there is neither honor nor elevation in a position which I cannot perfectly fill. It is true that by dismissing me from my true use, and encasing me in sufficient iron or brass I may be used for breaking stones, but I can only gain this suitability by the destruction of another." Now woman is a jewelled piece of machinery as delicate as any watch, and with a purpose as clearly defined. She is organized first for her own happiness; then that by her delicacy of conception, lifeiness and sense of beauty, she may vary man's more heavy, plodding faculties, and throw a charm over his life as a companion. Mentally, quite as much as physically, by every force and faculty of her being, is she next adapted to be a mother—the guardian, guide and cultivator of youth. Not a mere raiser of children, for that is the most despicable view of woman's mission that can be conceived; but to be the great heart in which childish sorrows can be poured; the clear brain and the delicate perception by which the future men and women of this world may be moulded for the highest purposes of life. This is the object of her being. To do this properly—to become most her husband's joy, her children's blessing, she should be philosophical, artistic, poetic and musical. No knowledge, grace, or accomplishment can be thrown away upon her. To the extent that any of these studies or pursuits contribute to these ends she can claim to follow them; but any employment which tends to make her less attractive—less beautiful to man before marriage or less motherly and wifely afterwards is to her injury and society's loss. By sufficiently encasing her in another nature—like the delicate watch in the iron case—and by becoming oblivious to her true beauties and utilities, she may be successfully employed as a politician—a wrangler by pen or voice. She may be used to break and smash erroneous political creeds, and fight for right rough-handed through the world, but when she has done it, and even accomplished good in this way,

she has just accomplished at a vast expense of womanly attraction what man could have brought about with no violence to his nature at all—a delicate pen-knife *when sufficiently blunted* may be used to job holes in stones, but a coarse chisel is a speedier instrument, and has the advantage of remaining perfect after the operation which the pen-knife has not. So with women they may become successful advocates, potent writers, legislators or generals for aught we know, but who desires them for wives or mothers. They have taken on another nature than that dear to our hearts. They have lost the nameless charm which like the aroma of the flower is so hard to describe but so palpable to the sense. Of course there are exceptions to every rule and there are ladies, who driven by necessity to masculine professions for support, by continually fighting the unwomanly influence of these callings, have retained to a great degree the sweetness and delicacy of their sex; but it is not easily done nor is it so with the bulk of women engaged in these pursuits; they become changed in bearing and feature. True, they appeal more to man's intellect but less to his heart. They make very tolerable second-hand men—they may *shine*—but the potent charm—the magic given to them by the Creator by which to *win* as wives and mothers has disappeared under the influence of unnatural pursuits.

Woman, if she only knew her strength, would never think of competing with man in the coarser elements of life. The dignities and honors peculiar to men, which mistaken philanthropists would confer upon woman would be a poor exchange for the natural advantages she possesses in her own way. She is not created to rule authoritatively; her sphere of dominion is the affections. There she is stronger than man. When she gives up this domain for the possession of influence proper to men, she seeks to shine with borrowed robes, poor and weak alongside of the lustre of those native to her spirit and organization.

How great and glorious woman can become in their own sphere, few visions have yet expanded to comprehend; how much she can do in that department where "her great strength lies" for the production of a nobler race no human imagination has ever fully conceived. For the sake of harmony and order—for the sake of mutual dependence and affinity, man is created a little lower than the angels and woman as to headship a little lower than both; but as to angelic character, as to divine wisdom, as to chaste and holy purposes, as to transmitting influences that will affect unborn millions, woman has opportunities equal to the highest ambition that ever filled her soul. She cannot grow too much in self development; she cannot be too much ennobled, for in exact proportion to her mental and spiritual growth, will be the nobility and excellence of our race in all times to come:

NOTES ON HAROLD.

It may aid some of our readers to the better enjoyment of this historical, but romantic story, if we give occasional notes on matters to which it refers. At the opening of the tale, we find England composed mostly of a Saxon and a Danish population. The Danes, who at various times had come over as invaders

sailing under their dismal raven flag, we find settled quietly in the country, and mixing with the population; noble and commoner, alike claiming England as their home. In the early portion of King Edward's life he had spent much time abroad and contracted a taste for Norman fashions, very repulsive to his English subjects. Our story introduces King Edward as surrounded by his Norman favorites, of whom the Saxon population seem to have an instinctive dread. Harold the Saxon—the hero of the tale—with his father, the great earl Godwin is at this time in Ireland where he has been banished by the king through the influence of the foreigners. William of Normandy accompanied by some nobles; and secretly anxious that Edward, who is childless, should promise him the crown after his decease, is now on a visit to the English Court. Edward is nominally married to the sister of the banished Harold, but his monkish spirit has led him to consider a married life unholy. The virgin queen is at this moment in a convent to which the king dismissed her on the banishment of her family.

In the story of the wager about the falcon, William's hopes that, like Edward's bird was killed by the bittern, while his falcon swooped over both, so Saxon and Dane would exterminate each other, while he and his Normans made a prey of the country, shows the aspirations and aims, that then animated the bosom of the future invader of old England.

FOUL PLAY.

Being determined to add increasing interest to our columns, we commence in this number the thrilling story of "FOUL PLAY," written by Charles Reade, the celebrated writer, and Dion Boucicault, the great modern sensational dramatic author. The story is now being published in England, for the first time, in *Once a Week*, from which paper we extract it. What with HAROLD for those that feast on records of olden times, and FOUL PLAY for those who delight more in modern sensational works, we believe all will be satisfied.

We apologize to our numerous readers, for somewhat of a delay in the delivery of this number. A great press of work at the *News* office against which no suitable provision could be made, has been the cause. It is, however, their and our wish, and constant endeavor, to be punctual as to time. We wish to deliver always by Saturday evening and shall endeavor to make such arrangements as will ensure it. We can assure all, that we are as much annoyed as any when these unavoidable delays occur.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTE.—Correspondence is invited from our friends.

Owing to lack of space we have room but for one answer this week.

QUERER, from Willard City, wishes to know if we are acquainted with Mr. Shelton's new phonographic system, and its distinctive difference from the old ones, also as to whether it is yet to be had in a printed form. We have heard Mr. Shelton's method highly commended, and that, by the most practiced phonographists in the city. One of its essential improvements appears to be that, by omitting those tedious and delaying matters dots and similar marks, sentences may be written with, scarcely, taking the pen from the paper. The system, so far as we can learn, has not yet been printed. We shall endeavor to give a more extended understanding of the system hereafter.

THE CREAM OF THE PAPERS.

MRS. SENATOR SPRAGUE AND PRESIDENT JOHNSON.

[From the Pittsburgh (Pa.) Gazette.]

A paragraph is going the rounds of the papers to the effect that Mrs. Sprague is bringing her influence to bear on her husband and father in favor of President Johnson and against impeachment. There may be more in this than a casual observer would suppose. The question of rank or precedence is not more closely contested in any European court than in our Republican capital. Colonel Benton and Chief-Justice Taney had a little feud, which only ended with their lives, about precedence. Should a United States Senator rank a judge of the Supreme Court? That was a question which the haughty persistence of the eagle-faced Colonel but partially settled in the affirmative; for, although a United States Senator will not often condescend to leave his card for a Judge of the Supreme Court, the Judges of the Supreme Court are slow to acknowledge their duty to pay the respect of a call upon a United States Senator. Of course this is a question in which ladies take an active interest, and no one has distinguished herself more in it than Mrs. Sprague.

In the early days of the war the young Governor of Rhode Island, who raised a regiment at his own risk, and went to suppress the rebellion, was quite a hero of romance. Loyal ladies were not so abundant in Washington as after Lee's surrender; and what with her wit, beauty, gracious manners, her father's position, and the affluence of the Rhode Island millionaire-patriot-Governor-Colonel, Miss Chase occupied a very prominent position, and believed herself entitled to precedence as "First Lady" in the Government. She contested her claim with Mrs. Lincoln, who, as "Lady of the White House," was by common consent, awarded that eminence. There has been several passages at arms between them, and Mrs. Lincoln felt deeply aggrieved when Miss Chase was at the White House, either by special invitation or to introduce some friends, I forget which, Mrs. Lincoln, in an amiable desire to promote harmony, reminded her that she had not seen her for some time, and hoped she would call again soon.

Miss Chase haughtily replied that she had generally been at home, and that if Mrs. Lincoln had wished to see her she could most probably have done so by returning her previous call. My informant, a lady who was present at the time, thought Miss Chase's manner as offensive as the open claim to equal rank was unjust and injudicious, and felt that Mrs. Lincoln was fully justified in ever afterwards refusing to treat her with any pretense of kindness, or to attend her wedding. Those who knew the history of Miss Chase's refusal to accord to Mrs. Lincoln the precedence to which she was unquestionably entitled, felt that Mr. Lincoln did wrong in attending that wedding, and thus giving the haughty bride a triumph over his wife.

Mrs. Sprague's desire to be "First Lady" amounts almost to a mania; and, no doubt, has much to do with her father's Presidential aspirations. While Mr. Johnson is President she will have little active opposition in her claim to that dignity in right of her treble rank of wealth, wife of a Senator and daughter of the Chief-Justice: for Mrs. Patterson is a woman of little or no self assertion. What with the intemperance of her husband and brother, and the care of an invalid mother and her four children, she has little time to attend to the dignity of her position, and, with her earnest devotion to her father, would defer to Mrs. Sprague, if by so doing she could win any support to that father. On the other hand Mrs. Wade will hold any position to which she may be assigned, and which she accepts. If Mrs. Sprague has ever undertaken to assert any superiority over her, the sprightly and aspiring lady no doubt retired from the conflict feeling that she had won no laurels. Mrs. Wade is very unpretending in dress and manners, and to see her and her husband in a street car, as I have done, returning from a hospital visit, after Senate hours, one might mistake them for a well-to-do farmer and his hale old wife; but there is a reserve force of good sense and dignity in her manner which would make itself felt in the lowest-hovel or most brilliant drawing-room. If she goes into the White House there will be no room for dispute as to who is "First Lady" in this Democratic land. Hence there is no doubt Mrs. Sprague would not like to see her in that position, especially as Mrs. Wade, in common with thousands of the people of Ohio, must remember, with grave disapproval, the youthful folly of the spoiled beauty who brought public scandal on her father's administration while he was Governor of that State. Even at that school-girl

age she had sufficient tact and influence with him to baffle his wisest counselors in their efforts to remove her favorite, a handsome dissolute, married man, from his position under the government. One morning the city of Columbus was thrown into great excitement by the announcement that the Governor had undertaken to horsewhip the handsome gentleman, and had been shot in the "recontre;" but Miss Kate clutched the helm so firmly as to carry her little bark through the storm without throwing her Jonah overboard. Her influence with her father is almost unlimited, and to that source was ascribed his active opposition to an increase of salary to female clerks at a time when they received \$600 a year, and she paid just this amount for a wedding veil.

Mrs. Wade is so thoroughly her opposite, being heart and soul interested in all true efforts to aid the lowly, while maintaining her own dignity, rendering honor to whom honor is due, that there is no doubt, in my mind, but Mrs. Sprague will strain every nerve to prevent her being placed in a position to dispose of her own claim to the title of "First lady."

JANE G. SWISHELM.

OBERLIN AND HIS WIFE.

[From History of Supernatural.]

This noble Christian—whose name is venerated all over the world for his apostolic labors for more than half a century amongst the people of the Ban-de-la-Roche, or Steintal, in Alsace—found, when he went there, his parishioners talking of apparitions of their departed friends as familiar facts. As he regarded this as an empty and pernicious superstition, he reproved them for it, and set himself in the pulpit to denounce it, and to reason them out of it. But, so far from this, he himself was compelled to believe in apparitions, by the appearance of his own wife. After her death, she came almost daily, and sat and conversed with him. It is asserted in his memoirs, that she was visible not only to himself but to the rest of his household. For nine years she continued this practice, not only informing him of the nature and life of the other world, but continuing his best counselor regarding his undertakings in this. She informed him, that previous to her decease she received a visit from her departed sister, the wife of Professor Oberlin of Strasburg, announcing to her her approaching death, on which she had immediately set about making extra clothes for her children, and laying in provisions for the funeral feast. This done, she took leave of her husband and family, and went quietly to bed, quite assured that her end was at hand, which proved so. That her knowledge of her decease was from the spirit of her sister, she had not told Oberlin before her death.

All these transactions Oberlin left a narrative of. Mr. Dale Owen says that he met in Paris, in 1859, with M. Matter, who, by permission of Oberlin, had examined these papers; and observed that Oberlin was convinced that the inhabitants of the invisible world can appear to us, and we to them, when God wills; and that we are apparitions to them as they are to us. In 1824, Dr. Barthe and Mr. Smithson visited Oberlin, and conversed with him on these subjects. They asked him how he could distinguish his wife's appearance from dreams; and he asked them how they could distinguish one color from another. He told them that they might as well attempt to persuade him that it was not a table at which they sat, or that he did not receive these visits from his wife; at the same time that he was perfectly free from any trace of dreaminess or fanaticism. He said there must be an aptitude for seeing spirits. Taking up several pieces of flint, he observed that they all looked exactly alike, but that some had so much iron in them as to be magnetic, others had none. So it was with the faculty of ghost-seeing. People might laugh, but the thing was a fact nevertheless. Like Swedenborg, he said his wife declared that everything on earth was but a copy of the things of the other world. At length his wife sent him a message by another deceased person, that she was now elevated to a higher state, and could no longer revisit the earth: nor did she ever after appear. All these particulars are confirmed by his friend and biographer Herr Stober.

FUTILITY OF PRIDE.—Alexander the Great seeing Diogenes looking attentively at a large collection of human bones piled one upon another, asked the philosopher what he was looking for. "I am searching," said Diogenes "for the bones of your father, but I cannot distinguish them from those of his slaves."

BOB TINKLING'S TRIAL.

[From Our Young Folks.]

The following felicitous picture of childish life is from a *HOLIDAY ROMANCE* by Charles Dickens. It is supposed to be written by "William Tinkling, Esq." aged eight, doubtless, only Bill Tinkling in vulgar parlance. He and another heroic boy Bob Redforth (or Colonel Robin Redforth) conspire to carry off their wives (whom they have respectively married in a corner closet) from the hated school of the Misses Drowvey and Grimmer. Bob Tinkling, the editor of this story, tells what came of it.

This beginning-part is not made out of anybody's head you know. It's real. You must believe this beginning-part more than what comes after, else you won't understand how what comes after came to be written. You must believe it all, but you must believe this most please. I am the Editor of it. Bob Redforth (he's my cousin, and shaking the table on purpose) wanted to be the Editor of it, but I said he shouldn't because he couldn't. He had no idea of being an Editor.

Nettie Ashford is my Bride. We were married in the right hand closet in the corner of the dancing-school where first we met, with a ring (a green one) from Wilkinbwater's toy-shop. I owed for it out of my pocket-money. When the rapturous ceremony was over, we all four went up the lane and let off a cannon (brought loaded in Bob Redforth's waistcoat pocket) to announce our Nuptials. It flew right up when it went off and turned over. Next day, Lieutenant Colonel Robin Redforth was united, with similar ceremonies, to Alice Rainbird. This time, the cannon bust with a most terrific explosion, and made a puppy bark.

My peerless Bride was, at the period of which we now treat, in captivity at Miss Grimmer's. Drowvey and Grimmer is the partnership, and opinion is divided which the greatest Beast. The lovely bride of the Colonel was also immured in the dungeons of the same establishment. A vow was entered into between the Colonel and myself that we would cut them out on the following Wednesday when walking two and two.

Under the circumstances of the case, the active brain of the Colonel; combined with his lawless pursuit (he is a pirate), suggested an attack by fireworks. This from motives of humanity, was abandoned as too expensive.

Lightly armed with a paper-knife buttoned up under his jacket, and waving the dreaded black flag at the end of a cane, the Colonel took command of me at 2 p.m. on the eventful and appointed day. He had drawn out the plan of attack on a piece of paper which was rolled up round a hoop stick. He showed it to me. My position and my full-length portrait (but my real ears don't stick out horizontal) was behind a corner lamp-post, with written orders to remain there till I should see Miss Drowvey fall. The Drowvey who was to fall was the one in spectacles, not the one with the large lavender bonnet. At that signal I was to rush forth, seize my bride, and fight my way to the lane. There a junction would be effected between myself and the Colonel, and putting our brides behind us, between ourselves and the palings, we were to conquer or die.

The enemy appeared—approached. Waving his black flag, the Colonel attacked. Confusion ensued. Anxiously I awaited my signal, but my signal came not. So far from falling, the hated Drowvey in spectacles appeared to have muffled the Colonel's head in his outlawed banner, and to be pitching into him with a parasol. The one in the lavender bonnet also performed prodigies of valor with her fists on his back. Seeing that all was for the moment lost, I fought my desperate way hand to hand to the lane. Though taking the back road, I was so fortunate as to meet nobody, and arrived there uninterupted.

It seemed an age ere the Colonel joined me. He had been to the jobbing-tailor's to be sewn up in several places, and attributed our defeat to the refusal of the detested Drowvey to fall. Finding her so obstinate he had said to her in a loud voice, "Die recreant!" but had found her no more open to reason on that point than the other.

My blooming bride appeared, accompanied by the Colonel's bride, at the dancing school next day. What? Was her face averted from me? Hah! Even so. With a look of scorn she put into my hand a bit of paper, and took another partner. On the paper was pencilled, "Heavens! Can I write the word! Is my husband a Cow."

In the first bewilderment of my heated brain I tried to think what slanderer could have traced my family to the ignoble animal mentioned above. Vain were my endeavors. At the

end of that dance I whispered the Colonel to come into the cloak-room, and I showed him the note.

"There is a syllable wanting," said he, with a gloomy brow.

"Hah! What syllable?" was my inquiry.

"She asks, Can she write the word? And no; you see she couldn't," said the colonel pointing out the passage.

"And the word was?" said I.

"Cow—cow—coward," hissed the Pirate-Colonel in my ear, and gave me back the note.

Feeling that I must forever tread the earth a branded boy—person I mean—or that I must clear up my honor, I demanded to be tried by a court-martial. The Colonel admitted my right to be tried. Some difficulty was found in composing the court, on account of the Emperor of France's aunt refusing to let him come out. He was to be the President. Ere yet we had appointed a substitute, he made his escape over the back-wall and stood among us, a free monarch.

The court was held on the grass by the pond. I recognized in a certain Admiral among my judges my deadliest foe. A cocoa-nut had given rise to language which I could not brook. But confiding in my innocence, and also in the knowledge that the President of the United States (who sat next to him) owed me a knife. I braced myself for the ordeal.

It was a solemn spectacle that court. Two executioners with pinafores reversed led me in. Under the shade of an umbrella, I perceived my bride supported by the bride of the Pirate-Colonel. The President (having reproved a little female for tittering on a matter of life and death) called upon me to plead. "Coward or no coward, guilty or not guilty?" I pleaded in a firm tone "No coward and not guilty." (The little female ensign being again reproved by the President for misconduct, mutinied, left the court, and threw stones.)

My implacable enemy, the Admiral, conducted the case against me. The Colonel's bride was called to prove that I had remained behind the corner lamp-post during the engagement. I might have been spared the anguish of my own bride's being also made a witness to the same point, but the Admiral knew where to wound me. Be still, my soul, no matter. The Colonel was then brought forward with his evidence.

It was for this point that I had saved myself up, as the turning point of my case. Shaking myself free of my guards—who had no business to hold me, the stupid! unless I was found guilty—I asked the Colonel which he considered the first duty of a soldier? Ere he could reply, the President of the United States rose and informed the court that my foe the Admiral had suggested "Bravery," and that prompting a witness wasn't fair. The president of the court immediately ordered the Admiral's mouth to be filled with leaves and tied up with string. I had the satisfaction of seeing the sentence carried into effect, before the proceedings went further.

I then took a paper from my trowsers-pocket, and asked: "What do you consider, Colonel Redforth, the first duty of a soldier? Is it obedience?"

"It is," said the Colonel.

"Is that paper—please to look at it—in your hand?"

"It is," said the Colonel.

"Is it a military sketch?"

"It is," said the Colonel.

"Of an engagement?"

"Quite so," said the Colonel.

"Of the late engagement?"

"Of the late engagement."

"Please to describe it, and then hand it to the President of the court."

From that triumphant moment my sufferings and dangers were at an end. The court rose up and jumped, on discovering that I had strictly obeyed orders. My foe, the Admiral, who though muzzled was malignant yet, contrived to suggest that I was dishonored by having quitted the field. But the Colonel himself had done as much, and gave his opinion, upon his word and honor as a Pirate, that when all was lost the field might be quitted without disgrace. I was going to be found "No coward and not guilty," and my blooming bride was going to be publicly restored to my arms in a procession, when an unlooked-for event disturbed the general rejoicing. This was no other than the Emperor of France's aunt catching hold of his hair. The proceedings abruptly terminated, and the court tumultuously dissolved.

There have been many definitions of a gentleman, but the prettiest and most poetical is that given by a lady in New York. "A gentleman," said she, "is a humble being combining a woman's tenderness with a man's courage."

CURIOUS ACCOUNT OF SERPENT CHARMING.

In the room stood two men, who appeared to be Arabs, with long, bushy hair and black beards; and I was told that they were a particular race of men that could charm serpents.

A wooden box, about four feet long and two feet deep, was placed near the door, with a string fastened to a slide at the end of it; this string went through a hole in the door.

The two serpent-charmers were dressed in haicks only, and those very small ones. After they had gone through their religious ceremonies most devoutly, they appeared to take an eternal farewell of each other; and, as done, one of them retired from the room and shut the door close after him.

The Arab within seemed to be in dreadful distress; he could observe his heart throb and his bosom heave most violently; and he cried out very loudly, "*Allah. u kiber*" three times, which is, "God have mercy on me!"

The Arab was at the further end of the room; and that instant the cage was opened and a serpent crept out slowly; he was about four feet long and eight inches in circumference; his colors were the most beautiful in nature, being bright and variegated, with deep yellow, a purple and a cream color, black and brown spotted, &c. As soon as he saw the Arab in the room his eyes, which were small and green, kindled as with fire; he erected himself in a second, his head two feet high, and, darting on the defenceless Arab, seized him between the folds of his haick, just above his right hip bone, hissing most horribly; the Arab gave a horrid shriek, when another serpent crept out of the cage. This was black, very shining, and appeared to be seven or eight feet long, not more than two inches in diameter. As soon as he cleared the cage he darted his fiery eyes on his intended victim, and, springing like lightning on the Arab, struck his fangs into his neck, near the jugular vein, while his tail and body flew round his body in two or three revolutions.

The Arab set up the most hideous and piteous yell, foamed and frothed at the mouth, grasping the folds of the serpent, which were round his arms, with his right hand, and seemed to be in the greatest agony.

By this time the other had twined itself around his legs, and kept biting all round the other parts of his body, making apparently deep incisions, the blood issuing from every wound, both in his neck and body, and streaming all over his clothes and skin. My blood was chilled with horror at this sight, and it was with difficulty that my legs would support my me.

Notwithstanding the Arab's greatest exertions to draw away the serpents with his hand, they twined themselves still tighter, stopped his breath, and he fell on the floor, where he continued for a moment, as if the most inconceivable agony, rolling over and covering every part of his body with his own blood and sweat, until he ceased to move and appeared to have expired. In his last struggle he had wounded the black serpent with his teeth, as it was striving, as it were, to force its head into his mouth; which wound seemed to increase its rage.

At this instant I heard the shrill sound of a whistle, and, looking toward the door, saw the other Arab applying a call to his mouth, the serpents listened to the music; their fury seemed to forsake them by degrees; they disengaged themselves leisurely from the apparently lifeless carcass; and, creeping toward the cage, they soon entered it and were immediately fastened in.

The door of the apartment was now opened, and he without ran to assist his companion; he had a phial of blackish liquor in one hand and an iron chisel in the other; finding the teeth of his companion set, he thrust in the chisel, forced them open, and then poured a little of the liquor into his mouth; and holding his lips together, applied his mouth to the dead man's nose and filled his lungs with air; he next anointed his numerous wounds with a little of the same liquid; and yet no sign of life appeared. I thought he was dead in earnest; his neck and veins were exceedingly swollen. Then his comrade, taking up the lifeless trunk in his arms, brought it out into the open air, and continued the operation of blowing for several minutes before a sign of life appeared; at length he gasped, and after a time recovered so far as to be able to speak. The swelling in his neck, body and legs gradually subsided as they continued washing the wounds with clear cold water and a sponge, and applying the black liquor occasionally. Clean garments were wrapped about him, but his strength seemed so far exhausted that he could not support himself standing; so his comrade laid him on the ground, by a wall, where he sunk into a sleep.

This exhibition lasted for about an hour from the time the serpents were let loose until they were called off, and it was more than an hour from that time before he could speak. I thought that I could discover that the poisonous fangs had been pulled out of these formidable serpents' jaws, and mentioned that circumstance to the showman, who said that they had indeed been extracted; and when I wished to know how the swellings on his neck and other parts could be assumed, he assured me that though their deadly fangs were out, yet that the poisonous quality of their breath and spittle cause the death of those they attack; that after a bite from either of these serpents no man could exist longer than fifteen minutes, and that there was no remedy for any but those who were endowed by the Almighty with power to charm and to manage them; and that he and his associate were of that favored number.

OLD AND NEW SYSTEMS OF TEACHING VOCAL MUSIC.

No. II.

BY PROFESSOR JNO. TULLIDGE.

Before referring to other matters I must be allowed to make special reference to the cultivation of the art by the ancient musicians in England.

By the perusal of musical history it will be found that vocal fluency at sight, was confined to the higher circles of society, and that the genuine sons of worth—the artizan, and the cultivators of the soil were excluded from the enjoyment of such pleasing and healthy recreations.

In the days of Purcel—the great English composer—and to a much later date—the study of vocal music was not only considered necessary for the healthy exercise of the lungs, but—as stated in a work—which I have in my possession—"a gentleman was considered but imperfectly educated unless he could read at first-sight the Glees, Catches, and Madrigals so popular at that period."

I have mentioned in some former article of mine, that in the above method of composition, the English composers excelled all others by their peculiar construction, and development of these forms of music.

It was customary in those days—of vocal excellence—both in the large social meetings and at private parties also, to hand round the music books after supper, and woe to the musical position of any individual who pleaded ignorance of the vocal art, or who could not read the compositions at first-sight.

Although the study of vocal music was confined to such a few in England, it was otherwise on the continent; more especially in Germany. In that country, music (both vocal and instrumental) had been so long and successfully practiced among all classes, that we would be almost inclined to regard it as the spontaneous growth of some native peculiarity of the people, rather than a result of continued and skillful cultivation.

For the sake of illustrating the subject I will relate an anecdote told by the Rev. J. Taylor, one of the prebends of York Cathedral, England, who presided at the musical committee meetings of the Phil-harmonic society established in that city.

At one of these committee meetings Mr. Taylor said, "Gentlemen, we think ourselves good at music,—so we are as a small body—but I will tell you the Germans can beat us for its general study. We may count our tens, but they can count their hundreds."

"I was traveling some years since," said he, "in Germany and was invited to attend some of the farm house concerts so prevalent in that country, where each farmer could boast of having a good wind and string orchestra combined with a tolerable supply of vocalists in his family. I attended several of these excellent entertainments and noticed with much satisfaction the fine rendition of many elaborate pieces from the works of the great masters. I was led to enquire the secret of keeping together so good a body of vocal and instrumental performers for any length of time. It is true I had noticed a slight stiffness of execution caused by the handling of the plough, but notwithstanding this defect the interpretations were good and the performance would not have disgraced professional musicians."

"When I asked one farmer the secret of such good playing and singing, he said: 'We practice every night, and you know practice makes perfect.'"

"Yes, that is good, but how do you manage to keep them together?"

"That is easy enough also. Every farmer keeps his band, and we have on hand at all times students who can fill a vacancy when required, but this is rare, and we have always the same band and voices playing together. This is the secret of their good performances."

"As regards keeping them together should a member leave—which as I have said is rare—we soon find applicants for the place."

"We do not ask the applicant anything about farm

work (we can teach them those requirements with much greater ease than we can make musicians,) but we say what instrument do you play? 'The clarionette' says the applicant. 'You won't, I want a leading violin,' and when we find the player that suits us he is engaged."

"I enquired," said the Rev. Taylor, "whether the men did not feel more inclined for sleep after a hard days work than they did for music."

"I must confess," says the farmer "that we do feel a little sleepy after supper, but then the music soon puts us all right, and sometimes they get so inspired that I have to remind them of the hour, and break up. I can tell you," said he, "that it pays to keep a band, independent of the amusement, for we have a great deal more work done than we otherwise should."

Similar accounts reached the British Parliament, and it induced them in the year 1840 to employ Mr. Hullah to proceed to Paris in company with the Committee of Council on Education to inspect the method adopted in the elementary schools; and also to communicate with the Minister of Public Instruction, and with Mr. Wilhem,—the compiler of the system taught in Paris—previous to the preparation of a work for the use of the elementary schools in England.

Having written as much as you have space to insert I will delay—until my next paper—reference to Mr. Hullah's operations in class teaching in England.

INSTRUCTIONS TO FARMERS AND GARDENERS.

FOR MAY.

See to peas, move the ground about them, and if dry, water in the middle of the day. Stick long growers, and if you choose, half-dwarfs also. Where parsnip, carrot, onion and other small seeds have been planted last month on dry land, see to them, they may want water. Uncover and tie up grape vines. Look after and procure early cabbage plants, set out freely, and dispense not with the tomato. If frame plants cannot be had, sow good seed in the open grounds, plant liberally and eat freely. Transplant lettuce, and keep young cress wet on dry land, and if you have bread and butter, eat cress and young lettuce with it, with a liberal sprinkling of young onions. Let young women eat salads freely instead of stone coal, old adobies and other rubbish, and drink cold water instead of strong tea, coffee or vinegar. Sow more peas and radish seed, and plant potatoes on new ground for early use. Out out seed from rhubarb plants, mulch and keep them wet. Look at asparagus rows and prepare for a feast. Keep all newly transplanted trees, cuttings and young tree plants from the seed, judiciously watered after hot dry days. Hoe strawberry rows carefully and water in the middle of the day, for they need much moisture while forming their flowers and fruit. Cut out suckers from roses, and fork into flower beds manure two or three years old; trim perennials, and sow the seed of annuals in finely pulverized ground. Suspend the sowing of wheat till the grasshoppers have taken to wing; have the land ready and then sow fearlessly. Make and drink dandelion beer, it sweetens the blood, and corrects the stomach and bowels; use the root and tops. Clean out cellars, and whitewash the walls of sleeping and living rooms, for it is more expensive to be a physician than a whitewasher.

HUMOROUS READINGS.

A GOOD PLACE FOR EARLY BIRDS.—The city of Worms.

WALKING PESTILENCE.—Pompous Teacher; "Now then, scholars, what is the pestilence that walketh in darkness?"—Thin Little girl: "Please, sir, it's fleas."

DELICIOUS.—To have a pretty girl open the front door, and mistake you for her cousin.

MORE DELICIOUS.—To have her remain deceived till she has kissed you twice, and hugged the buttons off your coat, exclaiming, "Ma, here's Chawles."

MOST DELICIOUS.—To favor the mistake until the lady discovers it herself, and have a big brother come along the entry, catch you by the collar, half shake the life out of you, and ask you what you are doing to his sister, with an agreeable hint at satisfaction.

"I say, John, where did you get that rogue's hat?"

"Please, your honor," said John, "'tis an old one of yours that missus gave me yesterday, when you went to town."

A good sort of a man was recently asked to subscribe for a chandelier for the church.—"Now," said he, "what's the use of a chandelier? After you get it you can't get any one to play on it."

A MELANCHOLY CASE of an apoplectic baker falling in a fit into his large dough-trough, and suffocating, is given in the papers. He wasn't probably kneaded here below, or he would have risen.

THREE BOA CONSTRICTORS were recently landed at one of the docks from Africa. One of the sailors of the ship which brought them said they were the most affectionate creatures he ever saw—always ready to embrace anybody.

"Well, farmer, you told us your place was a good place for hunting; now we have tramped it for three hours, and found no game."

"Just so," said the farmer; "as a general thing, the less game there is, the more hunting you have."

MELTING.—To plunge a young lady six fathoms deep in happiness, give her two canary birds, a half dozen moonbeams, fifteen yards of silk, an ice cream, several rosebuds, a squeeze of the hand, and a promise of a new bonnet. If she won't melt, it will be because she can't.

The following is said to be the longest pause on record: An old gentleman, riding over Putney Bridge, turned around to his servant and said, "Do you like eggs, John?" "Yes, sir." Here ended the conversation. The same gentleman, riding over the same bridge, that day twelvemonths, again turned round and said, "How?" "Poached, sir," was the answer.

THE PARISH CLERK AND THE RAILWAY PORTER.—At a parish church in Essex lately, the clerk feeling unwell asked his friend; the railway porter, to take his place for a Sunday. He did so, but being worn out with night-work, fell asleep. When the hymn was announced a neighbor gave him a nudge, upon which he started up, rubbed his eyes, and called out, "Change here for Elmswell, Thurston and Bury!"

ANCIENT SCIENCE.—A "man of science in his day," which was nearly two hundred years ago, wrote as follows, respecting lightning:

"If lightning kills one in his sleep, he dyes with his eyes opened. The reason is because it just wakes him, and kills him before he can shut his eyes again. If it kills one waking, his eyes will be found to be shut, because it so amazeth him, that he winketh and dyes before he can open his eyes again."

A COUPLE OF LEGS.—It had been a stormy November day, when a commercial traveller alighted at the door of the Swan Inn. Mr. A., the lawyer, sat on one side of the fire; the new comer, in what was called Traveller's Chair, on the other, Mr. A's leg was covered with a black silk stocking, the traveler's was cased in stout leather; when a bet was laid that the wearer of the silks would hold his leg longer in hot water than the wearer of the leathers. The experiment was tried in boiling water. In two minutes the stranger was in agony, while the lawyer looked on with astonishing composure—his was a cork leg.

TRICKS PLAYED UPON NEGROES.—There is a bush story of a negro, who, for a bottle of rum, agreed to be stript to the waist and lie on his face, to be bitten for a quarter of an hour by the mosquitoes, at the joggings of New Brunswick. He endured his pests manfully, and had nearly won his prize, when one of the lumbermen who stood by, laid on him a piece of live charcoal, when the negro wriggled and twisted about frightfully; at last, unable to hold out any longer, he jumped up, calling out "Wooh! not bargain for dat; dat is dragon fly."

THE TALL GENTLEMAN'S APOLOGY.

Upbraid me not;—I never swore eternal love to thee,
For thou art only five feet high, and I am six feet three;
I wonder, dear, how you suppose that I could look so low,
There's many a one can tie a knot, who cannot fix a beam.

Besides, you must confess, my love, the bargain scarcely fair,
For never could we make a match, altho' we made a pair;
Marriage, I know, makes one of two; but here's the horrid bore,
My friends declare, if you are one, that I at least am four.

I do admit I wear a glass, because my sight's not good,
But were I always quizzing you, it might be counted rude:
And though I use a concave lens,—by all the gods! I hope
My wife will ne'er look up to me through a Herschel's telescope.

Then fare thee well, my gentle one! I ask no parting kiss,
I must not break my back to gain so exquisite a bliss;
Nor will I weep lest I should hurt so delicate a flower,—
The tears that fall from such a height, would be a thunder-shower.

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[Vol. I.]

POETRY.

"T' THE BUD."

Ae lovely simmer gloamin',
Doun by the Craigie Wood,
I pu'd twa bonnie rosebuds,
A white and ae red.

The white was for a lassie,
The red was for mysel';
I took them hame an' tended them
Wi' water frae the well.

Baith late an' air I watched them
Wi' fond an' anxious e'e,
For I thoct in them an emblem
O' the future I micht see.

I waited for them openin'
In fragrant beauty wide,
An' breathin' out their sweetness,
As they nestled-side by side.

An' I wove the glowin' fancy
That a' young lovers ken,
O' a lang an' lovin' lifetime
Aye brichter till the en'.

'Twas foolish ay, an' sinfu',
But true it proved for a';
The red bud blossomed lanely,
The white ane dwined awa'.

O heart! be strong to bear it;
O een! frae tears keep free;
O life! be pure and noble—
An angel watcheth thee.

HAROLD,

THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

[CONTINUED.]

As the royal party entered London by the great bridge which divided Southwark from the capital, the deep dark eye of William dwelt admiringly on the bustling groups on the broad river, and the forests of masts which rose by the indented marge near Berlin's gate, or Billingsgate. And he exclaimed aloud:—

"By rood and mass, O dear king, thy lot hath fallen on a goodly heritage!"

"Hem!" said Edward, lazily; "thou knowest not how troublesome these Saxons are. And while thou

speakest, lo, on yon shattered walls, built first, they say, by Alfred of holy memory, are the evidence of the Danes. Bethink thee how often they have sailed up this river. How know I but what the next year the raven flag may stream over these waters? Magnus of Denmark hath already claimed my crown as heir to the royalties of Canute, and" (here Edward hesitated) "Goodwin and Harold, whom alone of my thegns, Dane and Northman fear, are far away."

"Miss not them, Edward, my cousin," cried the duke in haste. "Send for me if danger threatens thee. Ships enew await thy hest in my new port of Cherburch. And I tell thee this for thy comfort, that were I king of the English, and lord of this river, the citizens of London might sleep from vespers to prime, without fear of the Dane. Never again should the raven flag be seen by this bridge! Never, I swear, by the splendor divine!"

Not without purpose spoke William thus stoutly; and he turned on the king those glittering eyes which the chroniclers have praised and noted. For it was his hope and his aim, in this visit, that his cousin Edward should formally promise him that goodly heritage of England. But the king made no rejoinder, and they rode on, passing through London with its busy scenes, and on until they reached the isle of Thorney where the new palace of Edward—the palace of Westminster—opened its gates to receive the Saxon king and Norman duke. And as the duke glanced from brows, habitually knit, first over the pile, stately though not yet completed, with its long rows of round arched windows, cased by indented fringes and fræt (or tooth) work, its sweep of solid columns with circling cloisters, and its ponderous towers of simple grandeur; then over the groups of courtiers, with close vests, and short mantles and beardless checks, that filled up the wide space, to gaze in homage on the renowned guest, his heart swelled within him, and checking his rein, he drew near to his brother of Bayeux, and whispered:—

"Is not this already the court of the Normans? Behold yon nobles and earls, how they mimic our garb! Behold the very stones in yon gate, how they range themselves, as if carved by the hand of the Norman mason! Verely and indeed, brother, the shadow of the rising sun rests already on these halls."

"Had England no people," said the bishop, "England were yours already. But saw you not, as we rode along, the lowering brows? and heard you not the angry murmurs! The villeins are many, and their hate is strong."

"Strong is the roan I bestride," said the duke; "but a bold rider curbs it with the steel of the bit, and guides it with the goad of the heel."

And now, as they ~~passed~~ ^{opened} the gate a band of minstrels in the pay of the Norman touched their instruments, and woke their song—the household song of the Norman—the battle hymn of Roland, the Paladin of Charles the Great. At the first word of the song, the Norman knights and youths, profusely scattered among the Normanized Saxons, caught up the lay, and with sparkling eyes, and choral voices, they welcomed the mighty duke into the palace of the last meek successor of Woden.

By the porch of the inner court the duke flung himself from his saddle, and held the stirrup for Edward to dismount. The king placed his hand gently on his guest's broad shoulder, and, having somewhat slowly reached the ground, embraced and kissed him in the sight of the gorgeous assemblage; then led him by the hand towards the fair chamber which was set apart for the duke, and so left him to his attendants.

After changing their attire and hearing vespers, the king and his guests repaired to their evening meal in the great hall of the palace, where were assembled the flower of the Saxon nobility to greet the princely visitor and the knights of his train.

Hungry as were the guests it was not the custom of that holy court to fall to without due religious ceremonial; It is even said that great festivals were precluded by no less an effort of lungs and memory than a musical recital of all the Psalms of David. This day, however, to Edward's surprise and displeasure, they were let off with the short and unseemly preparation of only nine psalms by way of grace, with one hymn in honor of some obscure saint to whom the day was dedicated. This performed the guests resumed their seats. Edward murmuring an apology to William for the strange omission, and saying thrice to himself, "Naught, naught—very naught."

[This festival was interrupted by the arrival of one Taillefer a Norman knight, accompanied by a simple priest, afterwards the great Lanfranc the scholar and archbishop, bringing news from William's duchy of the revolt of some of his nobles; and worse than all, of an attempt by the clergy to prevent his contemplated marriage with Matilda of Flanders. Secretly unfolding their mission after the festival the angry and furious duke resolved speedily to return to Normandy.]

The next morning William, after his knights, a gorgeous company, were ready for his departure, took his way to King Edward's apartments. In the ante-room he met the warlike old earl, Goodwin's rival, Siward, Earl of the Northumbrians, waiting to obtain permission from Edward to attack the bloody tyrant Macbeth of Scotland.]

Therewith, the duke approached courteously, and, doffing the cap he had hitherto retained, he greeted the old hero with those compliments which the Norman had already learned in the courts of the Frank.

The stout earl received them coldly, and, replying in Danish to William's Romance-tongue, he said—

"Pardon, Count of the Normans, if these old lips cling to their old words. Both of us, methinks, date our lineage from the lands of the Norse. Suffer Siward to speak the language the sea-kings spoke. The oak transplants not, and the old man keeps the ground where his youth took root."

The duke, who with some difficulty comprehended the general meaning of Siward's speech, bit his lip, but replied courteously,

"The youths of all nations may learn from renowned age. Much doth it shame me that I cannot commune with thee in the ancestral tongue; but the angels at least know the language of the Norman Christian, and I pray them and the saints for a calm end to thy brave career."

"Pray not to angel or saint for Siward, son of Beon," said the old man hastily: "let me not have a cow's death, but a warrior's; die in my mail of proof, ax in hand, and helm on head. And such may be my death, if Edward the king reads my rede and grants my prayer."

"I have influence with the king," said William; "name thy wish that I may back it."

"The fiend forfiend," said the grim earl, "that a foreign prince should sway England's king, or that thegn and earl should ask other backing than leal service and just cause. If Edward be the saint men call him, he will loose me on the hell-wolf, without other cry than his own conscience."

The duke turned inquiringly to Rolf; who, thus appealed to said:

"Siward urges my uncle to espouse the cause of Malcolm of Cumbria against the bloody tyrant Macbeth; and but for the disputes of the traitor Goodwin, the king had long since turned his armies to Scotland."

"Call not traitors, young man," said the earl, in high disdain, "those who, with all their faults and crimes, have placed thy kinsman on the throne of Canute."

"Hush, Rolf," said the duke, observing the fierce young Norman about to reply hastily. "But methought, though my knowledge of English troubles is but scant, that Siward was the sworn foe to Goodwin?"

"Foe to him in his power, friend to him in his wrongs," answered Siward. "And if England needs defenders, when I and Goodwin are in our shrouds, there is but one man worthy of the days of old, and his name is Harold, the outlaw."

William's face changed remarkably; despite all his dissimulation; and with a slight inclination of the head, he strode on moody and irritated.

"This Harold! this Harold!" he muttered to himself, "all brave men speak to me of this Harold! Even my Norman knights name him with reluctant reverence, and even his foes do him honor; verily his shadow is cast from exile all over the land."

Thus murmuring he passed the throng with less than his wonted affable grace, and pushing back the officers who wished to precede him, entered without ceremony, Edward's private chamber.

The king was alone but talking loudly to himself, gesticulating vehemently, and altogether so changed from his ordinary placid apathy of mien, that William drew back in alarm and awe. Often had he heard indirectly that, of late years, Edward was said to see visions, and be rapt from himself into the world of spirit and shadow; and such, he doubted not, was the strange paroxysm of which he was made the witness. Edward's eyes were fixed on him, but evidently without recognizing his presence; the king's hands were outstretched, and he cried aloud in a voice of sharp anguish.

"*Sanguelac, Sanguelac!*—the Lake of Blood!—the waves spread, the waves redden! Mother of mercy—where is the ark?—where the Ararat? Fly—fly—this way—this"—and he caught convulsively hold of William's arm. "Not there the corpses are piled—high and higher—there the horse of the Apocalypse tramples the dead in their gore."

In great horror, William took the king, now gasping on his breast, in his arms, and laid him on his bed, beneath its canopy of state, all blazoned with the martlets and cross of his insignia. Slowly Edward came to himself, with heavy sighs; and, when at length, he sat up and looked around, it was with evident unconsciousness of what had passed across his haggard and wandering spirit, for he said, with his usual drowsy calmness—

"Thanks, Guillaume, *bien amis*, for rousing me from unseasoned sleep. How fares it with thee?"

"Nay, how with thee, dear friend and king? thy dreams have been troubled."

"Not so; I slept so heavily, methinks I could not have dreamed at all. But thou art clad as for a journey—spur on thy heel, staff in thy hand?"

"Long since, O dear host, I sent Odo to tell thee of the ill news from Normandy that compelled me to depart."

"I remember—I remember me now," said Edward, passing his pale womanly fingers over his forehead. "The heathen rage against thee. Ah! my poor brother, a crown is an awful head-gear. While yet time, why not both seek some quiet convent, and put away these earthly cares?"

William smiled and shook his head. "Nay, holy Edward, from all I have seen of convents, it is a dream to think that the monk's serge hides a calmer breast than the warrior's mail, or the king's ermine. Now give me thy benison, for I go."

He knelt as he spoke, and Edward bent his hands over his head, and blessed him. Then, taking from his own neck a collar of zimmes (jewels and uncut gems) of great price, the king threw it over the broad throat bent before him, and rising, clapped his hands. A small door opened, giving a glimpse of the oratory within, and a monk appeared.

"Father, have my beasts been fulfilled?—bath Hugoline, my treasurer, dispensed the gifts that I spoke of?"

"Verely yes; vault, coffer, and garderobe—stall and meuse—are well nigh drained," said the monk, with a sour look at the Norman, whose native avarice gleamed in his dark eyes as he heard the answer,

"Thy train go not hence empty-handed," said Edward fondly. "Thy father's halls sheltered the exile, and the exile forgets not the sole pleasure of a king—the power to requite. We may never meet again, William—age creeps over me, and who will succeed to my thorny throne?"

William longed to answer—to tell the hope that consumed him—to remind his cousin of the vague promise in their youth, that the Norman count should succeed to that "thorny throne;" but the presence of the saxon monk repelled him, nor was there in Edward's uneasy look much to allure him on.

"But peace," continued the king, "be between thine and mine, as between thee and me!"

"Amen," said the duke, "and I leave thee at least free from the proud rebels who so long disturbed thy

reign. This house of Goodwin, thou wilt not again let it tower above thy palace?"

"Nay, the future is with God and his saints;" answered Edward feebly. "But Goodwin is old—older than I, and bowed by many storms."

"Ay, his sons are more to be dreaded and kept aloof—mostly Harold!"

"Harold—he was ever obedient, he alone of his kith; truly my soul mourns for Harold," said the king, sighing.

"The serpen's egg hatches but the serpent. Keep thy heel on it," said William sternly.

"Thou speakest well," said the irresolute prince, who never seemed three days or three minutes together in the same mind. "Harold is in Ireland—there let him rest; better for all."

"For all," said the duke; "so the saints keep thee, O royal saint!"

He kissed the king's hand, and strode away to the hall where Odo, Fitzosborne, and the priest Lanfranc awaited him. And so that day, half-way towards the fair town of Dover, rode Duke William, and by the side of his roan barb ambled the priest's palfrey.

Behind came his gallant train, with tumbrils and sumpter-mules laden with baggage, and enriched by Edward's gifts; while Welsh hawks, and s'ceeds of great price from the pastures of Surrey and the plains of Cambridge and York, attested no less acceptably than zimme, and golden chain, and brodered robe, the munificence of the grateful king.

As they journeyed on, and the fame of the duke's coming was sent abroad by the bodes or messengers, dispatched to prepare the towns through which he was to pass for an arrival sooner than expected; the more highborn youths of England, especially those of the party counter to that of the banished Goodwin, came round the way to gaze upon the famous chief, who from the age of fifteen, had wielded the most redoubtable sword in Christendom. And those youths wore the Norman garb; and in the towns, Norman counts held his stirrup to dismount, and Norman hosts spread the fastidious board; and when, at the eve of the next day, William saw the pennon of one of his own favorite chiefs waving in the van of armed men, that sallied forth from the tower of Dover (the key of the coast), he turned to the Lombard, still by his side, and said:

"Is not England part of Normandy already?"

And the Lombard answered:

"The fruit is well nigh ripe, and the first breeze will shake it to thy feet. Put not out thy hand too soon. Let the wind do its work."

And the duke made reply:

"As thou thinkest, so think I. And there is but one wind in the halls of heaven that can waft the fruit to the feet of another."

"And that?" asked the Lombard.

"Is the wind that blows from the shores of Ireland, when it fills the sails of Harold, son of Goodwin."

"Thou fearest that man, and why?" asked the Lombard with interest.

And the duke answered:

"Because in the breast of Harold beats the heart of England."

FOUL PLAY.

BY CHARLES READE AND DION BOUCICAULT.

CHAPTER I.

[CONTINUED.]

Scarcely a word was spoken for some minutes, and then the younger man broke out suddenly: "Robert Penfold is the best friend I ever had; I should have been expelled, but for him, and I should never have earned that Testamur but for him."

The old merchant interrupted him.

"You exaggerate; but, to tell the truth, I am sorry now I did not lend him the money you asked for. For, mark my words, in a moment of temptation, that miserable young man has forged my name, and will be convicted of the felony, and punished accordingly."

"No, no; O, God forbid!" shrieked young Wardlaw. "I couldn't bear it. If he did, he must have intended to replace it. I must see him; I will see him directly."

He got up all in a hurry, and was going to Penfold to warn him, and get him out of the way till the money should be replaced. But his father started up at the same moment and forbade him in accents that he had never yet been able to resist.

"Sit down, sir, this instant," said the old man, with a terrible sternness. "Sit down, I say, or you will never be a partner of mine. Justice must take its course. What business and what right have we to protect a felon? I would not take your part if you were one. Indeed it is too late now, for the detectives will be with him before you could reach him. I gave Adams his address."

At this last piece of information Wardlaw junior leaned his head on the table, and groaned aloud, and a cold perspiration gathered in beads upon his white forehead.

CHAPTER II.

That same evening sat over their tea, in Norfolk street, Strand, another couple, who were also father and son; but, in this pair, the Wardlaws were reversed.

Michael Penfold was a reverend, gentle creature, with white hair, blue eyes, and great timidity; why, if a stranger put to him a question, he used to look all round the room before he ventured to answer.

Robert, his son, was a young man, with a large brown eye, a mellow voice, square shoulders, and a prompt and vigorous manner. Cricketer. Scholar. Parson.

They were talking hopefully together over a living Robert was going to buy; it was near Oxford, he said, and would not prevent his continuing to take pupils."

"But, father," said he, "it will be a place to take my wife to if I ever have one; and, meantime, I hope you will run down now and then, Saturday to Monday."

"That I will, Robert. Ah! how proud she would have been to hear you preach; it was always her dream, poor thing."

"Let us think she can hear me," said Robert. "And I have got you still; the proceeds of this living will help me to lodge you more comfortably."

"You are very good Robert; I would rather see you spend it upon yourself; but, dear me, what a manager you must be to dress so beautifully as you do, and send your old father presents as you do, and yet put by fourteen hundred pounds to buy this living."

"You are mistaken, sir, I have only saved four hundred; the odd thousand—but that is a secret for the present."

"O, I am not inquisitive: I never was."

They then chatted about things of no importance whatever, and the old gentleman was just lighting his candle to go to bed, when a visitor was ushered into the room.

The Penfolds looked a little surprised, but not much. They had no street door all to themselves; no liveried dragons to interpose between them and unseasonable or unwelcome visitors.

The man was well dressed, with one exception; he wore a gold chain. He had a hooked nose, and a black, piercing eye. He stood at the door, and observed everything in the room minutely before he spoke a word.

Then he said, quietly, "Mr. Michael Penfold, I believe."

"At your service, sir."

"And Mr. Robert Penfold?"

"I am Robert Penfold. What is your business?"

"Pray is the 'Robert Penfold' at the back of this note your writing?"

"Certainly it is; they would not cash it without that."

"O, you got the money, then?"

"Of course I did."

"You have not parted with it, have you?"

"No."

"All the better."

He then turned to Michael, and looked at him earnestly a moment.

"The fact is, sir," said he, "there is a little irregularity about this bill, which must be explained, or your son might be called on to refund the cash."

"Irregularity about—a bill?" cried Michael Penfold, in dismay. "Who is the drawer? Let me see it. O, dear me, something wrong about a bill endorsed by you, Robert?" and the old man began to shake piteously.

"Why, father," said Robert, "what are you afraid of? If the bill is irregular, I can but return the money. It is in the house."

"The best way will be for Mr. Robert Penfold to go at once with me to the bill-broker; he lives but a few doors off. And you, sir, must stay here, and be responsible for the funds, till we return."

Robert Penfold took his hat directly, and went off with this mysterious visitor.

They had not gone many steps, when Robert's companion stopped, and, getting in front of him, said, "We can settle this matter here."

At the same time a policeman crossed the way, and joined them; and another man, who was in fact a policeman in plain clothes, emerged from a door-way, and stood at Robert Penfold's back.

The detective, having thus surrounded him, threw off disguise.

"My man," said he, "I ought to have done this job in your house. But I looked at the worthy old gentleman, and his gray hairs. I thought I'd spare him all I could. I have a warrant to arrest you for forgery!"

"Forgery! arrest me for forgery!" said Robert Penfold, with some amazement, but little emotion; for he hardly seemed to take it in, in all its horrible significance.

The next moment, however, he turned pale, and almost staggered under the blow.

"We had better go to Mr. Wardlaw," said he. "I entreat you to go to him with me."

"Can't be done," said the detective. "Wardlaw has nothing to do with it. The bill is stopped. You are arrested by the gent that cashed it. Here is the warrant; will you go quietly with us, or must I put the darbies on?"

Robert was violently agitated.

"There is no need to arrest me," he cried; "I shall not run from my accuser. Hands off, I say. I'm a clergyman of the Church of England, and you shall not lay hands on me."

But one of the policemen did lay hands on him. Then the Reverend Robert Penfold shook him furiously off, and, with one active bound, sprang into the middle of the road.

The officers went at him incautiously, and the head-detective, as he rushed forward, received a heavy blow on the neck and jaw, that sounded along the street, and sent him rolling in the mud; this was followed by a quick succession of staggering fa-cers, administered right and left, on the eyes and noses of the subordinates. These, however, though bruised and bleeding, succeeded at last in grappling their man, and all came to the ground together, and there struggled furiously; every window in the street was open by this time, and at one the white hair and reverend face of Michael Penfold looked out on this desperate and unseemly struggle, with hands that beat the air in helpless agony, and inarticulate cries of terror.

The detective got up and sat upon Robert Penfold's chest; and at last the three forced the handcuffs upon him, and took him in a cab to the station-house.

Next day, before the magistrate, Wardlaw senior proved the note was a forgery, and Mr. Adams' partner swore to the prisoner as the person who had presented and indorsed the note. The officers attended, two with black eyes a-piece and one with his jaw bound up, and two sound teeth in his pocket, which had been driven from their sockets by the prisoner in his desperate attempt to escape. Their evidence hurt the prisoner, and the magistrate refused bail.

The Reverend Robert Penfold was committed to prison, to be tried at the Central Criminal Court on a charge of felony.

Wardlaw senior returned home and told Wardlaw junior who said not a word.

He soon received a letter from Robert Penfold, which agitated him greatly, and he promised to go to the prison and see him.

But he never went.

He was very miserable, a prey to an inward struggle. He dared not offend his father on the eve of being made partner. Yet his heart bled for Robert Penfold.

He did what might perhaps have been expected from a pale eye and receding chin—he temporized. He said to himself, "Before that horrible trial comes on, I shall be the house of Wardlaw, and able to draw a check for thousands. I'll buy up Adams at any price, and hush up the whole matter."

So he hoped, and he hoped.

But the accountant was slow, the public prosecutor unusually quick, and, to young Wardlaw's agony, the partnership deed was not ready when an imploring letter was put into his hands, urging him, by all that men hold sacred, to attend the court as the prisoner's witness.

This letter almost drove young Wardlaw mad.

He went to Adams, and entreated him not to carry the matter into court. But Adams was inexorable. He had got his money, but would be revenged for the fright.

Baffled here, young Wardlaw went down to Oxford and shut himself up in his own room, a prey to fear and remorse. He sported his oak, and never went out. All his exercise was that of a wild beast in his den, walking restlessly up and down.

But all his caution did not prevent the prisoner's solicitor from getting to him.

One morning, at seven o'clock, a clerk slipped in at the heels of his scout, and, coming to young Wardlaw's bedside, awoke him out of an uneasy slumber by serving him with a subpoena to appear as Robert Penfold's witness.

This last stroke finished him. His bodily health gave way under his mental distress. Gastric fever set in, and he was lying tossing and raving in delirium, while Robert Penfold was being tried at the Central Criminal Court.

The trial occupied six hours, and could easily be made rather interesting. But, for various reasons, with which it would not be good taste to trouble the reader, we decide to skim it.

The indictment contained two counts; one for forging the note of hand; the other for uttering it, knowing it to be forged.

On the first count, the Crown was weak, and had to encounter the evidence of Undercliff, the distinguished Expert, who swore that the hand which wrote "Robert Penfold" was not, in his opinion, the hand that had written the body of the instrument. He gave many minute reasons, in support of this; and nothing of any weight was advanced contra. The judge directed the jury to acquit the prisoner on that count.

But, on the charge of uttering, the evidence was clear, and on the question of knowledge, it was, perhaps, a disadvantage to the prisoner that he was tried in England, and could not be heard in person, as he could have been in a foreign court; above all, his resistance to the officers eked out the presumption that he knew the note had been forged by some person or other, who was probably his accomplice.

The absence of his witness, Wardlaw junior, was severely commented on by his counsel; indeed, he appealed to the judge to commit the said Wardlaw for contempt of court. But Wardlaw senior was recalled, and swore that he had left his son in a burning fever, not expected to live; and declared, with genuine emotion, that nothing but a high sense of public duty had brought him hither from his dying son's bedside. He also told the court that Arthur's inability to clear his friend had really been the first cause of his illness, from which he was not expected to recover.

The jury consulted together a long time, and at last, brought in a verdict of "GUILTY;" but recommended him to mercy, on grounds which might fairly have been alleged in favor of his innocence; but, if guilty, rather aggravated his crime.

Then an officer of the court inquired, in a sort of chant or recitative, whether the prisoner had anything to say why judgment should not be given in accordance with the verdict.

It is easy to divest words of their meaning by false intonation; and prisoners in general receive this bit of singsong in dead silence. For why? the chant conveys no idea to their ears, and they would as soon think of replying to the notes of a cuckoo.

But the Reverend Robert Penfold was in a keen agony that sharpened all his senses; he caught the sense of the words in spite of the speaker, and clung wildly to the straw that monotonous machine held out. "My Lord! my Lord!" he cried, "I'll tell you the reason why young Wardlaw is not here."

The judge put up his hand with a gesture that enforced silence: "Prisoner," said he, "I cannot go back to facts; the jury have dealt with them. Judgement can be arrested only on grounds of law. On these you can be heard. But if you have none to offer, you must be silent, and submit to your sentence."

He then, without a pause, proceeded to point out the heinous character of the offense, but admitted there was one mitigating circumstance; and, in conclusion, he condemned the culprit to five years penal servitude.

At this the poor wretch uttered a cry of anguish that was fearful, and clutched the dock convulsively.

Now a prisoner rarely speaks to a judge without revolting him by bad law, or bad logic, or hot words. But this wild cry was innocent of all these, and went straight from the heart in the dock to the heart on the judgment-seat. And so his lordship's voice trembled for a moment, and then became firm again, but solemn and humane.

"But," said he, "my experience tells me this is your first crime, and may possibly be your last. I shall therefore use my influence that you may not be associated with more hardened criminals, but may be sent out of this country to another, where you may begin life afresh, and in the course of years, efface this dreadful stain. Give me hopes of you; begin your repentance where you now stand, by blaming yourself, and no other man. No man constrained you to utter a forged note and to receive the money; it was found in your possession. For such an act there can be no defence in law, morality, or religion."

These words overpowered the culprit. He burst out crying with great violence.

But it did not last long. He became strangely composed all of a sudden; and said, "God forgive all concerned in this—but one—but one."

He then bowed respectfully, and like a gentleman, to the judge and jury, and walked out of the dock with the air of a man who had parted with emotion, and would march to the gallows now without flinching.

The counsel for the Crown required that the forged documents should be impounded.

"I was about to make the same demand," said the prisoner's counsel.

The judge snubbed them both, and said it was a matter of course.

Robert Penfold spent a year in separate confinement, and then, to cure him of its salutary effect (if any), was sent on board the hulk "Vengeance," and was herded with the greatest miscreants in creation. They did not reduce him to their level, but they injured his mind; and, before half his sentence had expired, he sailed for a penal colony, a man with a hot coal in his bosom, a creature embittered, poisoned; hoping little, believing little, fearing little, and hating much.

He took with him the prayer-book his mother had given him when he was ordained deacon. But he seldom read beyond the fly-leaf; there the poor lady had written at large her mother's heart, and her pious soul aspiring heavenwards for her darling son. This, when all seemed darkest, he would sometimes run to with moist eyes; for he was sure of his mother's love, but almost doubted the justice of his God.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

THE LITTLE CUP OF TEARS.

There was a mother who loved her first child with her whole heart, but it died. The mother, now alone in the wide world, gave way to the most violent and unspeakable grief; she ate nothing and drank nothing, and wept, wept, wept three long days and three long nights. This the mother did without ceasing, calling on her child. The third night, as she thus sat, overcome with suffering, in the place where her child had died, her eyes bathed in tears, and faint with grief, the door softly opened, and the mother started, for before her stood her departed child. It had become a heavenly angel, and smiled sweetly as innocence, and was beautiful like the blessed. It had in its hand a small cup that was almost running over, so full it was. And the child spake: "Oh! dearest mother, weep no more for me; the angel of mourning has collected in this little cup the tears which you have shed for me. If for me you shed but one tear more, it will overflow; I shall have no more rest in the grave, and no joy in heaven. Therefore, Oh! dearest mother, weep no more for your child, for it is well and happy, and angels are its companions." It then vanished. The mother shed no more tears, that she might not disturb her child's joy in heaven.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1868.

HEPWORTH DIXON'S NEW WORK. "SPIRITUAL WIVES."

As an instructive history of fanaticism, we present a brief digest of Hepworth Dixon's last work.

This book is not, as many have supposed a work on Polygamy. It refers but incidentally to it. It is in the main a history of the various bodies which have held the idea that man and woman should only be united matrimonially in a purely spiritual manner, and that all such carnal relations as lead to the increase of the human family are debasing, and contrary to the exalted spiritual condition required by the Gospel.

Inasmuch as this theory would depopulate the earth and make it a desert in about a century, it would strike us with wonder as to how such people suppose the earth can get along on this arrangement, did we not find that all sects of this description are anticipating the speedy coming of the resurrection; in which case they suppose the repopulation of the earth will be no longer necessary.

The first of these peculiar sects is to be found far back in the times of ancient Prussia—a multitude of Germans who called themselves brethren and sisters of the Free Spirit. They held, as do modern Pietists, that a man may rise by divine grace to a higher liberty of the spirit in which it is impossible to commit sin. They were a strange people. They dared to defy Cardinals and Popes; they spat upon bulls and briefs. Dressed in a poor garb they wandered from town to town, begging their bread, preaching to the poor, and railing against the pride and pomp of the established faith. Each brother was attended by a sister.

These brethren and sisters of the Free Spirit, invented the seraphic kiss; the kiss of love of innocence and peace. They did not marry. A seraphic kiss to them conveyed no taint. In them the sting of human passions had passed away they professed to live on earth as the angels do in heaven—in love and innocence all their days."

For nearly two hundred years Popes and Cardinals made war upon them, and hundreds of them perished in the flames.

Mr. Dixon's work, for its next example of belief in spiritual wifeism, takes us—where we should least expect to go for such a purpose—into aristocratic ranks among Barons, Countesses, Professors, and into the regions of royalty itself. This time still in Germany, but no later back than the year 1836. It introduces us to the very Reverend Archdeacon Ebel, a very eloquent and remarkable man, founder of the Ebelites, or as they are contemptuously styled in Germany, the Muckers. This gentleman while holding office in the Lutheran church managed to institute a new Christian society within it, in the secret working of which he was assisted by his adjutant the Rev. Heinrich Diestel, and more especially by a number of noble ladies. This Reverend gentleman attracted all the noble blood of Ost Prussen around his

pulpit, making of his congregation an assembly of counts, barons, countesses and councilors' wives. Here he taught that the real followers of the gospel, should "be content not to marry; and if they were already married by the law that they should prefer to live as though they were not." Desire was accounted a sign of the devil's empire in the heart.

In Ebel's new church the ladies became predominant. The countess Ida von der Groben with two other noble ladies constituted, next to the Archdeacon, the governing power; these were assisted in their turn by an outer circle of high born and beautiful women, but the real destiny of the church was in the hands of the first three. Ebel was married but the Countess Ida was called by him his first spiritual wife; Emilie von Schrotter, another noble lady his second; while his legal wife was considered by him as his third.

This remarkable society, established within the very bosom of the established church of Germany, was popular many years, until one of its great supporters—a certain Professor Sachs—apostatized, and charged Ebel and Diestel with a number of immoralities which were never proved. The case went before the High Courts, but so great was the number of noble families mixed up in the matter that it was found expedient not to sift it too closely. Ebel and his fellow minister were, after a two years trial degraded from their sacred offices which sentence was, however, afterwards partially reversed on an appeal to the royal court. Before Ebel died in 1861, societies were established in various parts of Germany, where, even now, they have considerable influence. Even King Friedrich Wilhelm IV of Prussia, is said to have privately been one of his disciples; with another great personage, no less than Pauline queen of Wurtemberg.

For further illustrations of the non-marrying or the purely spiritual marrying theory, Mr. Dixon takes us to the Agapemone or abode of love in Somerset, England. Under the leadership of Brother Prince once a minister of the Church of England, a number of wealthy persons, including several clergymen are gathered together in a luxurious abode—a sort of earthly paradise, where they hold to the doctrine of the carnality and unholiness of the reproduction of the species. To these peculiar ones may be added the Prefectionists of the United States—revivalistic bodies started about 1834 by Hiram Sheldon and John H. Noyes; who not only taught similar views of married life; but progressed to the doctrine taught by Swedenborg and the spiritualists of this age, that certain human beings among the sexes were created especially for each other; the chief end of life in this mixed world being to find ones true spiritual mate, where unfortunately most parties are wrongly paired.

It will be both interesting and novel to many of our readers to learn that so far as "non-producing" is concerned, that Paul is claimed as the great basework of sects of this order. Did not Paul say, "cannot I lead about a sister, a wife;" and did he say he was married to her? Certainly not. Did he not say he wished all his followers as to marriage were as he was; and does not that very reliable source of information—tradition, tells us he was unmarried? And furthermore, does he not tell us that they that were married should "live as though they were not?" Who can doubt then, say this class, that carnal marriage is unsaintly and that

Paul lived and practiced a holier relation than that which leads to babies and little boots worlds without end.

So much for these distortions of nature and theology. Here we leave the subject. Does it need any special argument to show our readers the wisdom or folly of the idea, that God has filled living breathing humanity throughout this wide world with impulses and powers for the very sensible purpose of having them crushed out again?

OLD AND NEW SYSTEMS OF TEACHING VOCAL MUSIC.

BY PROFESSOR JNO. TULLIDGE.

No. III.

HULLAH'S SYSTEM—ITS HISTORY.

Never in the musical history of England was there so great an excitement as Mr. Hullah produced about the year 1840, by the introduction of vocal class teaching in London. Previous to that period singing by the aid of notes was but little practiced among the lower portion of the middle classes. The difficulty was, high terms and the absence of a definite system for teaching large bodies.

When this great movement was announced, the profession, almost to a man, arose in opposition, and pronounced it an impossibility. "Vocal music," they said, "could not be taught in classes, and the attempt would be a wretched failure."

Mr. Price, a pupil of the Royal Academy, London, was most wrathful on the subject, and wrote a series of articles on the movement, which were pretty well circulated in London and the provinces, however, they did no harm, as Mr. Hullah had achieved an eminent position as a musician in London, and had also been elected to the Professor's chair at King's College. Moreover, the patronage of the British parliament was too strong for the profession to upset so great a movement; consequently the organization of his classes progressed with amazing rapidity, and thousands responded to his efforts.

Besides the forming of classes by the lower portion of tradesmen and artisans, Mr. Hullah was invited to private seminaries to instruct the young ladies in classes. On account of the vast increase of his labors he was compelled to apply for assistance. The musical profession all denied his application, but he at last found a gentleman—an amateur—of much musical talent, and who had also studied his manual, to assist him.

From Mr. Belcher—the gentleman referred to—I received the information of the progress of Mr. Hullah's class teaching in London.

His success was more due, I believe, to his own skill of teaching and composing his own examples, than from the superiority of the system he had adopted.

In 1841, on the 1st of February, his first class for schoolmasters was opened. The lessons commenced at 6 p.m. exactly; three classes were taught on each evening.

To these three classes none were admitted but schoolmasters engaged in Elementary Instruction.

The first class of schoolmistresses was opened on Wednesday, the 24th of March. To this class none

were admitted but females engaged in Elementary Instruction.

In a very little time his fame reached the provincial towns and hamlets of England, and hundreds of school teachers and professionals came to London, during their vacation, to be taught by this popular method. Mr. Hullah's charge for their tuition of one lesson per day—including a certificate of competency and permission to teach from his system—was twenty guineas, or a hundred dollars in gold for each pupil.

It soon became known to the profession that class teaching, anyhow, was lucrative, for Mr. Hullah's London classes paid him two guineas, or ten dollars, per hour, or one guinea more per lesson than was being charged by the most eminent teachers in England. Of course low terms and large bodies was the result of such good pay.

The sound of so much gold, if it did not alter the opinion of professionals, it drew them to the class teaching standard, and Mr. Hullah by this time obtained all the assistance he required.

In about a year and a half from the time when Mr. Hullah started his system he selected from his No. 1 classes a large choral body, which he had rendered excellent by his superior training, and gave his first concert at Exeter Hall, which concert proved a decided success.

Many of those concerts followed in rapid succession, and the profits—with an addition of large sums collected from many noblemen, were appropriated to the erection of a magnificent Concert Hall, with class rooms attached to the building. This was presented to Mr. Hullah as a testimonial for his successful labors.

In 1843, I gave up my situation in York, and started on a tour to inspect and judge for myself the progress of Mr. Hullah's system in the provinces. I took Manchester on my route, proceeded to the cathedral city of Chester, and to the following towns in North Wales—Holywell, Denbeigh, Ruthin, Mole and many other places; and found on enquiry, that in the most cultivated classes in this method, that not one out of fifty could read at sight after going through three courses of instruction; and, in some instances, not one out of a hundred.

In Newport, North Wales, where I officiated as conductor to the Catholic cathedral at that place, I found that Mr. Price, the organist of Stowe Hill Church, and Dr. Westfield, of Ush, had been driving in full swing, in parts of the principality, with Mr. Hullah's system, but, notwithstanding they were both excellent musicians, they could not make the method a success.

I tried a compilation of my own, taken from the old moveable Do, and succeeded in obtaining a large number of pupils for miles around, and made each class, with one year's tuition, pretty good sight readers. Of course, they did not all succeed, but my pupils in general, were satisfied.

In my next I will review Mr. Hullah's system, and point out its beauties, as well as defects.

NOTICE.—Any person in the country settlements wishing to obtain the MAGAZINE but unable to pay until after harvest, will have it forwarded to them on their writing to say that they will pay for it at that period, at usual cash rates.

THE CREAM OF THE PAPERS.

THE STROLLING PLAYERS.

[From Bow Bells.]

Three weeks had gone by, and affairs were looking as dismal as they could look, and gaunt want was amongst the poor players and their families. The musicians had struck, and unless they were paid, they protested they would not play another note.

These musicians (as they termed themselves) were of very small account indeed, being a couple of blind fiddlers, who set all harmony at defiance. They were rival professors, and each had his own consequence to support, and each looked down scornfully upon the talents of the other. Old Crab, the elder of the two, played only in one key; and never consulting his brother performer on the onset, they would sometimes both be fiddling away at "Rule Britannia," or the "College Hornpipe," or any other tune; old Crab rasping for his dear life in C, whilst his companion was scraping loudly in three sharps.

But bad as was this music—the lads in the gallery were wont to call it "mixed physio"—it could not be dispensed with.

What was to be done? Should they close the theatre, or make one effort more to gain an audience?

These were serious questions, which, in their sad plight, none could very well answer.

"It's of no use giving them fine acting; it's thrown away upon such a set of numskulls," Twistle, the low comedian, observed, when the members of the company were consulting together as to what they should do in this emergency of affairs. "I vote that we advertise to show them some wonderful display of fireworks, or a pig-faced lady; the latter's easily managed, as I'll undertake to sustain the character myself, provided any of you can muster the means necessary for procuring the head of a defunct porker to stick on my shoulders."

Despite their misery, the players laughed heartily at the swinish proposal, but declined entertaining it.

"Now I lean most decidedly to the fireworks, if we could only manage them; but fireworks, where are you?" said the heavy lady, with a deep sigh.

"True!" returned another; fireworks are not to be had without money."

"Never mind that; say that you are agreeable to the fireworks, and leave the whole matter to me," answered Twistle, in a confident manner.

"But ———" commenced Dudley.

"Now, my dear friend," let me alone," the other interrupted. "You are a capital tragedian, but you're no dodger—excuse the slangy term, and likewise a repetition of it—you're not a dodger!"

"I don't understand you," returned Carriismoor, moodily.

"Of course you don't. Ladies and gentlemen, may I be allowed to arrange to-morrow night's entertainments, by which, I hope, we shall realize a sufficient sum of money to see us clear of this beggarly old place?"

Mysterious as was the proposition, every one assented to it. And accordingly the following remarkable programme was concocted, printed; and circulated all about the town, with the usual drum roll!

THEATRE, STRANGEFIELD.

ASTOUNDING ATTRACTION, FOR THE NIGHT ONLY.

Fireworks! Fireworks!! Fireworks!!!

Determined not to leave undone anything that can be done, His Majesty's servants will present to the gentry and townspeople of Strangefield

A GOLDEN CATARACT OF LIVING FIRE

Which will cover the whole extent of the stage, and dazzle and amaze the eyes of all beholders.

Next will be presented,

THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN WORSHIPPERS,

In which there will be shown six hundred revolving suns, which will change themselves into as many Dragons of Fire!

To be followed by

THE DANCING COMET

Which, after performing a Grand Minuet, to music, will gracefully divide itself into

A THOUSAND LITTLE STARS

which will all explode in one

GRAND CRASH.

These astonishing Fireworks having been invented and manufactured at an enormous expense, and solely for this occasion. His Majesty's servants solicit the patronage of the Public, to whom they are offering a treat both Marvellous and Stupidifying!

Come and see! Come and see! Come and see!

The above was only the heading of the bill; the rest it is no necessary to specify here.

The momentous evening approached.

The two blind musicians had stationed themselves at the doors of the theatre, where the money was taken, resolved to be paid for their night's work before they even commenced it. The bill printer had been more generous, and had willingly credited the poor players, feeling fully assured that they would pay him as soon as ever they were able to do so.

No sooner were the doors of the theatre opened, than there was a general rush to all parts of the house, and the boxes, the pit, and the gallery were soon crowded almost to suffocation.

The two fiddlers—their demands being satisfied—were now delighting the ears of the audience with "Begone, Dull Care,"—scratching away as usual in two different keys.

Through a hole in the curtain, Twistle was watching the filling of the auditorium, while others of the company were staring about them, wondering where the wonderful fireworks were.

"I don't see a ghost of preparation for anything of the sort, one murmured.

"Nor I," said another, with a shrug. "I shall be astonished if we get ourselves safely out of this scrape."

"I tell you not to worry yourselves—that it's all right!" answered the projector of the scheme.

"But where are the fireworks?" asked several in a breath.

"Ob, men and women of little faith. I'm ashamed of you all! There's a crammed house for you. We've netted five-and-forty pounds, if we've netted one farthing. Hurrah, then, for the dancing comet, and for all the rest of it! We shall now be able to shake a loose leg at Strangefield."

Saying which, he began to caper round the stage; and, presently, seizing his wife, he made her dance also; then, as if in frenzy possessed their feet, the whole company joined in a reel which they enjoyed immensely.

It was a strange scene, almost wild in its character. Two stupid men, who shifted the scenes and snuffed the candles were looking on, gaping and grinning at this extempore and extraordinary performance behind the curtain.

At length, the play commenced; but in consequence of the noise made by the over-crowded people, who did not care to listen to a single word that was being said, it was hurried through as quickly as possible, and brought to a conclusion.

"Now for the fireworks!" cried the audience, in the utmost expectation.

"Play up, old Crab!" shouted a lad from the gallery. "Give us some of your mixed physio!"

The actors were all on the stage, behind the curtain, with their eyes fixed upon Twistle, who was looking full of impudence and mystery, but not in the least disconcerted. Ever heart was beating anxiously and painfully, when he drew aside the green baize, and appeared before the floats.

Every voice was hushed as he began.

"Ladies and gentlemen! I come not before you as an apologetic; I stand here, so to speak, as the mouthpiece of others. Our marvellous fireworks are ready to blaze forth at a touch but, alas! we have just been warned by their manufacturers that the dragons alone will set the whole theatre in an instant blaze. The fact is, we have been most cruelly deceived; we were led to understand that these fireworks could be rendered available HERE; and now we are informed—I will read you the letter if you like—that the only place in which they can be safely exhibited is, where the Mayor will not allow them to be seen—namely, the OPEN AIR! Ladies and gentlemen! what are we to do under these conflicting circumstances? We are prepared to fulfil our compact, but we hesitate at the mere thought of risking human life; we do not wish to burn you all to death ———"

"No, no!" cried a hundred stentorian voices, in reply.

"To reduce this building, and the people in it, to a heap of ashes!"

"No, no!—no fireworks—no fireworks!" exclaimed nearly every voice in the auditorium.

"Speak the word, and the golden cataract shall burst forth before your sight; and the dragons shall whisk about their fiercer tails, dealing death and destruction all around them!"

"No, no!—no cataract—no dragons for us!" was the universal and affrighted cry from every part of the house.

Mr. Twistle bowed once, twice, and thrice, and then retired amid a shower of applause.

"What do you think of THAT, my merry men and ladies fair?" he asked, as he re-appeared with an air of triumph amongst his brother and sister professionals, whose faces were all wearing

expression of great amazement. "What's your opinion of my Twistle, after this clever and successful scheme?" "Now, up curtain, and let the farce proceed," he added, addressing a gaping scene-shifter.

Such a supper as they had in the green-room that night! For the performance was over, and the audience had gone quietly home, there came a couple of men from a neighboring hotel, bringing with them a round of boiled beef, a ham, two or three loaves of bread, and some flagons of foaming nut-brown beer.

You should have heard the merry laughter, and seen the sparkling eyes on that occasion; you would have thought our itinerants owned not a single care of any kind. At the end of the table—which was the green-room door taken off its hinges, and placed on a couple of barrels—on the stage throne, with a ragged Union Jack floating above him, Twistle was seated. He was flushed with triumph, and, like the others, brimful of happy humor. Healths were proposed and drunk, and songs were sung, and jests were most abundant. The dark cloud of rebuffing them had displayed its silver lining, and every heart was full of rejoicing.

After the feast was over, one of the ladies found an old wreath of artificial laurel, which she placed upon Twistle's brow. The gentlemen then hoisted his chair upon their shoulders, and carried him round the stage in procession, every voice chanting loudly, "See the conquering hero come."

TRACES OF THE GIANTS.

[From Hardwicke's Science Gossip.]

It is quite a mistake to suppose that the giants of antiquity are unnatural phenomena, like "the Norfolk Giant" and other local legends of our own time; they were veritable races of men of a stature far exceeding even the Patagonians of South America. We learn from the Scriptures that giants lived before the flood; these are probably the Titans of tradition, whose impiety provoked the Deluge. After the flood we find gigantic races—the Emim, Anakim, or Rephaim—inhabiting Palestine; and therefore we may infer either that one of the sons of Noah's sons was of gigantic stature, or that, coming of his race, some of the children subsequently reverted to it, in conformity with a well-known law of nature. Whatever doubt may exist upon the subject of the antediluvian giants, none whatever can possibly exist regarding these Anakim, or sons of Anak, for we are expressly told that the Israelites "felt as dwarfs before them," and the height of one of their kings was incidentally noticed.

These giants lived along the mountain chains of Canaan, ruling an inferior race known as Amorites. They had military outposts in the valleys, and dominated over the rich pastoral plains beyond Jordan, especially Bashan, in one part of which—Argob—"sixty great cities fenced with high walls, gates and bars, besides unwall'd towns a great many" were taken by David, and are still to be seen in ruins. From these and other facts it will readily be seen that their intellectual capacities were fully equal to their physical development; and a still further proof of this is, that one of their capitals was called Kirjath-Sepher or "city of archives." Joshua captured and burnt down these in his third campaign. It will be seen how eminently appropriate to this great pastoral race was the epithet "Shepherd Kings," and there seems no doubt that these are the Hyksos who conquered Egypt, and are commemorated upon the walls of the old temple of Karnak.

The three celebrated capitals of the giants were Ashtaroth, Larnaim, Kirjath-Sepher, and Kirjath-Arba; Jebus (Jerusalem) was also a colony of the Rephaim, and thence came Melchisedek, probably a sort of Canaanitish Zoroaster or Confucius. The giants appear to have become very rapidly extinct. As they were talented in war and strong in person, this appears extraordinary, but possibly the same causes which induced the extinction of the mammoth and other large mammals may have effected the giant races of antiquity. Years after, Og, the last survivor of the giants, is found ruling over the old stronghold, Bashan. The remnant took refuge amongst the Palestinians, thence issued, in the time of Saul and David, the giant champions,—Goliath, Lahmi, and Sippai.

An interesting question suggests itself: Were the giants confined to Palestine alone? We have earlier (authentic) records of the history of Palestine than of any other country, and, finding giants there at a very remote period, may we not reasonably premise that, if we had similar information regarding other countries, we should find gigantic races in them also?

But we are not left together to conjecture, for oral tradition (especially of Celtic nations) and archaeology both favor the theory that giants were widely distributed at least over the countries which border the Mediterranean. It may be objected,—why are not their bones discovered if they were so widely distributed? To this it may be replied, that until they are found in Palestine, where we know the giants once existed, we cannot logically dispute the existence of gigantic races in other countries, on the ground that no remains are found.

Not only are there huge ruins found over Greece and Italy, for Asia Minor, Phœnicia, Persia, Malabar, Brittany, Great Britain, and even North and South America, afford examples of cyclopean architecture. Now, in most of these cases, popular tradition refers the origin of these relics to giants; in Italy and Greece they are attributed to the Cyclops, a primitive race of giants, skilled in architecture, whose leader was said by Homer to be one-eyed, and hence this peculiarity was extended, by subsequent writers to the whole race. In Malta, is a remarkable cyclopean structure, supported on huge pillars, and popularly called, "The Giants Grave." Some of the blocks of stone are thirty feet long. Stonehenge itself was said by Welsh tradition to have been built by "giants who came from Africa." This is significant, since the Carthaginians, the greatest employers of mercenaries, colonized a portion of England and Ireland.

A curious light has been lately thrown upon the antiquities of Western Europe by the discovery in the old region of the giants, now inhabited by the Druses, of the homes and cities of the Anakim giants. The Rev. Mr. Porter and Mr. Cyril Graham have found the whole of ancient Bashan covered with ruins hitherto unknown to Europeans. In the cities of Kerioth and Kirjathaim are houses strong enough to resist the violence of man or of nature; the roofs are formed of beams of stone in juxtaposition, twenty-five feet long, supported by square stone pillars, and hugh doors, formed of single stone. "These ancient cities of Bashan contain probably the very oldest specimens of domestic architecture now existing in the world," says Mr. Porter. In conclusion, there is no doubt that the cromlechs of Celtic countries irresistibly suggest the idea of habitations; indeed no other use can be assigned for them. Their height is too great for us as altars. It is just possible that the vast physical and mental powers which characterized the giants may have caused their deification when extinct by inferior races, and thus their temples and residences might even come to be regarded with superstitious respect or copied and reproduced as objects of worship. At any rate, this cannot be denied,—giants once existed as races, not as individual exceptions. That they were confined exclusively to Palestine, I have shown to be, to say the least of it, improbable.

PORTRAIT GALLERY.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

At the first Congress of which Washington was a member, a gentleman desirous of knowing Washington was told by Secretary Thompson that he could easily distinguish him when Congress should go to prayer: "Washington is the gentleman who kneels down." When Bishop White made the first prayer in Congress, Washington only, knelt.

WASHINGTON'S REGARD FOR THE HUMBLEST.

When Stuart was painting Washington's portrait, he was rallied one day for his slow work. The painter protested that the picture could not advance until the canvas was dry, and that there must yet be some delay. Upon arriving the next morning, Stuart turned his canvases and discovered to his great horror, that the picture was spoiled. "General," said he, "somebody has held this picture to the fire."

Washington summoning Sam, and learning that he was the author of the mischief, dismissed him in anger. Sam, it appears, overhearing Washington's expression of impatience at the tardiness of the work and the artist's declaration that it must be dry before he could go on, had just put the canvas before the fire. The next day Washington, feeling that he had treated Sam unjustly, gave him a silver watch, saying: "Come here, Sam, Take this watch, and whenever you look at it remember that your master, in a moment of passion, said to you what he now regrets, and that he was not ashamed to confess that he had done so."

WASHINGTON REVERENCES GOD.

In his order of July 28th, 1779, he says:

"Many and pointed orders have been issued against that un-

meaning and abominable customs, 'swearing;' notwithstanding which, with much regret the General observes that it prevails, if possible more than ever; his feelings are continually wounded by the oaths and imprecations of the soldiers. Whenever he is within hearing of them, the name of the Being from whose bountiful goodness we are permitted to enjoy the comforts of life, is incessantly imprecated and profaned in a manner as wanton as it is shocking; for the sake, therefore, of religion, decency and order, the General hopes and trusts that officers of rank will use their influence and authority to check a vice which is as unprofitable as it is wicked and shameful."

WASHINGTON AS A CONQUEROR.

While the troops of Cornwallis were marching out of town, with cased colors and drums beating the sad sound of defeat, Washington turned to his troops and said:

"My brave fellows, let no sensation of satisfaction for the triumph you have gained induce you to insult a fallen enemy, let no shouting—no clamorous buzzing, increase their mortification. It is a sufficient satisfaction to us that we witness their humiliation. Posterity will buzz for us!"

The next day he ordered that all who were under arrest should be set at liberty.

THE SON OF THE GREAT NAPOLEON.

The mortal remains of the King of Rome are soon to be placed beneath the dome of the Invalides, by the side of the father.

The following will be interesting at this time:

Joseph Charles Francis Napoleon, King of Rome, Duke of Reichstadt, was born at Paris on the 20th of March, 1811. All the good fairies seemed to have assembled around his cradle, and all appeared to predict for him honors, riches, and power; not one intimated a doubt of his future grandeur and lustre. Yet, despite the happy presages which accompanied his birth, scarcely three years after he came into the world as the heir of Napoleon, the young Prince left France on the 2d of May, 1814, never to return during life. On arriving in the dominions of his grandfather, the Emperor of Austria, his title was suppressed, the name he bore was proscribed, every fact in history which recalled the glory of his father and the humiliation of his enemies was carefully concealed from the child's knowledge, and at seven years of age the son of Napoleon became the Duke of Reichstadt.

An Imperial decree, promulgated July 22, 1818, (the 22d of July was also the date of his death,) conferred upon him the title of an Austrian duke, fixed his rank at the Court of Vienna, the arms he was to bear, the honors to which he was entitled, and the position he was to occupy as a member of the Imperial family of Austria. No trace of Napoleon was left, and the name itself was formally suppressed by the decree.

Afterward, as he grew up and learned what a hero had been his father, he suddenly awoke, as from a long slumber.

When he read in secret the story of Napoleon's immortal campaigns, and comprehended the glory and power to which the genius of his father had attained, it seemed to him that he had all at once entered another world, illuminated by the history of gigantic exploits.

Then, despite those who surrounded him, despite the incessant watch kept over him, he determined to know all. He obtained and eagerly devoured every work in which Napoleon's name was mentioned, and finally, when he realized how great his father had been, what humiliations had been heaped upon him,

how he had died a tortured prisoner, the young Prince was filled with an immense hatred of those who had accomplished the banished soldier's long martyrdom. His indignation was also excited against the decree which deprived him of the name which he justly regarded as the most glorious of those he bore, and immediately and resolutely signified his intention to be called Napoleon.

Like his father, he was fond of the profession of arms, but his tall, thin body could not withstand the arduous exercise to which he attempted to school himself. Appointed Colonel of the Gustavus Vasa Regiment, he assumed the active command, took part in every fatiguing ceremony, in all weather, no matter how ill he was, or how much his physicians remonstrated. His dreams were of glory. He studied the art of war in the numberless descriptions of his father's battles, either reading them or inducing others to recount them to him, with the map of Europe beneath his eyes.

He would never consent to lie down, except when his feebleness absolutely forced him to do so. He well knew that he must soon die, but he had only one regret in leaving the world, and that was to have done so little to prove himself worthy to bear the name of Napoleon.

His mother, a woman whose heart seemed insensible to any ennobling emotion, and who had not the dignity to remain the widow of Napoleon—his mother wept at his bedside, when the fatal moment drew near.

"Mother! mother!" he whispered, "I am dying!"

It was the 22d of July, 1832, and these were the last words of Napoleon II., expiring in a murmur upon his lips, with his last breath. Thus died the son of the Great Captain, at the age of twenty-one years.

Six days after his death, on the 28th, a post mortem examination of the remains was made at Schonbrunn. The following is an extract of the medical report:

"The body completely emaciated; the chest, in proportion to the body, long and narrow; the sternum flattened; the neck wasted."

He was interred at Schonbrunn with princely honors, and visitors to his tomb, at the present day, will see upon it a Latin inscription, of which the following is a translation:

To the eternal memory
Of Joseph Charles Francis, Duke of Reichstadt;
Son of Napoleon, Emperor of the French,
And of Maria Louisa, Arch-Duchess of Austria;
Born at Paris, the 20th of March, 1811,
Died at Schonbrunn, July 22, 1832.

He had himself written an epitaph, which he wished placed upon his tomb, but which was rejected. It was brief and to the purpose:

Here lies the son of the Great Napoleon!
He was born King of Rome.
He died an Austrian Colonel!

FRENCH LESSONS. Owing to a deficiency of some French accents in our type, these Lessons will have to be deferred for a time. They will be resumed at the earliest practicable moment.

LESSONS IN GEOLOGY.—No. 10.

PLUTONIC CHANGES IN THE EARTH'S SURFACE.

The theory advanced in our last lesson will help us to understand a phrase often used by geologists, when they speak of "one rock *passing* into another," and that by imperceptible gradation. If you imagine the beds of stratified gneiss, which is only granite run away by water, to be deposited on a bottom of white, you can imagine that the subterranean heat might acquire such intensity as to melt the granite beneath the gneiss afresh. This fresh fusion would be so to reach the lower beds of the overlying gneiss, and to penetrate them so thoroughly, as almost to destroy completely all trace of the original lines of their stratification, and make them to appear as if they had never been under the action of water.

Keep in mind that these changes in the character of aged rocks is not produced by heat alone. Volcanic action, in which may be called recent and modern epochs of geological time, assists us in studying the character of Plutonic action in more remote ages. It is well known that Volcanoes send forth immense volumes of heated gases, which disengage themselves from melted matter, and struggle to make their way through the enormous pressure which overlies them. They maintain this effort for weeks, months, and years. When, therefore, fused granite or porphyry is burning, boiling, and heaving under great pressure, and containing powerful gases which cannot escape, these gases will act upon the crust above; and, when they are near porous rocks, they will pass through them with great facility, and, in passing, greatly modify them.

It is true that we can study these phenomena only as they are observed on the surface of the earth; but it is clear that as gaseous fluids have altered the surface of the rocks, and as these fluids could only come from subterranean sources, they must have made their way through the entire crust, from the deep reservoirs below into the open air.

Other alterations of strata will be more fully considered when we come to the subject of metamorphic rocks, and the influence of volcanic action in the production of trap and basalt. The Plutonic changes, just added to, are mentioned now, only to illustrate one of the operations of heat on the early crust of the earth.

In our former lesson we have spoken of the sedimentary beds as having been altered by heat or by seas, and have supposed the altered strata to retain their original relation to the beds that have not been altered. There are, however, innumerable instances in which stratified beds, whether altered or not, have been disturbed and dislocated. A thousand instances are found, in which the strata have been broken up and tilted up so that what was deposited horizontally appear now with their lines of stratification highly inclined; sometimes almost perpendicular; at other times perfectly vertical; and, in some instances, quite inverted.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

EASY ELECTRICAL EXPERIMENTS.

1. Suspend two small pith balls, by fine silken threads of about six inches in length, in such a man-

ner, that when at rest they may hang in contact with each other; on applying a piece of sealing wax, excited as in a former experiment, they will repel each other.

2. Take a piece of common brown paper, about the size of an octave book, hold it before the fire till quite dry and hot, then draw it briskly under the arm several times, so as to rub it on both sides at once by the coat. The paper will be found so powerfully electrical, that if placed against a wainscotted or papered wall of a room, it will remain there for some minutes without falling.

3. And if, while the paper adheres to the wall, a light feecy feather be placed against it, it will be attracted to the paper, in the same way as the paper is attracted to the wall.

4. If the paper be again warmed, and drawn under the arm as before, and hung up by a thread attached to one corner of it, it will hold up several feathers on each side; should these fall off from different sides at the same time, they will cling together very strongly; and if after a minute they be all shaken off, they will fly to one another in a very singular manner.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTE.—Correspondence is invited from our friends.

A STUDENT OF PHYSICS, American Fork.—The arguments respectively used in favor of the two great theories concerning the nature of light, are too ponderous to be answered in this department of the Magazine. We will endeavor at some future time to give an article on the subject. In the mean time we will say, that in our estimation; the vibratory theory which supposes the whole of the material for producing the effect of light to exist always and for ever between all the worlds of space, to be always present, and only to want quickening or awakening by motion—is by far the most simple and easily comprehended. The Emanation theory, which assumes that light consists of particles thrown off from the sun—which supposes, in fact, that actual particles of the sun itself are continually leaving that body, is, to our idea too cumbersome and complicated a theory to be true; and would require the replenishing of the sun at some future date. The most simple idea of the Universe, and the one most likely to accord with the wisdom of Deity, is that which takes for granted that all the material for light, sound, and everything else, are created around us, and with us, and only require motion and activity, mental or physical, to make them manifest.

The analogy between the laws of light and sound is a great argument in favor of the vibratory theory as sound is known to be produced on that principle. Why not suppose sound to consist of particles thrown off from the speaker by emanation, as well as light by emanations from the sun?

LADIES' TABLE.

ELEGANT TRIMMING FOR DRESSES.

Make a chain of the desired length.

First Row—3 chains, 1 treble, * 2 chains, miss 2, 2 treble, repeat from star.

Second Row—2 double chain into the 2 chains of the first loop, * 2 chains (1 treble, 4 chains, 1 treble, 6 chains, 1 treble, 4 chains, 1 treble, into second loop,) 2 double chain into the 2 chain of next loop, repeat from star.

Third Row—Commence on the 2 double chain with 10 chains, * 1 double chain into the middle of the 5 loops below, 5 chains, 1 double treble between the 2 double chain, 5 chains, repeat from star.

Fourth Row—Commence in the 5th chain below, 3 chains, * (1 treble, 1 chain, 1 treble, 1 chain, 1 treble, into the middle chain of 5 chains below, repeat from star.

Fifth Row—4 chains, 1 treble between the first and second of the 8 treble, 6 chains, 1 treble between the second and third of the 3 treble, 4 chains, 1 double chain between the first and second of the next 3 treble, 1 double chain between the second third of the 3 treble, repeat from star.

This forms exactly half one side of the trimming; turn it round and commence at the end you leave off at with the second and following rows, which will complete it, taking care to let the stitches of the second half be exactly parallel with those of the first.

This worked in silk, the same color as the dress, has a very beautiful effect.

REMEDY FOR A ROUGH OR FRECKLY SKIN.

Into a bottle capable of holding 6 ounces put 1 ounce of oil of almonds, 10 grains of sub-carbonate of potash. Shake this well. Add 1 drachm of essence of bergamot, and fill up the bottle with the best elder-flower water. Put it on the face at night.

A very simple and excellent Cosmetic for occasional use when going to bed is to wash the face with strained lemon juice, if the skin be rough. Sour milk is also excellent.

HUMOROUS READINGS.

TAILOR'S REVENGE.—Giving a customer fits.

Bachelor at breakfast—"Dear me, Susan, that's a very small egg."

Susan—"Yes, sir, it is; but it was only laid this morning, sir."

"Which way do you travel from?" asked a wag of a crooked-backed gentleman. "I came straight from Wheeling," was the reply. "Did you?" said the other; "then you must have been shockingly warped by the railroad."

A witness spoke of a particular person as having seen him "partially clad."

"Was he not quite nude?" asked the examining counsel.

"No," replied the witness, "he wore a pair of spectacles."

Papa—"Well, Sissy, how do you like your new school?"

Sissy—"Oh, so muts."

Papa—"That's right. Now tell me all you have learned to-day."

Sissy—"I have learned the names of all the little boys."

There is a story of an Irish editor, who, being left without assistance in a busy time, found himself unable to cope with all the intelligence, late, later, and latest, that flowed in upon him; so that towards four in the morning he wound up his night's work by penning a notice extraordinary, in these words—"Owing to a most unextraordinary pressure of matter, we are compelled to leave several of our columns blank."

John Paul says, "I never was a good carver, which is one good reason why I do not have turkey on my table every day instead of only once a year. Hash is much easier to help; there are no joints to puzzle me, no crooked necks, side bones, and gizzards to drive one to distraction, so I make it the standing dish in my household. Those who think we take it for cheapness make a mistake. The convenience of the thing is its recommendation." Of course!

An Irishman, having a large family, found it rather hard to keep up the table, and adopted the following plan:—At evening, just before supper, he calls his children around him and addresses them as follows:

"Who'll take a cent and do without his supper?"

"I, I, I!" exclaim all the children, to get the prize.

The old man pulls out a pocket full of cents which he keeps for the occasion, and after giving them a cent apiece, sends them off to bed.

Next morning they all look like starved Arabs.

The old man calls them around him, and with an air of gravity asks:—"Who'll give a cent to have a nice warm biscuit for breakfast?"

All the children roar out "I."

Reader, go thou and do likewise.

A fellow who kept a tavern in the country went to a painter, and inquired for what sum he would paint a bear for a sign-board. It was to be a real good one, that would attract customers.

"Five pounds," replied the painter.

"That's too much," said the innkeeper; Tom Lard will do it for three."

"Is it to be wild or tame?" inquired the painter, wishing to be underbid by his rival.

"A wild one, to be sure."

"With a chain, or without one," again asked the painter.

"Without a chain."

"Well, I will paint you a wild bear without a chain for three pounds."

The bargain was struck; the painter set to work and in due time sent home the sign-board, on which he had painted a huge bear, of a most ferocious aspect. It was the admiration of all the neighbors, and drew plenty of customers to the inn.

One night there arose a violent storm of wind and rain, which led the innkeeper to look anxiously at the sign in the morning. There it was, sure enough swinging to and fro, but the bear had disappeared. He immediately hurried to the painter, and related what had happened.

"Was it a wild bear or a tame one?" inquired the painter, coolly.

"A wild bear."

"Was it chained or not?"

"I think not."

"Then," said the painter, triumphantly, "how could you expect a wild bear to remain in such a storm as that of last night without a chain? No bear would have done it."

The scheming fellow had painted it in water-colors.

JUST IN TIME.

A doctor called in Bedford Row,
(It matters not how long ago)
To see a patient. When he knock'd,
Now only think how he was shock'd,
When instantly the footman said—
'Dear doctor, our poor lady's dead!'

'Dead? surely not. It may by chance
Be nothing but a sleeping trance;
I'll just walk up and see for certain.'
He did so, and undrew the curtain;
Where laid the lady, pale and calm,
The usual guinea in her palm.
'I see' he cried (and took the fee)—
'The poor dear soul expected me!'

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[Vol. I.

POETRY.

SO FAR,—SO FAR AWAY.

So far away! So far away!
Thy stars are not the stars I see;
With me 'tis night, with thee 'tis day,
And day and night are one to me;
So far,—so far away!

I faint beneath these wandering airs
Whose wings around the world goes free;
I snatch at straws the whirlwind bears—
Touched they the land that blooms for thee
So far,—so far away!

The forms that near me breathe and move
Like visions rise, like visions flee;
I cannot live to other love,
My soul has crossed the deep to thee
So far,—so far away!

Earth's drooping shadows close me round,
The heavens have lost their light for me,
The voice of joy breathes not a sound,
And hope swoons dead on yonder sea
So far,—so far away!

HAROLD, THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

[CONTINUED.]

THE RETURN OF GODWIN AND HAROLD.

And all went well to the desire of Duke William the Norman. With one hand he curbed his proud vassals, and drove back his fierce foes. With the other, he led to the altar Matilda, the maid of Flanders. And England, every day, waxed more and more Norman; and Edward grew more feeble and infirm, and there seemed not a barrier between the Norman duke and the English throne, when suddenly the wind blew in the halls of heaven, and filled the sails of Harold the earl.

And his ships came to the mouth of the Severn. And the people of Somerset and Devon, a mixed and mainly a Celtic race, who bore small love to the Saxons, drew together against him, and he put them to flight, and slew more than thirty good thegns.

Meanwhile, Godwin and his sons, Sweyn, Tostig, and Gurth, who had taken refuge in that very Flanders from which William the duke had won his bride,

lay at Bruges, ready to join Harold the Earl. And Edward, advised of this from the anxious Norman, caused forty ships to be equipped, and put them under command of Rolf, earl of Hereford. The ships lay at Sandwich in wait for Godwin. But the old earl got from them and landed quietly on the southern coast. And the fort of Hastings opened to his coming with a shout from its armed men.

All the boatmen, all the mariners, far and near, thronged to him, with sail and with shield, with sword and with oar. All Kent (the foster-mother of the Saxons), sent forth the cry, "Life or death with Earl Godwin." Fast over the length and breadth of the land went the bodes and riders of the earl; and hosts with one voice, answered the cry of the children of Horsa, "Life or death with Earl Godwin." And the ships of King Edward, in dismay, turned flag and prow to London, and the fleet of Harold sailed on. So the old earl met his young son on the deck of a war-ship, that had once borne the Raven of the Dane.

Swelled and gathering sailed the armament of the English men. Slow up the Thames it sailed, and on either shore marched tumultuous the swarming multitude. And King Edward sent after more help, but it came up very late. So the fleet of the earl nearly faced the Juillet Keape of London, and abode at Southwark till the flood-tide came up. When he had mustered his host, then came the flood-tide.

King Edward sate, not on his throne, but on a chair of state, in the presence chamber of his palace of Westminster. His diadem, with the three zimmes shaped into a triple trefoil on his brow, his sceptre in his right hand. His royal robe, tight to the throat, with a broad band of gold, flowed to his feet; and at the fold gathered round the left knee, where now the kings of England wear the badge of St. George, was embroidered a simple cross. In that chamber met the thegns and procures of his realm; but not they alone. No national Witan there assembled, but a council of war, composed at least one third part of Normans—counts, knights, prelates, and abbots of high degree.

And king Edward looked a king? The habitual lethargic meekness had vanished from his face, and the large crown threw a shadow, like a frown, over his brow. His spirit seemed to have risen from the weight it took from the sluggish blood of his father, Ethelred the Unready, and to have remounted to the brighter and earlier source of ancestral heroes.

Worthy in that hour he seemed to boast the blood and wield the sceptre of Athelstan and Alfred.

Thus spoke the king.

"Right worthy and beloved, my earldermen, earls and thegns of England; noble and familiar, my friends and guests, counts and chevaliers of Normandy, hear the words of Edward, the king of England, under grace of the Most High. The rebels are in our river; open yonder lattice, and you will see the piled shields glittering from their barks, and hear the hum of their hosts. Not a bow has yet been drawn, not a sword left its sheath; yet on the opposite side of the river are our fleets of forty sail—along the strand, between our palace and the gates of London are arrayed our armies. And this pause because Godwin the traitor hath demanded truce, and his nuncius waits without. Are ye willing that we should hear the message? or would ye rather that we dismiss the messengers unheard, and pass at once, to rank and to sail, the war-cry of a Christian king, 'Holy Cross and our Lady!'"

The king ceased, his left hand grasping firm the leopard head carved on his throne, and his sceptre untrembling in his lifted hand.

A murmur of *Notre Dame, Notre Dame*, the war-cry of the Normans, was heard among the stranger-knights of the audience; but haughty and arrogant as those strangers were, no one presumed to take precedence, in England's danger, of men English born,

Slowly then rose Alred, Bishop of Winchester, the worthiest prelate in all the land,

"Kingly son," said the bishop, "evil is the strife between men of the same blood and lineage, nor justified but by extremes, which have not yet been made clear to us. And ill would it sound throughout England were it said that the king's council gave, perchance, his city of London to sword and fire, and rent his land in twain, when a word in season might have disbanded yon armies, and given to your throne a submissive subject, where you are now menaced by a formidable rebel. Wherefore, I say, admit the nuncius."

Scarcely had Alred resumed his seat, before Robert the Norman prelate of Canterbury started up—a man, it was said, of worldly learning—and exclaimed—

"To admit the messenger is to approve the treason. I do beseech the king to consult only his own royal heart and royal honor. Reflect—each moment of delay swells their hosts, strengthens their cause; of each moment they avail themselves, to allure to their side the misguided citizens. Delay but proves our own weakness; a king's name is a tower of strength, but only when fortified by a king's authority. Give the signal for—war I call it not—no—for chastisement and justice."

"As speaks my brother of Canterbury, so speak I," said William, Bishop of London, another Norman.

But then there rose up a form at whose rising all murmurs were hushed.

Gray and vast, as some image of a gone and mightier age, towered over all Siward the son of Beorn, the great Earl of Northumbria.

"We have naught to do with the Normans. Were they on the river, and our countrymen, Dane or Saxon, alone in this hall, small doubt of the king's choice, and nidding were the man who spoke of peace—but when Norman advises the dwellers of England to go

forth and slay each other, no sword of mine shall be drawn at his behest. Who shall say that Siward of the Strong Arm, the grandson of the Berserker, ever turned from a foe? The foe, son of Ethelred, sits in these halls; I fight thy battles when I say Nay to the Norman! Brothers-in-arms of the kindred race and common tongue, Dane and Saxon long intermingled, proud alike of Canute the glorious and Alfred the wise, ye will hear the man whom Godwin, our countryman, sends to us; he at least will speak our tongue, and he knows our laws. If the demand he delivers be just, such as a king should grant, and our Witan should hear, woe to him who refuses; if unjust be the demand, shame to him who accedes. Warrior send to warrior, countryman to countryman; hear we as countrymen, and judge as warriors. I have said."

The utmost excitement and agitation followed the speech of Siward. But the majority being English, there could be no doubt as to the decision, and Edward, to whom the emergence gave both a dignity and presence of mind rare to him, resolved to terminate the dispute at once. He stretched forth his sceptre, and motioning to his chamberlain, bade him introduce the nuncius.

A blank disappointment, not unmixed with apprehensive terror, succeeded the turbulent excitement of the Normans; for well they knew that the consequence, if not condition, of negotiations, would be their own downfall and banishment at the least—happy it might be to escape massacre at the hands of the exasperated multitude.

The door at the other end of the room opened, and the nuncius appeared. He was a sturdy broad-shouldered man, of middle age, and in the long loose garb originally national with the Saxon, though then little in vogue; his beard thick and fair, his eyes gray and calm—a chief of Kent where all the prejudices of his race were strongest, and whose yeomanry claimed in war the hereditary right to be placed in the front of battle.

He made his manly but deferential salutation to the august council as he approached; and pausing midway between the throne and door, he fell on his knees without thought of shame, for the king to whom he knelt was the descendant of Woden, and the heir of Hengist. At a sign and a brief word from the king, still on his knees, Vebba, the Kentman, spoke.

"To Edward, son of Ethelred, his most gracious king and lord, Godwin, son of Wolnoth, sends faithful and humble greeting, by Vebba the thegn-born. He prays the king to hear him in kindness, and judge of him with mercy. Not against the king comes he hither with ships and arms; but against those only who would stand between the king's heart and the subject's; those who have divided a house against itself, and parted son and father, man and wife—"

At those last words Edward's sceptre trembled in his hand, and his face grew almost stern.

"Of the king, Godwin but prays, with all submission and earnest prayer, to reverse the unrighteous outlawry against him and his—to restore to him and his sons their just possessions and well-won honors; and, more than all, to replace them where they have sought by loving service not unworthily to stand, in the grace of their born lord, and in the van of those who would uphold the laws and liberties of England.

This—done the ships sail back to their haven; the thegn seeks his homestead, and the ceorl returns to the plough; for with Godwin are no strangers; and his force is but the love of his countrymen."

"Hast thou said?" quoth the king.

"I have said."

"Retire and await our answer."

The Thegn of Kent was then led back into an ante-room, until he was again summoned into the presence-chamber. Nor did he return into the ante-room, but conducted forthwith from the council—his brief answer received—to the stairs of the palace, he reached the boat in which he had come, and was rowed back to the ship that held the earl and his sons.

The boat drew up to the lofty side of the vessel, a ladder was lowered, the nuncius ascended lightly and stood on deck. At the farther end grouped the sailors, few in number, and at respectful distance from the earl and his sons.

Godwin was himself but half armed. His head was bare, nor had he other weapon of offense than the gilt battle-ax of the Danes—weapon as much of office as of war; but his broad breast was covered with the ring mail of the time. His stature was lower than that of any of his sons; nor did his form exhibit greater physical strength than that of a man, well shaped, robust, and deep of chest, who still preserved in age the pith and sinew of mature manhood.

English, emphatically, the English deemed him; and this not the less that in his youth he had sided with Canute, and owed his fortunes to that king; and Godwin was the more esteemed as the chosen counselor of that popular prince. Of one dark crime he was suspected, and, despite his oath to the contrary, and the formal acquittal of the national council, doubt of his guilt rested then, as it rests still, upon his name; viz., the perfidious surrender of Alfred, Edward's murdered brother.

But time had passed over the dismal tragedy; and there was an instinctive and prophetic feeling throughout the English nation, that with the House of Godwin was identified the cause of the English people.

Behind him stood the statliest group of sons that ever filled with pride a father's eye. Each strikingly distinguished from the other, all remarkable for beauty of countenance and strength of frame.

"So what says the king?" asked Earl Godwin.

"This: he refuses to restore thee and thy sons, or to hear thee, till thou hast disbanded thine army, dismissed thy ships, and consented to clear thyself and thy house before the Witana-gemot."

A fierce laugh broke from Tostig; Sweyn's mournful brow grew darker; Leofwine placed his right hand on his ateghar. Wolnoth rose erect, Gurth kept his eyes on Harold, and Harold's face remained unmoved.

"The king received thee in his council of war," said Godwin, thoughtfully, "and doubtless the Normans were there. Who were the Englishmen most of mark?"

"Siward of Northumbria, thy foe."

"My sons," said the earl, turning to his children, and breathing loud as if a load were off his heart; "there will be no need of ax or armor to-day. Harold alone was wise," and he pointed to the linen tunic of the son thus cited.

"What mean you, Sir Father?" said Tostig imperiously. "Think you to—"

"Peace, son, peace," said Godwin, without asperity, but with conscious command. "Return brave and dear friend," he said to Vebba, "find out Siward the earl; tell him that I, Godwin, his foe in the old time, place honor and life in his hands, and what he counsels that will we do.—Go."

The Kent man nodded, and regained his boat. Then spoke Harold.

"Father, yonder are the forces of Edward, as yet without leaders, since the chiefs must be still in the halls of the king. Some fiery Norman among them may provoke an encounter; and our cause is not won, as it behoves us to win it, if one drop of English blood dye the sword of one Englishman. Wherefore with your leave I will take boat and land. And unless I have lost in my absence all right here in the hearts of our countrymen, at the first shout from our troops which proclaims that Harold son of Godwin is on the soil of our fathers, half yon array of spears and helms pass at once to our side."

"And if not, my vain brother?" said Tostig, gnawing his lips with envy.

"And if not, I will ride alone into the midst of them, and ask what Englishmen are there who will aim shaft or spear at this breast, never mailed against England!"

Godwin placed his hand on Harold's head, and the tears came to those close cold eyes.

"Thou knowest by nature what I have learned by art. Go and prosper. Be it as thou wilt."

Meanwhile, Harold had entered the boat lowered from the side of the *æscas* to receive him; and Gurth, looking appealingly to his father, and seeing no sign of dissent, sprang down after the young earl, and seated himself by his side.

Godwin followed the boat with musing eyes.

Harold reached the shore and as soon as landed there rose from the ranks on the strand, the shout of "Harold! Harold the earl! Harold and Holy Cross!" And Godwin, turning his eyes to the king's ranks, saw them agitated, swayed and moving; till suddenly from the very heart of the hostile array, came as by irresistible impulse, the cry—"Harold, our Harold! All hail, the good earl!"

While this chanced without—within the palace, Edward had quitted the presence chamber, and was closeted with Stigand, the Bishop. Never in his whole life had Edward been so stubborn as on this occasion. For here more than his realm was concerned; he was threatened in the peace of his household, and the comfort of his tepid friendships. With the recall of his powerful father-in-law, he foresaw the necessary re-intrusion of his wife upon the charm of his chaste solitude. His favorite Normans would be banished; he should be surrounded with faces he abhorred. All the representations of Stigand fell upon a stern and unyielding spirit, when Siward entered the king's closet.

"Sir, my king," said the great son of Beorn, "I yielded to your kingly will in the council, that before we listened to Godwin, he should disband his men, and submit to the judgment of the Witan. The earl hath sent me to say, that he will put honor and life in my keeping, and abide by my counsel. And I have answered as became the man who will never snare a foe, or betray a trust."

"How hast thou answered?" asked the king.

"That he abide by the law of England, as Dane and

Saxon agreed to abide in the day of Canute; that he and his sons should make no claim for land or lordship, but submit all to the Witan."

"Good," said the king; "and the Witan will condemn him now, as it would have condemned when he shunned to meet it."

"And the Witan *now*," returned the earl, emphatically, "will be free, fair, and just."

"And meanwhile, the troops—"

"Will wait on either side; and if reason fail, then the sword," said Siward.

"This I will not hear," exclaimed Edward; when the tramp of many feet thundered along the passage; the door was flung open, and several captains (Norman as well as Saxon) of the king's troops rushed in, wild, rude, and tumultuous.

"The troops desert! half the ranks have thrown down their arms at the very name of Harold!" exclaimed the Earl of Hereford. "Curses on the knaves."

"And the lightsmen of London," cried a Saxon thegn, "are all on his side, and marching already through the gates."

"Pause yet," whispered Stigand; "and who shall say, this hour to-morrow, if Edward or Godwin reign on the throne of Alfred?"

His stern heart moved by the distress of his king, and not the less for the unwonted firmness which Edward displayed, Siward here approached; knelt, and took the king's hand.

"Siward can give no nidding counsel to his king; to save the blood of his subjects is never a king's disgrace. Yield thou to mercy—Godwin to the law!"

"Oh for the cowl and cell!" exclaimed the prince, wringing his hands. "Oh Norman home, why did I leave thee!"

He took the cross from his breast, contemplated it fixedly, prayed silently but with fervor, and his face again became tranquil.

"Go," he said flinging himself on his seat in the exhaustion that follows passion, "go, Siward, go, Stigand, deal with things mundane as ye will."

The bishop, satisfied with the reluctant acquiescence, seized Siward by the arm and withdrew him from the closet. The captains remained a few moments behind, the Saxons silently gazing on the king, the Normans whispering each other, in great doubt and trouble, and darting looks of the bitterest scorn at their feeble benefactor. Then, as with one accord, these last rushed along the corridor; gained the hall where their countrymen yet assembled, and exclaimed, "*A toute bride! Franc érier!*"—All is lost but life! God for the first man—knife and cord for the last!"

Then as the cry of fire, or as the first crash of an earthquake, dissolves all union, and reduces all emotion into one thought of self-saving, the whole concave, crowding pell-mell on each other, hustled, jostled, clamored to the door—happy he who could find horse—palfrey—even monk's mule! This way, that way, fled those lordly Normans, those martial abbots, those mitred bishops—some singly, some in pairs; some by tens, and some by scores; but all prudently shunning association with those chiefs whom they had most courted the day before, and who they now knew would be the main mark for revenge; save only two, the Bishop of London and the Archbishop of Canterbury. Both these dignitaries armed *cap-a-pie*,

and spear in hand, headed the fight; and good service that day, both as guide and champion, did Mallet de Graville. He led them in a circuit behind both armies, but being intercepted by a new body, coming from the pastures of Hertfordshire to the help of Godwin, he was compelled to take the bold and desperate resort of entering the city gates. These were wide open; whether to admit the Saxon earls, or vomit forth their allies, the Londoners. Through these, up the narrow streets, riding three abreast, dashed the slaughtering fugitives; worthy in flight of their national renown, they trampled down every obstacle. Bodies of men drew up against them at every angle, with the Saxon cry of "Out!—Out!" "Down with the outland men!" Through each, spear pierced, and sword clove, the way. Red with gore was the spear of the prelate of London; broken to the hilt was the sword militant in the terrible hand of the Archbishop of Canterbury. So on they rode, so on they slaughtered—gained the Eastern Gate, and passed with but two of their number lost.

The fields once gained, for better precaution they separated. Some few, not quite ignorant of the Saxon tongue, doffed their mail, and crept through forest and fell towards the sea shore; others retained steed and arms, but shunned equally the high roads. The two prelates were among the last; they gained in safety Ness, in Essex, threw themselves into an open, crazy fishing boat, committed themselves to the waves, and, half drowned and half famished, drifted over the Channel to the French shores. Of the rest of the courtly foreigners, some took refuge in the forts yet held by their countrymen; some lay concealed in creeks and caves till they could find or steal boats for their passage. And thus in the year of our Lord, 1052 occurred the notable dispersion and ignominious flight of the counts and vavasours of great William the duke.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CREAM OF THE PAPERS.

THE POLISH PRINCESS.

[From Bow Bells.]

Many a tale of fiction is excelled in its marvellous character by a narrative of real life. This fact is well illustrated by the actual experience of a Polish princess during the earlier days of the French Revolution—that dismal period which was so prolific in facts "stranger than fiction."

The Princess Anna Lubomieski had established herself in Paris a short time before the overthrow of the old monarchy; and, although stormy times were evidently close at hand, and events occurred which prompted many of the French "noblesse" to seek safety for life and fortune in England and Germany, she never dreamt of changing her residence, persuaded that her high rank, and the well-known fact that she was a Russian subject would secure her from being in any way disturbed, so long as she did not meddle with plots or politics.

Robespierre had not long been in power before she learnt to her cost how great a mistake she had made in trusting to such a protection. Denounced under the pretext of being a spy and a conspirator against the Republic, the Princess was summoned to appear before the usual tribunal, was hastily tried after the fashion of the times, and was condemned to die.

When carried to prison to await the execution of the sentence, no member of her family was allowed to accompany her except her daughter Rosalie, a child about five years old. On the sad day on which the poor mother was dragged to the scaffold, she commended her little orphan Rosalie—her only child—to some companions in misfortune whom she had found in the

prison. It so happened that each one of them, within a short period, experienced a fate similar to the tragical end of the Princess; and the poor child, adopted and bequeathed by each victim in turn, at last came into the hands of a washerwoman of the prison, named Bertot, who, though a widow, and with five children of her own dependent upon her for support, was so touched by the forlorn condition of the little Rosalie, that she assumed the care of her herself.

The beauty of Rosalie, her unusual intelligence, considering her years, her gentle temper, her winning ways, and her anxious desire to help her benefactress, quickly gained the heart of the kindly washerwoman, so that she adopted the orphan, and felt for her an affection scarcely less warm than that for her own children.

A few years after the termination of the Reign of Terror, a list of its victims who had belonged to other countries was prepared and published as widely as possible over Europe. The brother of the Princess, the Count Rzewouski, was one day looking somewhat carelessly over this list, when his eye was arrested by the sight of his sister's name; and he then learnt, for the first time, the horrible fate in which her misplaced confidence had involved her.

The Count, of course, instantly started for Paris, to get possession of his niece.

On his arrival in that city, the authorities willingly rendered every assistance in their power to ascertain her whereabouts; but all his and their efforts were utterly fruitless, as all trace of the orphan was lost. Advertisements appeared in all the papers, offering large rewards to any who would give information, but as good Mother Bertot did not see the papers, and probably could not have read them if they had fallen in her way, nothing came of them. Month after month was spent by the Count in these useless endeavors; and at last he reluctantly prepared to return home to Poland.

On the morning of the day fixed for his departure, the Count met a washerwoman and a little girl with a basket of linen, at the entrance of the Hotel Grande Bateliere, at which he lodged. He was so struck with the beauty of the little girl, and with the fancied resemblance, in some respects, to his lost sister, that he stopped to have a few words with her.

It was the hand of a kind Providence, whose ways are so often not like our ways, which arrested him; for this washerwoman and her assistant were no other than the good Mother Bertot and her orphan charge. Only a few days before this, Mother Bertot had been engaged as washerwoman of the Hotel Grand Bateliere, whither she was taking some newly-washed linen when the Count so happily met her.

"What is your name, my child?" asked the Count.

"Rosalie, sir," was the answer.

"Rosalie, do you say? is Rosalie really your name?—my good woman?" said the Count, turning to Madame Bertot, "is this your child?"

"Yes, sir," said she, "indeed she is my child, for I have supported her for three years. But, when I call her my child, I do not mean to say that I am actually her mother. No; she is the daughter of a poor lady who was in the prison to which I once belonged, and where I found her. She has neither father nor mother. But misfortune has bound me to her as closely as if we had been glued together."

"Do you say," rejoined the Count, "that she is the child of one who was in prison?"

"Yes, of a great lady who was imprisoned and guillotined, with many others, in the time of Robespierre."

The Count was instantly convinced that he had at last found his niece; but, to make assurance doubly sure, he addressed a few words to her in Polish. The moment that Rosalie heard the words, which recalled the dear remembrance of her infancy, she burst into tears, and throwing herself into the arms of the Count, exclaimed, "Oh, sir, I understand what you say! I understand what you say! Repeat the words again. It is the language in which my dear mother used to talk to me."

"Rosalie! my Rosalie!" said the Count, profoundly affected, and clasping the child in his arms—"I have found you at last. Yes, you are my niece, the daughter of my beloved sister!"

Then addressing the astonished washerwoman, he said, "Good woman! you shall be always her mother. You shall never be parted while you live. As you took the abandoned orphan into your family, and cared for her with a mother's love, your family shall henceforth be part of mine."

The Count was as good as his word. Mother Bertot and her children were at once removed to handsome apartments in the Hotel Grande Bateliere, until the Count was ready to return home. They accompanied him and Rosalie (who subsequently

married her cousin, the young Count Rzewouski) to Poland. Madame Bertot's sons were educated at the University of Wilna, entered the army, and were on the staff of Prince Poniatowski. Her daughters also received ample dowries from their grateful friend, and in due time married Polish gentlemen of high social position.

LAVATER AND MIRACLES.

[From History of the Supernatural.]

Lavater issued a circular requesting the friends of truth to send him any well-attested evidence of occurrences beyond the ordinary course of nature, or of such as had followed prayer, of some positive exertions of faith; to ascertain, if possible, whether, after the death of the Apostles and their immediate successors, the same class of events had really continued for which we give credit to them and their times; and especially whether no certain proofs existed of such events, commonly called miraculous, having taken place since the Reformation. He declared that it was very important to know whether there were still living any pious conscientious man, who before the omniscient God would declare that he had prayed with undoubting expectation that he should be heard, and was not heard. He declared it as his object to learn whether the Christian of the eighteenth, as well as the Christian of the first, century might attain to immediate and sensible communion with God, and whether he whose sufferings no human power or wisdom could relieve, might have confident recourse to the omnipotent power of Christ. "Can there be," he says, "an enquiry more important to the friend of humanity, who views around him so much dreadful misery; or to the Christian who sees everywhere infidelity, and the empty, powerless and spiritless name of Christianity triumph?" He warned his correspondents to observe the strictest truth in their communications, declaring that no crime could be more impious and detestable than falsehood in such a case.

In consequence of this circular he received a mass of extraordinary relations, which he read and examined with most unwearied patience and care. Many of them he regarded as fully proved, others as by no means so; and so far from exhibiting a weak credulity, he incurred very severe reproaches for rejecting claims which many able men admitted. Such were the claims of a Catherine Kinderknecht, near Zurich, who had a great reputation for performing remarkable cures in answer to prayer, and whom his friend Fuseli, the great painter, afterwards so well known in England, had great faith in, but who was misled by Lavater to give up this faith. Neither did he believe in Gassner without visiting him, nor when he had visited him did he rate his powers so high as many others, and they, physicians, did.

In his lifetime we find some incidents occurring to himself or friends which every one learned in such matters will receive as additions to their divine evidences. Whilst he was on a journey, in 1773, to his friend Dr. Hotze at Richterswille, his wife, though she had received a letter from him the day before, announcing his perfect health and safety, suddenly fell into a severe agony about him, impressed with a vivid sense of his great danger, and prayed energetically for him, though her father regarded her alarm as most unfounded after immediate intelligence of his safety. At that moment Lavater was in a terrific storm on the Lake of Zurich which carried masts and sails away, and made the sailors despair of saving the vessel.

His friend, Professor Sulzer, told him that in his twenty-second year he was suddenly seized with a violent attack of melancholy and terror, and it was impressed on his mind that his future wife was at that moment suffering from some severe accident. He had no thought of marrying, much less any idea who was likely to become his wife. Ten years afterwards, when he was married and had nearly forgotten the circumstance, he learned from his wife, that precisely at that time (when only ten years old), she was nearly killed by a violent fall, from the effects of which she had never entirely recovered.

On one occasion a gentleman called on him, and the moment he saw him he was impressed with the conviction that he was a murderer. The gentleman was, however, a very interesting intellectual man, so far as could be seen; he was well received in Zurich, and Lavater dined with him at a friend's house the next day, where he made himself very agreeable. But news came quickly that he was one of the assassins of the King of Sweden, and he disappeared.

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TESTIMONY OF THE SUPERNATURAL.

A belief in the supernatural has been common in all ages and among all peoples. All men naturally incline to believe in an invisible world, as seen in their tendencies from childhood up, to be awe struck and impressed by tales of encounters with anything of a ghostly character. It is true that by cultivating their reason at the expense of their instinctive powers, men may overrule and crush down this inner voice to a great degree; but even the most sceptical display a curiosity and a yearning for facts connected with another world which shows that in spite of everything their true nature inclines that way.

It is a common saying that dead men tell no tales, and that the grave is a "bourne from whence no traveler returns" to tell the nature of the new sphere upon which he has entered; but this is not so. True, the dead do not return as a general thing to attest their existence after the dissolution of the body. But if all the testimony that the world has had presented to it of the existence of another world by dealings with the dead themselves were collected, there would be far more to establish the fact of our existence after death than men generally require as evidence on other subjects.

Of course the greatest and truest record of the existence of an unseen world is found in the Bible. There we have a record of legal manifestations of the highest order; but there are innumerable instances outside of that book—instances, it is true, in many cases of illegal manifestations, and often apart from any true order; but which no less prove the existence of invisible powers. In addition to which there are many cases of a simpler and more innocent kind—instances of miraculous appearances of departed personages to their families, and friends—and that too where no spiritualism has been practiced, and quite apart from any religious creed, constituting what may be called providential visitations. Such instances as these have been handed down by the moral and virtuous of all ages. A variety of such cases are preserved in nearly every old family in the civilized world. Go to the highlands of Scotland, or to Germany and Switzerland. So numerous are these instances in all our experiences, or in that of our friends, that scarcely a well informed man exists who has not heard of scores of such cases in his lifetime. Amongst Europeans, Asiatics, Africans or Americans it is the same; everywhere we are met with countless instances of persons who declare to having seen the spirits of their departed friends. If we suppose all are mistaken or that all are delusions of the senses even then we have a strong testimony of the universal tendency of mankind to believe in another state of existence.

In addition to the above testimony of a personal kind, all nations, as such, have their traditions of gods, angels and spirits, who have according to their account visited them in past times. Of course the records of what these wondrous beings have done differs as these nations differ in customs and habits. But no

matter how grotesque and huge the descriptions of their supernatural visitors may be, there is a common root to all such stories—a kindred character with them all, manifesting that they have sprung from the natural and inborn tendency of mankind to believe in the manifestation of heavenly powers—or from some great facts of the kind similarly impressed upon all nations, or from both combined; only tinged and discolored by the ignorance and peculiarities of the people through whom they have come.

Supposing, what is really true, that many of these national records of spiritual existence refer to manifestations of a perverted kind, they no less prove the fact of an unseen power good or evil operating upon men. Many of these nations had, and could for ages upon ages get at no better light, and it is reasonable to suppose that their reliance on an answer to their prayers would not be universally disregarded by the Almighty.

First in order in the great list of nations of this order we have the Chaldean soothsayers and priests, attesting that for ages, not only by divination or appeals to the dead, but by the more legitimate channel of prayers to the gods answers were obtained and dreams interpreted and prophecies declared.

After these we have the vast millions of devout Egyptian worshippers with their chronicles extending over some thousands of years—a faith of miracles and revelations maintained for ages—a faith that could not have been thus sustained in its fervor for so many generations, but for the actual presence of some such supernatural experiences either from a good or an evil source.

Then come the Greek priests of Jupiter and other deities, and their historians who bear witness to inspirations given in answer to their worship of the only gods they were ever acquainted with. Then the Persians will tell us of miracles and supernatural manifestations accorded through Zoroaster the great religious leader of that ancient nation. The Buddhist of Thibet and Brahmin of India have histories abounding with details of the miraculous. After whom we may glance at the ancient nations of Northern Europe with their mystic rites—their belief in the re-appearance of the dead and miraculous interposition, and come then to the Druid fathers of the English race with their sacred rites, and if these nations are to be rejected as heathenish we have details of miraculous power preserved in the records of the Catholic church—not stories of bleeding pictures, or winking virgins and such trash, but solid straightforward testimony of unassuming individuals whose generation after generation have attested the existence of supernatural powers and divine answers to prayer. To these may be added the evidence of the persecuted Waldensian church, which hid away in the mountains, maintained a belief for generations in the existence of supernatural gifts; and, although up to this point we have but partially explored this vast subject, it will be seen that national and individual history bristles with declarations of the existence of the invisible powers which for good and evil have affected mankind.

It may be very correctly argued that the statements of many of these nations are exaggerated, mystified, and in many cases clearly fabulous; but all this admitted, it is impossible to believe that the whole of this combined testimony is a standing lie in which

all nations have unconsciously combined to deceive themselves and the world at large. When the whole current of a world's instincts are found to go one way, it is a clear demonstration that the Creator wishes to encourage the faith to which these instincts tend—a thing which it is incredible that He should do, unless it pointed to a grand and eternal truth.

OLD AND NEW SYSTEMS OF TEACHING VOCAL MUSIC.

BY PROFESSOR JNO. TULLIDGE.

No. IV.

REVIEW OF MR. HULLAH'S SYSTEM.

I have examined Mr. Hullah's manual with the view of giving your readers a brief review of that gentleman's system. But before I begin, I will here observe that an inexperienced teacher can do nothing effectually with a good system, while an experienced musician can do much with a bad one; hence Mr. Hullah's success.

The first chapter in this method opens with the major model scale, and the trumpet sounds of Do, Mi, Sol, and the octave Do are introduced. This would have been a proper order of form had the remaining portion of intervals, La, Fa, Re and Si followed this progression. But those latter intervals are left for after consideration.

Mr. Hullah then gives us a diagramic ladder to illustrate the five long and two short steps contained in the diatonic octave. This ladder is not used for teaching intervallic sound, but merely to illustrate the two semitones in the major model scale.

In chapter 2nd the names and shape of all the notes are introduced, which is far from a good progression.

In chapter 3rd the notes on the five lines and four spaces are illustrated by the use of the hand, as follows, in the G clef.

The 4th finger represents the first line E. The 3rd the second line G. The 2nd finger the 3rd line B. The 1st finger the 4th line D. The thumb the 5th line F. The first space between the 4th and 3rd finger represents the F. Between the 3rd and 2nd is found the A. Between the 2nd and 1st is found the C, and between the 1st and thumb is found the octave of the bottom F, in the first space.

On account of its excellence I have adopted from Mr. Hullah's system the same method for my own teaching, and recommend its use to others.

Chapter 4th introduces time beating, and in this Mr. Hullah's method is superior to the old one. This gem of practice I also recommend for general adoption. I invariably use it myself.

Mr. Hullah's method is as follows—down, left, right, up. The down beat points to the principal accent, and the right beat marks the second accent. The old system was down and up; the down beat pointing only to the principal accent, and frequently the second accent was passed over without notice.

In the 5th chapter time beating is carried into simple hand practice; marking the time of the various notes.

This is bad progression, as the simple form is lost by having too many notes to contend with at one time, preventing the pupil from retaining the whole form in his mind.

In the next chapter dotted notes are explained and

carried into practice in the four beat measure. The dot in this form is used too quickly for lucid illustration.

The former six chapters are all dry study of theory without amusement, as using the vocal organ is left out till we come to the 7th chapter, where Mr. Hullah introduces his first vocal exercise; and where also the gradations of the *piano*, *pianissimo*, *forte* and *fortissimo* are pointed out.

In this same portion of the manual the harmonic combination of the major triad, Do, Mi, Sol, Do is explained in theory. This is sadly out of form.

We now come to chapter 8th. Here Mr. Hullah takes his pupils to the full practice on the vocal organ. His first examples are the movement of seconds, amounting to ten in number.

The following chapters, up to the 17th, are employed in the practice of the intervals thirds, fourths and fifths with the same method, in which also are given 24 examples on the interval of the 5th, with the addition of the quaver. The intervals of the 6th, 7th and 8th are gone through with the same form of teaching, and this ends the first course without a change of key.

The waste of time occasioned by the bad progressions and forms of practice is immense, and very little amusement is afforded to the pupil for his study and labor. Having gone through but one key, with so many examples, we can easily understand the trouble in passing through the remaining six keys by the same method.

I will now explain what I think to be the best order of study.

There are but two great points required to make good sight readers, namely, a correct knowledge of intervallic sound, and a knowledge of time in the various modes.

The sounding of intervals should be first acquired by the use of a diagramic ladder, with the seven letters C, D, E, F, G, A, B and C, the octave marking the *soffeggio*; thus C is do, D is re, E is mi, F is fa, G is sol, A is la, B is si, and the upper C is the octave do.

After the correct sounding of the intervals are obtained, the hand should be used—as I have explained for the old notation. This is soon acquired by the practice of sounding the intervals on the diagramic ladder, with the seven letters used in music.

The first examples should be composed with the four beat crotchet in a measure, using the *diatonic* octave and the skipping intervals. The same form of examples—with different melodies—should be carried through the remaining six moveable keys.

With the introduction of each key a new diagramic ladder should be used. Modulation to the different keys must then be studied, and finally examples should be introduced in the minor model scale.

By this form pupils with common capacity can be made good sight readers in Psalmody and easy anthems in forty-eight lessons.

NOTICE.—Our agents and friends will much oblige us by announcing to their acquaintances in the settlements that any persons wishing to obtain the *UTAH MAGAZINE* and unable to pay for it until after harvest, will have it forwarded to them upon their writing to say that they will pay for it at that period in produce at the usual cash rates.

FOUL PLAY.

BY CHARLES READE AND DION BOUCAULT.

[CONTINUED]

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Wardlaw went to his son, and nursed him. He kept the newspapers from him, and on his fever abating, had him conveyed by easy stages to the seaside, and then sent him abroad.

The young man obeyed in gloomy silence. He never asked after Robert Penfold, now; never mentioned his name. He seemed, somehow, thankful to be controlled mind and body.

But, before he had been abroad a month, he wrote for leave to return home and throw himself into business.

There was, for once, a nervous impatience in his letters, and his father, who pitied him deeply, and was more than ever inclined to reward and indulge him, yielded readily enough; and, on his arrival, signed the partnership deed, and Polonius-like, gave him much good counsel, and then retired to his country seat.

At first he used to run up and down every three days, and examine the day-book and ledger, and advise his junior; but these visits soon became fewer, and at last he did little more than correspond occasionally.

Arthur Wardlaw held the reins, and easily paid his Oxford debts out of the assets of the firm. Not being happy in his mind he threw himself into commerce with feverish zeal, and very soon extended the operations of the house.

One of his first acts of authority was to send for Michael Penfold into his room.

Now poor old Michael, ever since his son's misfortune, as he called it, had crept to his desk like a culprit, expecting every day to be discharged. When he received this summons he gave a sigh and went slowly to the young merchant.

Arthur Wardlaw looked up at his entrance, then looked down again, and said coldly, "Mr. Penfold, you have been a faithful servant to us many years; I raise your salary £50 a year, and you will keep the ledger."

The old man was dumfounded at first, and then began to give vent to his surprise and gratitude; but Wardlaw cut him short, almost fiercely.

"There, there, there," said he, without raising his eyes, "let me hear no more about it, and, above all, never speak to me of that cursed business. It was no fault of yours, nor mine neither. There—go—I want no thanks. Do you hear? leave me. Mr. Penfold, if you please."

The old man bowed low and retired, wondering much at his employer's goodness, and a little at his irritability.

Wardlaw junior's whole soul was given to business night and day, and he soon became known for a very ambitious and rising merchant.

But, by and by, ambition had to encounter a rival in his heart. He fell in love; deeply in love; and with a worthy object.

The young lady was the daughter of a distinguished officer, whose merits were universally recognized, but not rewarded in proportion.

Wardlaw's suit was favorably received by the father, and the daughter gradually yielded to an attachment, the warmth, sincerity, and singleness of which were manifest; and the pair would have been married, but for the circumstance that her father (partly through Wardlaw's influence by the by) had obtained a lucrative post abroad, which it suited his means to accept, at all events for a time. He was a widower, and his daughter could not let him go alone.

This temporary separation, if it postponed a marriage, led naturally to a solemn engagement; and Arthur Wardlaw enjoyed the happiness of writing and receiving affectionate letters by every foreign post.

Love, worthily bestowed, shed its balm upon his heart, and, under its soft but powerful charm, he grew tranquil and complacent, and his character and temper seemed to improve. Such virtue is there in a pure attachment.

Meanwhile the extent of his operations alarmed old Penfold; but he soon reasoned that worthy down with overpowering conclusions and superior smiles.

He had been three years the ruling spirit of Wardlaw and Son, when some curious events took place in another hemisphere; and in these events, which we are now to relate, Arthur Wardlaw was more nearly interested than may appear at first sight.

Robert Penfold, in due course, applied to Lieutenant-General Rolleston for a ticket of leave. That functionary thought the application premature, the crime being so grave.

He complained that the system had become too lax, and for his part he seldom gave a ticket of leave until some suitable occupation was provided for the applicant. "Will anybody take you as a clerk? If so—I'll see about it."

Robert Penfold could find nobody to take him into a post of confidence all at once, and wrote the General an eloquent letter, begging hard to be allowed to labor with his hands.

Fortunately, General Rolleston's gardener had just turned him off, so he offered the post to his eloquent correspondent, remarking that he did not much mind employing a ticket of leave man himself, though he was resolved to protect his neighbors from their relapses.

The convict then came to General Rolleston, and begged leave to enter on his duties under the name of James Seaton. At that General Rolleston hem'd and haw'd, and took a note. But his final decision was as follows: "If you really mean to change your character, why the name you have disgraced might hang around your neck. Well, I'll give you every chance. But," said this old warrior, suddenly compressing his resolute lips a little, "if you go a yard off the straight path now, look for no mercy—Jemmy Seaton."

So the convict was re-christened at the tail of a threat, and let loose among the warrior's tulips.

His appearance was changed as effectually as his name. Even before he was Seatoned he had grown a silky mustache and beard of singular length and beauty; and what with these and his working-man's clothes, and his cheeks and neck tanned by the sun, our readers would never have recognized in this hale, bearded laborer the pale prisoner that had trembled, raged, wept and submitted in the dock of the Central Criminal Court.

Our Universities cure men of doing things by halves, be the things mental or muscular; so Seaton gardened much more zealously than his plebeian predecessor; up at five, and did not leave till eight.

But he was unpopular in the kitchen—because he was always out of it; taciturn and bitter, he shunned his fellow-servants.

Yet working among the flowers did him good; these his pretty companions and nurselings had no vices.

One day, as he was rolling the grass upon the lawn, he heard a soft rustle at some distance, and looking round, saw a young lady on the gravel path, whose calm but bright face, coming so suddenly, literally dazzled him.

She had a clear cheek blooming with exercise, rich, brown hair, smooth, glossy, and abundant, and a very light hazel eye, of singular beauty and serenity. She glided along, tranquil as a goddess, smote him with beauty and perfume, and left him staring after her receding figure, which was, in its way, as captivating as her face.

She was walking up and down for exercise, briskly, but without effort.

Once she passed within a few yards of him, and he touched his hat to her. She inclined her head gently, but her eyes did not rest an instant on her gardener; and so she passed and re-passed, unconsciously sawing this solitary heart with soft but penetrating thrills.

At last she went indoors to luncheon, and the lawn seemed to miss the light music of her rustling dress, and the sunshine of her presence, and there was a painful void; but that passed, and a certain sense of happiness stole over James Seaton—an unreasonable joy, that often runs before folly and trouble.

The young lady was Helen Rolleston, just returned home from a visit.

She walked in the garden every day, and Seaton watched her, and peeped at her, unseen, behind trees and bushes. He fed his eyes and his heart upon her, and, by degrees, she became the sun of his solitary existence. It was madness; but its first effect was not unwholesome.

The daily study of this creature, who, though by no means the angel he took her for, was at all events a pure and virtuous woman, soothed his sore heart, and counteracted the demoralising influences of his late companions. Every day he drank deeper of an insane, but purifying and elevating passion.

He avoided the kitchen still more; and that, by the by, was unlucky; for there he could have learned something about Miss Helen Rolleston, that would have warned him to keep at the other end of the garden, whenever that charming face and form glided to and fro amongst the minor flowers.

A beautiful face fires our imagination, and we see higher vir-

true and intelligence in it, than we can detect in its owner's head or heart when we descend to calm inspection.

James Seaton gazed on Miss Rolleston day after day, at so respectful a distance, that she became his goddess. If a day passed without his seeing her, he was dejected. When she was behind her time, he was restless, anxious, and his work distasteful; and then, when she came out at last, he thrilled all over, and the lawn, aye, the world itself, seemed to fill with sunshine.

His adoration, timid by its own nature, was doubly so by reason of his fallen and hopeless condition. He cut nosegays for her; but gave them to her maid Wilson for her. He had not the courage to offer them to herself.

One evening, as he went home, a man addressed him familiarly, but in a low voice. Seaton looked at him attentively, and recognised him at last. It was a convict called Butt, who had come over in the ship with him. The man offered him a glass of ale; Seaton declined it. Butt, a very clever rogue, seemed hurt so then Seaton assented reluctantly. Butt took him to a public house in a narrow street, and into a private room. Seaton started as soon as he entered, for there sat two repulsive ruffians, and, by a look that passed rapidly between them and Butt, he saw plainly they were waiting for him. He felt nervous; the place was so uncouth and dark, the faces so villainous.

However, they invited him to sit down, roughly, but with an air of good fellowship, and very soon opened their business over their ale.

We are all bound to assist our fellow-creatures, when it can be done without trouble; and what they asked of him was a simple act of courtesy, such as in their opinion no man worthy of the name could deny to his fellow. It was to give General Rolleston's watch-dog a piece of prepared meat upon a certain evening; and in return for this trifling civility, they were generous enough to offer him a full share of any light valuables they might find in the General's house.

Seaton trembled, and put his face in his hands a moment. "I cannot do it," said he.

"Why not?"

"He has been too good to me."

A coarse laugh of derision greeted this argument; it seemed so irrelevant to these pure egotists.

Seaton, however, persisted, and on that one of the men got up and stood before the door, and drew his knife gently.

Seaton glanced his eyes around in search of a weapon, and turned pale.

"Do you mean to split on us mate?" said one of the ruffians in front of him.

"No, I don't. But I won't rob my benefactor; you shall kill me first."

And with that he darted to the fireplace, and in a moment the poker was high in the air, and the way he squared his shoulders and stood ready to hit to the on, or cut to the off, was a caution.

"Come, drop that," said Butt, grimly; "and put up your knife, Bob. 'Can't a pal be out of a job, and yet not split on them that is in it?'"

"Why should I split?" said Robert Penfold. "Has the law been a friend to me? But I won't rob my benefactor—and his daughter."

"That is square enough," said Butt. "Why, pals, there are other cribs to be cracked besides this old bloke's. Finish the ale, mate, and part friends."

"If you will promise me to 'crack some other crib,' and let that one alone."

A sullen assent was given, and Seaton drank their healths, and walked away.

Butt followed him soon after, and affected to side with him, and intimated that he himself was capable of not robbing a man's house who had been good to him, or to a pal of his. Indeed this plausible person said so much, and his sullen comrades had said so little, that Seaton, rendered keen and anxious by love, invested his savings in a Colt's revolver and ammunition.

He did not stop there; after the hint about the watch-dog, he would trust that faithful but too carnivorous animal; he brought his blankets into the little tool-house, and lay there every night in a sort of dog's sleep. This tool-house was erected in a little back garden, separated from the lawn only by some young trees in single file.

Now Miss Rolleston's window looked out upon the lawn, so that Seaton's watchtower was not many yards from it; then, as the tool-house was only lighted only from above, he bored a

hole in the wooden structure, and through this he watched, and slept, and watched.

He used to sit studying theology by a farthing rushlight till the lady's bedtime, and then he watched for her shadow. If it appeared for a few moments on the blind, he gave a sigh of content, and went to sleep, but awakened every now and then to see that all was well.

After a few nights, his alarms naturally ceased, but his love increased, fed now from this new source, the sweet sense of being the secret protector of her he adored.

Meantime, Miss Rolleston's lady's maid, Wilson, fell in love with him after her fashion; she had taken a fancy to his face at once, and he had encouraged her a little, unintentionally; for he brought the nosegays to her, and listened complacently to her gossip, for the sake of the few words she let fall now and then about her mistress. As he never exchanged two sentences at a time with any other servant, this flattered Sarah Wilson, and she soon began to meet and and accost him oftener, and in cherrier-colored ribbons, than he could stand. So then he showed impatience, and then, she judging him by herself, suspected some vulgar rival.

Suspicion soon bred jealousy, jealousy vigilance, and vigilance detection.

Her first discovery was; that so long as she talked of Miss Helen Rolleston, she was always welcome; her second was, that Seaton slept in the tool-house.

She was not romantic enough to connect her two discoveries together. They lay apart in her mind, until circumstances were are about to relate supplied a connecting link.

One Thursday evening James Seaton's goddess sat alone with her papa, and—being a young lady of fair abilities, who had gone through her course of music and other studies, taught brainlessly, and who was now going through a course of monotonous pleasures, and had not accumulated any great store of mental resources—she was listless and languid, and would have yawned forty times in her papa's face, only she was too well-bred. She always turned her head away when it came, and either suppressed it, or else hid it with a lovely white hand. At last, as she was a good girl, she blushed at her behavior, and roused herself up, and said she, "Papa, shall I play you the new quadrilles?"

Papa gave a start and a shake, and said, with well-feigned vehemence, "Ay, do, my dear," and so composed himself—to listen; and Helen sat down and played the quadrilles.

The composer had taken immortal melodies, some gay, some sad, and had robbed them of their distinctive character, and hashed them till they were all one monotonous rattle. But General Rolleston was little the worse for all this. As Apollo saved Horace from hearing a poetaster's rhymes, so did Somnus, another beneficent little deity, rescue our warrior from his daughter's music.

She was neither angry nor surprised. A delicious smile illumined her face directly; she crept to him on tiptoe, and bestowed a kiss, light as a zephyr, on his gray head. And, in truth, the bending attitude of this supple figure, clad in snowy muslin, the virginal face and light hazel eye beaming love and reverence, and the airy kiss, had something angelic.

She took her candle, and glided up to her bed-room. And, the moment she got there, and could gratify her somnolence without offence, need we say she became wide awake?

She sat down, and wrote long letters to three other young ladies, gushing affection, asking questions of the kind nobody replies to, painting with a young lady's colors, the male being to whom she was shortly to be married, wishing her dear friends a like demigod, if perchance earth contained two; and so to the last new bonnet and preacher.

She sat over her paper till one o'clock, and Seaton watched and adored her shadow.

When she had done writing, she opened her window and looked out upon the night. She lifted those wonderful hazel eyes towards the stars, and her watcher might well be pardoned if he saw in her a celestial being looking up from an earthly resting-place towards her native sky.

At two o'clock she was in bed, but not asleep. She lay calmly gazing at the Southern Cross, and other lovely stars shining with vivid, but chaste fire in the purple vault of heaven.

While thus employed she heard a slight sound outside that made her turn her eyes towards a young tree near her window. Its top branches were waving a good deal, though there was not a breath stirring. This struck her as curious, very curious.

Whilst she wondered, suddenly an arm and a hand came in sight, and after them the whole figure of a man, going up a tree.

Helen sat up now, glaring with terror, and was so paralyzed she did not utter a sound.

About a foot below her window was a lead flat that roofed the bay window below. It covered an area of several feet, and the man sprang on to it with perfect ease from the tree. Helen shrieked with terror. At that very instant there was a flash, a pistol-shot, and the man's arms went whirling, and he staggered and fell over the edge of the flat, and struck the grass below with a heavy thud.

Shots and blows followed, and all the sounds of a bloody struggle rung in Helen's ears as she flung herself screaming from the bed and darted to the door. She ran and clung quivering to her sleepy maid, Wilson. The house was alarmed, lights flashed, footsteps pattered, there was universal commotion.

General Rolleston soon learned his daughter's story from Wilson, and aroused his male servants, one of whom was an old soldier.

They searched the house first, but no entrance had been effected; so they went out on to the lawn with blunderbuss and pistol.

They found a man lying on his back at the foot of the bay window.

They pounced on him, and to their amazement, it was the gardener, James Seaton, insensible.

General Rolleston was quite taken aback for a moment. Then he was sorry. But after a little reflection he said very sternly, "Carry the blackguard in-doors; and run for an officer."

Seaton was taken into the hall, and laid flat on the floor.

All the servants gathered about him, brimful of curiosity, and the female ones began to speak altogether; but General Rolleston told them sharply to hold their tongues, and to retire behind the man. "Somebody sprinkle him with cold water," said he, "and be quiet all of you, and keep out of sight while I examine him."

He stood before the insensible figure with his arms folded, amidst a dead silence, broken only by the stifled sobs of Sarah Wilson, and of a sociable housemaid who cried with her for company.

And now Seaton began to writhe and show signs of returning sense.

Next he moaned piteously, and sighed. But General Rolleston could not pity him; he waited grimly for returning consciousness, to subject him to a merciless interrogatory.

He waited just one second too long. He had to answer a question instead of putting one.

The judgment is the last faculty a man recovers when emerging from insensibility; and Seaton, seeing the General standing before him, stretched out his hands, and said, in a faint but earnest voice, before eleven witnesses, "Is she safe? O, is she safe?"

[TO BE CONTINUED]

CUSTOMS OF ABYSSINIA.

Owing to a remarkable fashion in Abyssinia it is difficult, in the midst of the rainy season, to approach the capital, because of the crowds of vagrants provided, maintained and paid, whose sole business it is to cry and lament as if they had really been very much injured and oppressed. These boisterous appeals for the royal protection, they will tell you, are intended to honor and glorify the King, and in order that he may not feel lonely by the palace being too quiet.

This curious custom was the source of great annoyance to Bruce, who had in a truly remarkable manner conformed to the habits and prejudices of the Abyssinians. This adventurous traveller was treated with the most profound respect by the generality of those with whom he came in contact. Kingly honors were frequently paid to him, and with the honors he had sometimes to submit to the annoyances of royalty. At times during the rainy season there would be four or five hundred people around his residence, who all at once would begin some roaring and crying, as if they were in excruciating anguish; others praying piteously for justice, as if they were that moment suffering from the cruelty of the oppressor; and others groaning and sobbing, as if just expiring; "and this horrid symphony was so artfully performed, that no ear could distinguish but that it proceeded from real distress."

Bruce was sometimes so surprised and affected, that he or-

dered one of the soldiers appointed to attend on him to bring some of the shrieking and howling impostors at his door or window into his presence, that he might ascertain what they wanted or who had maltreated them. Sometimes it happened that the interrogated "howler" was a discharged servant of his own, or some other conspicuous person. At other times the blatant petitioner for justice was found to be a perfect stranger, who, when questioned as to the cause of his complaint, would quite composedly reply, "Nothing is the matter with me. I have been sleeping all day with the horses, and hearing from the soldiers at the door that the illustrious lord from the west had retired to his apartments, I and my companions have come to cry and make a noise under his window, to do him honor before the people, for fear he should be melancholy by being too quiet when alone. I therefore hope that he will order us some drink, that we may continue our vociferations with a little more spirit."

These uncalled for attentions frequently put Bruce into a violent passion, a circumstance at which the King, who was used to such acts of homage, would laugh heartily when related to him.

Many of the customs of the Abyssinian monarchs and people are identical with those of the ancient Persians. Whenever the Persian monarch went to war, he made an appeal to his subordinate chiefs just in the same manner as the Abyssinian monarch. Before the Abyssinian monarch marches to battle, he issues three proclamations. The first is, "Buy your mules, get provisions, and pay your servants; for after such a day they that seek me here shall not find me."

The second proclamation is issued in about a week after the first; it is, "Cut down the kantuffa in the four quarters of the world, for I do not know whither I am going." (The kantuffa is a terrible thorn, which very much molests the King and his nobility in their march, by taking hold of their long hair and the cotton cloth they are wrapped in.)

The third and final proclamation is, "I am encamped upon the Angrab or Kahha (or whatever the name of the stream may be). He that does not join me there, I will chastise for seven years."

The Persian, like the Abyssinian monarchs, wore their hair long.

That symbol of royalty, the diadem, was composed of the same materials in Persia and Abyssinia. In the latter country the king wears it while marching, as a mark of sovereignty. In olden times, the king of Abyssinia sat upon a golden throne, which in shape, was a large, comfortable, oblong, square seat, like a small bedstead, covered with Persian carpets, damask, and cloth of gold, with steps leading up to it. The Abyssinian throne is still richly gilded; but the many revolutions and wars that have ravaged the country have dimmed much of the former splendor of the monarchs. It is high treason to sit upon any seat of the King's and whoever presumed to do so would be instantly hewn to pieces, if there should not be some other collateral proof of his being a madman.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

TO CAUSE WATER TO BOIL BY THE APPLICATION OF COLD, AND TO CEASE TO BOIL BY THE APPLICATION OF HEAT.

Half fill a bottle with water, place it over a lamp, and let it boil briskly for a few minutes; then cork the bottle as expeditiously as possible, and tie a slip of moist bladder over the cork to exclude the air; the water, being now removed from the lamp, will keep boiling, and when the ebullition ceases, the boiling may be renewed by wrapping round the empty part of the flask a cloth wetted with cold water; but if hot water be applied, the boiling instantly ceases; in this manner ebullition may be renewed and made again to cease alternately, by the mere application of hot water.

LADIES' TABLE.

DAISY CROCHET LACE.

J. L. Barber & Co.'s Prize Crochet Thread, No. 24.

12 chain, join on third stitch, 1 treble, 3 chain. 1 treble in round loop nine times, cross over, 1 double chain, 4 treble, 1 double chain in each 3 chain, 21 chain, miss 11, join round, work as first pattern, joining second 4 treble to eighth 4 treble of first pattern.

FOR TOP.

1 treble on ninth 4 treble, 2 chain. 1 treble between the points, 2 chain, 1 treble on next point, 2 chain, 1 treble on chain, 2 chain, miss 2, 1 treble on chain, 2 chain, repeat to the end.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTE.—Correspondence is invited from our friends.

A WORKER.—We know no reason why a milliner should not make an excellent wife. Millinery does not necessarily pander to vanity or display. Properly applied, the art serves but to cultivate that love of the beautiful for which women as a class are so much more distinguished than men. The very follies such as love of dress, &c., in women, are means by which the Creator manages to constitute them attractive to man. Men love dress quite enough, but their taste in this direction will not compare with that of the softer sex. Man has his own proper qualities; let him be satisfied.

MEDICAL.—We cannot say exactly, but about 19 pounds of blood per minute are said to pass through the heart. You will say, doubtless, that for such a big operation, it has a very quiet way of accomplishing the task; and so it has.

DOMESTIC.—It is supposed that without salt mankind would miserably perish. Saltless food is said to engender maggots and corruption. The reason why we crave salt is because "upwards of half the saline matter of the blood consists of common salt. As a portion of this is being discharged daily through the skin and kidneys, it has to be replenished in our daily food."

A YOUNG GARDENER.—The following, in answer to a question respecting the proper treatment of rose bushes, &c., is from the pen of G. D. Watt, Esq.:

"The best rose bushes are those which grow upon their roots; they are not so much inclined to send out suckers, as the wild rose, when used for stocks. The rose can be multiplied by layers and cuttings. Rose bushes should be cut back to give vigor to every branch, and when a bud appears out of place it should be rubbed off; this will give a fine, healthy, luxuriant growth to the limbs and shoot's which are permitted to grow. Annual pruning should never be neglected, cutting back say two-thirds of last year's growth until the bush presents a multitude of spurs, and when in bloom appears to be one massive rose. Prune after the leaves have fallen in the fall, or early in spring. Climbers can be trained to take any form by judicious pruning and training, and can be made a cheap and beautiful covering to objects that would be otherwise unsightly. Like the bush rose the climber requires proper culture, and unremitting attention to produce a fine effect. A deep gravelly loam well worked and enriched, will make wood in great abundance, and if the growth is kept within bounds by pruning, flowers will be very abundant.

"Espalier training answers well in countries on the sea-board where the atmosphere is moist and rains are frequent, but in this dry atmosphere, and under the scorching rays of our sun, espaliering will be very likely to disappoint the expectations of the gardener.

"All flower roots are benefited in this country by a little covering, especially when the snow does not lie on the ground; a slight covering of very rotten manure not only preserves the roots from the bad effects of freezing and thawing, but also enriches the soil around the plant."

A Carric should not censure ladies for being nervous. Nervousness is an indication of delicacy and mental development, although perhaps to an extreme. The clothopper has no nerves. A highly intellectual person can suffer more from toothache or any pain of that sort, than a less cultivated person. It is one of the facts of a high state of refinement that you can both enjoy more and suffer more.

LESSONS IN GEOLOGY.—No. 11.

Suppose a student in geology to be traveling along a sedimentary rock for some distance, after walking a while along this rock he comes to one of a different mineral character, and may be in difficulty to account for it. As he walks over, or passes alongside of it, he may not be able to understand the causes of this difference until he has passed completely by it. Here we will suppose he comes upon a patch of Plutonic rock composed of say granite or porphyry, evidently of igneous origin. He goes over or by the side of this Plutonic rock till he again comes to some sedimentary rock similar to that which he had left a short

time before. He now conjectures, and then reasons out the conclusion that the patch of questionable rock he had passed is a portion of the sedimentary bed that had first been altered by heat and then tilted up by the Plutonic rock in some of its eruptions. He now argues with perfect certainty that could he follow this eruptive or Plutonic rock down to its depth or origin, he would find it to be continuous to the heated reservoir beneath the crust of the earth; and secondly, that if in a portion of the sedimentary bed at a distance from the eruptive rock he could sink a pit, he would be sure to come to the altered beds similar in character to the piece that had been tilted up by the plutonic or eruptive rock referred to.

In the lessons already given, I have endeavored to place in your mind the two great principles of Geology: first that the earth's crust is a fabricated article, produced in the laboratory of a stupendous chemistry, according to the fixed laws of a Supreme Contriver and Intelligent maker of the whole; and secondly that the article thus fabricated has been from the beginning, and at successive periods, disturbed, altered, and dislocated by agencies from within itself.

In the course of the lessons which you are now about to enter, you will find how the crust of the earth has been affected and modified by volcanoes, by the waters of seas and rivers, by organic life, by vegetation, by ice and snow, and by other means and agencies.

INSTRUCTIONS TO CARPENTERS.

USEFUL RULES.

The "Carpenter's New Guide" gives the following rules, which will be useful to many—

All bearing timber ought to have a moderate camber, or roundness on the upper side, for till the moisture is dried out, the timber will swag of its own weight.

But then observe, that it is best to truss girders when they are fresh sawn out, for by their drying and shrinking, the trusses become more and more tight.

Also, in fitting down tie-beams upon the wall plates, never make your cocking or cogging too large, nor yet too near the outside of the wall plate, for the grain of the wood being cut across in the tie-beam, the piece that remains upon its end will be apt to split off, but keeping it near the inside will tend to secure it.

Likewise observe, never to make double tenons for bearing uses, such as binding joists, common joists, or purlines; for, in the first place, it very much weakens whatever you frame into, and in the second place, it is a rarity to have a draught to both tenons; that is, to draw both joints close; for the pin in passing through both tenons, if there is a draught in each, will bend so much, that unless it be as tough as wire, it must needs break in driving, and consequently do more hurt than good.

Roofs will be much stronger if the purlines are notched above the principal rafters, than if they are framed into the side of the principals; for by this means, when any weight is applied in the middle of the purline, it cannot bend, being confined by the other rafters; and if it do, the sides of the other rafters must needs bend along with it; consequently it has the strength of all the other rafters sideways added to it.

HUMOROUS READINGS.

A TURKISH BATH (FOR LADIES ONLY.)—The Bosphorus.

"I thought you told me, doctor, that Smith's fever had gone off?" "Oh, yes; but it and Smith went off together."

"Won't that boa constrictor bite me?" said a little boy to a showman.

"Oh, no, boy; he never bites—he swallows his wittles whole."

A country paper says there is a man in that neighborhood so mean, that he sits on the doorsteps of the church on Sundays, to save the wear of his pew cushions.

"I wonder where those clouds are going?" sighed Flora, pensively, as she pointed with her delicate finger to the heavy masses that floated in the sky.

"I think they are going to thunder," said her brother.

A man a short distance out from the city says no one need tell him that advertising won't cause a big rush, for he advertised ten bushels of grapes for sale, and the next morning there wasn't one left—the boys stole 'em all.

It is vouched for as a fact that a disciple of St. Crispin had an order for a pair of shoes, and it is a remarkable fact, illustrative of his punctuality and despatch, that he delivered them in Gloucester, a few days ago, eighteen months after his customer had been dead.

Two persons of a satiric turn of mind met a neighbor and said:

"Friend, we have been disputing whether you are most knave or fool."

The man took each of the querists by the arm, so that he was in the middle.

"Truth," said he, "I believe I am between both."

The *Shenandoah Herald* tells a story of a newly-enfranchised negro, named Cæsar, who voted at the late election. The day of election came. Cæsar put his little slip of paper in the mysterious ballot-box. He had voted. He expressed his opinion—yes, his opinion on a great question! He was met by one of his white friends, who accosted him thus—

"Well, how did you vote?"

"Don't know, sah; 'twont be known for several days. When de vote's counted, den I'll know all about it."

Last night at the theatre, a gentleman felt the pressure of two little airy feet upon his patent leathers. At first the sensation was delightful. It made inexpressibly delightful thrills pass through his body; but these sensations wore away, and the pressure began to feel the least bit uncomfortable.

"Madam," he gently suggested, "you are standing on my feet."

"Your feet, sir?"

"Yes, madam."

"Goodness! I beg your pardon, sir; I thought I was standing on a block of wood. They are quite large enough, sir!"

"Quite; but you covered 'em, madam."

It would really seem to be true that some men are born rich, others make themselves rich, while a third happy class have riches thrust upon them.

Such is the story told of a farmer, one Mr. Sayre, of Lexington, Kentucky, who made a great hit in spite of himself. It is as follows:

Mr. Sayre lisps a little. Some years since an overseer of one of his farms told him he needed some hogs on his place. Said Mr. Sayre:

"Very well, go and buy four or five thouth and pigth right away, and put them on the farm."

The man, accustomed to obey, and that without questioning, asked:

"Shall I take the money with me to purchase with?"

"No, thir! They all know me. Thend them here—I'll pay for them or give you the money to pay when you get them."

The overseer went on his way, and in two weeks returned, when the following conversation took place:

"Well, Mr. Sayre, I can't get that many pigs. I have ridden all over the country, all about, and can buy but between eight and nine hundred."

"Eight or nine hundred what?"

"Eight or nine hundred pigs."

"Eight or nine hundred pigth? Who told you to buy that many pigth? Are you a fool?"

"You told me to buy them two weeks since. I have tried to do it."

"Eight or nine hundred pigth! I never told you any thutch thing."

"But you did—you told me to go out and buy four or five thousand pigs."

"I didn't do no thutch thing! I told you to go and buy four or five thows and their little pigs, and you have done it, I thould thay."

Mr. Sayre had pork to sell next fall. Pork rose, and Sayre made his pile.

TAKINGS.

He took her fancy when he came,

He took her hand, he took a kiss,

He took no notice of the shame

That glowed her happy cheek at this.

He took to come of afternoons,

He took an oath he'd ne'er deceive,

He took her master's silver spoons,

And after that he took his leave.

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POETRY.

GENTLE VOICES.

Gentle voices, what hath stirr'd ye,
Coming from the buried past?
In the dreams of night I heard ye,
And a spell was e'er me cast!

Friends departed stood in glory,
Smiling in their bright array,
Each the theme of tender story,
Led my heart to bliss away.

Gentle voices, ye would waken
Many a cheering hope in me,
When I seem'd by all forsaken,
Then my thoughts would turn to thee.

Of my all, though fate bereft me,
What I most relied upon;
Still, with gentle voices led me,
I could never feel alone.

HAROLD, THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

[CONTINUED.]

THE TRIAL OF GODWIN.

The Witana-gemot was assembled in the Great Hall of Westminster in all its imperial pomp.

It was on his throne that the king sate now—and it was the sword that was in his right hand. Some seated below, and some standing beside the throne, were the officers of the Basileus* of Britain. There, were to be seen chamberlain and cupbearer; disc thegn and hors thegn; the thegn of the dishes, and the thegn of the stud; with many more. Next to these sat the clerks of the chapel, with the king's confessor at their head.

Below the scribes, a space was left on the floor, and farther down sat the chiefs of the Witan. Of these, first in order, both from their spiritual rank and their vast temporal possessions, sat the lords of the church; the chairs of the prelates of London and Canterbury were void. But still goodly was the array of Saxon mitres, with the harsh, hungry, but intelligent face of Stigand—Stigand the stout and the covetous; and the benign but firm features of Alred, true priest and

true patriot, distinguished amidst all. Around each prelate, as stars round a sun, were his own special priestly retainers, selected from his diocese. Farther still down the hall are the great civil lords and vice-kings vassals of the 'Lord Paramount.' Vacant the chair of the king of the Scotts, for Siward hath not yet had his wish; Macbeth is in his fastnesses, or listening to the weird sisters in the world; and Malcolm is a fugitive in the halls of the Northumbrian earl. Vacant the chair of the hero Gryffyth, son of Llewelyn, the dread of the marches, prince of Gwyned, whose arms had subjugated all Cymry. But there, are the lesser sub-kings of Wales. With their torques of gold, and wild eyes, and hair cut round ears and brow, they stare on the scene.

On the same bench with these sub-kings, distinguished from them by height of stature, and calm collectedness of mien, no less than by their caps of maintenance and furred robes, are those props of strong thrones and terrors of weak—the earls to whom shires and counties fall, as hyde and carricate to the lesser thegns. But three of these were then present, and all three the foes of Godwin. Siward, earl of Northumbria; Leofric of Mercia; and Rolf, earl of Hereford and Worcestershire, who, strong in his claim of 'king's blood,' left not the court with his Norman friends. And on the same benches, though a little apart, are the lesser earls, and that higher order of thegns, called king's thegns.

Not far from these sate the chosen citizens from the free burgh of London, already of great weight in the Senate—sufficing often to turn its counsels; all friends were they of the English earl and his house. In the same division of the hall were found the bulk and true popular part of the meeting—popular indeed—as representing not the people, but the things the people most prized—valor and wealth; the thegn land-owners, called in the old deeds the "Ministers;" they sate with swords by their side, all of varying birth, fortune, and connection, whether with king, earl, or ceorl. Farther down still, at the extreme end of the hall, crowding by the open doors, filling up the space without, were the ceorls themselves.

And the forms of the meeting had been duly said and done; and the king had spoken words, no doubt wary and peaceful, gracious and exhortatory; but those words—for his voice that day was weak—traveled not beyond the small circle of his clerks and his officers; and a murmur buzzed through the hall, when Earl Godwin stood on the floor with his six sons at his back; and you might have heard the hum of the gnat

* The title of Basileus was retained by the English kings so late as the time of John.

that vexed the smooth cheek of Earl Rolf, or the click of the spider from the web on the vaulted roof, the moment before Earl Godwin spoke.

"If," said he, with the modest look and downcast eye of practiced eloquence, "if I rejoice once more to breathe the air of England; if I rejoice to stand once more in that assembly which has often listened to my voice when our common country was in peril, who here will blame that joy? Who among my foes, if foes now I have, will not respect the old man's gladness? Who among you, earls and thegns, would not grieve, if his duty bade him say to the gray-haired exile, 'In this English air you shall not breathe your last sigh—on this English soil you shall not find a grave!' Who among you would not grieve to say it?" (Suddenly he drew up his head and faced his audience.) "Who among you hath the courage and the heart to say it? Yes, I rejoice that I am at last in an assembly fit to judge my cause, and pronounce my innocence. For what offense was I outlawed? For what offense were I, and the six sons I have given to my land, to bear the wolf's penalty, and be chased and slain as the wild beasts? Hear me, and answer!"

"Eustace, count of Boulogne, returning to his domains from a visit to our lord the king, entered the town of Dover in mail and on his war steed; his train did the same. Unknowing our laws and customs (for I desire to press light upon all old grievances, and will impute ill designs to none), these foreigners invade by force the private dwellings of citizens, and there select their quarters. Ye all know that this was the strongest violation of Saxon right; ye know that the meanest ceorl hath the proverb on his lip, 'Every man's house is his castle.' One of the townsmen acting on that belief—which I have yet to learn was a false one—expelled from his threshold a retainer of the French earl's. The stranger drew his sword and wounded him; blows followed—the stranger fell by the arm he had provoked. The news arrived to Earl Eustace; he and his kinsmen spur to the spot; they murder the Englishman on his hearth-stone—"

Here a groan, half-stifled and wrathful, broke from the ceorles at the end of the hall. Godwin held up his hand in rebuke of the interruption, and resumed.

"This deed done, the outlanders rode through the streets with their drawn swords; they butchered those who came in their way; they trampled even children under their horses' feet. The burghers armed. I thank the Divine Father, who gave me for my countrymen those gallant burghers! They fought, as we English know how to fight; they slew some nineteen or score of these mailed intruders; they chased them from the town. Earl Eustace fled fast. Earl Eustace we know is a wise man: small rest took he, little bread broke he, till he pulled rein at the gate of Gloucester, where my lord the king then held court. He made his complaint. My lord the king, naturally, hearing but one side, thought the burghers in the wrong; and, scandalized that such high persons of his own kith should be so aggrieved, he sent for me, in whose government the burgh of Dover is, and bade me chastise, by military execution, those who had attacked the foreign count. I appeal to the great earls whom I see before me—to you, illustrious Leofric; to you, renowned Siward—what value would ye set on your earldoms, if ye had not the heart and the power to see right done to the dwellers therein?"

"What was the course I proposed? Instead of martial execution, which would involve the whole burgh in one sentence, I submitted that the reeve and gerefas of the burgh should be cited to appear before the king, and account for the broil. My lord, though ever most clement and loving to his good people, either unhappily moved against me, or overswayed by the foreigners, was counseled to reject this mode of doing justice, which our laws, as settled under Edgar and Canute, enjoin. And because I would not—and I say in the presence of all, because I, Godwin son of Wolnoth, *durst* not, if I would, have entered the free burgh of Dover with mail on my back and the doomsman at my right hand, these outlanders induced my lord the king to summon me to attend in person (as for a sin of my own) the council of the Witan, convened at Gloucester, then filled with the foreigners, not, as I humbly opined, to do justice to me and my folk of Dover, but to secure to this Count of Boulogne a triumph over English liberties, and sanction his scorn for the value of English lives.

"I hesitated, and was menaced with outlawry. I agreed to refer all matters to a Witan held where it is held this day. My troops were disbanded; but the foreigners induced my lord not only to retain his own, but to issue his Herr-bann for the gathering of hosts far and near, even allies beyond the seas. When I looked to London for the peaceful Witan, what saw I? The largest armament that had been collected in this reign—that armament headed by Norman knights.—was this the meeting where justice could be done mine and me? Nevertheless, what was my offer? That I and my six sons would attend, provided the usual sureties, agreeable to our laws, from which only thieves are excluded, were given that we should come and go life-free and safe. Twice this offer was made, twice refused; and so I and my sons were banished. We went;—we have returned!"

"And in arms," murmured Earl Rolf, son-in-law to that Count Eustace of Boulogne, whose violence had been temperately and truly narrated.

"And in arms," repeated Godwin; "true; in arms against the foreigners who had thus poisoned the ear of our gracious king; in arms, Earl Rolf; and at the first clash of those arms, Franks and foreigners have fled. We have no need of arms now. We are among our countrymen, and no Frenchman interposes between us and the ever gentle, ever generous nature of our born king.

"Peers and procures, chiefs of this Witan, perhaps the largest ever yet assembled in man's memory, it is for you to decide whether I and mine, or the foreign fugitives, caused the dissension in these realms; whether our banishment was just or not; whether in our return we have abused the power we possessed. Ministers, on those swords by your sides there is not one drop of blood! As for my sons, no crime can be alleged against them, unless it be a crime to have in their veins that blood which flows in mine—blood which they have learned from me to shed in defense of that beloved land to which they now ask to be recalled."

The earl ceased and receded behind his children, having artfully, by his very abstinence from the more heated eloquence imputed to him as a fault and a wile, produced a powerful effect upon an audience already prepared for his acquittal.

But now as from the sons, Sweyn the eldest stepped forth, with a wandering eye and uncertain foot, there was a movement like a shudder among the large majority of the audience, and a murmur of hate or of horror.

The young earl marked the sensation his presence produced, and stopped short. His breath came thick; he raised his right hand, but spoke not. His voice died on his lips; his eyes roved wildly round with a haggard stare more imploring than defying. Then rose, in his episcopal stole, Alred the bishop, and his clear, sweet voice trembled as he spoke.

"Comes Sweyn, son of Godwin, here, to prove his innocence of treason against the king?—if so, let him hold his peace; for if the Witan acquit Godwin, son of Wolnoth, of that charge, the acquittal includes his House. But in the name of the holy Church here represented by its fathers, will Sweyn say, and fasten his word by oath, that he is guiltless of treason to the Kings of kings—guiltless of sacrilege that my lips shrink to name? Alas, that the duty falls on me—for I loved thee once, and love thy kindred now. But I am God's servant before all things"—the prelate paused, and gathering up new energy, added in unfaltering accents, "I charge thee here, Sweyn, the outlaw, that, moved by the fiend, thou didst bear off from God's house, and violate a daughter of the Church—Algive, abbess of Leominster!"

"And I," cried Siward, rising to the full height of his stature, "I, in the presence of these princes, whose proudest title is *milites* or warriors—I charge Sweyn, son of Godwin, that, not in open field and hand to hand, but by felony and guile, he wrought the foul and abhorrent murder of his cousin, Beorn the earl!"

At these two charges from men so eminent, the effect upon the audience was startling. While those not influenced by Godwin raised their eyes, sparkling with wrath and scorn, upon the wasted, yet still noble face of the eldest born, even those most zealous on behalf of that popular House, evinced no sympathy for its heir. Some looked down abashed and mournful—some regarded the accused with a cold, unpitiful look. Only perhaps among the ceorls, at the end of the hall, might be seen some compassion on anxious faces; for before those deeds of crime had been bruited abroad, none among the sons of Godwin more blithe of mien and bold of hand, more honored and beloved, than Sweyn the outlaw. But the hush that succeeded the charges was appalling in its depth. Godwin himself shaded his face with his mantle, and only those close by could see that his breast heaved and his limbs trembled. The brothers had shrunk from the side of the accused, outlawed even among his kin—all save Harold, who, strong in his blameless name and beloved repute, advanced three strides amidst the silence, and, standing by his brother's side, lifted his commanding brow above the seated judges, but he did not speak.

Then said Sweyn the earl, strengthened by such solitary companionship in that hostile assemblage—"I might answer, that for these charges in the past, for deeds alleged as done eight long years ago, I have the king's grace, and the in-law's right; and that in the Witan over which I, as earl, presided, no man

was twice judged for the same offense. That I hold to be the law, in the great councils as the small."

"It is! it is!" exclaimed Godwin; his paternal feelings conquering his prudence and his decorous dignity—"Hold to it, my son!"

"I hold to it not," resumed the young earl, casting a haughty glance over the somewhat blank and disappointed faces of his foes, "for my law is *here*"—and he smote his heart—"and that condemns me, not once alone, but evermore! Alred, O holy father, at whose knees I once confessed my every sin—I blame thee not, that thou first, in the Witan, liftest thy voice against me, though thou knowest that I loved Algive from youth upward; she, with her heart yet mine, was given in the last year of Hardicanute, when might was right, to the Church. I met her again, flushed with my victories over the Walloon kings, with power in my hand and passion in my veins. Deadly was my sin! But what asked I? that vows compelled should be annulled; that the love of my youth might yet be the wife of my manhood. Pardon, that I knew not then how eternal are the bonds ye of the Church have woven round those of whom, if ye fail of saints, ye may at least make martyrs."

He paused, and his lip curled, and his eye shot wild fire; for in that moment his mother's blood was high within him, and he looked and thought, perhaps, as some heathen Dane, but the flash of the former man was momentary; and humbly smiting his breast, he murmured—"Avaunt, Sataul!—yea, deadly was my sin! And the sin was mine alone; Algive, if stained, was blameless; she escaped—and—and—died."

"The king was wroth; and first to strive against my pardon was Harold my brother, who now alone in my penitence stands by my side: he strove manfully and openly; I blamed *him* not: but Beorn, my cousin, desired my earldom, and he strove against me, wilily and in secret—to my face kind, behind my back spiteful. I detected his falsehood, and meant to detain, but not to slay him. He lay bound in my ship; he reviled and he taunted me in the hour of my gloom; and when the blood of the sea-kings flowed in fire through my veins. And I lifted my ax in ire; and my men lifted theirs, and so—and so! Again I say—Deadly was my sin!"

"Think not that I seek now to make less my guilt, as I sought when I deemed that life was yet long, and power was yet sweet. I have been a fugitive and an exile—again I have been inlawed, and earl of all the lands from Isis to the Wye. And whether in state or in penury whether in war or in peace, I have seen the pale face of the nun betrayed, and the gory wounds of the murdered man. I come not here to plead for a pardon, which would console me not, but formally to disavow my kinsmen's cause from mine, which alone sullies and degrades it; I come here to say, that, coveting not your acquittal, fearing not your judgment, I pronounce mine own doom. Oap of noble, and ax of warrior, I lay aside forever; barefooted, and alone, I go hence to the Holy Sepulcher; there to assail my soul, and implore that grace which can not come from man! Harold, step forth in the place of Sweyn the first-born! And ye prelates and peers, *milites* and ministers, proceed to adjudge the living! To you and to England, he who now quits you is the dead!"

He gathered his robe of state over his breast as a monk his gown, and looking neither to right nor to left, passed slowly down the hall, through the crowd, which made way for him in awe and silence; and it seemed to the assembly as if a cloud had gone from the face of day.

And Godwin still stood with his face covered by his robe.

And Harold anxiously watched the faces of the assembly, and saw no relenting!

And Gurth crept to Harold's side.

And the gay Leofwine looked sad.

And the young Wolnoth turned pale and trembled.

And the fierce Tostig played with his golden chain.

And one low sob was heard, and it came from the breast of Alred the meek accuser; God's true but gentle priest.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

VALENTINE VOX, THE VENTRILOQUIST.

TRIP ON THE GRAVESEND STEAMBOAT.

Among the varied amusements peculiar to London life at the period of this story, a very prominent recreation consisted of a voyage by steamboat to Gravesend. Thousands were continually in the habit of exchanging the smoke and dirt of London for the purer air of this delightful watering place. Among others, Valentine resolved upon a trip. These steamboats were, and still are, navigated by a captain, who from an elevated platform above the paddle-boxes communicates his directions to a call-boy standing immediately below, who in turn bawls them out with a prolonged nasal twang to the occupants of the engine-room.

When the clock struck ten, on the morning in question, between five and six hundred individuals had managed to establish themselves upon the deck, and as the band, consisting of a harp, a violin, and a fife, began to play a highly popular tune, the boat started. Ginger beer and bottled stout were in immediate requisition, and while many of the unencumbered gentlemen were smoking their cigars, Valentine was learning the various orders that were giving by the captain through the boy who stood just above the place in which the engine was working.

The vessel had not proceeded far, when, fancying that he could imitate the voice of the boy exactly, he determined to try the effect of the experiment; and as he had become quite au fait to the orders that were given, the very moment the boat had passed the shipping, he commenced with "Ease ar!"

"No, no; go on," said the captain.

"Go on!" cried the boy.

"Ease ar!" shouted Valentine again.

"Who told you to ease her?" said the captain to the boy.

"Stop ar!" cried Valentine, and the engine stopped at once.

"What are you about, sir!" shouted the captain; "you'd better mind what you are after. Go on, sir, and let's have no more of that nonsense."

"Go on!" cried the boy, who couldn't exactly understand it, although he looked round and scratched his head with great energy.

At this moment a wherry was seen just ahead waiting to put three passengers on board, and as the vessel approached her, the captain raised his hand.

"Ease ar!" cried the boy, who was watching that hand, and as it moved again, he added "stop ar!" when the steps were let down, and a man stood ready with a boat-hook secured by a rope, while the waterman was pulling away with all the strength he had in him.

"Go on!" cried Valentine, just as the boat had reached the side, and the vessel dashed away and left the wherry behind her.

"Stop her!" shouted the captain very angrily, "what is the matter with you, sir, this morning?"

"Stop ar!" cried the innocent boy; and the waterman, who was very old and not very strong, pulled away again as hard as he could pull; but as he had to row against the tide, and had been left some considerable distance behind, it was a long

time before he could manage to get up again, although he perspired very freely. He did, however, at length succeed in getting alongside; but just as he was reaching the steps again, Valentine cried, "Move her astarn!"—when, as the vessel went back very fast with the tide, she left the wherry some considerable distance ahead.

"Stop her! you scoundrel! go on! What d'ye mean, sir?" shouted the captain indignantly.

"Stop ar!—Go on!" cried the boy, who couldn't make it out exactly even then—"ease ar!"—he cried again, as the captain waived his hand—"stop ar!"

"Go on!" cried Valentine, in precisely the same tone, and the vessel again left the wherry behind her.

As the captain, at this interesting moment, threw his cap at the boy, and as the boy began to rub his head violently, as if it had struck him, the vessel proceeded so far before the order "to go on," had been counteracted, that the waterman, feeling that they were having a game with him, quietly gave the thing up.

Now the captain was really a remarkable man, but the chief characteristics of his mind were even more remarkable than those of his body. He had been a most extraordinary swearer, but having imbibed a propensity for literature and art, a ten months' quiet indulgence in that propensity had made him altogether a different individual.

How, then, to express his feelings when irritated, became a difficulty which he had every day to surmount. He had not the least notion of bridling his passion; his object was simply to bridle his tongue; and as swearing—if use be indeed second nature—had clearly become natural to him, he was frequently in danger of bursting some very important blood-vessel, because he would not give vent to his rage in the language to which he had been so long accustomed. He would keep it pent up, and it was pent up while the steamer was dodging the wherry; but when he found that the waterman had ceased to ply his sculls, and that the opposition vessel would have the three passengers in consequence, his rage knew no bounds. "You beauty!" cried he to the boy at length, finding that he must either say something or burst. "Oh! bless your pretty eyes!—You understand me!"

"Ease ar!" cried Valentine.

"At it again!" exclaimed the captain; "oh, you darling, you sweet pretty boy! Oh, I'll give you pepper! any let me come down to you, that's all, you duck, and I'll give you the beautifullest towelling you ever enjoyed. Let her go, sir!"

"Go on!" whined the boy. "It a'n't me; I can't help it."

"What! Say that again—only say it—and if I don't make you spin round and round, like a lying young cockchafer, seize me." And the poor boy began to dig his knuckles in his eyes, and to whine a repetition of what was held to be a falsehood.

"Ah, whine away, my dear!" cried the captain, "whine away! If you don't hold that noise, I'll come down and give you a clout one side o' the head that you never had afore!"

"Ease ar!" cried Valentine.

"What, won't you be quiet?"

"Stop ar!"

"What is it you mean, you young—ANGEL? What is it you MEAN?" cried the captain, as he stood in a sitting posture, with his hands upon his knees, "do you want a good welting? only say, and you shall catch, my dear, the blesseddest rope's-ending you ever had any notion on yet. Now I give you fair warning. If I have any more of this, if it's ever so little, I'll come down and give you the sweetest hiding that ever astonished your nerves! So only look out, my dear! Take a friend's advice, and look out. Well, are we to proceed?"

"Go on!" cried the boy; and he still worked away with his knuckles, and screwed up his features into the ugliest form they were capable of assuming.

"Oh, you young beauty!—you know what I mean," cried the captain, as he ground his teeth and shook his fists at the innocent boy, whose eyes were by this time so swollen that he could scarcely see out of them at all. "You stunk for a good tanning, and I'll ease your mind, my dear—if I don't, may I be—saved! So now you know my sentiments." And having delivered himself loudly to this effect, he thrust his hands triumphantly into his breeches pockets, and directed the whole of his attention ahead.

His eye was, however, no sooner off the boy, than Valentine again cried "Ease ar! stop ar!" but long before the sound of the last "ar" had died away, the captain seized a rope about as thick as his wrist, and without giving utterance even to a word, jumped down upon the deck with a deep inspiration of vengeance.

'Away, boy! run!' cried Valentine, quickly; and the boy, who was evidently anything but an idiot, darted like lightning among the passengers. The captain at starting was close at his heels; but the boy shot ahead with much skill, and then dodged him round and round and in and out, with so much tact and dexterity, that it soon became obvious that he had been chased in a manner not very dissimilar before.

'Lay hold of that boy!' cried the captain, 'lay hold of him there!' but the passengers, who rather enjoyed the chase, refused to do any such thing. They, on the contrary, endeavored to shield the boy; and whenever they fancied that the captain was gaining ground, although he would not have caught him in a fortnight, a dozen of the stoutest would—of course accidentally—place themselves quietly before him.

'Come here!' cried the captain, panting for breath: 'Will you mind what I say, sir? Come here?' but the boy, who didn't seem to approve of that course, did discreetly refuse to accept the invitation, and the captain was in consequence after him again.

At length Valentine raised a contemptuous laugh, and as it had in instant at least a hundred echoes, the captain's philosophy opened his eyes, and he saw the propriety of giving up the chase.

'Here, Robinson,' said he, 'just give a look out here. Bless his little soul, he shall have a quilting yet,' and after telling the gentlemen below to go on, he silently ascended the paddle box, and Robinson took the boy's place.

'Ease her!' cried Robinson, in a rough heavy tone.

'That's the voice to imitate!' said Valentine to himself. 'Now's the time for me to reinstate the boy,' and as he saw a boat making towards the vessel ahead, he shouted with true Robinsonian energy, 'Go on!'

'No, no,' cried the captain, 'no, no! you're as bad as the boy!'

'Ease her!' shouted Robinson, 'I didn't speak!'

'Go on!' cried Valentine, and round went the paddles again, for the engineer himself now began to be excited.

'Do you want to drive me mad?' cried the captain.

'What d'yar mean?' shouted Robinson, 'that wasn't me!'

'What! what!' exclaimed the captain, 'not you! Oh, Robinson, Robinson! don't you know, Robinson, how very wrong it is for me to tell a blessed falsity for to hide a fault?'

'I tell you it wasn't me, then! If you don't like to believe me, you may call out yourself!' and Robinson departed in high dudgeon, leaving the poor captain in a condition better to be imagined than described; and with the unpleasant alternative of making his peace with the unfortunate call-boy or of stopping the vessel altogether, a humiliation to which he at last submitted; and the boat, with the perplexed captain and the mischievous Valentine, proceeded on her way.

TWO HEROIC WOMEN.

On the Illinois river, near two hundred miles from its junction with the Mississippi, there lived an old pioneer, known in those days as "Old Parker, the squatter." His family consisted of a wife and three children, the oldest a boy of nineteen, a girl of seventeen, and the youngest a boy of fourteen.

At the time of which we write, Parker and his oldest boy had gone in company with three Indians on a hunt, expecting to be absent some five or six days. The third day after their departure one of the Indians returned to Parker's house, came in and sat himself down by the fire, lit his pipe, and commenced smoking in silence. Mrs. Parker thought nothing of this, as it was no uncommon thing for one or sometimes more of a party of Indians to return abruptly from a hunt, at some sign they might consider ominous of bad luck, and in such instances were not very communicative. But at last the Indian broke silence with, "Ugh! old Parker die."

This exclamation immediately drew Mrs. Parker's attention, who directly inquired of the Indian:

"What's the matter with Parker?"

The Indian responded:

"Parker sick; tree fell on him; you go he die."

Mrs. Parker then asked the Indian if Parker sent for her, and where he was.

The replies of the Indian somewhat aroused her suspicions. She, however, came to the conclusion to send her son with the Indian to see what was the matter. The boy and the Indian started. That night passed, and the next day too, and neither the boy nor Indian returned. This confirmed Mrs. Parker in her opinion that there was foul play on the part of the Indians.

So she and her daughter went to work and barricaded the doors and windows in the best way they could. The youngest boy's rifle was the only one left, he not having taken it with him when he went out after his father.

The old lady took the rifle, the daughter the ax, and thus armed they determined to watch through the night, and defend themselves if any Indians should appear.

They had not long to wait after night-fall, for soon after that some one commenced knocking at the door, crying out: "Mother, mother!" But Mrs. Parker thought the voice was not exactly like that of her son, and in order to ascertain the fact, she said:

"Jake, where are the Indians?"

The reply, which was "Um gone," satisfied her on that point. She then said, as if speaking to her son:

"Put your ear to the latch-hole of the door."

The head was placed at the latch-hole, and the old lady fired her rifle through it and killed the Indian. She stepped back from the door instantly, and it was well she did so, for quicker than I have penned the last two words, two rifle-bullets came crashing through the door.

The old lady then said to her daughter:

"Thank God, there is but two; I must have killed the one at the door—they must be the three who went on the hunt with your father. If we can only kill or cripple another one of them we will be safe; now we must both be still after they fire again, and they will then break the door down, and I may be able to shoot another one, but if I miss them when getting in you must use the ax."

The daughter, equally courageous with her mother, assured her she would.

Soon after this conversation two more rifle bullets came crashing through the window. A death-like stillness ensued for a few minutes, when two more balls in quick succession were fired through the door, then followed a tremendous punching with a log, the door gave way, and with a fiendish yell, an Indian was about to spring in when the unerring rifle fired by the gallant old lady laid his lifeless body across the threshold of the door. The remaining, or more properly the surviving Indian fired at random and ran, doing no injury.

"Now," said the old heroine to her undaunted daughter, "we must leave."

Accordingly, with the rifle and the ax, they went to the river, took the canoe, and without a mouthful of provision, except one wild duck and two blackbirds which the mother shot, and which were eaten raw, did these two courageous hearts in six days arrive among the old French settlers at St. Louis.

It is painful to record after these deeds of heroism, that after the closest search for Parker and his boys, they were never found.

LADIES' TABLE.

STAR AND LEAF COLLAR, IN TATTING.

MATERIALS.—A small shuttle, a large tatting-pin and ring, and Boar's Head Crochet Cotton, No. 30. In this size the collar works out very small and nice.

The centre of each star should be formed of 5 double and 1 pin stitch or pearl loop 10 times, and then drawn into a round. The 1st of the 10 ovals round it should be formed of 5 double, and 1 pearl 3 times, then 5 double, and draw close. The 2nd oval should be formed of 5 double, then joined to the last pearl of the last oval; then 5 double, and 1 pearl twice, 5 double, and draw close. Work the other 8 ovals the same as 2nd, defined in our illustration, that any further directions would be joining the last to the first. The number of stars made must depend upon the sized collar required.

RECEIPTS.

FOR A COUGH.—Syrup of poppies, oxymel of squills, simple oxymel, in equal parts; mixed, and a teaspoonful taken when the cough is troublesome. It is better to have it made up by a druggist. The cost is trifling.

GARGLE FOR A SORE THROAT.—Take cayenne pepper five grains; boiling water, eight ounces; honey of roses, and tincture of myrrh, of each, four drachms. Mix. Take often.

TO CURE A SPRAIN.—Make pounded resin into a paste with fresh butter; lay it on the sprained, part and bind it up.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1868.

WRITING BY SOUND.

MR. SHELTON'S SYSTEM, ETC.

Little did the world think when it entered upon the year of our Lord eighteen hundred, that it had struck the fast age—the age of traveling at sixty miles an hour—the age of messages by telegraph at a thousand miles a minute, and last, though not least, the age of writing at least 300 distinct words in the space of sixty seconds. And yet such is the age we are in. Scarcely had this century got into its teens, before a clever brain was concocting a system by which shorthand writing—heretofore an arbitrary system in which each writer had to specially manufacture a good deal of his own method—should be reduced to such a simple science, that shorthand-writing should no longer be illegible to everybody except the writer, but one which a stranger to the scribe in question could decipher a hundred years after he was dead with as much facility as himself had he lived. This man was Isaac Pitman, and this system Phonography, or writing by sound.

Long before Mr. Pitman's day it was a well recognized fact that of all languages chronically disinclined to go straightforward, the English tongue was in some respects the worst example. There are other languages which do not pronounce words as they are spelled any more than the English; the French for instance, in which *vous* is pronounced *voo*, and *suite* spells *sweet*. But the French as well as some other tongues, with their peculiar ways of spelling, have this recommendation which the English language has not, that if they make *vous* spell *voo* once, they do it always; wherever you find *vous*, it will be pronounced *voo* to the end of the chapter.

With the philanthropic purpose of displacing these barbarisms of the English tongue, or rather of the English pen, Mr. Pitman invented the idea of contriving a set of simple signs each of which should always represent a definite sound. These sounds when put together were to make words. On this principle he developed a system. In the simplest stage of this new science a few straight strokes and curves, placed in different positions, represent all the consonants of the alphabet; thick strokes representing thick sounds like B, while thin strokes stand for thin ones like P. The vowels are indicated by dots or short marks placed against the top, middle, or bottom of the consonants. In the more advanced styles, a variety of abbreviations are used. Some thousands of words, instead of being written in full, are represented by one or two prominent letters contained in the word,—thus *st* stands for established, and *v* for have, etc.

One of the very best efforts which has come under our notice, in the way of a new system, based on Mr. Pitman's idea of writing by sound, is that lately introduced by Mr. Shelton, of Fillmore, in this Territory. Of the real advantages of this system, practical phonographers will, of course, be the best

judges, but to our unpractised eye it seems to present sufficient merit to justify us in referring to it, and leaving our readers to judge of its excellence or otherwise for themselves.

Mr. Shelton's system is divided into two parts—the Corresponding and the Reporting styles. In the first, every sound, including the vowels, is indicated by a series of very simple strokes, such as are easily made by the hand when in a writing position. There is no leaving off to attach dots or other marks to indicate the vowels; every consonant contains its own vowel, made by one and the selfsame stroke. This vastly facilitates matters, and a word, or a whole string of words, can be written without taking the pen off the paper. It is said that by this long or full style about 70 words a minute can be easily written.

In the Reporting style of Mr. Shelton's system, by the addition of about 30 new signs placed sloping to the right or left, all the words in the language can be reported as fast as they drop from a speaker's lips without the use of a single arbitrary sign or the omission of a sound for the gaining of time. Mr. Shelton states that in his method nothing is left to the memory beyond learning the elementary signs which are applicable to every word in the language. The great point is, that, in the reporting style, every sound is represented on paper as much as in the longer, or what may be termed the child's system. If there be, as we are informed, no drawback to this point, it must present a great advantage over Mr. Pitman's system, with its thousands of arbitrary abbreviations to be stored in the mind. We are informed that a practised reporter can, by the latter style, easily write 300 words a minute.

There are many other points which appear to be improvements upon older methods, but which cannot be detailed here: many nice distinctions of sound—the French *u*, for instance, can be represented. Experienced phonographers tell us that the system is very easily learned, and that a printer could set from it in a very short time. Whether this is so or not, the points which Mr. Shelton seeks to gain by his system are highly desirable, and improvements to which phonographic systems appear to be really open.

In conclusion, we will say, the shorthand referred to has no application to the representation of words according to sound in type, such as the promoters of the Deseret Alphabet so worthily seek to obtain. It is a writing system only.

OLD AND NEW SYSTEMS OF TEACHING VOCAL MUSIC.

BY PROFESSOR JNO. TULLIDGE.

NO. V.

REVIEW OF MR. CURWIN'S SYSTEM.

The method adopted by Mr. Curwin is generally understood as the *Tonic Sol Fa* system. This title is not a proper definition of its character, as it professes to be a new order of things, while the *Tonic Sol Fa*, by the old notation, was used in England more than two centuries since; so Mr. Curwin's method is properly the new notation on the moveable *do*.

As many of your musical readers are not acquainted with what is termed the *Tonic Sol Fa*, and the variation of the intervals, I am led to give some explanation on the subject.

The word *tonic* is used by authors of musical science or harmony, as the fundamental or key note, which means the first note in every scale or ladder. The remaining six notes of the ladder or scale are governed by this one note, so long as you remain in the dominion of that key, and if the key should change, a return to the primitive tonic is made before the conclusion of the piece.

When a change of key takes place, the note selected by the composer claims the tonic position, and rules the octave until another change or a return to the starting key, which key resumes its tonic rule.

I will illustrate this, as by giving the technical names of all the intervals, the word *tonic* may be better understood.

Suppose we take an eight-step ladder, as before stated. The first step is, the principal note of government, by which all the others of the scale are guided. Now if you take away the first step, and place it in any other position, it no longer remains the tonic, but is governed—until a return to the key—by the new tonic.

Every note in the scale has its position, name, and power.

The second note of the scale is called the *super-tonic*, being situated one step above the key-note or tonic. It is used frequently as a fundamental note with passing harmony, and in some modes of the minor model scale, it holds a good position, but does not take the tonic power in a major mode.

The third of the scale is called the *mediant*, and, like the super-tonic, it never assumes the tonic position in a major scale as it belongs also to the minor mode.

The fourth note of the scale is called the *sub-dominant*, and claims a second relationship to the tonic, and sometimes in modulation assumes that position.

The fifth is the *dominant*. This note takes a powerful position in the scale, and is frequently appointed to the tonic rule, by a change of key, to the letter G. I am speaking of the diatonic scale.

The sixth is called the *sub mediant*, and is the relative minor to the major tonic, of the diatonic denomination C.

This note—in some styles of music—more frequently claims a tonic position—by a change of key—than the sub-dominant, the second in relation to the fundamental C.

The seventh of the scale is called the *sub-tonic*, being situated one semi tone below the replicate or octave, and is termed the leading note.

Having explained the names of each interval and pointed to those having the greatest power in the scale to change to a tonic position, I will explain the use of the Sol Fa.

The *sol feggio*, or the Sol Fa scale, are certain words used by the Italians, French and others for the English letters C D E F G A B and C the octave.

The English and American musicians use the letters for the notation in the old method to mean the 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 and 8th of the scale, to which they add, for beauty of enunciation, the Italian do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si and do.

In the moveable do, or tonic sol fa, should we begin on C, this C, being the first note, is called do. If we start on the dominant G, the G is then the tonic. If we start on D, this letter is the first. If we start

on A, it is the same. Should we begin on E, the E forms the tonic position. B the same. F sharp will also take the first position, and C sharp will take the same sol fa as the starting interval C. The tonic sol fa principal is to make every note of the scale the do, hence the name *Tonic Sol Fa*, as applied to this system.

NOTICE.—Our agents and friends will much oblige us by announcing to their acquaintances in the settlements that any persons wishing to obtain the UTAH MAGAZINE and unable to pay for it until after harvest, will have it forwarded to them upon their writing to say that they will pay for it at that period in produce at the usual cash rates.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTE.—Correspondence is invited from our friends.

J. D.—Doubtless the moon has an influence on the weather and consequently on the growth of plants, but we do not know exactly what those effects are. Some say that if you plant peas when the moon is increasing they will bloom till there is nothing left. Try it.

X. M.—It is rather hard to decide, but we can do it. If a man's apple trees hang over on your ground, he occupies your room and your sunshine; you are, therefore, clearly entitled to some of his apples. This is our first decision. On the other hand, inasmuch as the trunk of the tree belongs to your neighbor, and the branches belong to the trunk, and the fruit to the branches, therefore, just as clearly, you are not entitled to any. This is our second decision. Both decisions are valid and will stand in any court (where they are not particular.) We are willing to accept a lawyer's fee for either.

FANNY.—We think to some extent fashions are good things. A change in one's food is refreshing once in a while. Fancy seeing gentlemen in long-waisted coats, or ladies in coal-scuttle bonnets for ninety years at a stretch, and it would be equally horrible to see gentlemen in short-waisted coats or ladies in the triangular spats which now adorn them for the same period. Let us have changes by all means, so long as ladies will design and execute them themselves as much as possible. With ladies there should always be variety. As to the male profession, it serves them right if they have to wear the best black cloth for ever. There is no poetry about them. They are not the flowers of creation. Who cares what they wear.

BIBLE READER.—The Samaritans were a set of alien colonists planted in the lands which were previously occupied by the ten tribes, who had been taken away captive. They were converted partially, at any rate to the true faith by the Jews, but were always considered by them a sort of half breeds, and as persons unfit for association with; hence the surprise of the woman of Samaria and her remark to Jesus;—"How is it that thou being a Jew askest drink of me, who am a woman of Samaria. The Samaritans had a temple of their own on Mount Gerizim, while the Jews considered Jerusalem the sacred place, hence the statement of Jesus:—"Woman, believe me, the hour cometh, when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem worship the Father."

MUSICUS.—Why wait until you can buy a piano? The piano is a very difficult instrument to learn—takes years of practice to become proficient in, and few are the mothers who, with from four to six cherubs to dress and befangle, can keep their hands in at it. Of course it is a splendid instrument when well played, and, like all music, it brings much refinement and happiness to the home circle. But for us poor folks, why not get a harp or a guitar for our daughters? Either are much cheaper, will produce a delightful accompaniment to a Sunday evening's home choir, or one of any other time. You can get the piano as soon after as convenient, but don't wait for it; have music in your house as fast as possible.

JAMES.—Can't say who is responsible; but there is a piece of road in the 13th Ward, constructed so that two pools of water, varying from ten to twenty rods long, exists there every wet spell. Everything has its blessing! It does delightfully for the boys in winter time and for the frogs in summer. There are about fifteen hundred of the little sweets (the frogs not the boys) there now—or coming as fast as nature will let them. Any evening in the vicinity you can imagine yourself in the neighborhood of some old English squire's mansion with ten thousand rooks a caw-cawing. Of course, as you say when the water turns green, it isn't good for one's health. Don't be impatient; this is a big city, with a small treasury. It will attended to soon, no doubt.

FOUL PLAY.

BY CHARLES READE AND DION BOUCAULT.

[CONTINUED]

CHAPTER IV.

Sarah Wilson left off crying, and looked down on the ground with a very red face. General Rolleston was amazed. "Is she safe! Is who safe?" said he. "He means my mistress," replied Wilson, rather brusquely; and flounced out of the hall.

"She is safe, no thanks to you," said General Rolleston. "What were you doing under her window at this time of night?" And the harsh tone in which this question was put showed Seaton that he was suspected. This wounded him, and he replied, doggedly, "Lucky for you all I was there."

"That is no answer to my question," said the General, sternly.

"It is all the answer I shall give you."

"Then I shall hand you over to the officer, without another word."

"Do, sir, do," said Seaton, bitterly; but he added more gently, "you will be sorry for it when you come to your senses."

At this moment Wilson entered with a message. "If you please, sir, Miss Rolleston says the robber had no beard. Miss have never noticed Seaton's face, but his beard she have; and, O if you please, sir, she begged me to ask him,—Was it you that fired the pistol and shot the robber?"

The delivery of this ungrammatical message but rational query was like a ray of light streaming into a dark place; it changed the whole aspect of things. As for Seaton, he received it as if Heaven was speaking to him through Wilson. His sullen air relaxed, the water stood in his eyes, he smiled affectionately, and said in a low, tender voice, "Tell her I heard some bad characters talking about this house—that was a month ago—so, ever since then, I have slept in the tool-house to watch. Yes, I shot the robber with my revolver, and I marked one or two more; but they were three to one; I think I must have got a blow on the head; for I felt nothing—"

Here he was interrupted by a violent scream from Wilson. She pointed downwards, with her eyes glaring; and a little blood was seen to be trickling slowly over Seaton's stocking and shoe.

"Wounded," said the General's servant, Tom, in the business-like accent of one who had seen a thousand wounds.

"O! never mind that," said Seaton. "It can't be very deep, for I don't feel it;" then, fixing his eyes on General Rolleston, he said, in a voice that broke down suddenly, "there stands the only man who has wounded me to-night, to hurt me."

The way General Rolleston received this point-blank reproach surprised some persons present, who had observed only the imperious and iron side of his character. He hung his head in silence a moment; then, being discontented with himself, he went into a passion with his servants for standing idle. "Run away, you women," said he, roughly. "Now, Tom, if you are good for anything, strip the man and stanch his wound. Andrew, a bottle of port, quick!"

Then, leaving him for a while in friendly hands, he went to his daughter, and asked her if she saw any objection to a bed being made up in the house for the wounded convict.

"O papa," said she, "why of course not. I am all gratitude. What he like, Wilson? for it is a most provoking thing. I never noticed his face, only his beautiful beard glittering in the sunshine ever so far off. Poor young man! O yes, papa! send him to bed directly, and we will all nurse him. I never did any good in the world yet, and so why not begin at once?"

General Rolleston laughed at this squirt of enthusiasm from his staid daughter, and went off to give the requisite orders.

But Wilson followed him immediately and stopped him in the passage. "If you please, sir, I think you had better not. I have something to tell you." She then communicated to him by degrees her suspicion that James Seaton was in love with his daughter. He treated this with due ridicule at first; but she gave him one reason after another till she staggered him, and he went down stairs in a most mixed and puzzled frame of mind, inclined to laugh, inclined to be angry, inclined to be sorry.

The officer had just arrived, and was looking over some photographs to see if James Seaton was "one of his birds." Such, alas! was his expression.

At sight of this Rolleston colored up; but extricated himself from the double difficulty with some skill. "Hexam," said he, "this poor fellow has behaved like a man, and got himself wounded in my service. You are to take him to the infirmary; but mind, they must treat him like my own son, and nothing he asks for denied him."

Seaton walked with feeble steps, and leaning on two men, to the infirmary; and General Rolleston ordered a cup of coffee, lighted a cigar, and sat cogitating over this strange business, and asking himself how he could get rid of this young madman, and yet befriend him. As for Sarah Wilson, she went to bed discontented, and wondering at her own bad judgment. She saw, too late, that, if she had held her tongue, Seaton would have been her patient and her prisoner; and as for Miss Rolleston, when it came to the point, why she would never have nursed him except by proxy, and the proxy would have been Sarah Wilson.

However, the blunder blind passion had led her into was partially repaired by Miss Rolleston herself. When she heard, next day, where Seaton was gone, she lifted up her hands in amazement. "What could papa be thinking of to send our benefactor to a hospital?" And, after meditating a while, she directed Wilson to cut a nosegay and carry it to Seaton. "He is a gardener," said she, innocently. "Of course he will miss his flowers sadly in that miserable place."

And she gave the same order every day with a constancy that, you must know, formed part of this young lady's character. Soup, wine, and jellies were sent from the kitchen every other day with equal pertinacity.

Wilson concealed the true donor of all those things, and took the credit to herself. By this means she obtained the patient's gratitude, and he showed it so frankly, she hoped to steal his love as well.

But no! his fancy and his heart remained true to the cold beauty he had served so well, and she had forgotten him apparently.

This irritated Wilson at last, and she set to work to cure him with wholesome but bitter medicine. She sat down beside him one day, and said, cheerfully, "We are all 'on the keyfoot' just now. Miss Rolleston's beau is come on a visit."

The patient opened his eyes with astonishment.

"Miss Rolleston's beau?"

"Ay, her intended. What, didn't you know, she is engaged to be married?"

"She engaged to be married?" gasped Seaton.

Wilson watched him with a remorseless eye.

"Why, James," said she, after a while, "did you think the likes of her would go through the world without a mate?"

Seaton made no reply but a moan, and lay back like one dead, utterly crushed by this cruel blow.

A buxom middle-aged nurse now came up, and said, with a touch of severity, "Come, my good girl, no doubt you mean well, but you are doing ill. You had better leave him to us for the present."

On this hint Wilson bounced out, and left the patient to his misery.

At her next visit she laid a nosegay on his bed, and gossiped away, talked of everything in the world except Miss Rolleston.

At last she came to a pause, and Seaton laid his hand on her arm directly, and looking piteously in her face spoke his first word.

"Does she love him?"

"What, still harping on her?" said Wilson. "Well, she doesn't hate him, I suppose, or she would not marry him."

"For pity's sake don't trifle with me! Does she love him?"

"La, James, how can I tell? She mayn't love him quite as much as I could love a man that took my fancy" (here she cast a languishing glance on Seaton); "but I see no difference between her and other young ladies. Miss is very fond of her papa, for one thing; and he favors the match. Ay, and she likes her partner well enough; she is brighter like now he is in the house, and she reads all her friend's letters to him ever so lovingly; and I do notice she leans on him out walking, a trifle more than there is any need for."

At this picture James Seaton writhed in his bed like some agonized creature under vivisection; but the woman, spurred by jealousy, and also by egotistical passion, had no mercy left for him.

"And why not?" continued she; "he is young, and handsome, and rich, and he dotes on her. If you are really her friend, you ought to be glad she is so well suited."

At this admonition the tears stood in Seaton's eyes, and after

while, he got strength to say, "I know I ought, I know it. He is only worthy of her, as worthy as any man could be." "That he is, James. Why, I'll be bound you have heard of him. It is young Mr. Wardlaw."

Seaton started up in bed. "Who? Wardlaw? What, Wardlaw?"

"What Wardlaw? why the great London merchant, his son-eastways, he manages the whole concern now, I hear; the old gentleman, he is retired, by all accounts."

"CURSE HIM! CURSE HIM! CURSE HIM!" yelled James Seaton, with his eyes glaring fearfully, and both hands beating the air. Sarah Wilson recoiled with alarm.

"That angel marry him!" shrieked Seaton. "Never, while I live; I'll throttle him with these hands first."

What more his ungovernable fury would have uttered was interrupted by a rush of nurses and attendants, and Wilson was bundled out of the place with little ceremony.

He contrived, however, to hurl a word after her, accompanied with a look of concentrated rage and resolution.

"NEVER, I TELL YOU,—WHILE I LIVE."

At her next visit to the hospital, Wilson was refused admission by the Head Surgeon. She left her flowers daily all the time.

After a few days she thought the matter might have cooled, and, having a piece of news to communicate to Seaton, with respect to Arthur Wardlaw, she asked to see that patient.

"Left the hospital this morning," was the reply.

"What, cured?"

"Why not? We have cured worse cases than his."

"Where has he gone to? pray tell me."

"Oh, certainly." And enquiry was made. But the reply was, "Left no address."

Sarah Wilson like many other women of high and low degree, and swift misgivings of mischief to come. She was taken with violent fit of trembling, and had to sit down in the hall.

And, to tell the truth, she had cause to tremble; for that rage of hers had launched two wild beasts—Jealousy and revenge.

When she got better she went home, and, coward-like, said at a word to living soul.

That day, Arthur Wardlaw dined with General Rolleston and Helen. They were to be alone for a certain reason; and came half an hour before dinner. Helen thought he would, and was ready for him on the lawn.

They walked arm-in-arm, talking of the happiness before them, and regretting a temporary separation that was to intervene. He was her father's choice, and she loved her father devotedly; he was her male property; and young ladies like that sort of property, especially when they see nothing to dislike in it. He loved her passionately, and that was her due, ad pleased her, and drew a gentle affection, if not a passion, on her in return. Yes, that lovely forehead did come very near young Wardlaw's shoulder, more than once or twice, as they strolled up and down on the soft mossy turf.

And, on the other side of the hedge that bounded the lawn, man lay crouched in the ditch, and saw it all with gleaming eyes.

Just before the affianced ones went in, Helen said, "I have a title favor to ask you dear. The poor man, Seaton, who fought the robbers, and was wounded—papa says he is a man of education, and wanted to be a clerk or something. Could you not him a place?"

"I think I can," said Wardlaw; "Indeed I am sure. A line to White & Co. will do it; they want a shipping clerk."

"O, how good you are!" said Helen; and lifted her face all enamored with thanks.

The opportunity was tempting; the lover fond: two faces set for a single moment, and one of them burned for five minutes after.

The basilisk eyes saw the soft collision; but the owner of those eyes did not hear the words that earned him that torture. He lay still and bided his time.

General Rolleston's house stood clear of the town, at the end of a short, but narrow and tortuous lane. The situation had tempted the burglars whom Seaton baffled; and now it tempted Seaton.

Wardlaw must pass that way on leaving General Rolleston's house.

At a bend of the lane two twin elms stood out a foot or two from the edge. Seaton got behind these at about ten o'clock, and watched for him with a patience and immobility that boded ill.

His preparations for this encounter were singular. He had a loose-shutting inkstand and a pen, and one sheet of paper, at

the top of which he had written "Sydney," and the day of the month and year, leaving the rest blank. And he had the revolver with which he had shot the robber at Helen Rolleston's window; and a barrel of that arm was loaded with swan shot.

CHAPTER V.

The moon went down; the stars shone out clearer.

Eleven o'clock boomed from a church clock in the town.

Wardlaw did not come, and Seaton did not move from his ambush.

Twelve o'clock boomed, and Wardlaw never came, and Seaton never moved.

Soon after midnight, General Rolleston's hall-door opened, and a figure appeared in a flood of light. Seaton's eyes gleamed at the sight, for it was young Wardlaw, with a footman at his back holding a lighted lamp.

Wardlaw, however, seemed in no hurry to leave the house, and the reason soon appeared; he was joined by Helen Rolleston, and she was equipped for walking. The watcher saw her serene face shine in the light. The General himself came next; and, as they left the door, out came Tom with a blunderbuss, and brought up the rear. Seaton drew behind the trees, and postponed, but did not resign, his purpose.

Steps and murmurings came, and passed him, and receded.

The only words he caught distinctly came from Wardlaw, as he passed. "It is nearly high tide. I fear we must make haste."

Seaton followed the whole party at a short distance, feeling sure they would eventually separate and give him his opportunity with Wardlaw.

They went down to the harbour and took a boat; Seaton came nearer, and learned they were going on board the great steamer bound for England, that loomed so black, with monstrous eyes of fire.

They put off, and Seaton stood baffled.

Presently, the black monster, with enormous eyes of fire, spouted her steam like a Leviathan, and then was still; next the smoke puffed, the heavy paddles revolved, and she rushed out of the harbour; and Seaton sat down upon the ground, and all seemed ended. Helen gone to England! Wardlaw gone with her! Love and revenge had alike eluded him. He looked up at the sky, and played with the pebbles at his feet, stupidly, stupidly. He wondered why he was ever born; why he consented to live a single minute after this. His angel and his demon gone homo together! And he left her!

He wrote a few lines on the paper he had intended for Wardlaw, sprinkled them with sand, and put them in his bosom, then stretched himself out with a weary moan, like a dying dog, to wait the flow of the tide and, with it, Death. Whether or not his resolution or his madness would have carried him so far cannot be known, for even as the water rippled in and, trickling under his back, chilled him to the bone, a silvery sound struck his ear. He started to his feet, and life and its joys rushed back upon him. It was the voice of the woman he loved so madly.

Helen Rolleston was on the water, coming ashore again in the little boat.

He crawled, like a lizard, among the boats ashore to catch a sight of her; he did see her, was near her, unseen himself. She landed with her father? So Wardlaw was gone to England without her. Seaton trembled with joy. Presently his goddess began to lament in the prettiest way. "Papa! Papa!" she sighed, "Why must friends part, in this sad world? Poor Arthur is gone from me: and, by-and-by I shall go from you, my own papa." And at that prospect she wept gently.

"Why, you foolish child!" said the old General, tenderly, "what matters a little parting, when we are all to meet again, in dear old England. Well then, there, have a cry; it will do you good." He patted her head tenderly, as she clung to his warlike breast; and she took him at his word; the tears ran swiftly and glistened in the very star-light.

But, O! how Seaton's heart yearned at all this.

What! mustn't he say a word to comfort her; he who, at that moment, would have thought no more of dying to serve her, or to please her, than he would of throwing one of those pebbles into that slimy water.

Well, her pure tears somehow cooled his hot brain, and washed his soul, and left him wondering at himself and his misdeeds this night. His guardian angel seemed to go by and wave her dewy wings, and fan his hot passions as she passed.

He knelt down and thanked God he had not met Arthur Wardlaw in that dark lane.

Then he went home to his humble lodgings, and there buried himself; and from that day seldom went out except to seek employment. He soon obtained it as a copyist.

Meantime the police were on his track, employed by a person with a gentle disposition, but a tenacity of purpose truly remarkable.

Great was Seaton's uneasiness when one day he saw Hexham at the foot of his stair; greater still, when the officer's quick eye caught sight of him, and his light foot ascended the stairs directly. He felt sure Hexham had heard of his lurking about General Rolleston's premises. However, he prepared to defend himself to the uttermost.

Hexham came into his room without ceremony, and looking mighty grim. "Well, my lad, so we have got you, after all."

"What is my crime now?" asked Seaton, sullenly.

"James," said the officer, very solemnly, "it is an unheard-of crime this time. You have been—running—away—from a pretty girl. Now that is a mistake at all times, but, when she is as beautiful as an angel, and rich enough to slip a fiver into Dick Hexham's hands, and lay him on your track, what is the use? Letter for you, my man."

Seaton took the letter, with a puzzled air. It was written in a clear but feminine hand, and slightly scented.

The writer, in a few polished lines, excused herself for taking extraordinary means to find Mr. Seaton, but hoped he would consider that he had laid her under a deep obligation, and that gratitude will sometimes be importunate. She had the pleasure to inform him that the office of shipping clerk, at Messrs. White and Co.'s was at his service, and she hoped he would take it without an hour's further delay, for that she was assured that many persons had risen to wealth and consideration in the colony from such situations:

Then, as this wary but courteous young lady had no wish to enter into a correspondence with her ex-gardener, she added,—

"Mr. Seaton need not trouble himself to reply to this note. A simple 'yes' to Mr. Hexham will be enough and will give sincere pleasure to Mr. Seaton's

"Obedient servant and wellwisher,

"HELEN ANNE ROLLESTON."

Seaton bowed his head over this letter in silent but deep emotion.

Hexham respected that emotion, and watched him with a sort of vague sympathy.

Seaton lifted his head, and the tears stood thick in his eyes. Said he, in a voice of exquisite softness, scarce above a whisper, "Tell her, 'yes,' and 'God bless her.' Good by. I want to go on my knees, and pray God to bless her, as she deserves. Good by."

Hexham took the hint, and retired softly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A LEGEND OF VENICE.

It was midnight; the great clock had struck, and was still echoing through every porch and gallery in the quarter of St. Mark, when a young citizen, wrapped in his cloak, was hastening home from an interview with his lady-love. His step was light, for his heart was so. Her parents had just consented to their marriage, and the very day was named.

"Lovely Giulietta!" he cried, "and shall I then call thee mine at last? Who was ever so blest as thy Marcolini?"

But as he spoke, he stopped; for something was glittering on the pavement before him. It was a scabbard of rich workmanship; and the discovery, what was it but an earnest of good fortune?

"Rest thou there!" he cried, thrusting it gaily into his belt; "if another claims thee not, thou hast changed masters!"

And on he went as before, humming the burden of a song which he and his Giulietta had been singing together. But how little we know what the next minute will bring forth! He turned by the Church of St. Geminiano, and in three steps he met the watch. A murder had been committed. The Senator Renaldi had been found dead at his door, the dagger left in his heart; and the unfortunate Marcolini was dragged away for examination. The place, the time—everything served to excite, to justify suspicion; and no sooner had he entered the guard-house than an evidence appeared against him. The bravo in his flight had thrown away his scabbard; and smeared with blood, not yet dry, it was now in the belt of Marcolini. Its patrician ornaments struck every eye; and when the fatal dagger was produced and compared with it, not a doubt of his guilt remained.

Still there is in the innocent an energy and a composure—an energy when they speak, and a composure when they are

silent—to which none can be altogether insensible; and the judge delayed for some time to pronounce the sentence, though he was a near relation of the dead. At length, however, it came; and Marcolini lost his life, Giulietta her reason. Not many years afterwards the truth revealed itself—the real criminal, in his last moments confessing the crime; and hence the custom in Venice, a custom that long prevailed, for a crier to cry out in court, before a sentence was passed, "Remember poor Marcolini." Great, indeed, was the lamentation throughout the city, and the judge, dying, directed that henceforth and for ever a mass should be sung every night in the chapel. Still, every night, when the great square is illuminating, and the casinos are filling fast with the gay and dissipated, a bell is rung as for a service, and a ray of light is seen to issue from a small Gothic window that overlooks the place of execution, the place where on a scaffold Marcolini breathed his last.

THE ROMAN SENTINEL.

There was nothing in Pompeii that invested it with a deeper interest to me than the spot where a soldier of old Rome displayed a most heroic fidelity. The fatal day on which Vesuvius, at whose feet the city stood, burst out into an eruption that shook the earth, poured torrents of lava from its riven sides, and discharged, amidst the noise of a hundred thunders, such clouds of ashes as filled the air, produced a darkness deeper than midnight, and struck such terror into all hearts that men thought not only that the end of the world had come, and all must die, but that the gods themselves were expiring—on that night a sentinel kept watch by the gate which looked to the burning mountain. Amidst unimaginable confusion, and shrieks of terror, mingled with the roar of the volcano and cries of mothers who had lost their children in the darkness, the inhabitants fled the fatal town, while falling ashes, loadings the darkened air and penetrating every place, rose in the streets till they covered the house roofs, nor left a vestige of the city.

Amidst this fearful disorder the sentinel at the gate had been forgotten, and as Rome required her sentinels, happen what might, to hold their posts till relieved by the guard or set at liberty by their officers, he had to choose between death and dishonor. Pattern of fidelity, he stood by his post. Slowly, but surely, the ashes rise on his manly form; now they reach his breast, and now covering his lips, they choke his breathing. He also was "faithful unto death." After seventeen centuries they found his skeleton standing erect in a marble niche, clad in rusty armor—the helmet on his empty skull, and his bony fingers still closed upon his spear.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE FISH AND INK TRICK.

This is really a first-rate delusion. You bring before the spectators a glass vase, full of ink. You dip a ladle into it and pour out some of the ink upon a plate. In order to convince the audience that the substance in the vase is really ink. You then throw a handkerchief over the vase and instantly withdraw it, when the vase is found to be filled with water, in which a couple of gold fish are swimming.

This apparent impossibility is performed as follows. To the interior of the vessel is fitted a black silk lining, which adheres closely to the sides when pressed by the water, and which is withdrawn inside the handkerchief during the performance of the trick. The ladle has a hollow handle with an opening into the bowl. In the handle is a spoonful or so of ink which runs into the bowl when it is held downward, during the act of dipping it into the vase.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why are young ladies like arrows?
2. Why is a philanthropist like an old horse?

CHARADE 1.

My first is a very uncomfortable state,
In cold weather it mostly abounds.
My second's an instrument formed of hard steel,
That will cause the stout foe to stagger and reel,
And when used, is a symptom of hate.
My whole is an author of greatest renown,
Whose fame to the last day of time will go down.

LESSONS IN GEOLOGY.—No. 12.

You have learned how the earth's crust has been formed by cooling, and how sedimentary rocks deposited by water have been dislocated by eruptive rocks. You will now enter on a course in which as has been intimated, the various causes of subsequent changes in the earth's crust will be considered. We will begin with volcanoes.

ON THE CRATERS OF VOLCANOES.

A volcano is a fissure, or perpendicular tunnel, in the earth's crust, through which heated matter from below is thrown up to the surface. This fissure goes under various names among geologists: it is called the vent, the chimney, the chasm of the volcano. The matter, which is thrown up, may be in the form of lava, scorïæ, or ashes. It is the upper part of this vent, or chimney, that is called the crater. It is always in the form of an inverted cone, or in the shape of a funnel or tunning dish, with the broadest part upward.

The structure of these craters exhibits manifold phenomena, according to which geologists give them different names; such as craters of Eruption, and craters of Elevation. There are, also, instances in which both kinds of craters are found in one mountain.

You have seen how the action of fire, however deeply seated in the earth's crust, may produce a fissure through its entire thickness. You can easily imagine that, as the deep fires below are sending up boiling streams of lava, emitting floods of hot mud called tuf, or hurling up showers of ashes and cinders, all these would gather or fall around the mouth of the vent. In proportion to the continuance and the repetitions of such eruptions, successive beds of volcanic products would accumulate around the mouth, and form themselves into the shape of a sugar-loaf or cone.

Look at a molehill. Put your stick through it from the top of it to the hole from which it was blown up. Give a twirl to the stick in your hand, so that the opening at the top shall be wider than the vent at the bottom, and you have exactly a crater of eruption.

When the fresh matter erupted from a volcano comes down in a new shower, or cools down as a fresh overflow of lava, it forms regular beds around the whole of the commenced cone; and these new beds incline regularly towards the sides of the original one, and have what geologists call a quaquaversal dip. This word means that the new beds or coatings dip equally all around the cone, just as when you put saucers placed on the top of each other, and all slide down, the upper five have a quaquaversal dip round the bottom saucer. Or, if you imagine that a molehill, the earth pushed up by the mole was, at each push, of a different colour, the different coloured soils would fall round the vent with a quaquaversal dip.

The height and the steepness of these cones, and the extent and the depth of the craters vary exceedingly in different volcanoes. The conical hill in which the vent exists, is formed, in most instances of the volcanic ashes and cinders which have been thrown

up, and of streams of lava which have subsequently flowed over the ash accumulation.

When the cone and the crater have been formed, you will see that every fresh eruption will add new materials to cover what has already gathered. It is known that according to the expansive power of the gases entangled below, it will hurl large quantities of lava high up in the air. The mass hurled up separates into fragments of a spongy texture; or, a part of it may become fine and impalpable powder. When the materials, thus hurled up, return in showers, you will see that they will fall around the mouth of the vent. As these successive showers fall, they form additional layers, coverings or envelopes of scorïæ or dust all around, and dipping on all sides from the central orifice.

It is not unfrequently the case that the struggle of the entangled gases, in the melted matter, is so great as to wear away the sides of the vent or chimney, till the sides of the cone become too weak to withstand such an onset. The result is that the cone itself becomes cracked and fissured, and the burning lava flows out from the middle of the cone, or at the bottom of the hill.

SCIENTIFIC AND CURIOUS.

RECENT INVENTIONS.

NEW FRENCH GAS.—The French have discovered a new kind of gaslight. It is made by a union of oxygen with hydrogen or other illuminating gas. It is stated that the Emperor of the French wishing to satisfy himself of the facts concerning this new light, sent for the inventors, and for two evenings the apartments of the Imperial Palace were brilliantly illuminated by their apparatus.

SWEETMEATS are now manufactured in England by steam. Vegetable colors are used instead of the old minerals, so that children can now eat them with perfect safety. The law has made it a misdemeanor to use mineral colors on account of their poisonous qualities.

PERFORATED SAWS.—A Mr. Emerson has patented saws with rows of small holes placed below each tooth, each row occurring just where the new tooth will be needed when the present ones are filed away. As these holes are shaped so as to form the hollow space between each tooth, new sets of teeth can be filed out one after another as the old ones disappear, with comparatively little trouble.

HOW LADIES ARE PHOTOGRAPHED ON HORSEBACK.—The photographer arranges in his studio a wooden rail of the right height, on which a side-saddle is placed, and the lady, dressed in equestrian costume, mounts, takes position as in riding, and is duly photographed. A paper print of this negative is then made, out of which her figure is carefully cut, blacked and pasted upon the engraving of any handsome steed that the lady chooses to select. A negative of the horse is then made which has a blank space corresponding to the figure of the lady. Two printings are required to produce the picture; one from the negative of the lady, the other from that of the horse. Instead of engravings, photographs from living animals may be used.

HUMOROUS READINGS.

A LAZY COOK—One that "fritters" away her time.

"My bark is on the sea," as the cur said when the captain threw him overboard.

"Nominate your poison," is the poetical way of asking you "What will you drink?"

"Do you sing?" says the tea-pot to the kettle.

"Yes," replied the kettle, "I can manage to get over a few bars."

"Bah!" exclaimed the tea-pot.

PURE MILK.—Scribe, the French poet, "hired a house in the country to pass the summer. As soon as he was fairly installed in it, he went in search of a farmer who had a milch cow. Having found one, he stated his want. 'My good man, my servant will come every morning to buy a pint of milk.' 'Very well; it is eight sous.' 'But I want pure milk, very pure.' 'In that case, it is ten sous.' 'You will milk in the presence of my servant?' 'Oh, then, it will be fifteen sous.'"

PROOF OF RATIONALITY.—A man residing at some distance from a near relative, received a message one cold evening in December to hasten to his residence, as he was in a dying state. When he arrived he was told that his relative was a little better, but that his reason had entirely left him. The sick man presently turned his head, saying in a faint voice:

"Who is that?"

He was informed that it was his relative.

"Oh, ah," said he, "yes; yes. He must be a-cold. Make him a good warm toddy—yes, some toddy."

"Why, he ain't crazy," said the visitor to the friends standing around; "he talks very rationally."

A PROSELYTE.—A dry old codger connected with the railroad interest, a man who listens always and speaks little, and was never known to argue a hobby with anybody, has lately been all mouth and ear to a very communicative spiritualist of the ultra school. He listened to and swallowed all sorts of things from the other world with so much placidity of assent, that the spiritualist at last believed him to be one of the faithful.

A few days since, the spiritualist said to his pupil:

"The spirit of B— appeared to me last night, and ordered me to borrow five dollars of you," for a certain purpose, which was named.

"Yes, I know it did," replied the old codger, "and isn't it strange! the same spirit called on me half an hour afterward, and told me not to let you have the money, as it had made a mistake in giving you the order!"

The pretended spiritualist has not been to see the codger since.

BREAKING THE NEWS.—Maimon was valet to a Count. One day, after returning from a tournament, the Count met his valet on the high road, and asked him where he was going. He answered coolly that he was off to find another place. "Another place!" cried the Count; "what, then, has happened at my house?"—"Nothing, monseigneur."—"And what besides?"—"Nothing much, I tell you. Only your dog is dead."—"And how did that happen?"—"Your palfrey took fright, killed the dog in running away, fell into the

river, and was drowned."—"Eh! And who frightened it?"—"Your son, monseigneur, who fell out of a tree window before it."—"Good heavens! my son! who were his nurse and mother? Is she injured?"—"Yes, sir, he was instantly killed! When the news was brought to her ladyship, she was seized with a fit, and fell dead without speaking."—"Scoundrel! instead of running away, why did you not get help and remain at the chateau?"—"How could I, monseigneur? My rotte, in watching by the side of my lady's corpse, fell asleep. The light upset, and the chateau is reduced to ashes!"—*Leader.*

TEMPERANCE IN MADAGASCAR.—Captain C—, who has been round the world twelve times, formed the first temperance society in Madagascar. The natives are hard-drinkers, and will imbibe anything which has alcohol in it. A chief one day was shown into the cabin just as the captain was taking a little medicine which was flavored with spirits, a pint bottle of which stood on the table. Thinking it rum, the chief eagerly asked for some, and would not believe the captain's assertion that it was medicine. Knowing his mistake, Captain C—, leaving the bottle, went to another part of the cabin. The temptation was not to be resisted by the chief, and, seizing the bottle, he drained a pint of the mixture at one draught. The captain, returning, resumed the conversation, pretending not to notice the chief, who turned pale as his tawny complexion would admit, and kept up a rubbing of his abdominal regions. He twisted and turned in his seat a few moments, and then giving a yell, rushed out of the cabin, jumped overboard, and swam for the shore. When next Captain C—, visited that harbor, not a drop would the chief touch. He was the first and only member of the first temperance society in Madagascar.

"A VALENTINE."

The following unique valentine was received by a lady:—

"soft is the deun on the butterfly's wing
it is soft and meak
soft is the voys that my tru luv does sing
But softer yet is her crimson cheek."

The following is the lady's reply:—

"Soft is taters all smash'd up,
As soft as smash can be;
But softer yet is the silly swain
Who wrote that verse to me."

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[Vol. I.

POETRY.

THE PLEDGE-RING.

Give but a ring—a simple ring—
'Tis all the pledge I ask;
And as Time creeps on weary wing,
'Twill cheer life's gloomy task!
When thou art absent, 'twill recall
Thy image to my view,
In lonely scene, or crowded hall,
And bid me think thee true!
Then, give a ring—a simple ring;
Whose magic power shall last
Like Eastern talisman,
To Mem'ry's eyes the past!

Give but a ring—a simple ring;
The gift I will retain,
Till Death's chill mists around me cling,
Through scenes of bliss, or pain;
In sorrow it will yield relief
To think thy heart is mine;
And make the hour of joy, tho' brief,
With brighter radiance shine!
Then give a ring—a simple ring—
No costly gem I ask;
Affection's talisman, 'twill bring
New strength for every task.

HAROLD, THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

[CONTINUED.]

HAROLD AND EDITH.

This memorable trial ended, as the reader will have foreseen, in the formal renewal of Sweyn's outlawry, and the formal restitution of the Earl Godwin and his other sons to their lands and honors, with declarations imputing all the blame of the late dissensions to the foreign favorites, and sentence of banishment against them, except only, by way of a bitter mockery, some varlets of low degree, such as Humphrey Cock's-foot, and Richard son of Scrob.

In conformity with the usages of the time, hostages of the loyalty and faith of Godwin were required and conceded. They were selected from his own family; and the choice fell on Wolnoth, his son, and Haco, the son of Sweyn. As when nearly all England may be said to have repassed to the hands of Godwin, it would have been an idle precaution to consign these hostages to the keeping of Edward, it was settled, after some discussion, that they should be placed in the Court of

the Norman duke, until such time as the king, satisfied with the good faith of the family, should authorize their return: Fatal hostage, fatal ward and host!

It was some days after this national crisis, and order and peace were again established in city and land forest and shire, when at the setting of the sun, Hilda stood alone by the altar stone of Thor.

The orb was sinking red and lurid, amidst long cloud-wracks of vermeil and purple, and not one human form was seen in the landscape, save that tall and majestic figure by the Rhunic shrine and the Druid crommell. She was leaning both hands on her wand, or seid-staff, as it was called in the language of Scandinavian superstition, and bending slightly forward, as in the attitude of listening or expectation.

Long before any form appeared on the road below, she seemed to be aware of the coming footsteps, and probably her habits of life had sharpened her senses; for she smiled, muttered to herself, 'Ere it sets!' and, changing her posture, leaned her arm on the altar, and rested her face upon her hand.

At length two figures came up the road; they neared the hill; they saw her, and slowly ascended the knoll. The one was dressed in the serge of a pilgrim, and his cowl thrown back, showed the face where human beauty and human power lay ravaged and ruined by human passions. He upon whom the pilgrim lightly leaned was attired simply, without the brooch or bracelet common to thegns of high degree, yet his port was that of majesty, and his brow that of mild command.

So stood the brothers, Sweyn the outlaw and Harold the earl, before the reputed prophetess. She looked on both with a steady eye, which gradually softened almost into tenderness, as it finally rested upon the pilgrim.

"And is it thus," she said at last, "that I see the firstborn of Godwin the fortunate, for whom so often I have tasked the thunder, and watched the setting sun for whom my runes have been graven on the bark of the elm, and the Scin-læca been called in pale splendor from the graves of the dead?"

"Hilda," said Sweyn, "not now will I accuse thee of the seeds which thou hast sown; the harvest is gathered and the sickle is broken. Abjure thy dark magic and turn as I, to the sole light of the future, which shines from the tomb of the Son Divine.

The prophetess bowed her head and replied:—

"Come to me nearer O Sweyn, whose cradle I rocked to the chant of my rhyme."

The outlaw turned his face and obeyed.

She sighed as she took his passive hand in her own, and examined the lines on the palm. Then, as if by an involuntary impulse of fondness and pity, she put aside his cowl and kissed his brow.

"Thy skein is spun and happier than the many who scorn, and the few who lament thee, thou shalt win where they lose. The steel shall not smite thee, the storm shall forbear thee, the goal that thou yearnest for thy steps shall attain. Night hallows the ruin—and peace to the shattered wrecks of the brave."

The outlaw heard as if unmoved. But when he turned to Harold, who covered his face with his hand, but could not restrain the tears that flowed through his fingers, a moisture came into his own wild, bright eyes, and he said, "Now, my brother, farewell, for no farther step shalt thou wend with me."

Harold started, opened his arms, and the outlaw fell upon his breast.

No sound was heard save a single sob, and so close was breast to breast, you could not say from whose heart it came. Then the outlaw wrenched himself from the embrace, and murmured, "And Haco—my son—motherless, fatherless—hostage in the land of the stranger! Thou wilt remember—thou wilt shield him; thou be to him, mother, father, in the days to come! So may the saints bless thee!" With these words he sprang down the hillock.

Harold bounded after him; but Sweyn, halting, said mournfully, "Is this thy promise? Am I so lost that faith should be broken even with my father's son?"

At that touching rebuke, Harold paused, and the outlaw went on his way alone. As the figure vanished at the turn of the road, whence, on the second of May, the Norman duke and the Saxon king had emerged side by side, the short twilight closed abruptly, and up from the far forest land rose the moon.

Harold stood rooted to the spot, and still gazing on the space, when the Vala laid her hand on his arm.

"Behold as the moon rises troubled gloaming, so rises the fate of Harold, as yon brief human shadow, halting between light and darkness, passes away to-night. Thou art now the firstborn of a house that unites the hopes of the Saxon with the fortunes of the Dane."

"Thinkest thou," said Harold, with a stern composure, "that I can have joy and triumph in a brother's exile and woe?"

"Not now, and not yet, will the voice of thy true nature be heard; but the warmth of the sun brings the thunder, and the glory of fortune wakes the storm of the soul."

"Kinswoman," said Harold, with a slight curl of his lip, "by me, at least, have thy prophecies ever passed as the sigh of the air; I leave my fortunes to the chance of mine own cool brain and strong arm. Vala between me and thee there is no bond."

The prophetess smiled softly.

"And what thinkest thou, O self-dependent! what thinkest thou is the fate which thy brain and thine arm shall win?"

"The fate they have won already, I see no Beyond. The fate of a man sworn to guard his country, love justice, and do right."

The moon shone full on the heroic face of the young earl as he spoke; and on its surface there seemed naught to belie the noble words. Yet the prophetess, gazing earnestly on that fair countenance, said, in a

whisper, that, despite a reason singularly sceptical, for the age in which it had been cultured, thrilled to the Saxon's heart, "Under that calm eye sleeps the soul of thy sire, and beneath that brow, so haughty and so pure, works the genius that placed the kings of the north in the lineage of thy mother the Dane."

"Peace!" said Harold, almost fiercely; then, as if ashamed of his momentary irritation, he added, with a faint smile, "Let us not talk of these things while my heart is still sad and away from the thoughts of the world, with my brother the lonely outlaw. Night is on us, and the way is yet unsafe; for the king's troops disbanded in haste, were made up of many who turn to robbers in peace. Alone, and unarmed, save my ateghar, I would crave a night's rest under thy roof; and,"—he hesitated, and a slight blush came over his cheek—"and I would fain see if your grand-child is as fair as when I last looked on her blue eyes, that then wept for Harold ere he went into exile."

"Her tears are not at her command, nor her smiles," said the Vala, solemnly; "her tears flow from the fount of thy sorrows, and her smiles are the beams from thy joys. For know, O Harold! that Edith is thy earthly Fylgia; thy fate and her fate are as one. And vainly as man would escape from his shadow, would soul wrench itself from the soul that Skulda hath linked to its doom."

Harold made no reply; but his step habitually slow, grew more quick and light, and this time his reason found no fault with the oracles of the Vala.

As Hilda entered the hall, the various idlers accustomed to feed at her cost, were about retiring, some to their homes in the vicinity, some, appertaining to the household, to the dormitories in the old Roman villa.

As Harold followed the Vala across the vast atrium, his face was recognized, and a shout of enthusiastic welcome greeted the popular earl. The only voices that did not swell that cry, were those of three monks from a neighboring convent, who chose to wink at the supposed practices of the Morthwyrtha, from the affection they bore to her ale and mead, and the gratitude they felt for her ample gifts to their convent.

"One of the wicked house, brother," whispered the monk.

"Yea; mockers and scorners are Godwin and his lewd sons," answered the monk.

And all three sighed and scowled, as the door closed on the hostess and her stately guest.

Two tall and not ungraceful lamps lighted the same chamber in which Hilda was first presented to the reader. The handmaids were still at their spindles, and nimbly shot the white web as the mistress entered. She paused, and her brow knit, as she eyed the work.

"But three parts done?" she said, "weave fast, and weave strong."

Harold, not heeding the maids or the task, gazed inquiringly round, and from a nook near the window, Edith sprang forward with a joyous cry, and a face all glowing with delight—sprang forward as if to the arms of a brother; but, within a step or so of the noble guest, she stopped short and her eyes fell to the ground.

Harold held his breath in admiring silence. The child he had loved from her cradle stood before him as a woman. Even since we last saw her, in the interval between the spring and the autumn, the year had

ripened the youth of the maiden, as it had mellowed the fruits of the earth; and her cheek was rosy with the celestial blush, and her form rounded to the nameless grace, which says that infancy is no more.

He advanced and took her hand, but for the first time in his life in their greetings, he neither gave nor received the kiss.

"You are no child now, Edith," said he, involuntarily; "but still set apart, I pray you some of the old childish love for Harold."

Edith's charming lips smiled softly; she raised her eyes to his, and their innocent fondness spoke through happy tears.

But few words passed in the short interval between Harold's entrance and his retirement to the chamber prepared for him in haste.

Edith following Hilda, proffered to the guest, on a salva of gold, spiced wines and confections; while Hilda, silently and unperceived, waved her seid-staff over the bed, and rested her pale hand on the pillow.

"Nay, sweet cousin," said Harold, smiling, "this is not one of the fashions of old, but rather, methinks, borrowed from the Frankish manners in the court of King Edward."

"Not so, Harold," answered Hilda, quickly turning; "such was ever the ceremony due to the Saxon king, when he slept in a subject's house, ere our kinsmen the Danes introduced that unroyal wassail, which left subject and king unable to hold or to quaff cup, when the board was left for the bed."

"Thou rebukeest, O Hilda, too tauntingly, the pride of Godwin's house, when thou givest to his homely son the ceremonial of a king. But, so served, I envy not kings, fair Edith."

He took the cup, raised it to his lips, and when he placed it on the small table by his side, the women had left the chamber, and he was alone. He stood for some minutes absorbed in reverie, and his soliloquy ran somewhat thus:

"Why said the Vala that Edith's fate was interwoven with mine? And why did I believe and bless the Vala, when she so said? Can Edith ever be my wife? The monk-king designs her for the cloister.—Woe, and well-a-day! Sweyn, Sweyn, let thy doom forewarn me! And if I stand up in my place and say, 'Give age and grief to the cloister—youth and delight to man's hearth,' what will answer the monks? 'Edith can not be thy wife, son of Godwin, for faint and scarce traced though your affinity of blood, ye are within the banned degrees of the Church. Edith may be wife to another if thou wilt—barren spouse to the Church, or mother of children who list not Harold's name as their father.' Out on these priests with their mummeries, and out on their war upon human hearts."

His fair brow grew stern and fierce as the Norman duke's in his ire; and had you seen him at that moment you would have seen the true brother of Sweyn. He broke from his thoughts with the strong effort of a man habituated to self-control, and advanced to the narrow window' opened the lattice and looked out.

The moon was in all her splendor. The long deep shadows of the breathless forest checkered the silvery whiteness of open sward and intervening glade. Ghostly arose on the knoll before him the gray columns of the mystic Druid—dark and indistinct the bloody altar of the warrior god. But there his eye

was arrested; for he thought that a pale phosphoric light broke from the mound with the bautastein, that rose from the Teuton altar. He *thought*, for he was not sure that it was not some cheat of the fancy. Gazing still, in the center of that light there appeared to gleam forth for one moment, a form of supernatural height. It was the form of a man, that seemed clad in arms like those on the wall, leaning on a spear whose point was lost behind the shafts of the crommell. And the face grew in that moment distinct from the light which shimmered around it, a face large as some early god's, but stamped with unutterable and solemn woe. He drew back a step, passed his hand over his eyes, and looked again. Light and the figure alike had vanished; naught was seen save the gray columns and the dim fane. The earl's lip curved in derision of his weakness. He closed the lattice undressed, knelt for a moment or so by the bed-side, and his prayer was brief and simple, nor accompanied with the crossings and signs customary in his age. He rose, extinguished the lamp, and threw himself on the bed.

The moon, thus relieved of the lamp-light, came clear and bright through the room, shone on the trophied arms, and fell upon Harold's face, casting its brightness on the pillow, on which the Vala had breathed her charm. And Harold slept—slept long—his face calm, his breathing regular; but ere the moon sunk and the dawn rose, the features were dark and troubled, and the breath came by gasps, the brow was knit, and the teeth clinched.

At dawn, Harold woke from uneasy and broken slumbers, and his eyes fell upon the face of Hilda, large and fair and unutterably calm, as the face of Egyptian sphinx.

"Have thy dreams been prophetic, son of Godwin?" said the Vala.

"Our Lord forefend," replied the earl, with unusual devoutness.

"Tell them and let me read the rede; sense dwells in the voices of the night."

Harold mused and after a short pause he said:

"Methinks, Hilda I can myself explain how those dreams came to haunt me."

Then raising himself on his elbow, he continued, while he fixed his clear, penetrating eyes upon his hostess:—

"Tell me frankly, Hilda, didst thou not cause some light to shine on yonder knoll' by the mound and stone, within the temple of the Druids?"

"Didst thou see a light, son of Godwin, by the altar of Thor, and over the bautastein of the mighty dead? a flame lambent and livid, like moonbeams collected over snow?"

"So seemed to me the light."

"No human hand ever kindled that flame which announces the presence of the dead," said Hilda with a tremulous voice.

"What shape or what shadow of shape does that specter assume?"

"It rises in the midst of the flame pale as the mist on the mountain, and vast as the giants of old; with the sæx, and the spear, and the shield, of the sons of Woden. Thou hast seen the *scin-læca*!" continued Hilda, looking full in the face of the earl.

"If thou deceivest me not," began Harold doubting still.

"Deceive thee! not to save the crown of the Saxon; dare I mock the might of the dead. Knowest thou not, on yon knoll, Ask (the firstborn of Cerdic that, Father-king of the Saxons) has his grave where the mound rises green, and the stone gleams wan, by the altar of Thor. He smote the Britons in their temple, and he fell smiting. They buried him in his arms, and with the treasures his right hand had won. Fate hangs on the house of Cerdic, or the realm of the Saxon, when Woden calls the læca of his son from the grave."

Hilda much troubled, bent her face over her clasped hands, and, rocking to and fro, muttered some runes unintelligible to the ear of her listener. Then she turned to him, commandingly, and said:

"Thy dreams, now, indeed are oracles, more true than living Vala could charm with the wand and the rune: Unfold them!"

[And Har Id told his dreams, and dreams were they of wondrous portent. He thought that he fell into a fearful chasm, and *dead men's bones* gat him around, and from a mitre on a trunkless skull came a hissing voice "Harold the scorner, thou art ours," and his limbs were bound by bands fine as gossamer, but they weighed on him like chains of iron. Then the specter he had seen rising from the knoll arose and embraced him and left in his hands a shadowy scepter, and around him were thegns and chiefs in their armor, while a sea of blood lay beyond. And he saw two stars arise—one the star that shone on the day of his birth and another that grew fiercer and larger, while a voice declaimed "Lo the star that shone on the birth of the victor." And as his dream faded away, he heard a full swell of music as the swell of an anthem in an aisle, a music like that he had heard in the train of King Edward in the halls of Winchester in the day that they crowned him King.]

Harold ceased, and the Vala slowly lifted her head from her bosom, and surveyed him in profound silence, and with a gaze that seemed vacant and meaningless.

"Why dost thou look upon methus, and why art thou so silent?" asked the earl.

"The cloud is on my sight, and the burden is on my soul, and I cannot read thy rede," murmured the Vala. "In thy dream lies thy future, as the wing of the moth in the web of the changing worm; but, whether for weal or for woe, thou shalt break through thy mesh, and spread thy plumes in the air."

[True the Vala's words; ominous the dream, as the future will soon disclose.]—[TO BE CONTINUED]

A BEAR ADVENTURE.

AN INCIDENT OF ROCKY MOUNTAIN LIFE.

Dick Barron was one of the most daring among the pioneers, and he appeared to be one of the most unfortunate. Together with other neighbors, Dick had removed from Central Colorado to the western slopes of the Sierra Nevada mountains. His home was in a wildly romantic and beautiful spot, and fortune appeared to smile upon him, so far as his pecuniary matters were concerned, for his lands yielded well in the summer, and the mines gave a fair yield of "yellow dross" in the colder months.

But death came to the family of Dick.

The first stroke fell upon his eldest boy, a lad of twelve years of age. The little fellow was fond of hunting; and, with his rifle, he would often venture a considerable distance from his home, and sometimes was very successful in bringing down small game. But one day he was absent much beyond his usual time, and a search discovered his mangled remains lying at the bottom of a ledge of rocks. He had evidently fallen from

above, and thus met a sudden and cruel fate. The blow fell heavily upon Dick and his wife. But the man bore bravely up under his grief, while the woman gave way to melancholy.

Not long after, a second child—a little girl of five years of age—sickened and died. It now appeared as if Mrs. Barron would go mad; and for a time her agony was terrible to behold. But this gradually subsided, and the mother began rapidly to sink; and in a short time after, she followed her little one, leaving still another child—a daughter of three years of age—to the care of a stricken father.

The grief of Dick was not of an explosive character; but it was deep and enduring. Still he had something yet to live for, and he went to work like a brave man to provide for his little Eva. Winter had set in, and Dick had come to the conclusion to make as much as possible in the mines before spring, and then to sell his property and go to San Francisco, where he could secure the advantages of education for his little one.

For some time the neighbors of Dick as well as himself had been much annoyed by theft. Several lambs and sheep had been killed, and poultry in large quantities stolen. There was a difference of opinion with regard to these depredations. Some said they were committed by Indians, others by wolves, and others by bears. But as yet no snow had fallen; and as the ground was frozen very hard, no tracks could be seen.

One morning, however, the alarm was given. A light snow had fallen during the night, and tracks were discovered. A large grizzly bear was the thief and despoiler, and he must be hunted down at once. It was not supposed that they would be obliged to go far to find the animal; and so Dick seized his rifle and joined the party, leaving his child still in bed.

The tracks were fresh, and a dozen excited men were soon on the trail. In a short time they were upon the monster; but each man paused, turning their eyes towards Dick, and waiting for him to speak. The bear was standing near the cabin-door of Barron, gazing at the child, who was seated in the door-way, watching the movements of the animal with evident curiosity, but without exhibiting any signs of fear.

Dick felt his very heart sink within him as he saw this; but his weakness passed away in an instant, and without removing his eyes from the bear, he asked: "Men, can you use your rifles with steady hands?"

"Yes," replied several.

"Then raise them and have them ready. Be sure your aim is good, and that every bullet will be buried in the body of the beast in case of firing. But hold your shots until I give the word."

Instantly every rifle was raised.

Dick moved carefully around towards the back of the cabin. It was his intention to enter the window, seize his little one, draw her back, and closing the door, save her. But now the animal began to utter deep growls, and advances slowly towards Eva. The father saw this, and exclaimed, "My darling, get up, go into the house, and close the door."

The child looked up, smiled, and then arose, attempting to do the bidding of the father. But the monster advanced with a fearful howl, and as the door was closed against him, he struck it with one of his huge paws, shattering it into splinters.

"I feared this. Fire; but be careful and not injure my child!" cried the father.

He discharged his own piece, and at the same time a dozen other rifles rang out. The bear gave a most fearful howl, turned upon his enemies, glaring upon them with eyes of fire, and seemed just on the point of springing upon them. Suddenly, however, the beast appeared to change his mind. Turning quickly around, the monster entered the cabin. A shriek was instantly heard, and the father rushed forward, knife in hand, to save his darling. But he was too late, for with a bound, the bear had dashed through the window, holding Eva in his teeth.

Off he ran with all his speed toward the highest mountain peak, while the cries of the little one came back to the ears of the half frantic father.

And now the monster began its ascent, bearing its precious burden. Onward it went, and upward, climbing forward, as rocks towering above rocks arose to obstruct its pathway. All the time it kept up its fearful howling, and for a time the wails of the child were heard; but they became fainter and fainter, until the sound could no longer be distinguished. At length it disappeared from view behind a jutting ledge.

When the intention of the animal was first made apparent, a kind of terror seized upon every heart, and a cry of agony burst from every lip. And well might they have shuddered; for they now knew full well that the ferocious animal was a

she-bear, and that she was carrying the child to her eyrie den as food for her cubs.

For a time the father had stood with face blanched with despair, and with form trembling like the browned leaves which still clung to the trees around him. But that weakness was only momentary, for he became again the invincible father; and, with the speed of an antelope, he rushed for the cliffs, his eye fixed upon the point where the bear had disappeared with his loved darling.

To any but the father, and to him under any other circumstances, the journey would not only have been a weary, but almost an impossible one. But the anxious parent paused not for a instant. Indeed, he seemed to gain new strength and courage at every step. Now a fearful rocky ledge would obstruct his way, but he would mount upward, making a ladder of the frail twigs which hung to their sides. Onward and upward until the giddy height upon which he stood was horrible to contemplate. But he did not look back. His child was further on.

And now the point was reached where the bear was last seen.

At this instant a strange sound fell upon the ears of the father. At first it was only the cry of a child. Then, mingling with it, came the fierce growl of the she-bear, and following this, the yelping of cubs. Oh, what agony filled the father's bosom at that moment! Could it be possible that the ravenous beasts were already in the act of devouring his treasure?

Dick sank upon the solid rock, while the perspiration rolled in streams from his face and body. A blindness came over him, and he felt himself unable to move.

Then came a voice from below. It exclaimed, "Courage, Dick. I'll be with you soon, and will yet save your child."

"Child! child!" murmured Dick, as he started up. "Yes, I must not give way to this weakness so long as my child yet lives; and I can hear its voice even now."

The poor father became strong again. He moved forward a few steps, and paced around a point of rock, from behind which came the sounds.

A terrible sight met his gaze.

The little girl was lying on her back upon a rock. The monster was near her, holding her down with one of his huge paws, which was resting upon her breast. The little one had ceased her strugglings, evidently in despair, and was now sobbing as if her little heart was broken. The bear was bleeding profusely, and had evidently fallen from very exhaustion. The bullets which had been sent into her body had given her, no doubt, her mortal wound; but she was tenacious of life, and could accomplish much after that wound was received, before her life was yielded. Like the parent who now sought his daughter, the first thought of the bear was of her young; and even in her dying agony, she clung to the food she had brought them.

Only a few feet higher up were the cubs. They saw the mother, and they appeared to anticipate a great feast; for they were struggling to reach it, while they lifted their young voices in chorus with that of their parent.

Dick knew that he must save his child soon, or it would be too late. Soon he resolved to creep as near as possible to the monster, and then spring upon her with his knife; for, in his haste and excitement, he had dropped his rifle.

Just as he was moving forward, the bear turned, and their eyes met. The dying beast uttered a terrific howl, and then looked down at her victim. Then she glanced at her own cubs, and again towards Dick. Her expression seemed to say, "You will have no mercy on my young; why should I have upon yours?"

It was a dreadful suspense for Dick. He was satisfied that the bear could only live a few moments. But what might not occur in those moments? A single blow with her huge paw, and his darling would be torn into fragments. A movement upon his part might cause this blow to fall.

The hunter becomes so accustomed to the various animals with which he comes in contact, that he can almost read their very thoughts. Their actions can nearly always be interpreted correctly. So was it with Dick now. He saw the intentions of the bear, and he knew that his own action must be prompt and powerful, or it would be too late.

He clutched his knife, and, with his arm nerved with desperation, hope, and fatherly love, he sprang directly at the throat of the monster, who received him with a tremendous howl, and with mouth wide open.

Had the beast been uninjured, the struggle would have been of short duration, for the odds between a man and a grizzly bear would be as great as that between a lion and a mouse.

But the monster was now dying, and death was near. She retained all her courage and will, but not her strength.

Dick gave her several rapid blows with his knife. She groaned almost as a human being would have done, and fell upon her side. But she recovered in an instant; and, striking Dick, she threw him to the earth. But the father had seized his beloved daughter, and, throwing it a little apart, she was now out of danger.

Not so with himself.

He was now stretched flat upon his back, and both paws of the beast were upon his breast, and he could feel the sharp claws entering his flesh. The two great, glassy eyes glared into his own, the terrible growl rang in his ears, the jaws were extended, the long white teeth glistened, and the blood-red tongue was ready to lap up his blood. He struggled, but could not move. A moment more, and all would be over for him for ever, now the death-grip was fixed upon him.

And to add to his agony, he had seen his child spring up and run towards the edge of the cliff. It would be dashed in pieces in falling, even as its brother had been.

But would this be a misfortune, since the father must die? Would it not be better for her to join her loved ones in another world, than to remain in this cold one, alone?

Just at that instant, however, there came the report of a rifle. The bear relaxed her hold, and fell heavily upon the body of Dick. He rolled the animal away, and sprang to his feet. A friend had arrived in time, and not an instant too soon. He was holding Eva in his arms. She was not hurt.

The father could not help shedding tears over his rescued darling, for never before had she appeared half so dear to him. But he resolved not to expose her to any further danger of the kind, and so he took an almost immediate departure for the home he had selected in the Golden State.

LADIES' TABLE.

ELEGANT TRIMMING FOR DRESSES.

MAKE A CHAIN OF THE DESIRED LENGTH.

1st Row.—3 chains, 1 treble, * 2 chains miss 2, 2 treble, repeat from star

2d Row.—2 double chain into the 2 chains of the first loop, * 2 chains, (1 treble, 4 chains, 1 treble, 6 chains, 1 treble, 4 chains, 1 treble, into second loop,) 2 double chain into the 2 chain of next loop, repeat from star.

3d Row.—Commence on the 2 double chain with 10 chains, * 1 double chain into the middle of the 5 loops below, 5 chains, 1 double treble between the 2 double chain, 5 chains, repeat from star.

4th Row.—Commence in the 5th chain below, 3 chains, * (1 treble, 1 chain, 1 treble, 1 chain, 1 treble, into the middle chain of 5 chains below,) repeat from star.

5th Row — * 4 chains, 1 treble between the first and second of the 3 treble, 6 chains, 1 treble between the second and third of the 3 treble, 4 chains, 1 double chain, between the first and second of the next 3 treble, 1 double chain between the second and third of the 3 treble, repeat from star.

This forms exactly one side of the trimming; turn it round and commence at the end you leave off at with the second and following rows, which will complete it, taking care to let the stitches of the second half be exactly parallel with those of the first.

This worked in silk, the same color as the dress, has a very beautiful effect.

A PAPER MASQUERADE.

The New York "Home Journal" contains the following account of an entertainment given by a fashionable dress-maker in that city:—"Madam Demorest celebrated Christmas Eve in a delightful manner, at her fine establishment, No. 838 Broadway, by giving a fancy paper dress ball to a number of her employees, numbering over one hundred. A number of invited guests participated in the festivities, and the affair was really brilliant. The prominent feature was, of course, the material used for the costumes worn by the ladies. Dresses, fans, head-dresses, and ornaments of all kinds, were made of delicately tinted paper, in such admirable imitation of real and costly fabrics, that, but for the rustle they created when their wearers moved about, one might have been pardoned for believing that he had been translated to some fabulous realm, where were gathered the fairest dames and belles who have figured in fashionable society for the last three hundred years or so."

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1868.

FISH FARMING.

At a time when many of our readers are curious as to the possibility of artificially raising fish as an article of food, we think the following from a late number of Cassel's Magazine will prove both useful and interesting:

"We have cultivated the land in a most painstaking manner for thousands of years, but, with few exceptions, the ocean and the river have been treated as wild hunting-grounds, in which as much depends upon the luck as the intelligence of the hunter. The reasoning being would say, what is applicable to the sheep or ox, is applicable to the salmon, or the trout, or the oyster; but there are very few of us that reason: at all events, the idea of artificially breeding the scaly flocks of the ocean has not been adopted by civilized man excepting in a few instances. The art has, indeed, been found and lost, possibly, more than once, and only one nation—the nation that we still persist in calling barbarous—has from the depths of antiquity cultivated the crops of the water, as they also did the crops of the land. That nation is the Chinese. It really seems as though the germs of all modern ideas have long been nourished by that wonderful people. Pisciculture is an ancient science among them. They hatch fish eggs among their paddy fields, having first gathered the eggs from the spawning beds in the rivers; as soon as the fish are hatched, they are placed in compartments in the river, staked off from each other by matting, just as our fields are divided by hedges. The flocks of young fishes are driven from water pasture to water pasture, just as we drive sheep to fresh grazing-grounds. Nay, in order to expedite the hatching, they sometimes resort to the following ingenious process: They take hen eggs, suck out the contents through a small hole, and refill the shell with the ova of the fish they wish to hatch. These eggs they place under a brood hen, and in a few days they are so advanced that they only have to break the shell into moderately warmed water, and the ova spring to life. We all know the surprise of the old hen when she finds her chicks swimming upon the water, but what is that to her hatching fishes, and seeing them all swim out of sight? The consequence of this artificial hatching of the ova is, that the enormous waste that occurs in the natural process is obviated, and fish food, as a consequence, is plentiful throughout the densely-populated Celestial Empire. We are told that nothing astonishes a Chinaman more than the dearthness of fish when he comes to Europe. Are these people so very wrong in calling us the outer barbarians? It is possible that by the way of India the Romans gained from the Chinese the art of pisciculture, which they undoubtedly well understood. The wealthy Italians of antiquity used to keep and breed stores of fish that seem monstrous even in these days. Fish in antique Italy were bred for variety, and flavor, and size, with an ingenuity that outshines all our efforts in the stock market. They crossed and

recrossed the breeds, we are told until they produced strange varieties.

In Catholic times pisciculture was to a certain extent practised—that is, fresh-water fish were kept in ponds and fed for the table; but the art of collecting the ova and vivifying it was not known to our ancestors, neither was it known to the French until the vast consumption of fish in that country led to their almost total destruction in the rivers. The first person who discovered the reason of the failure of the supply, and made known the remedy, was a peasant of the name of Joseph Remy, living on one of the tributaries of the Moselle. Knowing the enormous number of ova deposited by a single fish, he felt sure that if they were all fecundated, the rivers of France could supply far more than the demands made upon them. But he speedily ascertained that enormous numbers of the eggs either never came to life, or were destroyed in the earlier stages of existence. He determined therefore to make experiments upon fecundated eggs, and his success was such that the French government gave him a pension, and took upon itself the duty of supplying young fish to all persons that applied for them. Persons are appointed near the various rivers to capture the fish when they are just about to spawn. This process is not left to the unaided efforts of the gravid fish, but is performed artificially by the egg collectors in the following manner, which we quote from Mr. James Bertram's interesting volume on the Fish Farms of the World, from which many of the facts in this paper have been collected:—

"Well, first catch your fish; and here I may state that the male salmon are a great deal scarcer than the female ones, but fortunately one of the former will milt two or three of the latter, so that the scarcity is not so much felt as it otherwise would be. The fish, then, having been caught, it should be seen before operating that the spawn is perfectly matured, and that being the case, the salmon should be held in a large tub, well buried in the water it contains, while the hand is gently pressed along its abdomen, when, if the ova be ripe, the eggs will flow out like so many peas. The eggs must be carefully souased or washed, and the water should then be poured off. The male salmon may be handled in a similar way, the contact of the milt immediately changing the eggs into a brilliant pink color. After being washed, the eggs may be ladled out into the breeding boxes, and safely left to come to maturity in due season.' Great care is necessary to supply each kind of egg with its appropriate water in the hatching-boxes. This is a very important point, as some fish like clear, others fat and muddy streams. Up to the close of the season 1863-64, no less than one hundred and eleven million fresh water fish-eggs had been distributed, the greater portion to the waters of France; of these, forty-one million were the eggs of salmon and trout. The result is, the French streams are regaining their productive power, and an immense increase to the food of the country is thus provided. The science of pisciculture having been set afoot by the government, it has been taken up by many private individuals, and establishments for the rearing of fish of all kinds are rapidly spreading over the country."

In addition to millions of fish artificially raised and turned into the river Tay, the lessees of the River Dee

Salmon Fisheries have also adopted the artificial system of breeding, and at the Galway fisheries large numbers of young fish have been placed in the rivers with very great success. The salmon and trout are the only fish operated upon by the large proprietors and trustees of the great rivers, but the ova of any fish may be as successfully hatched. Eggs may be as well manipulated in a tea-saucer, by the aid of a running tap, as in the best arranged breeding establishments; and those having running water or rivers at their disposal may try their hand upon the acclimatisation of foreign fish.

If so much has been accomplished elsewhere, and with a process so simple, there can exist no reason why our citizens should not try their hands at fish culture. Supposing our streams do not furnish all the requisite varieties, the eggs of any kind of fish we may desire can be obtained as easily as cuttings of trees, or plants from east or west. Appropriately packed, they can with very little loss be transmitted by post. Once fish culture is successfully introduced amongst us, we shall not only have an abundance of one of the cheapest and healthiest kinds of food at our command, but our tables will exhibit a variety and luxury at present unattainable.

OLD AND NEW SYSTEMS OF TEACHING VOCAL MUSIC.

BY PROFESSOR JNO. TULLIDGE.

No. V.

REVIEW OF MR. CURWIN'S SYSTEM.

CONCULDED.

I have explained the nature of the tonic sol fa of Mr. Curwin's, the old system, and Mr. Hullah's, so that the reader may not mix up one method with the other, but give to each its proper name.

The tonic sol fa is taught both in England and America by the old notation.

So far as the history of Mr. Curwin's system is concerned, it was invented by Miss Glover. Mr. Curwin's Manual says that her method was in practise ten years before the English Government Singing Class-book had been published—a system which Mr. Hullah taught by.

There is no doubt but the method was much improved by the revision effected by Mr. Curwin, Mr. Hogarth, and others whom he called to his assistance, but still the originality is due to Miss Glover.

The great secret of Mr. Curwin's success was his powerful eloquence as a lecturer. This gentleman was educated for a clergyman, and by this his vocation he obtained much influence among the Baptist, Independent, and Methodist bodies. With this patronage, he could dispense with Government assistance rendered to Mr. Hullah's system.

NOTICE TO ALL WISHING TO SUBSCRIBE.

Our friends in the settlements are informed that all persons needing it, will be credited until after harvest. None need fear being unable to pay in consequence of destruction of their crops by grasshoppers, as in that case we will grant any further reasonable time.

AN EASY WAY TO PAY FOR THE MAGAZINE.—Procure the names and certificates of half-a-dozen respectable subscribers who will pay on the above easy terms, and a receipt for the year's subscription will be forwarded.

BACK NUMBERS.—Any of our subscribers or agents having Nos. 7, 8, or 9, of this Magazine sent to them by mistake, will confer a favor by enclosing them in a wrapper, and returning them per post to this office, as we need them to complete our volumes.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTE.—Correspondence is invited from our friends.

QUEST.—Zoroaster was the great Persian reformer. As with most other reformers, his system was afterwards much adulterated. Considering the wonderful influence that attended his preachings, and the way in which he was able to impress his faith upon millions, it is not too much to suppose that he was providentially raised up, and, to a degree, supernaturally assisted. Although, like Confucius [the great Chinese Reformer] his system did not contain all truth, it seems to have contained just about as much as such wild and crude notions as those of the Persians could submit to. We have no hesitation in saying that, in certain conditions of mankind, half a truth is safer if not more valuable to them than the truth pure and unadulterated. It takes the very highest natures, not simply to appreciate, but to use without abuse the whole truth on any subject respecting themselves and God.

QUASSIA.—Of the two climates, the English is the best for the preservation of the complexion. The greater heat and dryness of the American atmosphere tends to dry up and give an aged appearance at a much earlier period than in England. Of course there is a great deal of difference between different portions of America, and much depends, again, upon the opportunities persons have of taking care of themselves. The ladies of this Territory, who are anxious to preserve their good looks as long as possible, ought to be very thankful for the great increase of rain in these parts. They will be "scrumptiously" lovely for at least ten years longer in consequence.

THOMAS.—The Isthmus of Suez canal is no myth; it is in actual course of construction. It is anticipated that ships will before long pass through it.

INVESTIGATOR.—There are several references to ancient prophecies in favor of Jesus made by the writers of the gospels, which on examination do not very clearly appear to apply to him. One passage states that he went to Nazareth that the prophecy might be fulfilled which says, "he shall be called a Nazarine." On reference to the passage indicated it is found to be a statement made respecting Samson. Another passage states that he was born of a virgin that the Scripture might be fulfilled which says, "Behold a virgin shall be with child, and bring forth a son," &c. On applying to Isaiah we find him using the language quoted, but he tells us in addition that before the child in question shall know enough to refuse good from evil a certain land that Abaz, the then king of Judah, abhorred should "be or-aken of both her klugs," Isaiah 7th chap. 16 v. This puts the event down in the days of Abaz instead of those of the apostles. There are other applications which appear inconsistent with the use made of them by the gospel writers. Some incorrect references to prophecies were, doubtless, made by the copyists of the ancient manuscripts after the death of the original writers, who, when they came across an event which they thought agreed with a certain prophecy, made a note in the margin of the manuscript that this or that was done that such a scripture might be fulfilled. These side notes and comments were probably by copyists after them again, incorporated in the body of the narrative.

J. P.—Disraeli, the present prime minister of England, is 63 years of age; the Earl of Derby nearly 70; John Bright is 57.

WRITER.—The Railroad will be equally useful whether it goes north of the Lake or comes south to this city. In the former case there will doubtless be a branch line to this city. A very busy period for at least two years seems inevitable. In all probability the invitation which the proprietors of the line will extend to all who will settle along its course, taken together with the natural and rapid filling up of these surrounding Territories will keep produce of all kinds at a high figure for the period named. One blessing will be that books and literature will be more come-at-able as the iniquitous postal law with regard to these Territories will be repealed.

FOUL PLAY.

BY CHARLES READE AND DION BOUCICAULT.

[CONTINUED]

CHAPTER VI.

White and Co., stumbled on a treasure in James Seaton. Your colonial clerk is not so narrow and apathetic as your London clerk, whose two objects seem to be, to learn one department only, and not to do too much in that; but Seaton, a gentleman and a scholar, eclipsed even colonial clerks in this, that he omitted no opportunity of learning the whole business of White and Co., and was also animated by a feverish zeal, that now and then provoked laughter from clerks, but was agreeable, as well as surprising, to White and Co. Of that zeal, his incurable passion was partly the cause. Fortunes had been made with great rapidity in Sydney; and Seaton now conceived a wild hope of acquiring one, by some lucky hit, before Wardlaw could return to Helen Rolleston. And yet his common-sense said, if I was as rich as Cæsus, how could she mate with me, a stained man. And yet his burning heart said, don't listen to reason; listen only to me. Try.

And so he worked double tides; and, in virtue of his University education, had no snobbish notions about never putting his hand to manual labor: he would lay down his pen at any moment, and bear a hand to lift a chest, or roll a cask. Old White saw him thus multiply himself, and was so pleased that he raised his salary one third.

He never saw Helen Rolleston, except on Sunday. On that day he went to her church, and sat half behind a pillar, and feasted his eyes and his heart upon her. He lived sparingly, saved money, bought a strip of land, by payment of £10 deposit, and sold it in forty hours for £100 profit, and watched keenly for similar opportunities on a larger scale; and all for her. Struggling with a mountain: hoping against reason, and the world.

White and Co. were employed to ship a valuable cargo on board two vessels chartered by Wardlaw and Son; the Shannon, and the Proserpine.

Both these ships lay in Sydney harbor, and had taken in the bulk of their cargoes; but the supplement was the cream; for Wardlaw, in person, had warehoused eighteen cases of gold dust and ingots, and fifty of lead and smelted copper. They were all examined, and branded, by Mr. White, who had duplicate keys of the gold cases. But the contents as a matter of habit and prudence were not described outside: but were marked Proserpine and Shannon, respectively; the mate of the Proserpine, who was in Wardlaw's confidence, had written instructions to look carefully to the stowage of all these cases, and was in and out of the store one afternoon just before closing, and measured the cubic contents of the cases, with a view to stowage in the respective vessels. The last time he came he seemed rather the worse for liquor; and Seaton, who accompanied him, having stepped out a minute for something or other, was rather surprised on his return to find the door closed, and it struck him Mr. Wylie (that was the mate's name) might be inside, the more so as the door closed very easily with a spring bolt, but it could only be opened by a key of peculiar construction. Seaton took out his key, opened the door, and called to the mate: but received no reply. However, he took the precaution to go round the store, and see whether Wylie, rendered somnolent by liquor, might not be lying oblivious among the cases: Wylie, however, was not to be seen, and Seaton finding himself alone did an unwise thing; he came and contemplated Wardlaw's cases of metal and specie. (Men will go too near the thing that causes their pain.) He eyed them with grief and with desire, and could not restrain a sigh at these material proofs of his rival's wealth: the wealth that probably had smoothed his way to General Rolleston's home, and to his daughter's heart; for wealth can pave the way to hearts, ay, even to hearts that cannot be downright bought. This revelry, no doubt, lasted longer than he thought, for presently he heard the loud rattle of shutters going up below: it was closing time; he hastily closed and locked the iron shutters, and then went out and shut the door.

He had been gone about two hours, and that part of the street, so noisy in business hours, was hushed in silence, all but an occasional footstep on the flags outside, when something mysterious occurred in the warehouse, now as dark as pitch.

At an angle of the wall stood two large cases in a vertical position, with smaller cases lying at their feet: these two cases

were about eight feet high, more or less. Well, behind these cases suddenly flashed a feeble light, and the next moment two brown and sinewy hands appeared on the edge of one of the cases,—the edge next the wall, the case vibrated and rocked a little, and the next moment there mounted on the top of it not a cat, nor a monkey, as might have been expected, but an animal that in truth resembles both those quadrupeds, viz. a sailor; and need we say that sailor was the mate of the Proserpine. He descended lightly from the top of the case behind which he had been jammed for hours, and lighted a dark lantern; and went softly groping about the store with it.

This was a mysterious act, and would perhaps have puzzled the proprietors of the store even more than it would a stranger: for a stranger would have said at once this is burglary, or else arson: but those acquainted with the place would have known that neither of those crimes was very practicable. This enterprising sailor could not burn down this particular store without roasting himself the first thing: and indeed he could not burn it down at all; for the roof was flat, and was in fact one gigantic iron tank, like the roof of Mr. Goding's brewery in London: and, by a neat contrivance of American origin, the whole tank could be turned in one moment to a shower bath, and down a conflagration in thirty seconds or thereabouts. Nor could he rifle the place: the goods were greatly protected by their weight, and it was impossible to get out of the store without raising an alarm, and being searched.

But, not to fall into the error of writers who underrate their readers' curiosity and intelligence, and so delight them with comments and explanations, we will now simply relate what Wylie did, leaving you to glean his motives as this tale advances.

His jacket had large pockets, and he took out of them a bunch of eighteen bright steel keys, numbered, a set of new screw-drivers, a flask of rum, and two ship biscuits.

He unlocked the eighteen cases marked Proserpine, &c., and, peering in with his lantern, saw the gold dust and small ingots packed in parcels and surrounded by Australian wool of the highest possible quality. It was a luscious sight. He then proceeded to a heavier task; he unscrewed, one after another, eighteen of the cases marked Shannon, and the eighteen so selected, perhaps by private marks, proved to be packed close, and on a different system from the gold, viz., in pigs, or square blocks, three, or in some cases four, to each chest. Now, these two ways of packing the specie and the baser metal respectively, had the effect of producing a certain uniformity of weight in the thirty-six cases Wylie was inspecting: otherwise the gold cases would have been twice the weight of those that contained the baser metal; for lead is proverbially heavy, but under scientific tests is to gold as five to twelve, or thereabouts.

In his secret and mysterious labour Wylie was often interrupted. Whenever he heard a step on the pavement outside, he drew the slide of his lantern and hid the light. If he had examined the iron shutters, he would have seen that his light could never pierce through them into the street. But he was not aware of this. Notwithstanding these occasional interruptions, he worked so hard and continuously, that the perspiration poured down him ere he had unscrewed those eighteen chests containing the pigs of lead. However, it was done at last, and then he refreshed himself with a draught from his flask. The next thing was, he took the three pigs of lead out of one of the cases marked Shannon, &c., and numbered fifteen, and laid them very gently on the floor. Then he transferred to that empty case the mixed contents of a case branded Proserpine 1, &c., and this he did with the utmost care and nicety, lest gold dust spilled should tell tales. And so he went on and amused himself by shifting the contents of the whole eighteen cases marked Proserpine, &c., into eighteen cases marked Shannon, &c., and refilling them with the Shannon's lead. Frolicsome Mr. Wylie! Then he sat down on one of the cases Proserpine, and ate a biscuit and drank a little rum: not much: for at this part of his career he was a very sober man, though he could feign drunkenness, or anything else.

The gold was all at his mercy, yet he did not pocket an ounce of it; not even a penny-weight to make a wedding-ring for Nancy Rouse. Mr. Wylie had a conscience, and a very original one it was; and, above all, he was very true to those he worked with. He carefully locked the gold cases up again, and resumed the screw-driver, for there was another heavy stroke of work to be done; and he went at it like a man. He carefully screwed down again, one after another, all those eighteen cases marked Shannon, which he had filled with gold dust, and then, heating a sailor's needle red-hot over his burning wick, he put

is own secret marks on those eighteen cases—marks that no one but his own could detect. By this time, though a very powerful man, he felt much exhausted, and would gladly have napped an hour's repose. But consulting his watch by the light of his lantern, he found the sun had just risen. He retired to his place of concealment in the same cat-like way he had come out of it—that is to say, he mounted on the high cases, and then slipped down behind them, into the angle of the wall.

As soon as the office opened, two sailors, whom he had carefully instructed over-night, came with a boat for the cases; the warehouse was opened in consequence, but they were informed that Wylie must be present at the delivery.

"Oh, he won't be long," said they; he told us he would meet us here."

There was a considerable delay, and a good deal of talking, and presently Wylie was at their backs, and put in his word. Seaton was greatly surprised at finding him there, and asked him where he had sprung from.

"Me!" said Wylie, jocosely, "why, I hailed from Davy Jones's locker last."

"I never heard you come in," said Seaton, thoughtfully.

"Well, sir," replied Wylie, civilly, "a man does learn to go like a cat on board ship, that is the truth. I came in at the door like my betters; but I thought I heard you mention my name, so I made no noise. Well, here I am, any way, and—ack, how many trips can we take these thundering chests in? as we see, eighteen for the Proserpine, and forty for the Shannon. Is that correct, sir?"

"Perfectly."

"Then, if you will deliver them, I'll check the delivery alongside the lighter there; and then we'll tow her alongside the barge."

Seaton called up two more clerks, and sent one to the boat, and one on board the barge. The barge was within hail, so the cases were checked as they passed out of the store, and heaved again at the small boat, and also on board the lighter. Then they were all cleared out, Wylie gave Seaton his receipt for them, and, having a steam-tug in attendance, towed the lighter alongside the Shannon frigate.

Seaton carried the receipt to his employer.

"But, sir," said he, "is this regular for an officer of the Proserpine to take the Shannon's cargo from us?"

"No, it is not regular," said the old gentleman, and he looked through a window, and summoned Mr. Hardcastle.

Hardcastle explained that the Proserpine shipped the gold, which was the more valuable consignment, and that he saw no harm in the officer, who was so highly trusted by the merchant on this and on former occasions, taking out a few tons of lead and copper to the Shannon.

"Well, sir," said Seaton, "suppose I was to go out and see the chests stowed in those vessels?"

"I think you are making a fuss about nothing," said Hardcastle.

Mr. White was of the same opinion, but, being too wise to check zeal and caution, told Seaton he might go for his own satisfaction.

Seaton, with some difficulty, got a little boat and pulled across the harbor. He found the Shannon had shipped all the chests marked with her name; and the captain and mate of the Proserpine were beginning to ship theirs. He paddled under the Proserpine's stern.

Captain Hudson, a rough salt, sang out, and asked him roughly what he wanted there.

"O, it is all right," said the mate; "he is come for your receipt and Hewitt's. Be smart now, men; two on board, sixteen to come."

Seaton saw the chests marked Proserpine stowed in the Proserpine, and went ashore with Captain Hewitt's receipt of forty cases on board the Shannon, and Captain Hudson's of eighteen on board the Proserpine.

As he landed he met Lloyd's agent, and told him what a valuable freight he had just shipped. That gentleman merely remarked that both ships were underwritten in Sydney by the owners; but the freight was insured in London, no doubt.

There was still something about this business Seaton did not quite like; perhaps it was in the haste of the shipments, or in the manner of the mate. At all events, it was too slight and subtle to be communicated to others with any hope of convincing them; and, moreover, Seaton could not but own to himself that he hated Wardlaw, and was, perhaps, no fair judge of his acts, and even of the acts of his servants.

And soon a blow fell that drove the matter out of his head and his heart. Miss Helen Rolleston called at the office, and,

standing within a few feet of him, banded Hardcastle a letter from Arthur Wardlaw, directing that the ladies' cabin on board the Shannon should be placed at her disposal.

Hardcastle bowed low to Beauty and Station, and promised her the best possible accommodation on board the Shannon, bound for England next week.

As she retired, she cast one quiet glance round the office in search of Seaton's beard. But he had reduced its admired luxuriance, and trimmed it to a narrow mercantile point. She did not know his other features from Adam, and little thought that young man, bent double over his paper, was her preserver and protegee, still less that he was at this moment cold as ice, and quivering with misery from head to foot, because her own lips had just told him that she was going to England in the Shannon.

Heart-broken, but still loving nobly, Seaton dragged himself down to the harbor, and went slowly on board the Shannon to secure Miss Rolleston every comfort.

Then, sick at heart as he was, he made inquiries into the condition of the vessel which was to be trusted with so precious a freight; and the old boatman who was rowing him, hearing him make these inquiries, told him he himself was always about, and had noticed the Shannon's pumps were going every blessed night.

Seaton carried this intelligence directly to Lloyd's agent; he overhauled the ship, and ordered her into the graving dock for repairs.

Then Seaton, for White and Co., wrote to Miss Rolleston that the Shannon was not sea-worthy and could not sail for a month, at the least.

The lady simply acknowledged Messrs. White's communication, and Seaton breathed again.

Wardlaw had made Miss Rolleston promise him faithfully to sail that month in his ship the Shannon. Now she was a slave to her word, and constant of purpose; so when she found that she could not sail in the Shannon, she called again on Messrs. White, and took her passage in the Proserpine, the essential thing to her mind was to sail when she had promised, and to go in a ship that belonged to her lover.

The Proserpine was to sail in ten days.

Seaton inquired into the state of the Proserpine. She was a good, sound vessel, and there was no excuse for detaining her.

Then he wrestled long and hard with the selfish part of his great love. Instead of turning sullen, he set himself to carry out Helen Rolleston's will. He went on board the Proserpine and chose her the best stern cabin.

General Rolleston had ordered Helen's cabin to be furnished, and the agent had put in the usual things, such as a standing bedstead with drawers beneath, chest of drawers, small table, two chairs, wash-stand, looking-glass, and swinging-lamp.

But Seaton made several visits to the ship, and effected the following arrangements at his own cost. He provided a neat cocoa mat for her cabin-deck for comfort and foothold; he unshipped the regular six-paned stern windows, and put in single pane plate glass; he fitted venetian blinds, and hung two little rose-colored curtains to each of the windows; all so arranged as to be easily removed in case it should be necessary to ship dead-lights in stormy weather. He glazed the door leading to her bath-room and quarter gallery with plate glass; he provided her with a light easy-chair, slung and fitted with grummetts, to be hung on hooks screwed into the beams in the midship of the cabin. On this Helen could sit and read, and so become insensible to the motion of the ship. He fitted a small book-case, with a button, which could be raised when a book might be wanted; he fixed a strike-bell in her maid's cabin, communicating with two strikers in Helen's cabin; he selected books, taking care that the voyages and travels were prosperous ones. No "Seaman's Recorder," "Life-boat Journal," or "Shipwrecks and Disasters in the British Navy."

Her cabin was the after-cabin on the starboard side, was entered through the cuddy, had a door communicating with the quarter gallery, two stern windows, and a dead-eye on deck. The maid's cabin was the port after-cabin; doors opened into cuddy and quarter gallery. And a fine trouble Miss Rolleston had to get a maid to accompany her: but at last a young woman offered to go with her for high wages, demurely suppressing the fact that she had just married one of the sailors, and would have gladly gone for nothing. Her name was Jane Holt, and her husband's, Michael Donovan.

In one of Seaton's visits to the Proserpine he detected the mate and the captain talking together, and looking at him with unfriendly eyes—scowling at him would hardly be too strong

a word. However, he was in no state of mind to care much how two animals in blue jackets received his acts of self-martyrdom. He was there to do the last kind offices of despairing love for the angel that had crossed his dark path, and illumined it for a moment, to leave it now for ever.

At last the fatal evening came; her last in Sydney.

Then Seaton's fortune, sustained no longer by the feverish stimulus of doing kindly acts for her, began to give way, and he desponded deeply.

At nine in the evening he crept upon General Rolleston's lawn, where he had first seen her. He sat down in sullen despair, upon the very spot. Then he came nearer the house. There was a lamp in the dining-room; he looked in and saw her.

She was seated at her father's knee, looking up at him fondly; her hand was in his. The tears were in their eyes; she had no mother; he no son; they loved one another devotedly. Their tender gesture and their sad silence, spoke volumes to anyone that had known sorrow. Poor Seaton sat down on the dewy grass outside, and wept, because she was weeping.

Her father sent her to bed early. Seaton watched, as he had often done before, till her light went out; and then he flung himself on the wet grass, and stared at the sky in utter misery.

The mind is often clearest in the middle of the night; and all of a sudden he saw, as if written on the sky, that she was going to England expressly to marry Arthur Wardlaw.

At this revelation he started up, stung with hate as well as love, and his tortured mind rebelled furiously. He repeated his vow that this should never be; and soon a scheme came into his head to prevent it; but it was a project so wild and dangerous, that, even as his heated brain hatched it, his cooler judgment said, "Fly, madman, fly! or this love will destroy you!"

He listened to the voice of reason, and in another minute he was out of the premises. He fluttered to his lodgings.

When he got there he could not go in, he turned and fluttered about the streets, not knowing or caring whither; his mind was in a whirl; and, what with his bodily fever, and his boiling heart, passion began to overpower reason, that had held out so gallantly till now. He found himself at the harbor, staring with wild and blood-shot eyes at the Proserpine, he, who an hour ago, had seen that he had but one thing to do—to try and forget young Wardlaw's b. ide. He groaned aloud, and ran wildly back into the town. He hurried up and down one narrow street, raging inwardly, like some wild beast in its den.

By-and-by, his mood changed, and he hung round a lamp-post, and fell to mourning and lamenting his hard fate, and hers.

A policeman came up, took him for a mandlin drunkard, and half-advised, half-admonished him, to go home.

At that he gave a sort of fierce, despairing snarl, and ran into the next street, to be alone.

In this street he found a shop open, and lighted, though it was but five o'clock in the morning. It was a barber's, whose customers were working-people. "Hair-cutting, sixpence. Easy shaving, three-pence. Hot coffee, four-pence the cup." Seaton's eye fell upon this shop. He looked at it fixedly for a moment from the opposite side of the way, and then hurried on.

He turned suddenly and came back. He crossed the road and entered the shop. The barber was leaning over the stove, removing a can of boiling water from the fire to the hob. He turned at the sound of Seaton's step, and revealed an ugly countenance, rendered sinister by a squint.

Seaton dropped into a chair, and said, "I want my beard taken off."

The man looked at him, if it could be called looking at him, and said, drily, "Oh, do ye? How much am I to have for that job?"

"You know your own charge."

"Of course I do; three pence a chin."

"Very well. Be quick then."

"Stop a bit; that is my charge to working-folk. I must have something more off you."

"Very well, man; I'll pay you double."

"My price to you is ten shillings."

"Why, what is that for?" asked Seaton, in some alarm; he thought in his confusion, the man must have read his heart.

"I'll tell ye why," said the squinting barber. "No I won't; I'll show ye." He brought a small mirror, and suddenly clapped it before Seaton's eyes. Seaton stared at his own image; wild, ghastly, and the eyes so bloodshot. The barber

chuckled. This start was an extorted compliment to his own sagacity. "Now wasn't I right?" said he; "did I ought to take the beard off such a mug as that—for less than ten shillings?"

"I see," groaned Seaton, "you think I have committed some crime. One man sees me weeping with misery; he calls me a drunkard; another sees me pale with the anguish of my breaking heart; he calls me a felon: may God's curse rest on him and you, and all mankind!"

"All right," said the squinting barber, apathetically; "my price is ten bob, whether or no."

Seaton felt in his pockets. "I have not got the money about me," said he.

"O, I'm not particular; leave your watch."

Seaton handed the squinting vampire his watch without another word, and let his head fall upon his breast.

The barber cut his beard close with the scissors, and made trivial remarks from time to time, but received no reply.

At last, extortion, having put him in good humor, he said "Don't be so down-hearted, my lad. You are not the first who has got into trouble, and had to change faces."

Seaton vouchsafed no reply.

The barber shaved him clean, and was astonished at the change, and congratulated him. "Nobody will ever know you," said he, "and I'll tell you why; your mouth is incline to turn up a little; now a mustache it bends down, and that alters such a mouth as yours entirely. But I'll tell you what taking off this beard shows me something: YOU ARE A GENTLEMAN! Make it a sovereign, sir."

Seaton staggered out of the place without a word.

"Sulky, eh?" muttered the barber. He gathered up some of the long hair he had cut off Seaton's chin with his scissor, admired it, and put it away in paper.

While thus employed, a regular customer looked in for his cup of coffee. It was the policeman who had taken Seaton for a convivial soul.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GOVERNMENT IN PERSIA.

The most influential positions under Government are almost invariably filled in Persia by the near relatives of the sovereign. All the more important Governments are given to his brother or cousins; and as princes of the royal blood are counted by hundreds, there is never any difficulty in finding a person duly qualified by birth, if in no other way, for office. This is one of the points in which Persia differs most in its government from Turkey. In the latter, all the relatives of the Sultan are obliged to reside at Constantinople, remaining moreover, in complete seclusion. Till quite recently, all the male children of the Sultan's daughters and sisters were put to death as soon as born. In Persia on the contrary, the number of the Shah's relatives is turned by him into a source of strength. They are all pensioned, or in some way provided for; and as it is supposed that the descendants male and female, of Fetteh Ali Shah the great-grandfather of the present Shah, numbered considerably over a thousand persons, they form no small burden on the revenues of the nation.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

CHARADE, 2.

My first is four-sixths of a step that is long,

My second is a person of state;

My whole is a thing that is known to be wrong,
And is a strong symptom of hate.

THE SHEEP-FOLD.

A farmer had a pen made of 50 hurdles, capable of holding 100 sheep only; supposing he wanted to make it sufficient large to hold twice that number, how many additional hurdles would he have occasion for?

4. How many soft-boiled eggs could the giant Goliath eat upon an empty stomach?

5. What fishes have their eyes nearest together?

ANSWERS TO No. 20, PAGE 238.

CHARADE, No. 1.—Shakespeare.

CONCURRENCES, No. 1.—Because they can not be got off without a bow (beau).

No. 2.—Because he stops at the sound of a note.—We will publish any good original Riddles, Charades, &c. forwarded us with their answers.

LESSONS IN GEOLOGY.—No. 13.

CRATERS OF ELEVATION.

In most instances, craters are formed by the rupture of horizontal strata previously existing on the crust of the earth. By this rupture the beds are tilted up, and thrown into highly inclined planes, on each side of the fissure. On the declivities, on each side of the gulf, the volcanic materials, thrown up by different eruptions, settle down so as nearly, or completely, to cover the original rocks through which the fissure was made. Craters of this kind are called craters of elevation, because they are formed by elevating the horizontal strata in which they are formed, until the beds snap, and rest in inclined planes about the mouth of the fissure. This name was first given to them by the Prussian geologist, L. von Buch.

In some instances of these craters of elevation melted matter is not sufficient in quantity to flow over the edges of the crater; or, the expansive power of the entangled gases below, is not of sufficient intensity to throw it up in the air. It therefore boils in the crater. As it boils, the atmosphere cools its surface, and covers it with a thin crust, which will continue to thicken and accumulate as volcanic materials may escape at the minor vents.

The theory of craters of elevation supposes that deeply-seated volcanic matter is in a state of fusion, expanding and swelling up until it reaches the concave roof of the earth's crust, penetrates the crust and pushes against the sedimentary beds on the surface with a force that heaves them up. As the upheaving continues, the solid beds at last give way and are broken asunder so as to form a chasm, which forms the mouth of the crater. This enlarged mouth is kept open partly by the melted matter wearing away the sides of the crater, and partly by the continued passage upward of steam and of other gaseous fluids.

CRATERS OF ERUPTION AND ELEVATION COMBINED.

In the crater of eruption the surface of the boiling lava cools and forms a thin film or crust. Imagine the minor vents to be closed, and the power of vent to become so intense as to keep a fissure open to the surface; then, with every new eruption a fresh film or crust would be formed, until it reached the edges of the crater. The elastic gases and vapors, now having a free passage upward by one vent, would pile up successive heaps or layers of ashes, cinders and lava, in a curved or conical form, until eventually it formed a cone far higher than the original edges of the crater of elevation. In this case you would have in one mountain a crater of eruption formed upon a crater of elevation.

SCIENTIFIC AND CURIOUS.

RECENT INVENTIONS.

AN ELECTRIC PIANO.—At the Paris Exhibition, a piano driven by electricity was certainly a novelty. The instrument was in the section of machinery, and looked exactly like an ordinary upright piano. It was provided with a key-board, and could be played upon in the ordinary way, or attached to a battery and made to work by electricity. It was the invention of

a Swiss, familiar with the construction of music boxes, and was suggestive in its form of that class of instruments.

PRESERVATION OF BUILDING STONE.—An Illinois architect has invented a process for preserving from decay and disfigurement the beautifully colored stone called "Athens marble," which is now used very extensively at the West for building fronts. This stone is composed principally of carbonate of lime, carbonate of magnesia, and silica, but among the minor ingredients, protoxide of iron pervades the whole mass, giving the characteristic blue-greenish tint, the main cause of its beauty, but the cause of its decay, as exposure to the atmosphere converts the protoxide into hydrated sesquioxide of iron, or iron rust. To remedy this action the stone is coated with a soluble glass, made by melting a mixture of fifteen parts of silica, ten of soda, and one of charcoal, until it forms a glass which is reduced to the liquid form by boiling in water. This solution permanently fastens itself to the surface and protects the stone from the atmosphere, smoke, and dust.

EGYPTIAN GEOMETRY.—M. Lenormant, a member of the French Academy, has been devoting considerable attention to the study of an interesting papyrus, just added to the British Museum collection. This ancient relic contains a fragment of a treatise on geometry applied to surveying, including a description of the modes of estimating the areas of a square, a parallelogram, of various kinds of triangles, and of the computation of the area of an irregular figure by means of triangles, and of the volume of a pyramid, the whole being illustrated by appropriate diagrams. M. Lenormant, in a report to the Academy, refers the production of this papyrus to the period of the twelfth dynasty, which would be cotemporaneous with the reign of Solomon.

INSTRUCTIONS TO MECHANICS.

CHEAP PAINT FOR HOUSES.—The following cheap and excellent paint for cottages is recommended by Downing. It forms a hard surface, and is far more durable than common paint. It will be found preferable to common paint for picturesque country houses.

Take freshly-burned unslaked lime and reduce it to powder. To one peck or one bushel of this add the same quantity of fine white sand or fine coal ashes, and twice as much fresh wood ashes, all these being sifted through a fine sieve. They should then be thoroughly mixed together while dry. Afterward mix them with as much common linseed oil as will make the whole thin enough to work freely with a painter's brush.

This will make a paint of a light gray stone color, nearly white.

To make it fawn or drab, add yellow ochre and Indian red; if drab is desired, add burnt umber, Indian red, and a little black; if dark stone color, add lampblack; or if brown stone, then add Spanish brown. All these colors should of course be first mixed in oil and then added.

This paint is very much cheaper than common oil paint. It is equally well suited to wood, brick, or stone. It is better to apply it in two coats; the first thin, the second thick.

HUMOROUS READINGS.

Advice to old bachelors who dye their hair.—“Keep it dark.”

Why is an Indian like a waterman?—Because he feathers his *skull*.

What vote the manager of a theatre always has.—The “casting” vote.

At a shop window in the Strand there lately appeared the following notice:—“Wanted, *two* apprentices who will be treated as *one* of the family.”

THE LAST FOLLY.—A volatile young gentleman, whose conquests in the female world were numberless, at last married.

“Now my dear,” said the wife “I hope you’ll mend.”

“Madam,” said he, “you may depend upon it this is my last folly.”

“When I first married my wife,” said a fond husband, “I felt as though I could have eaten her; and now,” he added with a sigh, “I wish to heaven I had.”

A young lady while on her way to be married was run over and killed. A confirmed old maid savagely remarked, “She has avoided a more lingering and horrible fate.”

“Fine day for the race,” said a wag to a sporting friend one bright morning lately.—“What race?” anxiously inquired the friend.—“Why the human race, to be sure,” was the reply.

QUESTIONABLE GRATITUDE.—A gentleman on leaving an hotel, where he had been stopping several days, rewarded the attention of an obliging servant with a gratuity.—“Ah!” said the grateful Pat, “long may yer honour live, and may I make yer fires *hereafter!*”

System is a great thing; but the advertiser who deemed it essential to preserve an alphabetical order overdid the matter, thus: “Bibles, black-ball, and butter; testaments, tar, and treacle; Godly books, and gimlets, for sale here.”

A person seated between two tailors, and thinking to be wily upon them, said, “How prettily I am fixed between two tailors;” upon which one of them replied, “That being only beginners in business, they could not afford to keep more than one goose between them.”

“Do you enjoy going to church now?” asked a lady of Mrs. Partington.

“Law me, I do,” replied Mrs. P. “Nothing does me so much good as to get up early on Sunday morning and go to church and hear a populous minister dispense with the Gospel.”

ONE’S SELF FIRST.—A Scotch old maid who was asked to subscribe to raise men for the king during the Peninsular war, answered:

“Indeed, I’ll do no such thing; I never could raise a man for myself, and I’m not going to raise men for King George.”

AN OBSTINATE PAUPER.—Parish Doctor: “Well, nurse, how go the patients?”—Nurse: “O, pretty well sir, there’s eleven dead!”—P. D.: “Eleven! only eleven? Why, I left medicine for twelve.”—Nurse: “Yes sir, I know; but one was so refractory he wouldn’t take his’n.”

A woman’s cause for all her actions—Because.

How would you measure your lover’s sincerity?—By his *sighs*.

DONE ENOUGH FOR HIS COUNTRY.—A revolutionary soldier was running for Congress, and his opponent was a young man who had “never been to the wars, and it was the custom of the old soldier to tell of the hardships he had endured. Said he, “Fellow citizens! I have fought and bled for my country. I have helped to whip the British and the Indians. I have slept on the field of battle with no other covering than the canopy of heaven. I have walked over the frozen ground till every footstep was marked with blood.” Just about this time one of the “sovereigns,” who had become greatly interested in his tale of sufferings, walked up in front of the speaker, wiped the tears from his eyes with the extremity of his coat-tail, and interrupting him with, “Did you say you had fought the British and the Ingins?”—“Yes, sir.” “Did you say you had slept on the ground while serving your country with out any kiver?”—“I did!”—“Did you say your feet covered the ground you walked over with blood?”—“Yes,” replied the speaker exultingly.—“Well then,” said the tearful citizen, as he gave a sigh of pent-up emotion, “I guess I’ll vote for t’other fellow, for I’d be darned if you h’aint done enough for your country.”

MATRIMONY.

A couple sat beside the fire
Debating which should first retire;
The husband positively said,
“Wife, you shall go and warm the bed.”
“I never will!” she quick replied,
“I did so once, and nearly died.”
“And I will not!” rejoined the spouse,
With firmer tone and lowering brows;
And thus a war of words arose,
Continuing till they nearly froze;
When both grew mute, and hovering nigher
Around the faintly glimmering fire,
They trembled o’er the dying embers,
As though the ague seized their members,
Resolved like heroes ne’er to yield,
But force each other from the field.
And thus this once fond, loving pair,
In silence shook and shiver’d there,
Till midnight faded into morn,
And cocks were crowing at the dawn;
When all at once the husband said,
“Wife, had we not better go to bed?”

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[Vol. I.]

POETRY.

THE OLD FOLK.

Ah! don't be sorrowful, darling,
And don't be sorrowful, pray—
Taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more night than day.

'Tis rainy weather, my darling,
Time's waves, they heavily run;
But taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more cloud than sun.

We are old folks, now, my darling,
Our heads are growing grey,
But taking the year all round, my dear,
You will always find a May.

We have had our May, darling,
And our roses long ago;
And the time of the year is coming,
For the silent night of snow.

And God is God, my darling,
Of night as well as day;
And we feel and know that we can go
Wherever He leads the way.

God of the night, my darling,
Of the night of death, so grim,
The gate that leads out of life, good wife,
Is the gate that leads to Him.

HAROLD, THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

[CONTINUED.]

Githa, Earl Godwin's wife, sate in her chamber, and her heart was sad. In this room was one of her sons. the one dearer to her than all, Wolnoth her darling. For the rest of her sons were stalwart and strong of frame, and in their infancy she had known not a mother's fears. But Wolnoth had come into the world before his time, and sharp had been the travail of his mother, and long between life and death the struggle of the new-born babe. And his cradle had been rocked with a trembling knee, and his pillow been bathed with hot tears. Frail had been his childhood—a thing that hung on her care; and now, as the boy grew, blooming and strong, into youth, the mother felt that she had given life twice to her child. Therefore was he more dear to her than the rest; and,

therefore, as she gazed upon him now, fair and smiling, and hopeful, she mourned for him more than for Sweyn, the outcast and criminal, on his pilgrimage of woe, to the waters of Jordan, and the tomb of our Lord. For Wolnoth, selected as the hostage for the faith of his house, was to be sent from her arms to the court of William the Norman. And the youth smiled and was gay, choosing vestment, and mantle' and ateghars of gold, that he might be flaunting and brave in the halls of knighthood and beauty for the manners and forms of the foreigners, their gayety and splendor, as his boyhood had seen them, had dazzled his fancy and half Normanized his mind. A proud and happy boy was he to go, to go as a hostage for the faith, and representative of the rank of his mighty kinsmen; and step into manhood in the eyes of the dames of Rouen.

By Wolnoth's side stood his young sister. Thyra, a mere infant; and her innocent sympathy with her brother's pleasure in gaud and toy saddened Githa yet more.

"O my son!" said the troubled mother, "why of all my children have they chosen thee? Harold is wise against danger, and Tostig is fierce against foes, and Gurth is too loving to wake hate in the sternest, and from the mirth of sunny Leofwine sorrow glints aside as the shaft from the sheen of a shield. But thou, thou O beloved!—cursed be the king that chose thee, and cruel was the father that forgot the light of the mother's eyes!"

"Tut, mother dearest," said Wolnoth, pausing from the contemplation of a silk robe all covered with broi-dered peacocks, which had been sent him as a gift from his sister the queen, and wrought with her own fair hand; for a notable needlewoman, despite her sage lere, was the wife of the saint king, and sorrow-ful women mostly are. "Tut! the bird must leave the nest when the wings are fledged. Harold the eagle, Tostig the kite, Gurth the ring-dove, and Leofwine the stare. See, my wings are richest of all, mother, and bright is the sun in which thy peacock shall spread his pranked plumes."

Then observing that his liveliness provoked no smile from his mother, he approached, and said more seriously:—

"Bethink, thee mother mine. No other choice was left to king or to father. Harold, and Tostig, and Leofwine, have their lordships and offices. Their posts are fixed, and they stand as the columns of our House. And Gurth is so young, and so Saxish, and so the shadow of Harold, that his hate to the Norman is a

by-word already among our youths. But I;—the good king knows that I shall be welcome, for the Norman knights love Wolnoth, and I have spent hours by the knees of Montgomeri and Grantmesnil, listening to the feats of Rollganger, and playing with their gold chains of knighthood. And the stout count himself shall knight me, and I shall come back with the spurs of gold which thy ancestors, the brave kings of Norway and Daneland, wore ere knighthood was known. Come, kiss me, my mother, come and see the brave falcons Harold has sent me; true Welsh."

Githa rested her face on her son's shoulder, and her tears blinded her. The door opened gently, and Harold entered; and with the earl, a pale, dark-haired boy Haco the son of Sweyn.

But Githa, absorbed in her darling Wolnoth, scarce saw the grandchild reared afar from her knees, and hurried at once to Harold. In his presence she felt comfort and safety; for Wolnoth leaned on her heart, and her heart leaned on Harold.

"O son, son!" she cried, "firmest of hand, surest of faith, and wisest of brain, in the house of Godwin, tell me that he yonder, he thy young brother, risks no danger in the halls of the Normans!"

"Not more than in these, mother," answered Harold, soothing her with caressing lip and gentle tone. "Fierce and ruthless, men say, is William the duke against foes with their swords in their hands, but debonnaire and mild to the gentle frank host, and kind lord. And these Normans have a code of their own, more grave than all morals, more binding than even their frantic religion. Thou knowest it well mother, it comes from thy race of the north, and this code of honor, they call it, makes Wolnoth's head as sacred as the relics of a saint set in zimmer. Ask only, my brother, when thou comest in sight of the Norman duke ask only the 'kiss of peace,' and that kiss on thy brow, and thou wilt sleep more safely than if all the banners of England waved over thy couch."

"But how long shall the exile be?" asked Githa comforted.

Harold's brow fell.

"Mother, not even to cheer thee will I deceive. The time of hostageship rests with the king and the duke. As long as the one affects fear from the race of Godwin, as long as the other feigns care for such priests, so long will Wolnoth and Haco be guests in the Norman halls."

Githa wrung her hands.

"But comfort, my mother; Wolnoth is young his eye is keen, and his spirit prompt and quick. He will mark these Norman captains, he will learn their strength and their weakness, their manner of war, and he will come back, not as Edward the King came, a lover of things un-Saxon, but able to warn and to guide us against the plots of the camp-court, which threatens more, year by year; the peace of the world, Grieve not, daughter of the Dane kings, that thy son, the best loved, hath nobler school and wider field than his brothers."

This appeal touched the proud heart of the niece of Canute the Great, and she almost forgot the grief of her love in the hope of her ambition.

She dried her tears and smiled upon Wolnoth, and already in the dreams of a mother's vanity, saw him great as Godwin in the council, and prosperous as Harold in the field. Nor, half Norman as he was,

did the young man seem insensible of the manly elevated patriotism of his brother's hinted lessons, though he felt they implied reproof. He came to the earl, whose arm was round his mother, and said with a frank heartiness not usual to a nature somewhat frivolous and irresolute—

"Harold thy tongue could kindle stones into men, and kindle those men into Saxons. Thy Wolnoth shall not hang his head with shame when he comes back to our merrie land with shaven locks and spurs of gold. For if thou doubtst his race from his looks, thou shalt put thy right hand on his heart, and feel England beat there in every pulse."

"Brave words, and well spoken," cried the earl, and he placed his hand on the boy's head as if in benison.

Till then, Haco had stood apart, conversing with the infant Thyra, whom his dark mournful face awed yet touched, for she nestled close to him, and put her little hand in his; but now inspired, no less than his cousin by Harold's noble speech, he came proudly forward by Wolnoth's side and said—

"I, too, am English, and I have the name of Englishman to redeem."

Ere Harold could reply, Githa exclaimed—

"Leave there thy right hand on my child's head, and say, simply—'By my troth and my plight, if the duke detain Wolnoth, son of Githa, against just pleas, and the king's assent to his return, I, Harold, will failing letter and nuncius, cross the seas, to restore the child to the mother.'"

Harold hesitated.

A sharp cry of reproach that went to Harold's heart broke from Githa's lips.

"Ah! cold and self heeding, wilt thou send him to bear a peril from which thou shrinkest thyself?"

"By my troth and my plight, then," said the earl, "if, fair time elapsed, peace in England, without plea of justice, and against my king's fiat Duke William of Normandy detain the hostages, thy son, and this dear boy, more sacred and more dear to me for his father's woes, I will cross the seas, to restore the child to the mother, the fatherless to his fatherland. So help me, all-seeing One, Amen and Amen."

We have seen, in an earlier part of this record that Harold possessed, among his numerous and more stately possessions, a house, not far from the old Roman dwelling place of Hilda. And in this residence he now (save when with the king) made his chief abode. He gave as the reasons for his selection, the charm it took, in his eyes, from that signal mark of affection which his curls had rendered him, in pursuing the house and tilling the ground in his absence, and more especially the convenience of its vicinity to the new palace at Westminster. But the true spell which made dear to Harold the rude buildings of timber, when with a light heart he escaped from the halls of Westminster, was the fair face of Edith his neighbor. The impression which this young girl had made upon Harold seemed to partake of the strength of a fatality. For Harold had loved her before the marvelous beauty of her womanhood began; and, occupied from his earliest youth in grave and earnest affairs, his heart had never been frittered away on the mean and frivolous affections of the idle.

The autumn sun shone through the golden glades of the forest-land, when Edith sat alone on the knoll that faced forest-land and road, and watched afar.

And the birds sung cheerily; but that was not the sound for which Edith listened: and the squirrel darted from tree to tree on the sward beyond; but not to see the games of the squirrel sate Edith by the grave of the Teuton. By-and-by came the cry of the dogs, and the tall greyhound of Wales emerged from the bosky dells. Then Edith's heart heaved, and her eyes brightened. And now, with his hawk on his wrist, and his spear in his hand, came, through the yellowing boughs, Harold the earl.

And well may ye ween, that his heart beat as loud, and his eyes shone as bright, as Edith's, when he saw who had watched for his footsteps on the sepulchral knoll; Love, forgetful of the presence of Death—so has it ever been, so ever shall it be. He hastened his stride, and bounded up the gentle hillock, and his dogs, with a joyous bark, came round the knees of Edith. Then Harold shook the bird from his wrist, and it fell, with its lighting, on the altarstone of Thor.

"Thou art late, but thou art welcome, Harold, my kinsman," said Edith, simply, as she bent her face over the hounds, whose gaunt heads she caressed.

"Call me not kinsman," said Harold, shrinking, and with a dark cloud on his broad brow.

"And why, Harold?"

"Oh, Edith, why?" murmured Harold; and his thought added "she knows not, poor child, that in that mockery of kinship the Church sets its ban on our bridal."

He turned, and chid his dogs fiercely, as they gambled in rough glee round their fair friend.

The hounds crouched at the feet of Edith—and Edith looked in mild wonder at the troubled face of the earl.

"Thine eyes rebuke me, Edith, more than my words the hounds!" said Harold, gently. "But there is quick blood in my veins; and the mind must be calm when it would control the humor. Calm was my mind, sweet Edith, in the old time, when thou wert an infant on my knee, and wreathing, with these rude hands, flower-chains for thy neck like the swan's down I said—'The flowers fade, but the chain lasts when love weaves it.'"

Edith again bent her face over the crouching hounds. Harold gazed on her with mournful fondness; and the bird still sung, and the squirrel swung himself again from bough to bough. Edith spoke first:—

"My godmother, thy sister, hath sent for me, Harold, and I am to go to the court to-morrow. Shalt thou be there?"

"Surely," said Harold, in an anxious voice, "surely I will be there. So my sister hath sent for thee: wittest thou wherefore?"

Edith grew very pale, and her tone trembled as she answered—

"Well-a-day, yes,"

"It is as I feared, then!" exclaimed Harold, in great agitation; "and my sister whom these monks have demented, leagues herself with the king against the laws of the wide welkin and the grand religion of the human heart."

He paused, breathed hard, and seizing almost sternly, the girl's trembling arm, he resumed between his set teeth—"So they would have thee be a nun?—Thou wilt not—thou durst not—thy heart would perjure thy vows!"

"Ah, Harold!" answered Edith, moved out of all

bashfulness by his emotion and her own terror of the convent, and answering, if with the love of a woman, still with the unconsciousness of a child. "Better, oh, better the grave of the body than that of the heart! In the grave I could still live for those I love; behind the grate love itself must be dead. Yes thou pitiest me, Harold; thy sister, the queen, is gentle and kind; I will fling myself at her feet, and say—'Youth is fond, and the world is fair: let me live my youth, and bless God in the world that he saw was good!'"

"My own dear Edith!" exclaimed Harold, overjoyed. "Say this. Be firm—they cannot, and they dare not force thee! The law cannot wrench thee against thy will from the ward of thy guardian Hilda—and where the law is, there Harold at least is strong' and there, at least, our kinship, if my bane, is thy blessing."

"Why, Harold, sayest thou that our kinship is thy bane? It is so sweet to whisper to myself, 'Harold is of thy kith, though distant; and it is natural to thee to have pride in his fame and joy in his presence!' Why is that sweetness to me, to thee so bitter?"

"Because," answered Harold, dropping the hand he had clasped, and folding his arms in deep dejection, "because but for that I should say—'Edith I love thee more than a brother: Edith, be Harold's wife!' And were I to say it, and were we to wed, all the priests of the Saxons would lift up their hands in horror, and curse our nuptials; and I should be ban'd of that specter, the Church: and my house would shake to its foundations; and my father, and my brothers, and the thegns and the procures, and the abbots and the prelates, whose aid makes our force, would gather round me with threats and with prayers, that I might put thee aside. And mighty as I am now, so mighty once was Sweyn my brother; and outlaw, as Sweyn is now, might Harold be, and outlaw if Harold were, what breast so broad as his could fill up the gap left in the defence of England? Therefore, slave to the lying thralldom he despises, Harold dare not say to the maid of his love—'Give me thy right hand and be my bride.'"

Edith had listened in bewilderment and despair, and her face locked and rigid, as if turned to stone. But when he had ceased, and, moving some steps away, turned aside his manly countenance, that Edith might not perceive its anguish, the noble and sublime spirit of that sex which ever, when lowliest, most comprehends the lofty, rose superior both to love and to grief; and, rising, she advanced, and placing her slight hand on his stalwart shoulder, she said, half in pity, half in reverence—

"Never before, O Harold, did I feel so proud of thee: for Edith could not love thee as she doth, and will, till the grave clasp her, if thou didst not love England more than Edith Harold, till this hour I was a child, and I knew not my own heart: I look now into that heart, and I see that I am woman. Harold, the cloister hath no fears for me now: and all life does not shrink—no, it enlarges, and it soars into one desire—to be worthy to pray for thee!"

"Maid, maid!" exclaimed Harold, abruptly, and pale as the dead, "do not say thou hast no fear of the cloister. I adjure, I command thee, build not up between us that dismal, everlasting wall. While thou art free Hope yet survives—a phantom, haply, but Hope still."

"As thou wilt I, will," said Edith, humbly: "order my fate so as pleases thee the best." Then, not daring to trust herself longer, for she felt the tears rushing to her eyes, she turned away hastily, and left him alone beside the altar-stone and the tomb.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FOR THE LADIES.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE,

It is about two years since the short dress first made its appearance; and it was not till the past winter that it became general or sufficiently popular for ladies to feel satisfied as to its permanence.

These suits are now universal, and have effected a total change in the aspect of the promenade. Some are made with only a skirt and pelisse, others have two skirts and a *sac* or *paletot* cut into the form like a *basquine* at the back and crossed as a small shawl in front.

THE "PANIER."

These are the latest novelty, and already hooped skirts have been filled with enormous bustles to wear under them. *Le panier* consists simply of an altering of the hind folds of the skirt in such a way as to allow them to fall over in a *bouillon* upon the lower part of the skirt.

Paniers for short dresses are effected by lengthening the upper skirt somewhat at the back, and running a narrow string from one side to the other through the center of the back breadth. The front breadth is inserted plain and of the proper length, the junctions at the sides being concealed by rosettes, bows and ends, sashes or some other ornaments.

I would not advise any one to attempt a *panier* on their own account without having first seen a correct model.

The latest style of hooped skirts are horrible. In addition to the enormous bustle or wide shelf, which sometimes extends to the side as well as across the back, there is a broad train, which destroys the beauty and elegance of the trailing-dress.

There are better shapes to be had, however, and I advise ladies to search for them. Don't take a large, ugly, ungraceful hooped skirt because some one tells you it is the "latest style." Large hooped skirts are not worn yet, and when next they are it will be the signal for their entire overthrow.

The new coats and jackets for ladies have one very distinct peculiarity. They are cut as high upon the shoulder as a man's coat, and for dressy occasions are always cut into the figure. The loose *sacs* and long pelisse tied in at the waist are reserved for demi-toilette.—[*Jennie June, in Golden Era.*]

NANCY HART.

Georgia had a heroine during the Revolution—not very courtly or polished, but true as steel. This was Nancy Morgan, who married Benjamin Hart, one of the Hart family to which Benton belonged.

Nancy Hart and her husband settled before the Revolutionary war a few miles above the ford on Broad River, in Elbert County, Georgia. An apple orchard still remains to point out the spot.

In altitude Mrs. Hart was a Patagonian, and remarkably well-limbed and muscular. In a word, she was "lofty and sour." Marked by nature with prominent features, circumstances and accident added, perhaps, not a little to her peculiarities. She was horribly cross-eyed, as well as cross-grained; but, nevertheless, she was a sharpshooter. Nothing was more common than to see her in full pursuit of the bounding stag. The huge antlers that hung around her cabin or upheld her trusty gun, gave proof of her skill in gunnery; and the white comb, drained of its honey, and hung up for ornament, testified her powers of bee-finding.

Many can testify to her magical art in the mazes of cookery, being able to get up a pumpkin pie in as many forms as there are days in the week. She was extensively known and employed for her profound knowledge in the management of all ailments.

The clouds of war gathered, and burst with a dreadful explosion in this State, Nancy's spirit rose with the tempest. She declared and proved herself a friend to her country, ready "to do or to die."

All accused of Whigism had to hide or to swing. The lily-livered Mr. Hart was not the last to seek safety in the cane-brake with his neighbors. They kept up a prowling skulking kind of life, occasionally sallying forth in a sort of predatory style. The Tories at length, however, gave Mrs. Hart a call, and in true soldier manner ordered a repast. Nancy soon had the necessary materials for a good feast spread before them. The smoking venison, the hasty hoe-cake, the fresh honeycomb, were sufficient to have provoked the appetite of a gorged epicure. They simultaneously stacked their arms and seated themselves, when quick as thought, the dauntless Nancy seized one of the guns, cocked it, and with a blazing oath declared that she would blow out the brains of the first mortal that offered to rise or taste a mouthful! They all knew her character too well to imagine that she would say one thing and do another.

"Go," she said to one of her sons, "and tell the whigs that I have taken six base Tories."

They sat still, each expecting to be offered up, with doggedly mean countenances, bearing the marks of disappointed revenge, shame, and unappeased hunger.

Whether the incongruity between Nancy's eyes caused each to imagine himself her immediate object, or whether her commanding attitude, stern and ferocious frown of countenance, overawed them, or the powerful idea of their non-soldier-like conduct unnerved them, or the certainty of death, it is not easy to determine. They were soon relieved, and dealt with according to the rules of the times.

AN ADVENTURE IN SOUTH AMERICA.

"In the heart of the Cordilleras, and five thousand feet above the level of the sea! Hurrah!" shouted Frank. And he sprang from the ground, where he had been sitting at his noon-day lunch, and gazed in silence on the wonderful view presented from that secluded fastness, while his cheeks glowed with enthusiasm.

I toasted another rasher of dried beef before the fire which our Indian guide had kindled, just in a crevice where two rocks met, and proceeded to devour it, along with sundry crusts, for I was hungry.

All the morning we had been climbing over the roughest and most dangerous of mountain roads; crossing chasms a yard in width and five hundred yards in depth, and threading paths which wound within a foot of yawning precipices, till we had reached a height from which we could see the western slope of the clouds, and look away into the plain beneath. Above and behind us, clearly visible, towered the higher summits; below us, the lesser crags and peaks lay thrown together in what seemed an orderly confusion; and lower still the forests, which as with a dark blanket, cover the feet of this tremendous mountain-monarch; and still further, the gray pampas stretching away to the horizon's bounds. And I almost fancied I could see the silver waters of the La Plata, hundreds of miles away.

I looked at Frank. His enthusiasm had subsided into a meditative mood, and he was seated against a rock apparently in that state of placid equilibrium of body and mind which succeeds a hearty meal and precedes a snooze. The guide was snoring as if for a wager; and I stretched myself upon the ground, placed my portmanteau under my head, and prepared for a quiet nap.

An hour afterwards Frank had finished his own nap, and was shaking my arm. I sprang to my feet and rubbed my eyes.

Pedro the guide was still snoring, as only an Araucano Indian can snore, who seems to be born sleeping.

"Rouse up! You've frightened all the birds with your snoring!" shouted Frank.

The Indian got upon his feet, looked dismally around, and then proceeded to gather up and pack our simple cooking apparatus, while Frank and I stood by, examining and priming our rifles, to see that they were in proper order in case of sudden need.

At length preparations for our departure were completed, and we wound out of the little nook where we had lunched, and down the tortuous path, Pedro going first, carrying the baggage, which consisted only of one or two very necessary articles, then Frank and I, our rifles lying carelessly over our shoulders. The path was, if anything, worse than that on the other side of the mountain, which we had toiled up in the morning.

Hour after hour we kept cautiously on, going sometimes slower sometimes faster, as the ground might be favorable or otherwise.

The silence was at length broken by Frank, who made some remarks relative to the improbability of our meeting with adventures of any kind in the mountains.

"Never you fear that," cried I "Of all places this is the most likely for meeting strange shapes and daring, hazardous deeds; however if you are burning for a little excitement, you have only to lose your foothold upon one of these treacherous rocks, and over you go, landing, heaven only knows where, in a state of palatable preparation for the appetite of a vulture.

Hardly had the words been uttered, when, as if in answer to the thought, I saw the Indian duck his head suddenly, and felt a heavy rush of wind, and saw a large, dark object cleave the air, scarcely a foot above our heads. Turning I saw an immense condor flying away from us.

On recovering from his astonishment, Frank raised his rifle, when the Indian laid his hand upon his arm, and begged him not to fire, saying that it could not harm us, and had only mistaken us for prey. Frank lowered his rifle, and we watched the huge bird as it circled higher and higher into the air, till it was lost to sight. Afterwards found that some of the natives have superstitious scruples about killing these birds. They say they drive away the evil spirits who they believe take up their abode in these regions.

"Ah! I see we are to have a travelling companion," said Frank. "Look!"

I looked down the almost perpendicular side of the mountain, and could see, laboring slowly up the zigzag path, the figure of a mule, ridden by a human being, apparently habited in the garb of a female. I turned and asked the Indian if there was any other road which led out of the one we were then in. He replied that there was not. Feeling pleased with the prospect of meeting with humanity in any shape in this wilderness we pushed on. All at once we heard a trampling and rushing, as if some wild animal were approaching; and then, with a suddenness that startled us, we saw the mule come into view, making headlong up the path towards us, but without a rider. As we stopped its course and turned it back, it seemed to be in great terror, and stood trembling, its eyes staring and protruding; and then, with a convulsive spring, it bounded down the mountain again, with a spring that threatened its annihilation. We followed the track of the mule, and had not proceeded half a dozen rods, when our attention was attracted by a noise on a projecting rock above our heads. Looking up, horror-stricken, we saw what had caused the fright of the mule. It was a large jaguar, the light colors of its smooth, leopard-like skin, glistening in the sun-light, and its fierce eyes watching the retreating figure of the mule. As we looked up, the animal turned its attention upon us.

"He's going to spring," cried Frank.

We raised our rifles, while the Indian crouched still more closely under the overhanging rock. The creature was apparently gathering his whole tremendous force for a spring directly upon our heads.

"Fire together!" I cried.

We took hurried sight along our rifles, and pulled the triggers. Bang! went Frank's piece, but my cap did not explode. Frank had hit the jaguar, for I saw him spring up with a fierce howl, and then, as if maddened by pain, bite furiously at the wounded part of his body, rolling himself over and over, and down the sides of the rock, into the path, yelling and foaming, the blood covering his body—and then up again, plunge, roaring, blindly down the mountain path, after its first intended victim, the mule.

Frank reloaded, and we followed. What had become of the

rider—the female we had seen a few moments before, on the back of the mule? Thrown, probably, by the animal in its flight; and we momentarily expected to come upon a mangled body, lying against some rock.

We had not gone far, when I saw we were approaching one of those chasms so much dreaded by travellers in the Andes. It was not more than two yards wide, but immensely deep, and crossed by the trunk of a large tree. Frank was hurrying along in advance, when he came so suddenly upon the chasm that he lost his balance midway of the log, and tottered. I held my breath, for he stood with a thousand feet of air beneath him. He tried to regain his balance, but he ere I could reach him, he threw up his arms, and fell—down a dozen feet, by the side of a woman!

I opened my eyes, and fairly doubted my senses, as I saw him on a projecting shelf, a little below me, unhurt, and endeavoring to extricate himself from his predicament, and exerting himself to soothe the ruffled propriety of the Indian girl, who had been thrown from the back of the mule, and saved from destruction in the same manner as had been Frank. She seemed disposed to take his intrusion in no good part; but, springing up angrily, drew a long knife from her girdle, and held it menacingly over her head, while, her dark and brilliant eyes flashing, and her black and dishevelled hair streaming, she poured forth a volley of curses in her tongue. I was afraid she might hurt Frank, who had not altogether recovered from the shock of his sudden precipitation from the log. But she kept all the while moving, in a half-frightened manner, towards the outer ledge of the rock, when, just as I thought she would fall, I saw her sheathe her knife, drop quickly over the edge of the rock, and catching by points, corners, jutting and crevices in the rocks, descend with surprising swiftness to the path which wound fifty feet below.

I gazed after her as she disappeared, with indescribable wonder at her ability to accomplish such an astonishing gymnastic feat. I was about to turn my attention to Frank, when I saw that the jaguar was gaining rapidly upon the mule, and was just upon him, when the latter gave a sudden, sliding spring, wheeled, and cleared his enemy, and took the back path.

I was about to try another shot at the jaguar, when, with a fruitless attempt to turn, it rolled down among the rocks, wounded, and weakened by loss of blood. The mule, crazy with fright, kept on till near us, when it suddenly turned on one side, and actually bounded from rock to rock, up the steep side of the mountain.

I now saw, with intense alarm, the new danger to which we were exposed. Far up the side of the mountain, and directly in line with my position, was a broad and even field of stones and pebbles, from the size of a bullet to that of a barrel. Towards this place the mule was rushing evidently with the intention of crossing it. I saw instantly what the consequences would be. The slightest motion of one of these pebbles in falling would gradually start the rest; and before we could save ourselves—for the field would sweep a large territory—the whole tremendous mass would come thundering down, and bury us, mangled in its route, or hurl us to destruction over the edge of the precipice. A rifle-shot might save us. I hurriedly fixed a new cap on my gun. It had missed fire, before, at the jaguar. Would it do so now? As I raised my rifle, I heard a cry from the Indian, for even then the mad brute was within a few yards of the stony ground, and already a pebble or two had started from their resting-places, and were bounding down with wonderfully increased velocity. A loud report rang out, and the carcass of the mule, arrested in its progress, came rolling, tumbling, and bounding down, with fearful force and swiftness; and I had barely time to leap aside as it thundered past me, and toppled over into the chasm, striking the ground at the very same spot where the Indian girl had finished her marvellous acrobatic feat.

The Indian, who had regarded the whole affair in utter and almost speechless astonishment, now fell on his knees, and, taking a cross from his bosom, mumbled a thanksgiving for his deliverance. I, too, was devoutly thankful; but I remembered that my companion was still in jeopardy. How to extricate Frank was no very easy puzzle to solve, for the sides of the rock were as smooth as glass. At length, by the aid of a strong piece of cord, which the Indian always carried, we succeeded in raising him up.

"Well, if this isn't an adventure!" said Frank, who, to my joy, was unhurt.

After due remarks and explanations, we took up our line of march once more, rejoicing in our most miraculous and providential escape.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1868.

THE JEWISH TALMUD.

A code of laws without a book—a code of laws preserved for ages without ever being committed to writing! Who ever heard of such a thing? But few, perhaps. Yet such a code had the Jews in the days of Christ—a code known in our times as the Jewish Talmud.

Many of us remember the oft-repeated words of Jesus about the "Tradition of the Elders," What were they? That which is now known as the Jewish Talmud. The so-called "unwritten word of God," a portion of which was said to have been delivered orally by the Almighty to the Seventy Elders of Israel on Mount Sinai; and handed down simply by word of mouth from the days of Moses, along with certain various learned and holy Rabbis of different learned and pious expositions of the same, by the ages.

Judging by the usual habits of commentators upon sacred matters, and the hair-splitting tendencies peculiar to learned men of this class, one can imagine what a vast accumulation of views and theories would be added to these original verbal laws in the course of time. In the days of Jesus, to master them was the work of a life, and men became famous who accomplished nothing else. This avocation constituted the profession of the Scribes, who devoted themselves to their study and explanation. It was not until some two hundred years after the birth of Christ that the Talmud was committed to writing for the first time. It constitutes to-day fourteen heavy volumes—something rather terrible for a modern student to contemplate. Translations have, however, familiarized us somewhat with its contents. It consists of the MISHNA, or traditional law, and the GEMARA or the exposition of the "Mishna." It is divided into what might be termed six books; and is made up of treatises on agriculture as governed by the Jewish law; the order of sacred festivals; the laws of marriage, divorce, sacrifices, ablutions, prayers, etc.

One very interesting fact connected with the Talmud is that it goes to show that previous to the ministry of Christ the Jews believed in a future life, and that it was not his teachings that explained that doctrine to them for the first time, as usually supposed. Another interesting fact revealed is, that many of the sayings of the Talmud were known to Jesus, and were by him adopted and repeated to the people. Thus the saying, "With the same measure that ye measure to others, it shall be measured to you again," is word for word from the proverbs of the Talmud. So with another saying of Jesus, "He that exalteth himself shall be humbled, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted," it is also from the same proverbs.

With a great deal of, what appears to us, profound nonsense, there are in the Talmud many beautiful lessons; and one can often discover the spirit of much afterwards proclaimed by the Apostles. Truth is

truth and many things often supposed original with them, were evidently lessons learned at the feet of the Scribes, which they accepted on account of their real value. It is curious to learn that Gamaliel, the teacher of Paul, was one of the principal authors of the Talmud itself.

A Life of Jesus, from the Jewish stand point, could easily be made up from the Talmud. In it we learn what many of the ancient and learned Jews thought of Jesus. We are told that he was a young man of great eloquence and beauty of person; that he was educated by the Rabbins, but that his ambition led him to set up opposing doctrines. It is not denied that he worked remarkable miracles; but it is accounted for by the statement that Jesus entered the Jewish Holy of Holies in the Temple, and stole from thence the secret and ineffable name of Jehovah, by which he accomplished his wonders. This, the Talmud says, was taken from him while he was asleep—hence, he was easily overcome by his foes; and was publicly executed. But his body being stolen by his disciples, it was by them stated that he had risen from the dead.

We give these brief facts about the Talmud, because everything relating to the Jews should be interesting. It is stated of Disraeli, the present Prime Minister of England, that when taunted with his Jewish origin, he replied, "that while one-half the civilized world worshipped a Jew, and the other half a Jewess, the race he came of was not to be despised." And he was right. Morally and religiously, Jewish ideas govern Europe and America to-day. Before Jewish doctrines the ancient faiths have fled; by them the ancient gods have been displaced. Christianity is an outgrowth of Judaism; and the noblest and purest principles which have controlled the civilized world for ages, were germinated on the soil of Palestine.

"OUR HIRED MAN'S" REVIEW OF THE MONTH.

EDITOR MAGAZINE:

This has been an extraordinary month. Let me run over a few of its items—Salt Larkish and otherwise. Not to travel too far at once, suppose we begin at China as the most convenient place to put one's hand upon. In that celestial quarter, of course, they are cutting off rebel heads as usual when they catch them; growing tea and greening it as usual with copperas or some other pretty poison; while stupid old mandarin's are knocking their august heads sagely in the dust, as ever in abject reverence of the "Son of Heaven," the glory of the moon and all the little stars, who, report says, wifeless sits upon the throne of the only civilized nation upon earth. At this moment his Celestial Majesty, who has left off wearing pinafores at least a-year, is settling that very trying problem—marriage. One hundred and twenty-seven virgins, in a breathless state of expectation, await his selection. Like a virtuous young man he has left it all to his mother; and the Empress Dowager of King Wung Ching Chang, or something else, is busily engaged in examining the painted eyebrows, and the "little tottles," of the beautiful 127—whose respective 127 mamas and papas are in thrilling expectation of

becoming father and mother-in-law to his Imperial Dragonship of the Upper Heavens.

Why is it, Mr. Editor, that human nature don't like paying church rates and all that, for other human nature's accommodation? That's the perverse way human nature has of exhibiting itself in Ireland just now. This month all England and Ireland have been divided, one-half clearly and forcibly demonstrating the holiness and beauty of paying such rates for other people, and the other half just as logically demonstrating the wisdom of those paying the church rates who want the churches. All men who fail to be Prime Ministers, very sensibly, like to pitch into those who don't. And Mr. Gladstone and his liberals have been loudly ringing the knell of the Irish Church of Christ as "by law" and force established, in Mr. Disraeli's ears. Lawn sleeves by the score, internally fitted up, of course, with clergymen and similar human contrivances, have waited upon the Queen; but from all that royal lady can tell them, lawn sleeves in Ireland henceforth will have to pay for their own washing and getting up in general out of private funds.

And so, Mr. Editor, after all our anxious expectation to see the presidential curtain drop amidst blue fire and blazes, nobody's convicted. This is a shameful imposition upon innocent and unoffending newspaper men. What do we hire politicians for but to create news. As to the House "*Managers*," as managers, John T. could surpass them any day. He would not have concluded a performance of that size without a glorious "apotheosis" (whatever that may be) with Andrew Johnson on his knees, and Wade and Ben Butler standing over him with drawn swords; the whole being carried to heaven by frantic green-blooded dragons belching red flames, floating on golden clouds, with their tails twisted—the whole of Congress the while in striking attitudes and "smiling lovely." A wind-up like that we'd all pay for—as it is, it isn't worth the money.

Of course you read last night that somebody has presented a resolution to Congress proposing to abolish the Vice-Presidency. This is not half enough. If I am—what, of course, I ain't—a persecuted Democrat, or, again—what, of course, I ain't—a mild and gentle Republican, and have a President who does everything I want, what is my policy? Why, alter the Constitution and give all Presidents extra powers henceforth and for ever. But, if said President has a mind of his own, what is my duty in that case, but to amend the Constitution and take all the power back again for precisely the same period. If the Senate convicts when I and my friends deem it necessary, the Constitution is proved to be a wise and magnificent instrument in appointing it to try impeachments. If the Senate is "obstropolous" and won't convict, the Constitution needs amending, and the Senate should never be entrusted with such powers. While Congress thinks our way—which is the right way all the world over—Congress is a holy thing; when it thinks differently, it's a useless piece of State machinery, and never was wanted. "Them's my sentiments."

And now allow me a glance at home matters for a moment. Of course you saw Waldron on his return, with his good-looking wife—apparently young at stage

business, but graced with the attraction of a very lady-like voice. And as to that last graceful addition to our stage—Madame Scheller, with her delicate play of eye and lid, and her light, but pretty, German accent, it is hard to say whether it is a greater treat to see her as a peasant, overflowing with girlish emotion, or as the high-bred and cultured lady—"lady from brow to instep." Glancing at one or two of her characters, her Pauline is an execution of excellent taste; that abrupt but thrilling waive of her hand, repelling even a touch of her person by the then-discovered gardener's son was a picture. As to her Ophelia, it is sufficient to say that she presents one of the sweetest mad-women on the stage. Dramatic mad ladies are generally very afflicting, and Ophelias as a class very mournful and distracting spectacles, but in Madame Scheller's Ophelia we have all the charms and graces of the woman shining through a disordered reason. Mc.Kenzie's Claude was a trifle rantish at first. Without saying that he was a full embodiment of that character, it was at least judiciously played. His expression of a troubled soul, while standing between Beauscant and his weak-minded associate, overpowered by a conception of their villainy, was a *piece of acting*. It only takes enough of such pieces to constitute genius. Referring to presentations in general, one is pleased to notice Mr. Lindsay's evident care and taste. He will, doubtless, yet be able to improve his emotional parts by more intensity of feeling and less sound. Mr. Hardie may, I think, be congratulated on a growing release from stiffness. In the Lady of Lyons, he gave us a very fairly conceived Dumas. Everybody is getting to appreciate Graham's oddities. He accomplishes a deal with his eyebrows—not in Madame Scheller's style of course, but what with them and his constant reference to his pockets he does a big business. Of course, we all miss Dunbar!—"Wasting his sweetness on the desert air"—of commerce. Perhaps like the widow who stated on her husband's tombstone, that she "continued the business at the old stand"—we might say here "See his advertisement." Buy your butter of him, and weep that he can tear himself away from us. Turning to an old favorite—Margetts is legitimately ludicrous as ever, but, as with Dunbar, we always want to laugh at him in sentimental parts. There is a touch of grimace in all Margett's sentiment. Others of our home corps (including some new-comers to our city stage) could be mentioned with pleasure, especially the ladies—our old weakness—painful as it is, a detailed notice of them must be deferred till next month's review; in the meantime, they may be assured that they are admiringly watched by—

YOUR "HIRED MAN."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTE.—Correspondence is invited from our friends.

S. K. D.—Cutting off the top ends of a branch of a bearing tree will generally cause it to put out a multitude of small shoots, including an extra number of fruit buds. The way to thicken a particular limb is to cut off its side branches, as the surplus sap then goes to develop the balance. One reason why many trees do not bear is, because they are making too much wood. Stop the growth of the tree in some way—by cutting a circle round the bark, for instance—and it will turn its energies to making fruit. It cannot excel in both wood and fruit-making at one and the same time.

FOUL PLAY.

BY CHARLES READE AND DION BOCCICAULT.

(CONTINUED)

CHAPTER VII.

General Rolleston's servants made several trips to the *Proserpine*, carrying boxes, etc.

But Helen herself clung to the house till the last moment. "Oh, papa!" she cried. "I need all my resolution, all my good faith, to keep my word with Arthur, and leave you. Why, why did I promise? Why am I such a slave to my word?"

"Because," said the old general, with a voice not so firm as usual, "I have always told you that a lady is not to be inferior to a gentleman in any virtue, except courage. I've heard my mother say so often; and I've taught it to my Helen. And, my girl, where would be the merit of keeping our word, if we only kept it when it cost us nothing?"

He promised to come after, in three months at farthest; and the brave girl dried her tears, as well as she could, not to add to the sadness he fought against as gallantly as he had often fought the enemies of his country.

The *Proserpine* was to sail at two o'clock; at a little before one, a gentleman boarded her, and informed the captain that he was a missionary, the Rev. John Hazel, returning home, after a fever; and wished to take a berth in the *Proserpine*.

The mate looked him full in the face; and then told him there was very little accommodation for passengers, and it had all been secured by White & Co., for a young lady and her servants.

Mr. Hazel replied that his means were small, and moderate accommodation would serve him; but he must go to England without delay.

Captain Hudson put in his gracious word: "Then jump off the jetty at high tide and swim there, no room for black coats in my ship."

Mr. Hazel looked from one to the other piteously. "Show me mercy, gentlemen; my very life depends on it."

"Very sorry, sir," said the mate, "but it is impossible. There's the Shannon, you can go in her."

"But she is under repairs; so I am told."

"Well, there are a hundred and fifty carpenters on to her; and she will come out of port in our wake."

"Now, sir," said Hudson, roughly, "bundle down the ship's side again if you please; this is a busy time. Hy!—rig the whip; here's the lady coming off to us."

The missionary heaved a deep sigh, and went down into the boat that had brought him. But he was no sooner seated than he ordered the boatmen, somewhat preemptorily, to pull ashore as fast as they could row.

His boat met the Rollestons, father and daughter, coming out, and he turned his pale face, and eyed them as he passed. Helen Rolleston was struck with that sorrowful countenance, and when the boats had passed each other, she whispered her father, "That poor clergyman has just left the ship." She made sure he had been taking leave of some beloved one, bound for England. General Rolleston looked round, but the wan face was no longer visible.

They were soon on board, and received with great obsequiousness. Helen was shown her cabin, and, observing the minute and zealous care that had been taken of her comfort, she said, "Somebody who loves me has been here," and turned her brimming eyes on her father.

Father and daughter were then left alone in the cabin, till the ship began to heave her anchor (she lay just at the mouth of the harbor), and then the boatswain was sent to give Gen. Rolleston warning. Helen came up with him, pale and distressed. They exchanged a last embrace, and General Rolleston went down the ship's side. Helen hung over the bulwarks and waved her last adieu, though she could hardly see him for her tears.

At this moment a four-oared boat swept alongside, and Mr. Hazel came on board again. He presented Hudson a written order to give the Rev. John Hazel a passage in the small berth abreast the main hatches. It was signed "For White & Co., James Seaton;" and was endorsed with a stamped acknowledgment of the passage money, twenty-seven pounds.

Hudson and Wylie, the mate, put their heads together over this. The missionary saw them consulting, and told them he had mentioned their mysterious conduct to Messrs. White & Co., and that Mr. Seaton had promised to stop the ship if their authority was resisted. "And I have paid my passage money,

and will not be turned out except by force," said the reverend gentleman, quietly.

Wylie's head was turned away from Mr. Hazel's, and on its profile a most gloomy, vindictive look, so much so, that Mr. Hazel was startled when the man turned his front face to him with a jolly, genial air, and said, "Well, sir, the truth is, we seamen don't want passengers aboard ships of this class; they get in our way whenever it blows a capful. However, since you are here, make yourself as comfortable as you can."

"There, that is enough palaver," said the captain, in his offensive way. "Hoist the parson's traps aboard, and sheer off your shore boat! Anchor's peak."

He then gave his orders in stentorian roars; the anchor was hove up, catted, and fished; one sail went up after another, the *Proserpine*'s head came round, and away she bore for England with a fair wind.

General Rolleston went slowly and heavily home, and often turned his head and looked wistfully at the ship putting out wing upon wing, and carrying off his child like a tiny prey.

To change the comparison, it was only a tender vine detached from a great sturdy elm; yet the tree, thus relieved of its delicate encumbrance, felt bare, and a soft thing was gone, that, seeking protection, had bestowed warmth; had nestled and curled between the world's cold wind and that stalwart stem.

As soon as he got home, he lighted a cigar, and set to work to console himself by reflecting that it was but a temporary parting, since he had virtually resigned his post, and was only waiting in Sydney till he should have handed his papers in order over to his successor, and settled one or two private matters that could not take three months.

When he had smoked his cigar, and reasoned away his sense of desolation, Nature put out her hand, and took him by the breast, and drew him gently up-stairs to take a look at his beloved daughter's bed-room, by way of seeing the last of her.

The room had one window looking north and another west, the latter commanded a view of the bay. General Rolleston looked down at the floor, littered with odds and ends—the dead leaves that fall about a lady in the great process of packing—and then gazed through the window at the flying *Proserpine*.

He sighed, and lighted another cigar. Before he had half finished it, he stooped down and took up a little bow of ribbon that lay on the ground, and put it quietly in his bosom. In this act he was surprised by Sara Wilson, who had come up to sweep all such waifs and strays into her own box.

"La, sir," said she, rather crossly, "why didn't you tell me, and I'd have tidied the room; it is all higger-mugger, with miss a leaving."

And with this she went to tidying the room. General Rolleston's eye followed her movements, and he observed amongst the litter a white handkerchief stained with blood. "What!" said he, "has she had an accident; cut her finger?"

"No, sir," said Wilson, and with a certain air of restraint that made him uneasy.

He examined the girl's face narrowly, and then the handkerchief; the blood was of a pale red color. Rolleston had seen a similarly stained handkerchief fifteen years before, in the hands of his young wife a few months before she died of consumption.

"Sara," faltered Rolleston, "in God's name, why was I never told of this?"

"Indeed, sir," said Wilson, eagerly, "you must not blame me, sir. It was as much as my place was worth to tell you. Miss is a young lady that will be obeyed; and she give me strict orders not to let you know; but she is gone now, and I always thought it was a pity she kept it so dark; but, as I was saying, sir, she would be obeyed."

"Kept what so dark?"

"Why, sir, her spitting of blood at times; and turning so thin by what she used to be, poor dear young lady."

General Rolleston groaned aloud. He said no more, but kept looking bewildered and helpless, first at the handkerchief and then at the *Proserpine* that was carrying her away, perhaps for ever; and his iron features worked with cruel distress; anguish so mute and male, that the woman Wilson, though not good for much, sat down and shed genuine tears of pity.

But he summoned all his fortitude, told Wilson he could not say she was to blame; she had but obeyed her mistress's orders; and we must all obey orders. "But now," said he, "it is me you ought to obey; tell me, does any doctor attend her?"

"None ever comes here, sir. But, one day, she let fall that she went to Dr. Valentine, him that has the name for disorders of the chest."

In a very few minutes General Rolleston was at Dr. Valentine's house, and asked him bluntly what was the matter with his daughter.

"Disease of the lungs," said the doctor, simply.

The unhappy father then begged the doctor to give him his real opinion as to the degree of danger; and Dr. Valentine told him, with some feeling, that the case was not desperate, but was certainly alarming.

Remonstrated with for letting the girl undertake a sea voyage, he replied rather evasively at first; that the air of Australia disagreed with his patient, and a sea voyage was more likely to do good than harm.

General Rolleston pressed the doctor's hand, and went away without another word.

Only he hurried his matters of business; and took his passage in the Shannon.

It was in something of a warrior's spirit that he prepared to follow his daughter and protect her; but often he sighed at the invisible, insidious nature of the foe, and wished it could have been a fair fight of bullets and bayonets, and his own the life stake.

The Shannon was soon ready for sea.

CHAPTER VIII.

Wardlaw was at home before this, with his hands full of business; and it is time the reader should be let into one secret at least, which this merchant had contrived to conceal from the city of London, and from his own father, and from every human creature, except one poor, simple, devoted soul, called Michael Penfold.

There are men who seem stupid, but generally go right; there are also clever men who appear to have the art of blundering wisely: "sapienter descendunt in infernum," as the ancients have it; and some of these latter will even lie on their backs, after a fall, and lift up their voices, and prove to you that in the nature of things they ought to have gone up, and their being down is monstrous—illusory.

Arthur Wardlaw was not quite so clever as all that; but still he misconducted the business of the firm with perfect ability from the first month he entered on it. Like those ambitious railways, which ruin a goodly trunk with excess of branches, not to say twigs, he set to work extending, and extending, and sent the sap of the healthy old concern a-flying to the ends of the earth.

He was not only too ambitious, and not cool enough; he was also unlucky, or under a curse or something; for things, well conceived, broke down, in his hands, under petty accidents. And, besides, his new correspondents and agents bit him cruelly hard. Then what did he? Why, shot good money after bad, and lost both. He could not retrench, for his game was concealment; his father was kept in the dark, and drew his four thousand a-year, as usual, and, upon any hesitation in that respect, would have called in an accountant and wound up the concern. But this tax upon the receipts, though inconvenient, was a trifle compared with the series of heavy engagements that were impending. The future was so black, that Wardlaw junior was sore tempted to realise twenty thousand pounds, which a man in his position could easily do, and fly the country. But this would have been to give up Helen Rolleston; and he loved her too well. His brain was naturally subtle and fertile in expedients; so he brought all its problems to bear on a double problem—how to marry Helen, and restore the concern he had mismanaged to its former state. For this, a large sum of money was needed, not less than £90,000.

The difficulties were great, but he entered upon this project with two advantages. In the first place, he enjoyed excellent credit; in the second, he was not disposed to be scrupulous. He had been cheated several times, and nothing undermines feeble rectitude more than that. Such a man as Wardlaw is apt to establish a sort of account current with humanity.

"Several fellow-creatures have cheated me. Well, I must get as much back, by hook or by crook, from several fellow-creatures."

After much hard thought, he conceived his double master-stroke; and it was to execute this he went out to Australia.

We have seen that he persuaded Helen Rolleston to come to England and be married, but, as to the other part of his project, that is a matter for the reader to watch, as it develops itself.

His first act of business, on reaching England, was to insure the freights of the Proserpine and the Shannon.

He sent Michael Penfold to Lloyd's, with the requisite vouchers, including the receipts of the gold merchants. Penfold easily insured the Shannon, whose freight was valued at only

six thousand pounds. The Proserpine, with her cargo, and a hundred and thirty thousand pounds of specie to boot, was another matter. Some underwriters had an objection to specie, being subject to theft as well as shipwreck; other underwriters, applied to by Penfold, acquiesced; others called on Wardlaw himself, to ask a few questions, and he replied to them courteously, but with a certain nonchalance, treating it as an affair which might be big to them, but was not of particular importance to a merchant doing business on his scale.

To one underwriter, Condell, with whom he was on somewhat intimate terms, he said, "I wish I could insure the Shannon, at her value; but that is impossible; the City of London could not do it. The Proserpine brings me some cases of specie, but my true treasure is on board the Shannon. She carries my bride, sir."

"Oh, indeed! Miss Rolleston?"

"Ah, I remember: you have seen her. Then you will not be surprised at a proposal I shall make you. Underwrite the Shannon a million pounds, to be paid by you if harm befalls my Helen. You need not look so astonished; I was only joking; you gentlemen deal with none but substantial values; and, as for me, a million would no more compensate me for losing her, than for losing my own life."

The tears were in his pale eyes as he said these words; and Mr. Condell eyed him with sympathy. But he soon recovered himself, and was the man of business again. "Oh, the specie on board the Proserpine? Well, I was in Australia, you know, and bought that specie myself of the merchants whose names are attached to the receipts. I deposited the cases with White & Co., at Sydney. Penfold will show you the receipt. I intrusted Joseph Yllie, mate of the Proserpine, and a trustworthy person, to see them stowed away in the Proserpine, by White & Co. Hudson is a good seaman; and the Proserpine a new ship, built by Mare. We have nothing to fear but the ordinary perils of the sea."

"So one would think," said Mr. Condell, and took his leave; but at the door he hesitated, and then, looking down a little sheepishly, said, "Mr. Wardlaw, may I offer you a piece of advice?"

"Certainly."

"Then double the insurance on the Shannon, if you can."

With these words he slipped out, evidently to avoid questions he did not intend to answer.

Wardlaw stared after him, stupidly at first, and then stood up and put his hand to his head in a sort of amazement. Then he sat down again, ashy pale, and with the dew on his forehead, and muttered faintly, "Double—the insurance—of the—Shannon!"

Men who walk in crooked paths are very subject to such surprises; doomed, like Ahab, to be pierced, through the joints of their armor, by random shafts; by words uttered in one sense, but conscience interprets them in another.

It took a good many underwriters to insure the Proserpine's freight; but the business was done at last.

Then Wardlaw, who had feigned insouciance so admirably in that part of his interview with Condell, went, without losing an hour, and raised a large sum of money on the insured freight, to meet the bills that were coming due for the gold (for he had paid for most of it in paper at short dates), and also other bills that were approaching maturity. This done, he breathed again, safe for a month or two from everything short of a general panic, and full of hope from his coming master-stroke. But two months soon pass when a man has a flock of kites in the air. Pass? They fly. So now he looked out anxiously for his Australian ships; and went to Lloyd's every day to hear if either had been seen, or heard of, by steamers, or by faster sailing vessels than themselves.

And, though Condell had underwritten the Proserpine to the tune of £8,000, yet still his mysterious words rang strangely in the merchant's ears, and made him so uneasy that he employed a discreet person to sound Condell as to what he meant by "double the insurance of the Shannon."

It turned out to be the simplest affair in the world. Condell had secret information that the Shannon was in bad repair; so he had advised his friend to insure her heavily. For the same reason, he declined to underwrite her freight himself.

With respect to those ships, our readers already know two things, of which Wardlaw himself, nota bene, had no idea; namely, that the Shannon had sailed last, instead of first, and that Miss Rolleston was not on board of her, but in the Proserpine, two thousand miles ahead.

To that, your superior knowledge, we, posters of the sea and land, are about to make a large addition, and relate things

strange, but true. While that anxious and plotting merchant strains his eyes seaward, trying hard to read the future, we carry you, in a moment of time, across the Pacific, and board the leading vessel, the good ship Proserpine, homeward bound.

The ship left Sydney with a fair wind, but soon encountered adverse weather, and made slow progress, being close-hauled, which was her worst point of sailing. She pitched a good deal, and that had a very ill effect on Miss Rolleston. She was not sea-sick, but thoroughly out of sorts; and, in one week, became perceptibly paler and thinner than when she started.

The young clergyman, Mr. Hazel, watched her with respectful anxiety, and this did not escape her feminine observation. She noted quietly that those dark eyes of his followed her with a mournful tenderness, but withdrew their gaze when she looked at him. Clearly, he was interested in her, but had no desire to intrude upon her attention. He would bring up the squabs for her, and some of his own wraps, when she stayed on deck, and was prompt with his arm when the vessel lurched; and showed her other little attentions which are called for on board ship, but without a word. Yet, when she thanked him in the simplest and shortest way, his great eyes flashed with pleasure, and the color mounted to his very temples.

Engaged young ladies are, for various reasons, more sociable with the other sex than those who are still on the universal mock-defensive; a ship, like a distant country, thaws even English reserve, and women in general are disposed to admit ecclesiastics to certain privileges. No wonder, then that Miss Rolleston, after a few days, met Mr. Hazel half way; and they made acquaintance on board the Proserpine, in monosyllables at first; but, the ice once fairly broken, the intercourse of mind became rather rapid.

At first it was a mere intellectual exchange, but one very agreeable to Miss Rolleston; for a fine memory, and carnivorous reading from his very boyhood, with the habit of taking notes, and reviewing them, had made Mr. Hazel a walking dictionary, and a walking essayist if required.

One day they were discoursing of gratitude; and Mr. Hazel said he had a poor opinion of those persons, who speak of "the burden of gratitude," and make a fuss about being "laid under an obligation."

"As for me," said he, "I have owed such a debt, and found the sense of it very sweet."

"But perhaps you were always hoping to make a return," said Helen.

"That I was, hoping against hope."

"Do you think people are grateful, in general?"

"No, Miss Rolleston, I do not."

"Well, I think they are. To me at least. Why, I have experienced gratitude even in a convict. It was a poor man, who had been transported, for something or other, and he begged papa to take him for his gardener. Papa did, and he was so grateful that, do you know, he suspected our house was to be robbed, and he actually watched in the garden night after night; and, what do you think?—the house was attacked by a whole gang; but poor Mr. Seaton confronted them and shot one, and was wounded cruelly, but he beat them off for us; and was not that gratitude?"

While she was speaking so earnestly, Mr. Hazel's blood seemed to run through his veins like heavenly fire, but he said nothing, and the lady resumed with gentle fervor, "Well, we got him a clerk's place in a shipping-office, and heard no more of him; but he did not forget us; my cabin here was fitted up with every comfort and every delicacy. I thanked papa for it; but he looked so blank, I saw directly he knew nothing about it: and now, I think of it, it was Mr. Seaton. I am positive it was. Poor fellow! And I should not even know him if I saw him."

Mr. Hazel observed, in a low voice, that Mr. Seaton's conduct did not seem wonderful to him. "Still," said he, "one is glad to find there is some good left even in a criminal."

"A criminal?" cried Helen Rolleston, firing up. "Pray, who says he was a criminal? Mr. Hazel, once for all, no friend of mine ever deserves such a name as that. A friend of mine may commit some great error or imprudence; but that is all. The poor grateful soul was never guilty of any downright wickedness; that stands to reason."

Mr. Hazel did not encounter this feminine logic with his usual ability; he muttered something or other, with a trembling lip, and left her so abruptly, that she asked herself whether she had inadvertently said anything that could have offended him; and awaited an explanation. But none came. The topic was never revived by Mr. Hazel; and his manner, at their next meeting, showed her that he liked her none the worse that she stood up for her friends.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SHEESH MAHAL.

Among the wonders of the place, the Sheesh Mahal, or Palace of Glass, deserves special notice. It is an Oriental bath, the several chambers of which as well as the bath itself are lined with mirrors—walls and ceiling—everywhere except the floor. The mirrors are small, and when disposed in close order, completely cover the surface upon which they are placed. Being oval and convex, they each reflect the entire object presented to them, which is thus multiplied a thousand times over.

It is here that the emperor used to take his bath in the cool evenings, when the water was let in from without, flowing in mimic cascades from the sides of the apartment over lamps placed in recesses. The effect of the flowing water, and the shining mirrors, and the brilliant light, are of a beauty beyond all we have seen in dreams, with the practical advantage of being real, and rendering enchantment unnecessary.

It was after the bath that the emperor would sometimes sit upon the marble throne in the cool evening air, or if disposed for ladies' society, would divert himself with the "birds" of his zenana, as Orientals sometimes delicately call the female members of their household when speaking to persons of their own sex, to whom those earthly houris are unmentionable with the naked tongue.

CURIOSITIES OF THE EARTH.

At the city of Modena, in Italy, and about four miles around it, wherever the earth is dug, when the workmen arrive at the depth of sixty three feet they come to a bed of chalk, which they bore with an augur five feet deep. They then withdraw from the pit before the augur is removed, and upon its extraction, the water bursts up through the aperture with great violence, and quickly fills the newly-made well, which continues full, and is affected neither by rains nor droughts. At the depth of 14ft. are found the ruins of an ancient city, paved streets, houses, floors, and different pieces of mosaic work. Under this is found a soft oozy earth, made up of vegetables, and at 26ft. large trees entire; such as walnut trees, with the walnuts still sticking to the stem, and the leaves and branches in a perfect state of preservation. At 28ft. deep a soft chalk is found, with a quantity of shells, and which is 11ft. thick. Under this vegetables are found again as before.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

TO SHOW HOW SOUND TRAVELS THROUGH A SOLID.

Take a long piece of wood, such as the handle of a hair broom, and placing a watch at one end, apply your ear to the other, and the tickings will be distinctly heard.

RIDDLE.

It is in the bolster, but not in the bed,
It is in the hair, but not in the head,
It is in the rock, but not in the stone,
It is in the marrow, but not in the bone.

D. F. A.

CONUNDRUMS.

6.—What is that which is often brought to table, often cut, but never eaten?

7.—Why are your nose and chin always at variance?

CHARADE, 3.

Without my first you can not stand,
My second beauteous fair command;
Together I attend your will,
And am your humble servant still.

ANSWERS TO No. 20. PAGE 250.

CHARADE, No. 2.—Striking.

THE SHEEP-FOLD.—Two. There were 24 hurdles on each side of the pen; a hurdle at the top and another at the bottom; so that by moving back the sides and putting an extra hurdle top and bottom, its size would be doubled.

CHARADE, 2.—Striking.

CONUNDRUMS, 4.—One after which his stomach would not be empty.

5. The smallest.

LESSONS IN GEOLOGY.—No. 14.

ON THE UPHEAVAL OF VOLCANIC MOUNTAINS.

Volcanoes are in many cases mountains of great elevation, and one of the lessons taught by geology is a knowledge of the circumstances which raised such enormous masses.

To assist your conception of this subject, take in your hand a map of Italy, and blot out the entire island of Sicily. Suppose the whole space now occupied by that island, more than a hundred miles round, to be mere sea. Let your imagination be first a diving-bell, in which you will descend to the bottom of the sea, where you find a calcareous stratum or a bed of limestone, on which the same shells and animals live, which now exist in the surrounding portions of the Mediterranean. Your imagination must now turn miner, and you must dig a shaft deep into the rocks beneath. You dig through a series of limestone rock, 800 feet deep, all of which are tertiary. You at once infer that these rocks were deposited after the period when the Mediterranean fish were created; for the rocks contain very few shells of extinct species.

At the bottom of this limestone you dig into a calcareous bed of different structure, the bed is slaty, and the limestone is sandy, imbedding pebbles of limestone. You now come to a bed of lava. How is this? This proves that long, long ago, when the whole space was under water, a submarine volcano had been in action, and had thrown up lava before the upper beds were deposited. As your shaft descends you come to a blue marl crammed with shells. The Sicilians call this marl creta. You dig through this till you come to another blue bed, but that is clay. This clay has no shells, but it contains beautiful crystals of gypsum, sulphur, etc.

For the present you need not dig any lower, for this blue clay is the lowest bed found in Sicily. It is the stratum of the Val di Noto, and may be traced all round Mount Ætna, north, east, and south.

Suppose that at no very early period in the earth's history, you had a boat safely moored at a respectable distance from the spot now occupied by Sicily and its tremendous volcano. The sea becomes disturbed and agitated, land appears, it swells up and comes higher and higher. First, above the waters you see, perhaps, the series of limestone beds heaving up; then the slaty layers of pebbly limestone rise to view; anon the blue marl called creta is in sight; and finally the blue clay with gypsum is far above the level of the sea. Up, and still up, the enormous mass is rising till it stands at some thousand feet. The mountain of Ætna, as at present constituted, is 10,874 feet above the sea, a height about three times that of Snowdon, in Wales, or Ben Nevis, in Scotland.

The great limestone deposit is found as high as 3,000 feet, the height of Cader Idris in North Wales. The fossils in that limestone can be identified with species now existing in spaces of the Mediterranean which have not been heaved up. It is from this fact that geologists deduce the inference, already mentioned, that Sicily has been raised from the Mediterranean since the present fish had been created.

Between these limestones, and the beds of blue marls and clays, layers of hard and compact lava, with a mixture of volcanic ashes and limestone, are

found. This mixture is called by the Sicilians, Tufo, and Peperino. This proves that, after the low beds of marl and clay had been deposited, a volcano beneath the sea came into action and covered much of the Sicilian district with volcanic materials.

That no doubt might remain of the very modern origin of Sicily and Mount Ætna, Sir Charles Lyell found near Vizzini, a town twenty-five miles inland, a bed of oysters, in a rock twenty feet thick, identifiable with the oysters which are now eaten.

INSTRUCTIONS TO FARMERS AND GARDENERS.

FOR JUNE.

Where wheat has been destroyed until the life of the plant is gone, plow for corn and sugar-cane. You may sow again with wheat, barley and oats, if you have seed, and are sure the grasshopper plague is past; but if fears exist plant corn, for the loss in seed will be slight if eaten down. Plant potatoes early in this month, and see to potatoes growing in the garden and field. On bench land, loosen the soil around, and hill up slightly. Secure good turnip seed, and where beets and carrots have been destroyed, sow turnip seed in rows from two feet to two feet six inches apart, dropping a small bunch of seed every twelve inches in the row. When grown, thin out, leaving the strongest plants; top dress freely with night-soil and ashes, and work thoroughly. Secure good sugar-cane seed at any price, soak and sprout before sowing, and plant after a rain; if rains do not appear, and the land you mean to plant be bench land—which is the best for sugar cane—water first, and plant when the soil is in a moist condition. Thin out beets and carrots, and hoe them' also thin out black-seed onions to six inches apart, hoe and top-dress with night-soil and ashes. Where corn is from four to six inches high in the gardens top-dress. In the fields give it its first plowing. Weed and hoe flower beds, and mulch the plants with rotten manure. Stake and tie up gooseberry and other bushes, that the fruit may be ventilated and kept clean from grit and mildew. Hoe down every weed in the garden and field while young and save time and labor. Continue to plant beans and peas, radishes lettuce, peppergrass mustard, etc.

Carefully mulch strawberries with clean straw, or hay, to keep the fruit from grit. Clean out water ditches, and dress the banks thereof, that they may not become seed beds of grass and foul weeds, and the source of trouble to you and your neighbors. Secure tomatoe plants; and hunt for cut-worms among your cabages. Plant squash and pumpkin seed, and also cucumber, and where fruit is scarce good water and musk-melon seed, and forget not that the early bird catches the first worm. G. D. WATT.

"WASHING-DAY SPRING."—A correspondent says that "in Saline county, Missouri, is a spring, a few miles from the Missouri river, which flows freely on Fridays, but is dry on every other day, and the people thereabouts call it washing-day spring for this reason." From the above it would seem that the traditional washing-day, usually considered as following Sunday, is not recognized in Saline county. If the spring was hereaway its usefulness would be much enhanced by a change in its day of flowing.

HUMOROUS READINGS.

A wag, having married a girl named Church, says he has enjoyed more happiness since he joined the Church than he ever did in his life before.

A man much addicted to snoring, remarked to his bedfellow in the morning, "that he slept like a top." "I know it," said the other; "like a humming-top."

"She only wore a single rose," according to the song. Rather a light costume. Wind wasn't, probably, east that day.

A man named Budd said to his friend, "Well, we have all got to lie flat on our backs, one of these days in the grave."—"Yes," said his friend, "and you will be a Budd (bud) no longer, but a root."

CURIOUS.—A Denbighshire paper tells of a man who fell over a precipice at Bethesda, and remarks: "The fall was about fifteen yards, and the poor man, who was going home that way, died instantly."

HIGH CLASS SCHOOL EXERCISE.—"First class in physiology, stand up. Now, then, when is a man not a man?"—"When he's a *bolt in* (bolting) the door."—"Right. Now, when is a white man an African?"—"When he's a *black in* (blackening) his shoes."

A Frenchman, soliciting relief of an English lady, said gravely to his fair hearer, "Madame I nevaire beg, but dat I have von vife vid several small family dat is growing very large, and nossing to make dere bread out of but de perspiration of my own eyebrow."

TENDER-HEARTED.—Mrs. Jones, a farmer's wife in Connecticut, says: "I b'leve I've got the tenderest-hearted boys in the world. I can't tell one of 'em to fetch a pail of water but what he'll burst out a crying."

Two young ladies and an Irish gentleman were conversing on age, when one of them put the home question:—"Which of us do you think the elder, Mr. G——?"—"Sure," replied the gallant Hibernian, "you both look younger than each other."

"How, my dear fellow, can I make a girl love me, who is constantly devoured by love of *herself*?" asked a young gentleman of his friend.—"O," replied the latter "that's the easiest thing in the world; just minister to her self-love until it overflows: all that runs over will be yours."

A BAD LABEL.—Tom bought a gallon of gin to take home, and by way of a label, wrote his name upon a card, which happened to be the seven of clubs, and tied it to the handle. A friend coming along, and observing the jug, quietly remarked: "That's an awful careless way to leave that liquor!"—"Why?" said Tom. "Because somebody might come along with the eight of clubs and take it."

"I say, mister, did you see a dog come by here that looked as if he were a year, a year and a half, or two years old?" said a Yankee to a countryman at the road-side.—"Yes," said the countryman, thinking himself quizzed. "He passed here about an hour, an hour and a half, or two hours ago; and is now a mile, or a mile and a half, or two miles ahead; and he had a tail about an inch, or an inch and a half, or two inches long."—"That'll do," said the Yankee; "you're into me a foot, a foot and a half, or two feet."

"Is it not astonishing," said wealthy individual, "that a large fortune should have been left me by a person who had only seen me once?"—"It would have been still more astonishing," said a wag, "if he had left it to you after seeing you twice."

In later years Talleyrand loved wit better than conversation. Leaving his accomplished niece, the Duchess de Dino, to entertain his other guests, he would retire with some of the foreign ambassadors, old friends and old foes, into his own room, and play a scientific rubber, the intricacies of which it was curious to watch, seeing that the talents which were employed to settle the divisions of Europe at the Congress of Vienna were now all concentrated on the odd trick.

The stakes were gold pieces; but they often reached the sum of thousands of francs. One evening at the termination of one of these parties, the English ambassador suddenly dived beneath the table and began fumbling on the carpet.

"What is your excellency about?" asked Talleyrand.

"Looking for a Napoleon which has fallen."

"Wait an instant," said Talleyrand, with a twinkle of his light gray eye, and a sarcastic twist of his thin and distorted lip; "you cannot see to find so small a thing."

As he spoke he twisted a thousand franc bill into a paper match, and, setting fire to it, held it to the ground.

"What are you about?" exclaimed the astonished ambassador, pausing on his hands and knees and looking up.

"Merely lighting your excellency," said Talleyrand.

Upon which the discomfited minister, understanding the epigram, instantly arose, leaving the Napoleon as a perquisite for the servant who should find it.

DEAN SWIFT'S RECIPE FOR COURTSHIP.

Two or three dears, and two or three sweets;
Two or three balls, and two or three treats;
Two or three serenades given as a lure;
Two or three vows—how much they endure;
Two or three messages sent in one day;
Two or three times led out from the play;
Two or three tickets for two or three times,
Two or three love-letters writ all in rhymes.
Two or three months keeping strict to these rules,
Can never help making a couple of fools.

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[Vol. I.]

POETRY.

LAUNCHED AWAY.

Long, long beside the moaning sea
I waited while the great ship grew
To perfect shape, and till set free
Like some wild bird it seaward flew.

And far, far still my yearning eyes
Pursued it on its less'ning way,
Till on the glowing twilight skies
As jet in molten gold it lay.

And while I gazed came one by one,
Slow-gliding in, like white-winged doves,
Small craft that till the set of sun
Had lingered in the outer coves;

As, crouching 'neath the leaves in fear,
The roving covey near the nest
Will watch some terror disappear,
And then go flutt'ring home to rest.

O Day! I said, whose sweet decline
Now leaves this world so fair to see
In pictured beauty, more divine
The lesson which thou leavest me!

Could I unto Time's balmy sea
Commit in faith this grief that grows
And darkens all the days to be,
And robs the Present of repose—

Then might it float into the Past,
Its gloomy outline, now so clear,
To melt in heaven's own light at last,
Wherein life's woes like gems appear.

And softly on the evening tide,
Home to my lonely heart, maybe
Small craft of hope and love would glide
To furl their sails and rest with me.

HAROLD, THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

[CONTINUED.]

EDITH AND THE CONVENT.

The next day as Harold was entering the palace of Westminster, with intent to seek the king's lady, his father met him in one of the corridors, and taking him gravely by the hand said—

"Hast thou thought that whilst thou art loitering in these galleries, amid the ghosts of men in monk cowl,

Siward is shadowing our house with his glory, and all north the Humber rings with his name? Hast thou thought that all Mercia is in the hands of Leofric our rival, and that Algar, his son, who ruled Wessex in my absence, left there a name so beloved, that had I stayed a year longer, the cry had been 'Algar' not 'Godwin'? for so is the multitude ever? Now aid me, Harold, for my soul is troubled, and I can not work alone; and though I say naught to others, my heart received a death-blow when tears fell from its blood-springs on the brow of Sweyn, my first-born." The old man paused, and his lip quivered.

"Thou, thou alone, Harold, noble boy, thou alone didst stand by his side in the hall; alone, alone, and I bless'd thee in that hour over all the rest of my sons. Well, well! now to earth again. Aid me, Harold. I open to thee my web: complete the woof when this hand is cold. I would see thee wed. Algar, son of Leofric, hath a daughter fair as the fairest; make her thy bride, that Algar may cease to be a foe. This alliance will render Mercia in truth, subject to our principalities, since the stronger must quell the weaker. It doth more Algar himself has married into the royalty of Wa'es. Thou wilt win all those fierce tribes to thy side.

"This day, greeting Algar, he told me he meditated bestowing his daughter on Gryffith, the rebel underking of North Wales. Therefore," continued the old earl, with a smile, "thou must speak in time, and win and woo in the same breath. No hard task, methinks, for Harold of the golden tongue."

"Sir, and father," replied the young earl, whom the long speech addressed to him had prepared for its close, and whose habitual self-control saved him from disclosing his emotion, "I thank you duteously, for your care for my future, and hope to profit by your wisdom. I will ask the king's leave to go to my East Anglians, and hold there a folk-moot, and make thegn and ceorl content with Harold their earl. But vain is peace in the realm if there is strife in the house. And Aldyth, the daughter of Algar, can not be house-wife to me."

"Why?" asked the old earl, calmly, and surveying his son's face, with those eyes so clear, yet so unfathomable.

"Because, though I grant her fair, she pleases not my fancy, nor would give warmth to my hearth. Because, as thou knowest well, Algar and I have ever been opposed, both in camp and in council; and I am not the man who can sell my love, though I may stifle my anger. No bride wants Earl Harold to bring spear-

man to his back at his need; and his lordships he will guard with the shield of a man, not with the spindle of a woman."

"Said in spite and in error," said the old earl coolly. "Small pain had it given thee to forgive Algar old quarrels, and clasp his hand as a father-in-law—if thou hadst had for his daughter what the great are forbidden to regard save as a folly."

"Is love a folly, my father?"

"Surely, yes," said the earl, with some sadness—"surely, yes, for those who know that life is made up of business and care, spun out in long years, not counted by the joys of an hour. Surely, yes; thinkest thou that I loved my first wife, the proud sister of Canute, or that Edith, thy sister, loved Edward, when he placed the crown on her head?"

"My father, in Edith, my sister, our house hath sacrificed enow to selfish power."

"I grant it, to selfish power," answered the eloquent old man, "but not enow for England's safety. Ponder it' and ask thyself if thy power, when I am dead, is not necessary to the weal of England? and if aught that thy schemes can suggest would so strengthen that power, as to find in the heart of the kingdom a host of friends like the Mercians, or a trouble and bar to thy greatness, a wall in thy path, or a thorn in thy side like the hate or the jealousy of Algar, son of Leofric?"

Thus addressed Harold's face, before serene and calm, grew troubled; and he felt the force of his father's words when appealing to his reason—not to his affections. The old man saw the advantage he had gained, and prudently forbore to press it. Rising, he drew round him his sweeping gonna lined with furs, and only when he reached the door, he added—

"The old see afar; they stand on the height of experience, as a warder on the crown of a tower; and I tell thee, Harold, that if thou let'st slip this golden occasion, years hence—long and many—thou wilt rue the loss of the hour. And if, as I suspect, thou lovest some other, who now clouds thy perception, and will then check thy ambition, thou wilt break her heart with thy desertion, or gnaw thine own with regret. For love dies in possession—ambition has no fruition, and so lives forever."

"That ambition is not mine, my father," exclaimed Harold, earnestly, "I have not thy love of power, glorious in thee even in its extremes. I have not thy——"

"Seventy years!" interrupted the old man, concluding the sentence. "At seventy all men who have been great will speak as I do; yet all have known love. Thou not ambitions, Harold! Thou knowest not thyself, nor knowest thou yet what ambition is. That which I see far before me as thy natural prize, I dare not, or I will not say. When time sets that prize within reach of thy spear's point, say then, 'I am not ambitious!' Ponder and decide."

And Harold pondered long, and decided not as Godwin could have wished. For he had not the seventy years of his father, and the prize lay yet in the womb of the mountains; though the dwarf and the gnome were already fashioning the ore to the shape of a crown.

While Harold mused over his father's words, Edith, seated on a low stool beside the Lady of England,

listened with earnest but mournful reverence to her royal namesake.

The queen's closet opened, like the king's, on one hand to an oratory, on the other to a spacious ante-room: the lower part of the walls was covered with arras, leaving space for a nich that contained an image of the Virgin. Near the doorway were caskets containing the relics of saints. The purple light from the stained glass of a high, narrow window, shaped in the Saxon arch, streamed rich and full over the queen's bended head, like a glory, and tinged her pale cheek, as with a maiden blush: and she might have furnished a sweet model for an early artist in his dreams of St. Mary the Mother, not when, young and blessed, she held the divine Infant in her arms, but when sorrow had reached even the immaculate bosom, and the stone had been rolled over the Holy Sepulcher. For beautiful the face still was, and mild beyond all words: but, beyond all words also, sad in its tender resignation.

And thus said the queen to her godchild:

"Why dost thou hesitate and turn away? Thinkest thou, poor child, in thine ignorance of life, that the world can give thee a bliss greater than the calm of the cloister? Pause, and ask thyself, young as thou art, if all the happiness thou hast known is not bounded to hope? As long as thou hopest, thou art happy."

Edith sighed deeply, and moved her young head in involuntary acquiescence.

"And what is life to the nun but hope? In that hope she knows not the present, she lives in the future: she hears ever singing, the chorus of the angels. On earth her body, in heaven her soul."

"And her heart, O Lady of England?" cried Edith with a sharp pang.

The queen paused a moment, and laid her pale hand kindly on Edith's bosom.

"Not beating child as thine does now, with vain thoughts, and worldly desires; but calm, calm as mine."

"I have known human state, and human debasement. In these halls I woke Lady of England, and ere sunset, my lord banished me, without one mark of honor, without one word of comfort, to the convent of Wherwell—my father, my mother, my kin, all in exile; and my tears falling fast for them, but not on a husband's bosom."

"Ah, then, noble Edith," said the girl, coloring up at the remembered wrong for her queen. "ah then, surely, at least, thy heart made itself heard."

"Heard, yea verily," said the queen looking up, and pressing her hands; "heard, but the soul rebuked it. And the soul said, 'Blessed are they that mourn,' and I rejoiced at the new trial that brought me nearer to Him who chastens those He loves."

"But thy banished kin—the valiant, the wise, they who placed thy lord on the throne?"

"Was it no comfort," answered the queen simply, "to think in the house of God my prayers for them would be more accepted than in the hall of kings? Yes, my child, I have known the world's honor, and the world's disgrace, and I have schooled my heart to be calm in both."

"Ah, thou art above human strength, queen and saint," exclaimed Edith; "and I have heard it said of thee, that as thou art now, thou wert from thine earli-

est years, ever the sweet, the calm, the holy—ever less on earth than in heaven.”

“My child,” said the queen, with the faintest smile upon her lips, and drawing Edith toward her, “there are moments when all that breathe the breath of life feel, or have felt alike. But not to speak of myself have I sent for thee, Edith again and again solemnly and sincerely, I pray thee to obey the wish of my lord the king.”

“I can not, I dare not, I can not—oh, ask me not,” said poor Edith, covering her face with her hands.

Those hands the queen gently withdrew; and looking steadfastly in the changeful and half averted face, she said mournfully, “Is it so, my godchild? and is thy heart set on the hopes of earth—thy dreams on the love of man?”

“Nay,” answered Edith, equivocating; “but I have promised not to take the veil.”

“Promised to Hilda?”

“Hilda,” exclaimed Edith, readily, “would never consent to it. Thou knowest her strong nature, her distaste to—to—”

“The laws of our holy Church—I do; and for that reason it is, mainly, that I join with the king in seeking to abstract thee from her influence. But it is not Hilda that thou hast promised?”

“Is it to woman, or to man?”

Before Edith could answer, the door from the ante-room opened gently, but without the usual ceremony, and Harold entered. His quick, quiet eye embraced both forms, and curbed Edith's young impulse, which made her start from her seat, and advance joyously toward him as a protector.

“Fair day to thee, my sister,” said the earl, advancing; “and pardon, if I break thus rudely on thy leisure; for few are the moments when beggar and Benedictine leave thee free to thy brother.”

“Dost thou reproach me, Harold?”

“No, Heaven forbid!” replied the earl, cordially, and with a look at once of pity and admiration; “for thou art one of the few, in this court of simulators, sincere and true; and it pleases thee to serve the Divine Power in thy way, as it pleases me to serve Him in mine.”

Then, changing his voice, with some abruptness, he said, “But what hast thou been saying to thy fair godchild, that her cheek is pale, and her eyelids seem so heavy? Edith, Edith, my sister, beware how thou shapest the lot of the martyr without the peace of the saint. Had Algive the nun been wedded to Sweyn our brother, Sweyn were not wending, barefooted and forlorn, to lay the wrecks of desolated life at the Holy Tomb.”

“Harold, Harold!” faltered the queen, much struck with his words.

The queen paced slowly, but in evident agitation, to and fro the room, and her hands clasped convulsively the rosary round her neck; then, after a pause of thought, she motioned to Edith, and, pointing to the oratory, said with forced composure, “Enter there, and there kneel; commune with thyself, and be still. Ask for a sign from above—pray for the grace within. Go; I would speak alone with Harold.”

Edith crossed her arms on her bosom meekly, and passed into the oratory.

The queen watched her for a few moments, tenderly, as the slight, child-like form bent before the sacred

symbol. Then she closed the door gently, and coming with a quiet step to Harold, said, in a low but clear voice, “Dost thou love the maiden?”

“Sister,” answered the earl, sadly, “I love her as man should love woman—more than my life, but less than the ends life lives for.”

“Oh, world, world, world!” cried the queen, passionately, “not even to thine own objects art thou true. O world! O world! thou desirest happiness below, and at every turn, with every vanity, thou tramplest happiness under foot! Yes, yes: they said to me, ‘For the sake of our greatness, thou shalt wed King Edward.’ And I live in the eyes that loath me—and—and—”

The queen, as if conscience-stricken, paused aghast, kissed devoutly the rosary, and continued, with such calmness that it seemed as if two women were blent in in one, so startling was the contrast. “And I have had my reward, but not from the world! Even so, Harold the earl, and earl's son, thou lovest yon fair child, and she thee; and ye might be happy, if happiness were earth's end; but, she is not a mark-stone in thy march to ambition: and so thou lovest her as man loves woman—‘less than the ends life lives for!’”

“Sister,” said Harold, “thou speakest as I love to hear thee speak:—as my bright-eyed, rose-lipped sister spoke in the days of old; thou speakest as a woman with warm heart, and not as the mummy in the stiff ceremonies of priestly form; and if thou art with me, and thou wilt give me countenance I will marry thy god-child, and save her alike from the dire superstitions of Hilda, and the grave of the abhorrent convent.”

“But my father—my father!” cried the queen; “who ever bended that soul of steel?”

“It is not my father I fear; it is thou and thy monks. Forgettest thou that Edith and I are within the six banned degrees of the church?”

“True, most true,” said the queen, with a look of great terror; “I had forgotten. Avaunt, the very thought! Pray—fast—banish it—my poor, poor brother!” and she kissed his brow.

“So, there fades the woman, and the mummy speaks again!” said Harold, bitterly. “Be it so; I bow to my doom. Well, there may be a time when nature on the throne of England shall prevail over priestcraft; and, in guerdon for all my services, I will then ask a king who hath blood in his veins to win me the pope's pardon and benison. Leave me that hope, my sister, and leave thy godchild on the shores of the living world.”

The queen made no answer; and Harold, auguring ill from her silence, moved on and opened the door of the oratory.

But the image that there met him, that figure still kneeling, those eyes, so earnest in the tears that streamed from them fast and unheeded, fixed on the holy rood—awed his step, and checked his voice. Nor till the girl had risen, did he break silence; then he said gently, “My sister will press thee no more, Edith—”

“I say not that!” exclaimed the queen.

“Or if she doth, remember thy plighted promise under the wide cope of blue heaven, the old nor least holy temple of our common Father!”

With these words he left the room.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

VALENTINE VOX, THE VENTRILOQUIST.

VALENTINE AND THE CATS

We left Valentine on board the Gravesend steamboat. On his arrival, after amusing himself during the day with the beauties of the place, he proceeded home with his friends, Mr. Jonas Beagle and Mr. Plumplee, who, together with another friend Miss Madonna, insisted upon his remaining there all night.

Now there happened to be only four bed-rooms in the house; the best, of course, was occupied by Miss Madonna, the second by Mr. Plumplee, the third by Mr. Beagle, and the fourth by the servant; but that in which Mr. Beagle slept was a double-bedded room, and Valentine had, therefore, to make his election between the spare bed and the sofa. Of course the former was preferred, and as the preference seemed highly satisfactory to Mr. Beagle himself, they passed the remainder of the evening very pleasantly together, and in due time retired.

Valentine, on having his bed pointed out to him, darted between the sheets in the space of a minute, when, as he did not by any means feel drowsy at the time, he fancied that he might as well amuse his companion for an hour or so as not. He, therefore, turned the thing seriously over in his mind, while Mr. Beagle was quietly undressing, being anxious for that gentleman to extinguish the light before he commenced operations.

"Now for a beautiful night's rest," observed Mr. Jonas Beagle to himself, as he put out the light with a tranquil mind, and turned in with a great degree of comfort.

"Mew!—mew!" cried Valentine, softly, throwing his voice under the bed of Mr. Beagle.

"Hish!—curse that cat!" cried Mr. Beagle. "We must have you out at all events, my lady."

And Mr. Beagle at once slipped out of bed, and having opened the door, cried "hish!" again, emphatically, and threw his breeches towards the spot, as an additional inducement for the cat to "stand not upon the order of her going," when, as Valentine repeated the cry, and made it appear to proceed from the stairs, Mr. Beagle thanked Heaven that she was gone, closed the door, and very carefully groped his way again into bed.

"Mew!—mew!—mew!" cried Valentine, just as Mr. Beagle had again comfortably composed himself.

"What? are you there, still, madam?" inquired that gentleman, in a highly sarcastic tone. "I thought you had been turned out, madam! Do you hear this witch of a cat?" he continued, addressing Valentine, with the view of conferring upon him the honorable office of Tyler for the time being; but Valentine replied with a deep heavy snore, and began to mew again with additional emphasis.

"Well, I don't have a treat every day, it is true; but if this isn't one, why I'm out in my reckoning, that's all!" observed Mr. Jonas Beagle, slipping again out of bed. "I don't much like to handle you, my lady, but if I did, I'd of course give you physic!" and he "hished!" again with consummate violence, and continued to "hish" until Valentine scratched the bed post sharply, a feat which inspired Mr. Beagle with the conviction of its being the disturber of his peace in the act of decamping, when he threw his pillow very energetically towards the door, which he closed, and then returned to his bed in triumph. The moment, however, he had comfortably tucked himself up again he missed the pillow which he had converted into an instrument of vengeance, and as that was an article without which he couldn't even hope to go to sleep, he had of course to turn out again to fetch it.

"How many more times, I wonder," he observed, to himself, "shall I have to get out of this blessed bed to-night? Exercise certainly is a comfort, and very conducive to health; but such exercise as this—why where have you got to?" he added, addressing the pillow, which, with all the sweeping action of his feet he was for some time unable to find—"Oh, here you are, sir, are you?" and he picked up the object of his search and gave it several very severe blows in the belly, when, having reinstated himself between the sheets, he exclaimed in a subdued tone, "Well, let's try again!"

Now, Mr. Jonas Beagle was a man who prided himself especially upon the evenness of his temper. He did, however, feel when he violently smote the pillow, that that little ebullition partook somewhat of the nature of passion, and had just commenced reproaching himself for having indulged in that little ebullition, when Valentine cried "Meyow!—pit!—Meyow!"

"Hallo! exclaimed Mr. Jonas Beagle, "here again!"

"Mew!" cried Valentine, in a somewhat higher key.

"What, another come to contribute to the harmony of the evening!"

"Meyow!—meyow!" cried Valentine, in a key still higher.

"Well, how many more of you?" inquired Mr. Beagle. "You'll be able to get up a concert by-and-bye;" and Valentine began to spit and swear with great felicity.

"Swear away, you beauties!" cried Mr. Jonas Beagle, as he listened to this volley of feline oaths; "I only wish that I was not so much afraid of you for your sakes! At it again? Well this is a blessing. Don't you hear these devils of cats!" he cried, anxious not to have all the fun to himself; but Valentine recommenced snoring very loudly. "Well, this is particularly pleasant," he continued, as he sat up in bed. "Don't you hear! What a comfort it is to be able to sleep so soundly!" which remarkable observation was doubtless provoked by the no less remarkable fact, that at that particular moment the spitting and swearing become more and more desperate.

"What's to be done?" he inquired very pointedly. "What's to be done? my breeches are right in the midst of them all. I can't get out now; they'd tear the very flesh off my legs; and that fellow there sleeps like a top. Hallo! Do you mean to say you don't hear these cats, how they're going it?" Valentine certainly meant to say no such thing, for the whole of the time that he was not engaged in meowing and spitting, he was diligently occupied in snoring, which had a very good effect, and served to fill up the intervals excellently well.

At length the patience of Mr. Jonas Beagle began to evaporate; for the hostile animals continued to battle apparently with great desperation. He, therefore, threw a pillow with great violence into the bed of his companion, and shouted so loudly, that Valentine, feeling that it would be deemed perfect nonsense for him to pretend to be asleep any longer, began to yawn very naturally, and then to cry out "Who's there?"

"'Tis I!" shouted Mr. Jonas Beagle. "Don't you hear these witches of cats?"

"Hish!" cried Valentine, "why there are two of them!"

"Two!" said Mr. Beagle; "more likely two and twenty! I've turned out a dozen myself. There's a swarm, a whole colony of them here; and I know no more how to strike a light than a fool."

"Oh, never mind, let's go to sleep, they'll be quiet by-and-bye."

"It's all very fine to say, let's go to sleep; but who's to do it?" cried Beagle emphatically. "Curse the cats! I wish there wasn't a cat under heaven—I do, with all my soul! They're such spiteful vermin too when they happen to be put out, and there's one of them in a passion I know by her spitting, confound her! I wish from the very bottom of my heart it was the very last spit she had in her."

While Mr. Jonas Beagle was indulging in these highly appropriate observations, Valentine was laboring with great energy in the production of the various bitter cries which are so peculiarly characteristic of the feline race, and for a man who possessed but a very slight knowledge of the grammatical construction of the language of that race, it must in justice be said that he developed a degree of fluency which did him great credit. He purred, and mewed, and cried, and swore, and spit, until the perspiration oozed from every pore, and made the sheets as wet as if they had just been "damped for the mangle."

"Well, this is a remarkably nice position for a man to be placed in, certainly," observed Mr. Beagle. "Did you ever! hear such wailing and gnashing of teeth? Are you never going to leave off, you devils?" he added, throwing the bolster with great violence under the bed, and therefore, as he fondly conceived, right among them. Instead, however, of striking the cats therewith, he unhappily upset a basin which rolled with great velocity from one end of the room to the other, and made during its progress so singular a clatter, that he began to "tut! tut!" and to scratch his head audibly.

"Who's there?" demanded Plumplee in the passage below, for he slept in the room beneath, and the rolling of the article in question had alarmed him: "Who's there? d'ye hear? Speak, or I'll shoot you like a dog!" and on the instant the report of a pistol was heard, which in all probability had been fired with the view of convincing all whom it might concern that there was such a thing as a pistol in the house.

"Who's there?" he again demanded: "You vagabonds, I'll be at you!" an intimation that may be held to have been extremely natural under the circumstances, not only because he had not even the slightest intention of carrying so desperate a

design into execution, but because he—in consequence of having supped off cucumbers and crabs, of which he happened to be particularly fond, seeing that as they didn't agree with him, and invariably made him suffer, they partook of the nature of forbidden fruit—he had singularly enough been dreaming of being attacked by a party of burglars, and of having succeeded in frightening them away by holding out a precisely similar threat.

"Beagle!" he shouted, after waiting in vain for the street door to bang.

"Here!" cried Beagle, "come up here! It's nothing: I'll explain! For Heaven's sake," he added, addressing Valentine, "open the door," but the latter was too much engaged to pay any attention to any such request.

At this moment the footsteps of Mr. Plumlee were heard upon the stairs, and Mr. Beagle, who then began to feel somewhat better, cried out, "Come in! my good friend, come in!"

"What on earth is the matter?" inquired Mr. Plumlee, as he entered the room pale as a ghost, in a night shirt, with a pistol in one hand and a lamp in the other.

"It's all right," said Beagle, "'twas I that made the noise. I've been besieged by a cohort of cats. They have been at it here making most healthful music under my bed for the last two hours, and in trying to make them hold their peace with the bolster, I upset that noisy affair, that's all."

"Cats!" cried Mr. Plumlee, "cats!—you ate a little too much cucumber, my friend!—that and the crabs were too heavy for your stomach!—you have been dreaming!—you've had the nightmare! We haven't a cat in the house; I can't bear them."

"You are mistaken," rejoined Beagle, "they're about here in swarms. If I've turned one cat out this night, I'm sure I've turned out twenty! I've in fact done nothing else since I came up! In and out, in and out! Upon my life, I think I can't have opened that blessed door less than a hundred and fifty times; and that young fellow there has been all the while fast as a church!"

"I tell you, my friend, you've been dreaming! We have never had a cat about the premises."

"Meyow—meyow!"

"Now have I been dreaming!" triumphantly exclaimed Mr. Beagle, "now have I had the nightmare?"

"God bless my life!" cried Mr. Plumlee, jumping upon Mr. Beagle's bed, "they don't belong to me!"

"I don't know whom they belong to," returned Mr. Beagle, nor do I much care; I only know that there they are! If you'll just hook those breeches up here, I'll get out and half murder them. Only hook 'em this way. I'll wring their precious necks off!"

"They're out of my reach," cried Plumlee.

"Hish! hish!" Finding, however, that harsh terms had no good effect, he had recourse to the milder and more persuasive cry of "Pussy, pussy, pussy! tit, tit!"

"Hish! you devils!" cried Mr. Jonas Beagle, who began to be really enraged!

"Titty, titty, titty!—puss, puss, puss!" repeated Mr. Plumlee in the blandest and most seductive tones, as he held the pistol by the muzzle to break the back or to knock out the brains of the first unfortunate cat that made her appearance; but all this persuasion to come forth had no effect; they continued to be invisible, while the mewling continued in the most melancholy strain.

"What on earth are we to do?" inquired Plumlee. "I myself have a horror of cats."

"The same to me, and many of 'em!" observed Mr. Beagle. "Let's wake that young fellow, perhaps he don't mind them."

"Hollo!" cried Plumlee.

"Hul-lo!" shouted Beagle; but as neither could make any impression upon the profound sleeper, and as both were afraid to get off the bed to shake him, they proceeded to roll up the blankets and sheets into balls, and to pelt him with infinite zeal.

"Who's there! What's the matter?" cried Valentine at length, in the coolest tone imaginable, although his exertion had made him sweat like a tinker.

"For Heaven's sake, my dear young friend," said Mr. Plumlee, "do assist us in turning these cats out."

"Cats! Where are they? Hish!" cried Valentine.

"Oh, that's of no use whatever. I've tried the hishing business myself. All the hishing in the world won't do. They must be beaten out; you're not afraid of them, are you?"

"Afraid of them! afraid of a few cats!" exclaimed Valentine, with the assumption of some considerable magnanimity; "where are they?"

"Under my bed," replied Beagle. "There's a brave fellow! Break their blessed necks!" and he leaped out of bed, and after striking at the imaginary animals very furiously with the bolster, he hissed with great violence, and scratched across the grain of the boards in humble imitation of those domestic creatures scampering out of a room, when he rushed to the door, and proceeded to make a very forlorn meowing die gradually away at the bottom of the stairs.

"Thank heaven! they are all gone at last!" cried Mr. Beagle; "we shall be able to get a little rest now, I suppose;" and after very minutely surveying every corner of the room in which it was possible for one of them to have lingered, he lighted his candle, bade Plumlee good night, and begged him to go immediately to Miss Madonna, who had been calling for an explanation very anxiously below.

As soon as Plumlee had departed, Beagle and his fellow-lodger proceeded to remake the bed; and when they had accomplished this highly important business with the skill and dexterity of a couple of thorough-bred chambermaids, the light was again extinguished, and Mr. Beagle very naturally made up his mind to have a six-hours' sound and uninterrupted sleep. He had, however, scarcely closed his eyes when the mewling was renewed, and as he had not even the smallest disposition to "listen to the sounds so familiar to his ear," he started up at once and exclaimed, "I wish I may die, if they are all out now," threw the counterpane, a blanket, and a sheet over his shoulder, tucked a pillow and a bolster under his arm, and rushed out of the room.

LADIES' TABLE.

BEAD COLLARS.

These are made in beads only, or in beads and bugles. If the latter be employed, they must be about one-third of an inch long, and large enough to pass a needle with strong thread at least twice through. Bead collars are made either in black or white. Alabaster beads are the shades of white which most nearly resemble the color of bugles. You may either form stars, diamonds and other devices, in a mixture of beads and bugles, and tack them at intervals on a paper collar of the proper form and size, filling up the spaces and forming it into a collar by *guipuring*, if I may use the term, with other beads and bugles, and adding an edge to the same; or you may work on a piece of ribbon long enough to go round the neck, and forming a *foundation*. In this case you make it like a fringe, but rather full, so as to set well round the shoulders.

It is not needful to give patterns of this kind of work; but I will observe that the edges of the bugles being sharp and very liable to cut the thread, it is always well to shield it by putting on a bead before any part where two or three threads come together. The thread ought always to be waxed. For black work, black crochet silk is better than thread, and less liable to cut.

GOOSEBERRY OR APPLE TRIFLE.—Scald such a quantity of either of these fruits as when pulped through a sieve will make a thick layer at the bottom of your dish; if of apples, mix the rind of half a lemon grated fine, and to both as much sugar as will be pleasant. Mix half a pint of milk, half a pint of cream, and the yolk of one egg; give it a scald over the fire, and stir it all the time; do not let it boil; add a little sugar only, and let it grow cold. Lay it over the apples with a spoon; and then put it on a whip made the day before, as for other trifles.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1868.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH AMERICANIZED.

For over a thousand years the "Holy Catholic Church" has been deemed the representative of all that was stagnant, stationary and stereotyped. Its sole object on earth was understood to be to fight for everything that was ancient and worn out. Everything new in religion, science, or politics, was known to be its special horror. In particular was its spite supposed to be aroused by anything Republican or Democratic. What shall we say then to the fact that Roman Catholicism has achieved its greatest success since the days of Luther, in Republican King-hating America!

In the year 1800 there were but ninety thousand Catholics in America, at the present day there are nearly five million. They have increased faster than the population of the country. We are told that while the general increase of the country has been about thirty six per cent, the Catholic increase has been one hundred and twenty-five per cent. So rapidly and surely is Catholicism increasing in America that its advocates consider that its becoming the dominant church is only a question of time. They look forward with joyous certainty to the collapsing of the numerous American churches, and the tumbling of the whole into the lap of the papacy at no distant period. Of course the enormous increase made by the Catholic Church just mentioned, is not entirely made up of converts. Large additions have been made by births in Catholic families. Emigration has, of course, also helped the Catholics largely, yet, both these facts are taken into account in the increase of the population of the country of which the Catholic increase is so far ahead.

The great secret of the success of the Catholic Church on this continent lies first in the power of its wonderful organization, and secondly in its adapting itself—contrary to its character in all past times—to the spirit and institutions of the age. In a word it has Americanized itself and so has succeeded. Its advocates in America declare to-day that of all religions it is the most republican, and of all creeds the greatest advocate of freedom of opinion and the use of reason.

What with this new creed thus favoring reason and human judgment, and the imposing grandeur which a united church presents to the mind distracted by the divisions and weaknesses of Protestantism, it is no wonder that Catholicism should succeed. Men inclined to reason cannot bring themselves to believe in the infallibility and divinity of every word in the Bible, as stickled for by Protestants; and they are anxious for a church with something like power and unity—they have both in Catholicism. Hence the idea that "there is no stepping stone between Rome and Reason" is now influencing the minds of thousands with peculiar force.

But not only is Romish America growing fast in

numbers, it is increasing with a rapidity unknown to every other church in wealth. Its churches are the finest throughout the land. It rears its marble cathedrals. Its public schools are in almost every city and its religious houses are rising everywhere. Part of its policy for years has been to secure land in every new city, while it is cheap. At this moment it is in this way securing for itself a foothold all over the country. Already, as the result of this course, it owns the finest building sites in every city of importance. It collects money by the thousand where other churches raise but hundreds, with the advantage over Protestantism that it expends the whole of that in the extension of one system, which in Protestantism is distributed and frittered away upon a dozen differing sects. The whole of its wealth is directed through an all-powerful organization, by a priesthood who live but for the glorification and dominion of their Church.

Among other novel accessories to its strength and influence, adopted by the American Catholic Church, is its newly adopted habit of copying everything likely to be useful from its old antagonist, Protestantism. It has copied its Sunday School system. Perhaps more than a million Sunday School children are now taught every Sunday the faith as it is in Rome. It also has adopted the old Protestant idea of Tract distributing, and throws out its four-paged pamphlets by the cord all over the land—meeting the Protestants on their own ground; denying their statements respecting their faith, and quoting scripture for scripture on every point. In fact, as Mr. Parton says, this Church, hoary with age, is exhibiting the effects of "new blood" in its system. Our readers will see that with seven archbishops, forty bishops, three mitred abbots, sixty-five colleges, about two hundred and fifty convents, and nearly five million believers, the "new blood," in question, has a good chance to show what it can do.

It has been supposed by some that Rome denies all modern Revelation and miracles. She denies neither. Great are the cases instanced by modern Romanists of miracles occurring under their observation. And as to present Revelation, while they deny that any new Revelation is necessary for the Church on *faith and morals*, they hold that all can have Revelation for themselves for their individual comfort; and they assert that their Councils are guided by inspiration as to correctly understanding what has already been given. But they expect no revelation of *new doctrine*, as, in their estimation, all that is necessary on points of faith has already been imparted.

It is amusing to observe the modern members of the Church that imprisoned Galileo for saying that the world moved, take up the cudgels against Protestants on the score of their opposing sciences that are hurtful to their views. The American Romanist says he glories in the revelations of the sciences, they all prove his religion true. His church did not think so once, we are well aware. Again, is it not curious to behold Protestantism, the great champion of the right of individual judgment, defending its fear of human reason. Martin Luther, its founder, said that reason was a "silly blind fool," and he politely termed it the "Devil's bride and a petty strumpet." Catholics say, in rebelling against Rome, and declaring the infallibility of every scriptural text, it has asserted the

right to think, and the right *not* to think at one and the same time. Refusing a priesthood the power to fetter it, it has simply transferred the power to a book. This they declare to be an inconsistency. There is another idea which the Catholic thinks very ridiculous, namely the Protestant assertion that *all human nature is depraved*, and, yet, that every individual possessing this depraved human nature is perfectly capable of judging for him or herself on all religious questions.

In the preceding we have endeavored to exhibit some of the phases of the Catholicism of to-day in America. It will be seen that by opening the door to science, it has widened the entrance for the approach of thousands of intellectual men to its sanctuary. By associating with itself modern appliances for its propagation it stands on such vantage ground as it never held before—and now or never it has an open field. Whether this modernization of the habits of this ancient church, is endorsed at heart by the chief of the Catholic Church, or merely permitted by him as the only way of spreading his influence in America, one thing is certain—he has granted a point which the free souls of American Catholics will never yield back to him again. Roman Catholicism in America is henceforth transformed for ever.

OLD AND NEW SYSTEMS OF TEACHING VOCAL MUSIC.

No. VI.

HISTORY OF MR. CURWIN'S SYSTEM.

As Mr. Curwin was a clergyman by profession and not a musician, his difficulties were very great indeed in the introduction of a new notation; they were rendered greater by the fact of his not possessing a good ear for music. He tells us that when he first started "he could neither pitch a tune correctly, nor by any means make out from the notes the plainest psalm-tune that he had not heard before."

This defect, however, did not daunt him; and he eventually succeeded in teaching both children and adults.

It appears by a lecture delivered by Mr. Curwin to the teachers of the "Home and Colonial School Society," on the 8th of July, 1846, "that the systems in print in 1841 were as a sealed book to him," but being called to attend a meeting of Ministers, Sunday School Teachers and friends of Sunday Schools, connected with the various denominations of Hull, where congregational psalmody, and the importance of introducing some simple method of singing to the churches and Sunday Schools was discussed, he was commissioned, and in some degree pledged, to give attention to the subject of class teaching in its most simple form. From this pledge he was led to hunt up a system adapted to the requirements of children and congregations.

After studying the systems of Mr. Hullah and others he found their methods altogether unsuitable to his purpose, and he felt at first almost discouraged. However he at last obtained a system compiled by Miss Glover, which he found adapted to his wants. As this system did not pretend to supersede the old, and universal notation, but only to act as a help-mate to

its introduction, he felt a hope that he had found the key to success in making vocal music universal.

His success amongst congregations and Sunday Schools was great, and the lovers of the vocal art found what they had so long desired—a simple method whereby they could study with little difficulty or loss of much time.

Personally I must confess, that on first studying Mr. Curwin's system the modulation, or ladders introduced for the changing of keys—and which Mr. Curwin called simple—gave me much trouble to understand; in fact Mr. Curwin was himself in the same fix when he began to inspect this peculiar diagram. His new notation of intervals was easy enough. The signs for the marking of time also presented no difficulty, although it appeared, to me at least, quite as much trouble for children and adults of common capacity to understand as was the old notation length of notes and the clefs. However on the whole it was evident that the system would do much good.

The letters D, R, M, F, S, L, T, D, representing the scale or octave, while the modulator points to the sounding of intervals is a most systematic and sure road to a correct knowledge of the peculiarity of each note; and Mr. Curwin's method of describing their effect on the ear, is also excellent.

As the system has been so much studied in the city and settlements, I will simply state that, as Mr. Curwin did not intend to throw the old notation aside, but merely to use the new one as introductory, it is in these respects if in no other a useful adjunct to musical art.

NOTICE TO ALL WISHING TO SUBSCRIBE.

Our friends in the settlements are informed that all persons needing it, will be credited until after harvest. None need fear being unable to pay in consequence of destruction of their crops by grasshoppers as in that case we will grant any further reasonable time.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MILKY WAY.—The nebulae of the Milky Way—so far as operated upon by instruments of sufficient strength—have been resolved into separate and distinct stars—each a sun for aught we know. It is true that some strongly assert that the reason the rest are not thus resolvable is because they are mere masses of gaseous vapor. We incline to the belief that telescopes of sufficient power will resolve all, or nearly all, yet Our solar system is supposed to belong to the same cluster as the Milky Way.

READER.—The scriptural phrase "Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion, on the sides of the north, the city of the Great King," could scarcely apply to any Mount Zion in the vicinity of Jerusalem, inasmuch as Jerusalem is in the south of the Holy Land, and Mount Zion on the southern side of Jerusalem, according to the maps. The Mount Zion in question is on "the sides of the north," not south.

RIDER.—For a cracked hoof in horses, tar and tallow, melted and mixed in equal parts is recommended.

I QUIRRE.—You are right to an extent. A partial immortality is held by some people. They believe that only such as obtain the benefits of Jesus Christ's death will live for ever. The rest they suppose will be annihilated or undergo a process equivalent in character. To obtain another life or a continuation of this beyond the grave, for such as believe in him, is considered the special object of Christ's mission.

AMY G.—His object may be to secure a prospective home before he commits himself; other motives of a delicate nature may also actuate his delay. Perhaps he considers that, already in saying what he has, he has made a virtual offer. Judge by his earnestness and truthfulness of manner. If he appears to be a trifle, seek better company; but no one should be condemned at once for not naming a definite period of marriage until his motives were well understood.

FOUL PLAY.

BY CHARLES READE AND DION BOUCICAULT.

(CONTINUED)

CHAPTER VIII.

The wind steady from the west for two whole days, and the Proserpine showed her best sailing qualities, and ran four hundred and fifty miles in that time.

Then came a dead calm, and the sails flapped lazily, and the masts described an arc; and the sun broiled, and the sailors whistled; and the Captain drank; and the mate encouraged him.

During this calm, Miss Rolleston fell downright ill, and quit- ted the deck. Then Mr. Hazel was very sad; borrowed all the books in the ship, and read them, and took notes; and when he had done this, he was at leisure to read men, and so began to study Hiram Hudson, Joseph Wylie, and others, and take a few notes about them.

From these we select some that are better worth the reader's attention, than anything we could relate in our own persons at this stagnant part of the story.

PASSAGES FROM MR. HAZEL'S DIARY.

CHARACTERS ON BOARD THE PROSERPINE.

"There are two sailors, messmates, who have formed an anti- que friendship; their names are John Welch and Samuel Cooper. Welch is a very able seaman and a chatterbox. Cooper is a good sailor, but very silent; only what he does say is much to the purpose.

"The gabble of Welch is agreeable to the silent Cooper; and Welch admires Cooper's taciturnity.

"I asked Welch what made him like Cooper so much. And he said, 'Why you see, sir, he is my messmate, for one thing, and a seaman that knows his work; and then he has been well eddycated, and then he knows when to hold his tongue, does Sam.'

"I asked Cooper why he was so fond of Welch. He only grunted in an uneasy way at first; but when I pressed for a reply, he let out two words—'Capital company;' and got away from me.

"Their friendship, though often roughly expressed, is really a tender and touching sentiment. I think either of these sailors would bare his back and take a dozen lashes in place of his messmate. I too once thought I had made such a friend. Eheu!

"Both Cooper and Welch seem, by their talk, to consider the ship a living creature. Cooper chews. Welch only smokes, and often lets his pipe out; he is voluble.

"Captain Hudson is quite a character; or, I might say, two characters; for he is one man when he is sober, and another when he is the worse for liquor; and that. I am sorry to see is very often. Captain Hudson, sober, is a rough, bearish sea- man, with a quick, experienced eye, that takes in every rope in the ship, as he walks up and down his quarter-deck. He either evades, or bluntly declines conversation, and gives his whole mind to sailing his ship.

"Captain Hudson, drunk, is a garrulous man, who seems to have drifted back into the past. He comes up to you and talks of his own accord, and always about himself, and what he did fifteen or twenty years since. He forgets whatever has occurred half an hour ago; and his eye, which was an eagle's is now a mole's. He no longer sees what his sailors are doing aloft or aloft; to be sure, he no longer cares; his present ship may take care of herself while he is talking of his past ones. But the surest indicia of inebriety in Hudson are these two. First, his nose is red. Secondly, he discourses upon a seaman's 'duty to his employers.' Ebrius rings the changes on his 'duty to his employers' till drowsiness attacks his hearers. Cicero de officiis was all very well at a certain period of one's life; but bibulus nanta de officiis is rather too much.

"N.B. Except when his nose is red, not a word about his 'duty to his employers.' That phrase, like a fine lady, never ventures into the morning air. It is purely post-prandial, and sacred to occasions when he is utterly neglecting his duty to his employers, and to everybody else.

"All this is ridiculous enough but somewhat alarming. To think that her precious life should be intrusted to the care and skill of so unreliable a captain!"

"Joseph Wylie, the mate, is less eccentric, but even more remarkable. He is one of those powerfully-built fellows, whom Nature, one would think, constructed to gain all their ends by force and directness. But no such thing; he goes about as softly as a cat; is always popping up out of holes and corners, and I can see he watches me, and tries to hear what I say to her. He is civil to me when I speak to him; yet, I notice, he avoids me quietly. Altogether, there is something about him that puzzles me. Why was he so reluctant to let me on board as a passenger? Why did he tell a downright falsehood? For he said there was no room for me; yet, even now, there are two cabins vacant, and he has taken possession of them.

"The mate of this ship has several barrels of spirits in his cabin, or rather, cabins, and it is he who makes the captain drunk. I learned this from one of the boys. This looks ugly. I fear Wylie is a bad, designing man, who wishes to ruin the captain, and so get his place. But, meantime, the ship might be endangered by this drunkard's misconduct. I shall watch Wylie closely, and perhaps put the captain on his guard against this false friend.

"Last night, a breeze got up about sunset, and H. R. came on deck for half an hour. I welcomed her as calmly as I could; but I felt my voice tremble and my heart throb. She told me the voyage tired her much; but it was the last she would have to make. How strange, how hellish (God forgive me for saying so!) it seems that she should love him. But, does she love him? Can she love him? Could she love him if she knew all? Know him she shall before she marries him. For the present, be still, my heart.

"She soon went below and left me desolate. I wandered all about the ship, and, at last, I came upon the inseparables— Welch and Cooper. They were squatted on the deck, and Welch's tongue was going as usual. He was talking about this Wylie, and saying that, in all his ships, he had never known such a mate as this; why the captain was under his thumb. He then gave a string of captains, each of which would have given his mate a round dozen at the gangway, if he had taken so much on him, as this one does.

"Grog!" suggested Cooper, in extenuation.

"Welch admitted Wylie was liberal with that, and friendly enough with the men; but, still, he preferred to see a ship commanded by the captain, and not by a lubber like Wylie.

"I expressed some surprise at this term, and said I had envied Wylie's nerves in a gale of wind we encountered early in the voyage.

"The talking sailor explained, 'In course, he has been to sea afore this, and weathered many a gale.'

"But so has the cook.

"That don't make a man a sailor. You ask him how to send down a to'-gallant yard or gammon a bowsprit, or even mark a lead line, and he'll stare at ye, like Old Nick, when the angel caught him with the red-hot tongues, and questioned him out of the Church Catechism. Ask Sam there, if ye don't believe me. Sam, what do you think of this Wylie for a sea- man?"

"Cooper could not afford anything so precious, in his esti- mate of things, as a word; but he lifted a great brawny hand, and gave a snap with his finger and thumb, that disposed of the mate's pretensions to seamanship more expressively than words could have done it.

"The breeze has freshened, and the ship glides rapidly through the water, bearing us all homeward. Helen Rolleston has resumed her place upon deck; and all seems bright again. I ask myself how we existed without the sight of her.

"This morning the wind shifted to the south-west; the captain surprised us by taking in sail. But his sober eye had seen something more than ours; for at noon it blew a gale, and by sunset it was deemed prudent to bring the ship's head to the wind, and we are now lying-to. The ship lurches, and the wind howls through the bare rigging; but she rides buoyantly, and no danger is apprehended.

"Last night, as I lay in my cabin, unable to sleep, I heard some heavy blows strike the ship's side repeatedly, causing quite a vibration. I felt alarmed, and went out to tell the captain. But I was obliged to go on my hands and knees, such was the force of the wind. Passing the mate's cabin, I heard sounds that made me listen acutely, and I then found the blows were being struck inside the ship. I got to the captain and told him. 'Oh,' said he, 'ten to one it's the mate nailing down his chests, or the like.' But I assured him the blows struck

the sides of the ship, and, at my earnest request, he came out and listened. He swore a great oath, and said the lubber would be through the ship's side. He then tried the cabin-door, but it was locked.

"The sounds ceased directly.

"We called to the mate, but received no reply for a long time. At last Wylie came out of the gun-room, looking rather pale, and asked what was the matter.

"I told him he ought to know best, for the blows were heard where he had just come from.

"Blows I said he, I believe you. Why, a tierce of butter had got adrift, and was bumping up and down the hold like thunder." He then asked us whether that was what we had disturbed him for, entered his cabin, and almost slammed the door in our faces.

"I remarked to the captain on his disrespectful conduct. The captain was civil, and said I was right; he was a cross-grained, unmanageable brute, and he wished he was out of the ship. 'But you see, sir, he has got the ear of the merchant ashore; and so I am obliged to hold a candle to the devil, as the saying is.' He then fired a volley of oaths and abuse at the offender, and, not to encourage foul language, I retired to my cabin.

"The wind declined towards daybreak, and the ship recommenced her voyage at 8 a.m.; but under treble-reefed topsails and reefed courses.

"I caught the captain and mate talking together in the friendliest way possible. That Hudson is a humbug; there is some mystery between him and the mate.

"To day H. R. was on deck for several hours, conversing sweetly, and looking like the angel she is. But happiness soon flies from me; a steamer came in sight, bound for Sydney. She signalled us to heave-to, and send a boat. This was done, and the boat brought back a letter for HER. It seems they took us for the Shannon, in which ship she was expected.

"The letter was from HIM. How her cheek flushed and her eye beamed as she took it. And, O the sadness, the agony that stood beside her unheeded.

"I left the deck; I could not have contained myself. What a thing is wealth! By wealth, that wretch can stretch out his hand across the ocean, and put a letter into her hand under my very eye. Away goes all that I have gained by being near her, while he is far away. He is not in England now, he is here. His odious presence has driven me from her. O that I could be a child again, or in my grave, to get away from this hell of love and hate."

At this point, we beg leave to take the narrative into our own hands again.

Mr. Hazel actually left the deck to avoid the sight of Helen Rolleston's flushed cheek and beaming eyes, reading Arthur Wardlaw's letter.

And here we may as well observe that he retired not merely because the torture was hard to bear. He had some disclosures to make on reaching England; but his good sense told him this was not the time, or the place, to make them. nor Helen Rolleston to whom, in the first instance, they ought to be made.

While he tries to relieve his swelling heart by putting its throbs on paper (and, in truth, this is some faint relief, for want of which many a less unhappy man than Hazel has gone mad), let us stay by the lady's side, and read her letter with her:

"Russell Square, Dec. 15, 1865.

"My dear Love: Hearing that the Antelope steam-packet was going to Sydney, by way of Cape Horn, I have begged the captain, who is under some obligations to me, to keep a good look-out for the Shannon, homeward bound, and board her with these lines, weather permitting.

"Of course, the chances are that you will not receive them at sea; but still you possibly may; and my heart is so full of you, I seize any excuse for overflowing; and then I picture to myself that bright face reading an unexpected letter in mid ocean, and so I taste beforehand the greatest pleasure my mind can conceive—the delight of giving you pleasure, my own sweet Helen.

"News, I have very little. You know how deeply and devotedly you are beloved—know it so well that I feel words are almost wasted in repeating it. Indeed, the time, I hope, is at hand when the word love will hardly be mentioned between us. For my part, I think it will be too visible in every act, and look, and word of mine, to need repetition. We do not speak much about the air we live in. We breathe it, and speak with it, not of it.

"I suppose all lovers are jealous. I think I should go mad if you were to give me a rival; but then I do not understand that ill-natured jealousy which would rob the beloved object of all affections but the one. I know my Helen loves her father; loves him, perhaps, as well, or better, than she does me. Well, in spite of that, I love him too. Do you know, I never see that erect form, that model of courage and probity come into a room, but I say to myself, 'Here comes my benefactor; but for this man there would be no Helen in the world.' Well, dearest, an unexpected circumstance has given me a little military influence (these things do happen in the city); and I really believe that, what with his acknowledged merits (I am secretly informed a very high personage said, the other day, he had not received justice), and the influence I speak of, a post will shortly be offered to your father that will enable him to live, henceforth, in England, with comfort—I might say, affluence. Perhaps he might live with us. That depends upon himself.

"Looking forward to this, and my own still greater happiness, diverts my mind a while from the one ever-present anxiety. But, alas! it will return. By this time my Helen is on the seas—the terrible, the treacherous, the cruel seas, that spare neither beauty nor virtue, nor the longing hearts at home. I have conducted this office for some years, and thought I knew care and anxiety. But I find I knew neither till now.

"I have two ships at sea, the Shannon and the Proserpine. The Proserpine carries eighteen chests of specie, worth a hundred and thirty thousand pounds. I don't care one straw whether she sinks or swims. But the Shannon carries my darling; and every gust at night awakens me, and every day I go into the great room at Lloyd's and watch the anemometer. O God! be merciful, and bring my angel safe to me! O God! be just, and strike her not for my offences!

"Besides the direct perils of the sea are some others you might escape by prudence. Pray avoid the night air, for my sake, who could not live if any evil befell you; and be careful in your diet. You were not looking so well as usual when I left. Would I had words to make you know your own value. Then you would feel it a duty to be prudent.

"But I must not sadden you with my fears; let me turn to my hopes. How bright they are; what joy, what happiness is sailing towards me, nearer and nearer every day. I ask myself, myself what am I that such a paradise should be mine.

"My love, when we are one, shall we share every thought, or shall I keep commerce, speculation, and its temptations away from your pure spirit? Sometimes I think I should like to have neither thought nor occupation unshared by you; and that you would purify trade itself by your contact; at other times I say to myself, 'O, never soil that angel with your miserable business; but go home to her as if you were going from earth to heaven, for a few blissful hours.' But you shall decide this question, and every other.

"Must I close this letter? Must I say no more though I have scarcely begun?

"Yes, I will end, since, perhaps, you will never see it.

"When I have sealed it, I mean to hold it in my clasped hands, and so pray to the Almighty to take it safe to you, and to bring you safe to him, who can never know peace nor joy till he sees you once more.

"Your devoted and anxious lover,

ARTHUR WARDLAW."

Helen Rolleston read this letter more than once. She liked it none the less for being disconnected and unbusiness-like. She had seen her Arthur's business letters; models of courteous conciseness. She did not value such compositions. This one she did. She smiled over it, all beaming and blushing; she kissed it, and read it again, and sat with it in her lap.

But, by and by, her mood changed, and, when Mr. Hazel ventured upon deck again, he found her with her forehead sinking on her extended arm, and the lax hand was holding the letter. She was crying.

The whole drooping attitude was so lovely, so feminine, yet so sad, that Hazel stood irresolute, looking wistfully at her.

She caught sight of him, and, by a natural impulse, turned gently away as if to hide her tears. But, the next moment she altered her mind, and said, with a quiet dignity that came natural to her at times, "Why should I hide my cares from you sir? Mr. Hazel, may I speak to you as a clergyman?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Hazel, in a somewhat faint voice.

She pointed to a seat and he sat down near her.

She was silent for some time; her lip quivered a little; she was struggling inwardly for that decent composure, which, on certain occasions, distinguishes the lady from the mere woman;

and it was with a pretty firm voice she said what follows:—

"I am going to tell you a little secret; one I have kept from my own father. It is—that I have not very long to live."

Her hazel eye rested calmly on his face while she said these words quietly.

He received them with amazement, at first; amazement, that soon deepened into horror. "What do you mean?" he gasped.

"What words are these?"

"Thank you for minding so much," said she, sweetly. "I will tell you. I have fits of coughing, not frequent, but violent; and then blood very often comes from my lungs. That is a bad sign you know. I have been so for months now, and I am a good deal wasted; my hand used to be very plump; look at it now. Poor Arthur!"

She turned away her head to drop a gentle, unselfish tear or two; and Hazel stared with increasing alarm at the lovely but wasted hand she still held out to him, and glanced, too, at Arthur Wardlaw's letter, held slightly by the beloved fingers.

He said nothing, and, when she looked round again, he was pale and trembling. The revelation was so sudden.

"Pray be calm, sir," said she. "We need speak of this no more. But, now, I think you will not be surprised that I come to you for religious advice and consolation, short as our acquaintance is."

"I am in no condition to give them," said Hazel, in great agitation. "I can think of nothing but how to save you. May Heaven help me, and give me wisdom for that."

"This is idle," said Helen Rolleston, gently, but firmly. "I have had the best advice for months, and I get worse; and Mr. Hazel, I shall never be better. So, aid me to bow to the will of Heaven. Sir, I do not repine at leaving the world; but it does grieve me to think how my departure will affect those whose happiness is very, very dear to me."

She then looked at the letter, blushed, and hesitated a moment; but ended by giving it to him whom she had applied to as her religious adviser.

"Oblige me by reading that. And, when you have, I think you will grant me a favor I wish to ask you. Poor fellow! so full of hopes that I am doomed to disappoint."

She rose to hide her emotion, and left Arthur Wardlaw's letter in the hands of him who loved her, if possible, more devotedly than Arthur Wardlaw did; and she walked the deck pensively, little dreaming how strange a thing she had done.

As for Hazel, he was in a situation poignant with agony; only the heavy blow that had just fallen had stunned and benumbed him. He felt a natural repugnance to read this letter. But she had given him no choice. He read it. In reading it he felt a mortal sickness come over him, but he persevered; he read it carefully to the end, and he was examining the signature keenly, when Miss Rolleston rejoined him.

"He loves me, does he not?" said she, wistfully.

Hazel looked half-stupidly in her face for a moment; then, with a candour which was part of his character, replied, doggedly, "Yes, the man who wrote this letter loves you."

"Then you can pity him, and I may venture to ask you the favor to— It will be a bitter grief and disappointment to him. Will you break it to him as gently as you can; will you say that his Helen—?"

He handed her the letter, almost thrusting it upon her, and turned away.

"Mr. Hazel! will you not grant me so small a favor?"

The man faced her, his features convulsed with passion. He covered them for a moment with his trembling hands, then, with unutterable love in the gaze he fixed upon her, he answered her pleading with one word.

"No."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A ROAD PAVED WITH HUMAN BEINGS.

Ishmail Pacha, the present ruler of Egypt, was partly educated in Paris, and is said to be sincerely desirous of effecting reforms in Egypt. Whether it be want of will or want of power, however, certain it is that these reforms are not effected. One of such is the riding of a sacred horseman annually over a road paved with human beings for half a mile or so—a horseman, on a fiery steed, who rides over a road on which human beings are lying down on their faces, as near as they can one to the other, so as not to leave any space unoccupied. It is at Esbek-yehe, near Cairo, that this extraordinary ceremony annually takes place, in this wise—

All good Mussulmans are supposed, once in their lives at least, to visit the holy places, Mecca and Medina, in pilgrimage. Those who cannot do so themselves, send presents to the Tomb of the Prophet. These presents are despatched in great state from Cairo once a year, enveloped in, or accompanied by, a sacred carpet, which is highly esteemed, and which returns to Cairo holier than ever, in greater state than it left, on the day of the fete of Mohammed, called Moullet-el-Nebi. The high priest of Mohammedanism at Cairo, goes to Kassasout, on the road to the desert, to meet the procession returning with the sacred carpet. The viceroy himself receives it with great state at the citadel of Cairo, where is the great mosque, and the holy carpet is shut up amongst the sacred things of the citadel, with awe and respect, and prayers, and firing of guns.

In order to take part in this ceremony, and go forth in state to meet the sacred carpet, the Shik-el-Bekre mounts a white horse, which has been set apart for the ceremony the year before, and which is also regarded as sacred. It must be a white horse without blemish, with one black mark—and only one—on its forehead, and another on its off hind leg. The white horse selected for this holy ceremony is not allowed out of the stable all the year; he appears in public only on this one day. He is carefully attended to, excellently fed and groomed, and it may be easily supposed that when he does come forth he is impatient and difficult to control. Four attendants assist the high priest to manage the white charger.

When the high priest, after having delivered up the holy carpet, in the great mosque in the citadel, returns on the sacred white horse to his own mosque at Esbek-yehe, an innumerable crowd of Arabs fill the road, to welcome him with shouts of "Allah querim!" (God is great). The high priest and the white horse are both holy and sacred that day.

As the procession is seen approaching, the crowd in the narrow road throw themselves on their face, wedging well together, so that not a foot of ground may remain uncovered; and proudly the white charger, bearing the high priest, prances at a canter over the living road, the four attendants running by his side, two and two. The iron hoofs of the horse sink here and there into the backs of the devotees, sometimes fracturing the spine, sometimes the skull; but no cry of pain escapes from the sufferers. If they die, it is martyrdom, and heaven and the houries are ready for them; if they are wounded, it is for their faith, and great will be their reward hereafter, if they escape unscathed, they have performed a highly meritorious religious duty, almost equal to the pilgrimage itself. The devotees do not rise from the ground till the high priest has entered into his own mosque; and great is the spiritual pride of those over whom the charger has cantered, and great the envy of the spectators who had no place on the ground, but were obliged to content themselves with witnessing the ceremony from the side of the road, standing!

It is true that this absurd ceremony is not inculcated in the Koran, and that it takes place in no other country but Egypt; still it is one dear to the zealous and superstitious Arabs, who annually celebrate it, and one that probably no ordinary viceroy would consider it safe to meddle with.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

CONUNDRUMS, No. 8.—Why ought a fisherman to be very wealthy?

No. 9. Why is a man in debt like a misty morning?

No. 10.—Who was the first who bore arms?

CHARADE, 4.

My first is found in every house,
From wintry winds it guards.

My second is the highest found—
In every pack of cards.

My whole, a Scottish chief, is praised
By ballad, bard, and story,
Who for his country gave his life,
And, dying, fell with glory.

ANSWERS TO No. 22. PAGE 262.

RIDDLE.—The letter R.

CONUNDRUMS, 6.—A pack of cards.

7.—Because words are passing between them.

CHARADE, 3.—Footman.

THE PRESSURE OF THE AIR SHOWN BY A WINE-GLASS.

Place a card on a wine-glass filled with water, then invert the glass, the water will not escape, the pressure of the atmosphere on the outside of the card being sufficient to support the water.

LESSONS IN GEOLOGY.—No. 15.

ON THE UPHEAVAL OF VOLCANIC MOUNTAINS.

After the whole mass of those rocks composing the present island of Sicily had been swelled up and raised to 3,000 feet, the beds violently burst, and cracked into several fissures, which afterwards became filled up with basaltic lava. The lava imbedded in these cracks formed hard rocks and are called by geologists dikes.

The height of Mount *Ætna* is 10,874 feet above the level of the sea. The first three thousand feet upward from the sea is formed by the calcareous beds, and their associated lavas and clays as already mentioned. The remaining 7,000 or 8,000 feet upward have been formed by successive eruptions from the volcano. The upper or the 1,100 feet consist of the cone of the crater, which rises from an irregular plain, about nine miles in circumference. In the summit of this cone is the grand crater which is perpetually sending forth sulphurous vapors.

It is an unsettled point among geologists, whether the prodigious masses which now lie above the limestone 3,000 feet high, were produced since the island of Sicily rose above the sea, or whether a large portion of them had not been thrown up and scattered by the volcano while under the sea.

The balance of the probability is in favor of the hypothesis that the volcanic rocks which lie over the tertiary limestones were formed before the island arose from the water, and those masses rose with the upheaval of the limestones and clays. It is supposed that the first appearance of Sicily would be like a cone above the reach of the waves, which would, at every eruption, vomit forth volcanic matter into the sea on all sides, as the mountain was in the process of being heaved up.

There is one phenomenon very remarkable in the structure of the lower beds of the stratification of this vast mountain. The inferior clay beds of which we have spoken are found on the north, the east, and the south of *Ætna*, to dip inward towards the mountain. This looks as if they had fallen in from the sudden and free escape of the melted matter that had held them up, rather than they had fallen outward as if they had cracked from being heaved up. They appear as if they had first of all been heaved up by an enormous power of melted matter from below, which by suddenly and freely escaping, caused a cavity, into which these horizontal beds fell on all sides with a dip inward.

Since these lower beds of clay dip inward towards the mountain, instead of lying on the same slope as the sides of the mountains, and since this inward dipping is found all round *Ætna*, except to the west, where it is not in sight, it is evident that these clay strata were once continuous; were a horizontal rock occupying the space now covered by the volcanic mountain; and were penetrated by the eruptive forces of the volcano. They, therefore, lie under the whole mountain, and may be said to be sub-*Ætnean*. In some places, even these lower beds appear in hills a thousand feet high; though in others much lower. Their beds appear in some instances 300 feet thick, and without any mixture of lava.

INSTRUCTIONS TO MECHANICS.

DR. BUCHANAN ON CELLARS.

While I would condemn cellars and basements entirely, the common plan of building in their absence must be condemned also. The house being built above the surface of the earth, a space is left between the lower floor and the ground, which is even closer and darker than a cellar, and which becomes, on a smaller scale, the source of noxious emanations. Under-floor space should be abolished as well as cellars and basements.

The plan that I have adopted with the most satisfactory success, to avoid all these evils, is the following:—Let the house be built entirely above the ground; let the lower floor be built upon the surface of the earth, at least as high as the surrounding soil. If filled up with any clean material a few inches above the surrounding earth, it would be better. A proper foundation being prepared, make your first floor by a pavement of brick, laid in hydraulic cement upon the surface of the ground. Let the same be extended into your walls, so as to cut off the walls of your house with water-proof cement from all communication with the moisture of the surrounding earth. Upon this foundation build according to your fancy. Your lower floor will be perfectly dry—impenetrable to moisture and to vermin; not a single animal can get a lodgment in your story. By adopting this plan, your house will be dry and cleanly; the atmosphere of your ground-floor will be fresh and pure; you will be entirely relieved from that steady drain upon life which is produced by basements and cellars; and if you appropriate the ground-floor to purposes of store-rooms, kitchen, etc., you will find that the dry apartments thus constructed are infinitely superior to the old basements and cellars. And if you place your sitting and sleeping-rooms on the second and third floors, you will be as thoroughly exempt from local miasma as architecture can make you.

SCIENTIFIC AND CURIOUS.

RECENT INVENTIONS.

The noise of cannon has been heard a distance of more than two hundred and fifty miles by applying the ear to the solid earth.

ELECTRICITY IN A VACUUM.—A new apparatus for demonstrating the fact that the electric spark will not pass through a perfect vacuum has been contrived by M. M. Alvergniat, of Paris. At a distance of three thirty-seconds of an inch electricity ceases to pass.

POROSITY OF IRON.—The porosity of cast-iron is a well-known fact. Many years ago, Mr. Perkins forced water through thick plates of it; hence it is not astonishing that gasses pass with ease. A few years ago, a physician at Chambéry was struck with the circumstance that an epidemic of fever occurred in Savoy every winter; and he fancied that he had traced the cause to the use in the cottages of cast-iron stoves, which allowed the gases of combustion to pass into the atmosphere of the rooms. The subject has been investigated by M. M. Deville and Troost, and they find, by a very carefully conducted experiment, that hydrogen, carbonic acid, and carbonic acid, and carbonic oxide, do actually pass through the walls of a cast-iron stove, at a dull as well as a bright red heat.

HUMOROUS READINGS.

A WALKERS dictionary—the mile stones.

WHAT nation produces marriage most?—Why, Fascination.

CUTTING for the cutter.—Hairdresser (anxious to puff his anti-bear's grease:) "excuse me sir, but you are a leetle bald." Old gentleman: "Bald, eh? Yes I was born so!"

A MAN about town was lately invited to a sewing party. The next day a friend asked him how the entertainment came off. Oh, it was very amusing," he replied, "the ladies hemmed, and I hawed."

STATIONARY.—"What would you be, dearest," said Walter to his sweetheart, "if I was to press the seal of love upon those sealing-wax lips?" "I should be stationary."

A SUBSCRIBER to a moral reform paper called at the post-office the other day and inquired if the *Friend of Freedom* had come.—"No," said the postmaster, "there has been no such person here for a long time."

AN HONEST old lady in the country, when told of her husband's death, exclaimed, "Well, I do declare, our troubles never come alone! It ain't a week since I lost my best hen, and now my husband's gone, too, poor man!"

THE LITTLE RASCAL.—A grocer had for his virtues obtained the name of "The Little Rascal." A stranger asked him why this appellation had been given him. "To distinguish me from the rest of my trade," quoth he, "who are all great rascals."

TIGER HUNTING.—A Frenchman, who had been in India, speaking of tiger-hunts, pleasantly remarks: "When ze Frenchman hunts ze tiger, ah! ze sport is grand, magnifique! but when ze tiger hunts ze Frenchman, ou! zere is ze very devil to pay."

AN old Scotch lady had an evening party, where a young man was present who was about to leave for an appointment in China. As he was exceedingly extravagant in his language about himself, the old lady said, when he was leaving, "Tak' gude care o' yoursel' when ye are away, for; mind ye, they eat puppies in Chena!"

A FRENCHMAN, who had just purchased a country-seat, was complaining of the want of birds in his garden.—"Set some traps," replied an old officer, "and they'll come. I was once in Africa, and there wasn't supposed to be a woman within two hundred miles. I hung a pair of earrings and a collar upon a tree, and the next morning I found two women under the branches."

"Sir," said a fierce lawyer, "do you, on your solemn oath, declare this is not your handwriting?" "I reckon not," was the cool reply. "Does it resemble your handwriting?" "Yes, sir, I think it don't." "Do you swear that it don't resemble your handwriting?" "Well, I do, old head," "You take your solemn oath that this writing does not resemble yours in a single letter?" "Y-e-a-s, sir." "Now how do you know?" "'Cause I can't write!"

ABSENT.—Colonel M'Clung of Mississippi kicked a man out of a bar room, and the fellow failed to resent

it. Afterwards M'Clung saw this same fellow kick another man out of a house in New Orleans. The Colonel remarked to the fellow that he had more pluck in New Orleans than in Mississippi.—"No, colonel, not that," he replied; "it is only because you and I know whom to kick."

CORONER'S VERDICT.—A Yankee genius out West, conceiving that a little gunpowder thrown upon some green wood would facilitate its burning, directed a small stream upon the smoking pile; and not possessing a hand sufficiently quick to cut this off at a desirable moment, he was blown into pieces. The coroner thus reasoned out the verdict: "It can't be called suicide, because he didn't mean to kill himself; it wasn't a visitation of God, because he wasn't struck by lightning; he didn't die for want of breath, for he hadn't anything left to breathe with. It's plain he didn't know what he was about, so I shall bring in, 'died for want of common sense.'"

THE BARRISTER AND THE WITNESS.—At the assizes held during the past year at Lincoln, after both judge and counsel had had much trouble to make the timid witnesses upon a trial speak sufficiently loud to be heard by the jury; there was called into the box a young ostler, who appeared to be simplicity personified. "Now, sir," said the counsel, in a tone he would at any other time have denounced as vulgarly loud, "I hope we shall have no difficulty in making you speak up." "I hope not, zur," was shouted, or rather bellowed out by the witness, in tones which almost shook the building. "How dare you speak in that way sir?" said the counsel. "Please zur, I can't speak any louder, zur," said the astonished witness, attempting to shout louder than before, evidently thinking the fault to be his speaking too softly. "Pray, have you been drinking this morning," shouted the counsel, who had now thoroughly lost his temper. "Yes, zur," was the reply. "And what have you been drinking?" "Corfee, zur." "And what did you have in your coffee, sir!" shouted the exasperated counsel. "A spune, zur," was the answer innocently spoken, amidst the roars of the whole court—excepting only the now thoroughly wild counsel, who flung down his brief, and rushed out of court.

OUR ADVICE.

Because you flourish in worldly affairs,
Don't be haughty, and put on airs,

With insolent pride of station!
Don't be proud, and turn up your nose
At poorer people in plainer clothes,
But learn for the sake of your soul's repose,
That wealth's a bubble, that comes—and goes!
And that all proud flesh, wherever it grows,
Is subject to irritation.

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POETRY.

LOVE AND HOPE.

Oh! the world is dark, and the world is bright,
And the worm gnaws out life's flowers;
But a golden morrow shall follow the night,
And the rainbow follow the showers;
Sweet wife!
And the rainbow follow the showers.

Oh! the world is grey and weary and old
When the birds have ceased to sing,
But the love of true hearts need never be cold,
When winter shall follow the spring;
Sweet wife!
When winter shall follow the spring.

There's a star in the darkest cloud of heaven,
When a soft eye looks from above;
There's a yellow sheaf where the plow hath driven
And a crown o'er the cross of love;
Sweet wife!
And a crown o'er the cross of love.

Oh! the world hath a dark and sunny side,
And the light in darkness glows,
And the dawn will shine for us my bride,
As when first on our love it rose:
Sweet wife!
As when first on our love it rose.

HAROLD, THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

[CONTINUED.]

DEATH AND LOVE.

Descending a staircase without the walls—as even in royal halls the principle staircases were then—Harold gained a wide court, in which loitered several householders and attendants, whether of the king or the visitors; and, reaching the entrance of the palace, took his way towards the king's room, which lay round and near what is now called "The Painted Chamber," then used as a bed-room by Edward on state occasions.

And now he entered the ante-chamber of his royal brother-in-law. Crowded it was but rather seemed it the hall of a convent than the ante-room of a king. Monks, pilgrims, priests, met his eye in every nook; and not there did the earl pause to practice the arts of popular favor. Passing erect through the midst, he beckoned forth the officer, in attendance at the ex-

treme end, who, after an interchange of whispers, ushered him into the royal presence.

On entering, he found there a man in the prime of life, and, though richly clad, in embroidered gown, and with ateghar richly gilt at his side, still with the loose robe, the long mustache, and the skin of the throat and right hand punctured with characters and devices, which proved his adherence to the fashions of the Saxon. And Harold's eyes sparkled, for in this guest he recognized the father of Aldyth, Earl Alger, son of Leofric. The two nobles exchanged grave salutations, and each eyed the other wistfully.

"Thou art welcome, Harold," said the king with less than his usual listlessness, and with a look of relief, as the earl approached him.

"Our good Alger comes to us with a suit well worthy consideration, though pressed somewhat hotly, and evincing too great a desire for goods worldly; contrasting in this his most laudable father, our well-beloved Leofric, who spends his substance in endowing monasteries' and dispensing alms; wherefore he shall receive a hundred fold, in the treasure-house above."

"A good interest, doubtless my lord, the king," said Alger, quickly, "but one that is not paid to his heirs and the more need, if my father (whom I blame not for doing as he lists with his own) gives all he hath to the monks—the more need, I say, to take care that his son shall be enabled to follow his example. As it is, most noble king, I fear me that Alger, son of Leofric, will have nothing to give. In brief, Earl Harold," continued Alger, turning to his fellow thegn—"in brief, thus stands the matter. When our lord the king was first graciously pleased to consent to rule in England, the two chiefs who most assured his throne were thy father and mine. Now, therefore, I come to my lord, and I ask, 'What lands and what lordships canst thou spare in broad England to Alger, once Earl of Wessex, and son to the Leofric whose hand smoothed the way to thy throne?' My lord the king is pleased to preach to me contempt of the world; thou dost not despise the world, Earl of the East Angles—what sayest thou to the heir of Leofric?"

"That thy suit is just," answered Harold, calmly, "but urged with small reverence."

Earl Alger bounded like a stag that the arrow hath startled.

"It becomes thee, who hast backed thy suits with war-ships and mail, to talk of reverence, and rebuke one whose fathers reigned over earldoms, when thine were no doubt ceorls at the plough. But for Edric

Streone, the traitor and low-born, what had been Wolnoth, thy grandsire?"

So rude and home an assault in the presence of the king, who, though personally he loved Harold in his lukewarm way, yet, like all weak men, was not displeased to see the strong split their strength against each other, brought the blood into Harold's cheek; but he answered calmly—

"We live in a land, son of Leofric, in which birth, though not disesteemed, gives of itself no power in council or camp. We belong to a land where men are valued for what they are, not for what their dead ancestors might have been. So has it been for ages in Saxon England, where my fathers, through Godwin, as thou sayest, might have been ceorls; and so, I have heard, it is in the land of the martial Danes, where my fathers, through Githa, reigned on the thrones of the North."

"Thou dost well," said Algar, gnawing his lip, "to shelter thyself on the spindle side, but we Saxons of pure descent think little of your kings of the North, pirates and idolators, and eaters of horseflesh; but enjoy what thou hast, and let Algar have his due."

"It is for the king, not his servant, to answer the prayer of Algar," said Harold, withdrawing to the farther end of the room.

Algar's eye followed him, and observing that the king was fast sinking into one of the fits of religious reverie, in which he sought to be inspired with a decision, whenever his mind was perplexed, he moved with a light step to Harold, put his hand on his shoulder, and whispered—

"We do ill to quarrel with each other—I repent me of hot words,—enough. Thy father is a wise man, and sees far—thy father would have us friends. Be it so. Harken: my daughter Aldyth is esteemed not the least fair of the maidens in England; I will give her to thee as thy wife, and as thy morgen gift, thou shalt win for me from the king the earldom forfeited by thy brother Sweyn, now parceled out among sub-earls and thegns—easy enow to control. By the shrine of St. Alban, dost thou hesitate, man?"

"No, not an instant," said Harold, stung to the quick. "Not, couldst thou offer me all Mercia as her dower, would I wed the daughter of Algar, and bend my knee; as a son to a wife's father, to the man who despises my lineage, while he truckles to my power."

Algar's face grew convulsed with rage; but without saying a word to the earl, he strode back to Edward, who now with vacant eyes looked up from the rosary over which he had been bending, and said abruptly—

"My lord the king, I have spoken as I think it becomes a man who knows his own claims, and believes in the gratitude of princes. Three days will I tarry in London for your gracious answer; on the fourth I depart. May the saints guard your throne."

When the son of Leofric had left the chamber, the king rose wearily, and said "Leave me, then, Harold, sith so it must be. Put thine earldom in order, attend to the monasteries and the poor, and return soon. As for Algar, what sayest thou?"

"I fear me," answered the large-souled Harold, with a victorious effort of justice over resentment, "that if you reject his suit you will drive him into some perilous extremes. Despite his rash and proud spirit, he is brave against foes, and beloved by the

ceorls, why oft like best the frank and hasty spirit. Wherefore some power and lordship it were wise to give, without dispossessing others, and not more wise than due, for his father served you well."

"And hath endowed more houses of God than any earl in the kingdom. But Algar is no Leofric. We will consider your words and heed them. Bless you *beau frere!* and send in the cheapman, who waits without with the thumb of St. Jude! What a gift to my new church of St. Peter! The thumb of St. Jude! *Non nobis Gloria! Sancta Maria!* The thumb of St. Jude!"

Harold, without waiting once more to see Edith, nor even taking leave of his father, repaired to Dunwich, the capital of his earldom. In his absence, the king wholly forgot Algar and his suit; and in the meantime the only lordships at his disposal, Stigand, the grasping bishop, got from him without an effort. In much wrath Earl Algar, on the fourth day, assembling all the loose men-at-arms he could find around the metropolis, and at the head of a numerous disorderly band, took his way into Wales, with his young daughter Aldyth, to whom the crown of a Welsh king was perhaps some comfort for the loss of the fair earl; though the rumor ran that she had long since lost her heart to her father's foe.

Edith, after a long homily from the king, returned to Hilda; nor did her godmother renew the subject of the convent. All she said on parting was, "Even in youth the silver cord may be loosened, and the golden bowl may be broken; and rather perhaps in youth than in age when the heart has grown hard, wilt thou recall with a sigh my counsels."

Godwin had departed to Wales; all his sons were at their several lordships; Edward was left alone to his monks and relic-venders. And so months passed.

Now it was the custom with the kings of England to hold state and wear their crowns thrice a-year, at Christmas, at Easter, and at Whitsuntide; and in those times their nobles came round them, and there was much feasting and great pomp.

So, in the Easter of the year of our Lord 1053, King Edward kept his court at Windshore, (Windsor) and Earl Godwin and his sons, and many others of high degree, left their homes to do honor to the king. And Earl Godwin came first to his house in London—near the Tower Palatine, in what is now called the Fleet—and Harold the earl, and Tostig, and Leofwine, and Gurth, were to meet him there, and go thence, with the full state of their sub-thegns, and cnechts, and house carles; their falcons, and their hounds, as became men of such rank, to the court of King Edward.

Earl Godwin sate with his wife, Githa, in the room out of the hall—that room which looked on the Thames—awaiting Harold, who was expected to arrive ere night-fall.

"Githa," said the earl, "thou hast been to me a good wife and a true, and thou hast borne me tall and bold sons, some of whom have caused us sorrow, and some joy; and in sorrow and in joy we but have drawn closer to each other. Yet when we wed thou wert in thy first youth, and the best part of my years was fled; and thou wert a Dane and I a Saxon; and thou a king's niece, and now a king's sister, and I but tracing two descents to thegn's rank."

Moved and marveling at this touch of sentiment in the calm earl, in whom, indeed, such sentiment was rare, Githa roused herself from her musings and said simply and anxiously—"I fear my lord is not well, that he speaks thus to Githa!"

The earl smiled faintly.

"Thou art right with thy woman's wit, wife. And for the last few weeks, though I said it not to alarm thee I have had strange noises in my ears, and a surge, as of blood to the temples."

"Oh Godwin, dear spouse," said Githa tenderly, "and I was blind to the cause, but wondered why there was some change in thy manner! But I will go to Hilda to-morrow; she hath charms against all disease."

"Leave Hilda in peace, to give her charms to the young; age defies Wigh and Wicca. Now hearken to me. I feel that my thread is nigh spent, and, as Hilda would say, my Fylgia forewarns me that we are about to part. Silence, I say, and hear me. I have done proud things in my day; I have made kings and built thrones, I stand higher in England than ever thegn or earl stood before. I would not, Githa, that the tree of my house, planted in the storm, and watered with lavish blood, should wither away. So wife mine, of all our six sons, Harold alone dauntless as Tostig, mild as Gurth, hath his father's thoughtful brain. And, if the king remains as aloof as now from his royal kinsman, Edward the Atheling, "who"—the earl hesitated and looked around—"who so near to the throne when I am no more, as Harold, the joy of the ceorls, and the pride of the thegns?—he whose tongue never falters in the Witan, and whose arm hath never known defeat in the field?"

Githa's heart swelled, and her cheek grew flushed.

"But what I fear most," resumed the earl, "is, not the enemy without, but the jealousy within. By the side of Harold stands Tostig, rapacious to grasp, but impotent to hold—able to ruin, strengthless to save."

"Nay, Godwin, my lord, thou wrongest our handsome son."

"Wife, wife," said the earl stamping his foot, "hear me and obey me; for my words on earth may be few, and while thou gainsayest me the blood mounts to my brain, and my eyes see through a cloud."

"Forgive me, sweet lord," said Githa, humbly.

"Mickle and sore it repents me that in their youth I spared not the time from my worldly ambition to watch over the hearts of my sons. But what we can not alter we must amend; and if thou survivest me, and if, as I forbode, dissension break out between Harold and Tostig, I charge thee by memory of our love, and reverence for my grave, to deem wise and just all that Harold deems just and wise. For when Godwin is in the dust, his house lives alone in Harold. Heed me now, and heed ever. And so while the day yet lasts, I will go forth into the marts and the guilds, and talk to the burgesses, and smile on their wives, and be, to the last, Godwin the smooth and the strong."

So saying, the old earl arose, and walked forth with a firm step; and his old hound sprang up, pricked his ears, and followed him; the blinded falcon turned his eye toward the clapping door, but did not stir from the dossel.

Then Githa again leaned her cheek on her hand, and again rocked herself to and fro, gazing into the red flame of the fire—red and fitful through the blue smoke—and thought over her lord's words. It might be the third part of an hour after Godwin had left the house, when the door opened, and Githa, expecting the return of her sons, looked up eagerly, but it was Hilda, who stooped her head under the vault of the door; and behind Hilda came two of her maidens, bearing a small cyst, or chest. The Vala motioned to her attendants to lay the cyst at the feet of Githa, and that done, with lowly salutation they left the room.

The superstitions of the Danes were strong in Githa; Christianity added to them, not removed, and she felt an indescribable awe when the Vala stood before her, the red light playing on her stern, marble face, and contrasting robes of funeral black. But with all her awe, Githa, who not educated like her daughter Edith, had few feminine resources, loved the visits of her mysterious kinswoman. She loved to live her life over again in discourse on the wild customs and dark rites of the Danes; and even her awe itself had the charm the ghost tale has to the child, for the illiterate are ever children.

Githa rose to welcome the Vala, and said:—

"Hail, Hilda, and thrice hail! The day has been warm and the way long; and, ere thou takest food and wine, let me prepare for thee the bath for thy form, or the bath for thy feet. For as sleep to the young, is the bath to the old."

Hilda shook her head.

Then seating herself in Godwin's large chair, she leaned over her seid-staff, and was silent, as if absorbed in her thoughts.

"Githa," she said at last, "where is thy lord? I came to touch his hand and look on his brow."

"He hath gone forth into the mart, and my sons are from home; and Harold comes hither, ere night, from his earldom."

A faint smile, as of triumph, broke over the lips of the Vala, and then suddenly gave way to an expression of great sadness.

"Is it not strange," said she "that I, though tasking the Nornas not to afflict a foe, but to shape the career of those I love—I find, indeed, my predictions fulfilled; but how often, alas! only in horror and doom!"

"How so, kinswoman, how so?" said Githa awed, yet charmed in the awe, and drawing her chair nearer to the mournful sorceress. "Didst thou not foretell our return in triumph from the unjust outlawry, and, lo, it hath come to pass? and hast thou not" (here Githa's proud face flushed) "foretold also that my stately Harold shall wear the diadem of a king?"

"Truly, the first came to pass," said Hilda; "but—" she paused, and her eye fell on the chest; then breaking off, she continued, speaking to herself rather than to Githa—"And Harold's dream—what did that portend? the runes fail me, and the dead give no voice. And beyond one dim day, in which his betrothed shall clasp him in the arms of a bride, all is dark to my vision—dark—dark. Speak not to me, Githa; for a burthen heavy as the stone on a grave, rests on a weary heart."

So saying, the Vala's lips closed; and again both the women sate silent by the great fire, as it flared and flickered over the deep lines and high features of Githa, the earl's wife, and the calm, unwrinkled, solemn face of the melancholy Vala.

While these conferences took place in the house of Godwin, Harold, on his way to London, dismissed his train to precede him to his father's roof, and striking across the country, rode fast and alone toward the old Roman abode of Hilda.

Months had elapsed since he had seen or heard of Edith. News at that time was either transmitted by special nuncios, or passing pilgrim, or borne from lip to lip by the scattered multitude. But even in his busy and anxious duties, Harold had in vain sought to banish from his heart the image of that young girl, whose life he needed no Vala to predict to him was interwoven with the fibres of his own. The obstacles which, while he yielded to, he held unjust and tyrannical, only inflamed the deep strength of the solitary passion his life had known; a passion that, dating from the very childhood of Edith, had, often unknown to himself, animated his desire of fame, and mingled with his visions of power. Nor, though hope was far and dim, was it extinct.

The legitimate heir of Edward the Confessor was a prince living in the court of the emperor, of fair repute, and himself wedded, and Edward's health, always precarious, seemed to forbid any very prolonged existence to the reigning king. Therefore, he thought, that through the successor, whose throne would rest its safety upon Harold's support, he might easily obtain that dispensation from the pope which he knew the present king would never ask—a dispensation rarely indeed, if ever, accorded to any subject, and which, therefore, needed all a king's power to back it.

So in that hope, and fearful lest it should be quenched forever by Edith's adoption of the veil and the irrevocable vow, with a beating, disturbed, but joyful heart, he rode over field and through forest to the old Roman house.

He emerged at length to the rear of the villa, and the sun fast hastening to its decline, shone full upon the rude columns of the Druid temple. And there, as he had seen her before, when he had first spoke of love and its barriers, he beheld the young maiden.

He sprang from his horse, and leaving the well-trained animal loose to browse on the waste land, he ascended the knoll. He stole noiselessly behind Edith, and his foot stumbled against the grave-stone of the dead Titan-Saxon of old. But the apparition, whether real or fancied, and the dream that had followed, had long passed from his memory, and no superstition was in the heart springing to the lips that cried "Edith" once again.

The girl started, looked round, and fell upon his breast.

It was some moments before she recovered consciousness, and then withdrawing herself gently from his arms she leaned for support against the Teuton altar.

She was much changed since Harold had seen her last; her cheek had grown pale and thin, and her rounded form seemed wasted; and sharp grief, as he gazed shot through the soul of Harold.

"Thou hast pined, thou hast suffered," said he, mournfully; "and I, who would shed my life's blood to take one from thy sorrows, or add to one of thy joys, have been afar, unable to comfort perhaps only a cause of thy woe."

"No, Harold," said Edith, faintly, "never of woe; always of comfort, even in absence. I have been ill, and Hilda hath tried rune and charm all in vain. But I am better, now that spring hath come tardily forth, and I look on the fresh flowers, and hear the song of the birds."

But tears were in the sound of her voice while she spoke.

"And they have not tormented thee again with the thoughts of the convent?"

"They? no; but my soul, yes. O Harold, release me from my promise; for the time already hath come that thy sister feretold to me; the silver cord is loosened, and the golden bowl is broken, and I would fain take the wings of the dove and be at peace."

"Is it so? Is there peace in the home where the thought of Harold becomes a sin?"

"Not sin then and there, Harold, not sin. Thy sister hailed the convent when she thought of prayer for those she loved."

"Prate not to me of my sister!" said Harold, through his set teeth.

"It is but a mockery to talk of prayer for the heart that thou thyself rendest in twain. Where is Hilda? I would see her."

"She hath gone to thy father's house with a gift; and it was to watch for her return that I sate on the green knoll."

Then the earl drew near and took her hand, and sate by her side, and they conversed long. But Harold saw, with a fierce pang, that Edith's heart was set upon the convent, and that even in his presence, and despite his soothing words, she was broken-spirited and despondent. It seemed as if her youth and life had gone from her, and the day had come in which she said, "There is no pleasure."

Never had he seen her thus; and, deeply moved, as well as keenly stung, he rose at length to depart; her hand lay passive in his parting clasp, and a slight shiver went over her frame.

"Farewell, Edith; when I return from Windshore, I shall be at my old home yonder, and we shall meet again."

Edith's lips murmured inaudibly, and she bent her eyes to the ground.

Slowly Harold regained his steed, and, as he rode on, he looked behind and waved oft his hand. But Edith sate motionless, her eyes still on the ground, and he saw not the tears that fell from them fast and burning; nor heard he the low voice that groaned amidst the heathen ruins, "Mary, sweet mother, shelter me from my own heart!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SEWING GIRL.

"I am so tired of this kind of life," said Lillian Dewey.

She sat in her low, open phaeton, with one cheek resting on her pink gloved hand, and the tangled golden hair escaping from her dainty crepe bonnet like an aureate mist—the last creature in the world from whom one would expect to hear such a discontented little speech.

But butterflies sometimes get tired of sipping honey in the sweetest flowers, and humming birds grow sated with the sweetest summer air; so Lillian Dewey was "awake" of the glow and glitter of her sunny life.

"To be sure I have plenty of lovers, and offers enough for ten girls," mused on Lillian, "but it's all because I am rich and sought after. It would be so nice to be wooed for one's self alone. I don't want to be poor—I shouldn't like to live on bread and water, nor sew my finger-ends off, but I wish people didn't know that I was Lily Dewey, with a hundred thousand dollars a year, and a country seat on the Hudson."

With these thoughts in her mind, Lily descended from her carriage and went into the swarming tenement house where Miss Fane, her dressmaker, lived. And while the lady of hooks and eyes cut, basted and stitched, Lily looked dreamily out of the window and pursued the vague thread of her reverie.

"Now there's Charlie Bruce coming from Europe—I wish Charlie couldn't know that I am an heiress. I used to like him so much when we were children together; but, heigho! things are changed since then. I wonder if Charlie is as handsome as ever. I under—"

Her thoughts were cut short here by the unexpected entrance, on the scene, of quite another personage—a stout, jovial-looking old gentleman of some sixty hale autumns, in a broad-brimmed hat, a suit of butternut-colored cloth, enlivened by very brilliant brass buttons, and a yellow gingham necktie.

"Well, Miss Fane, I've come arter ye," said this apparition, wiping his brow with a huge scarlet silk pocket handkerchief. "My wife's bought two delaine dresses and a calico and a rale giniwine black silk, stiffer'n a board, and trimmin's enough for the Welsh Gintess, and—"

"I am really very sorry to disappoint you, Mr. Bruce," said the little dressmaker apologetically; "but my mother is quite sick, and I could not leave her at present. Next month perhaps—"

"Next month!" interrupted the old gentleman, with a countenance indicative of the utmost dismay. "Why, we cannot wait, me and my wife. Our nephew's comin' from Europe next week—that's Charles Bruce—and my wife wants everything in spick and span order for him."

"I am very sorry, sir, but I could not leave my mother."

The burly old farmer bit his whip handle in evident discomfiture.

"Don't you know of no other handy gal I could get to sew my wife's new dresses?"

Miss Fane put her head on one side and applied her thimble thoughtfully to her temples.

"No, sir, I really don't think of any one who—"

But Miss Dewey had risen to her feet, with a warning glance toward Miss Fane.

"I will go with the gentleman to make his wife's dresses."

"You, Miss Dewey?" cried the dressmaker.

"Yes, I. Country air will do me good, and—I have a fancy to go."

"Come, then," said the old farmer, cracking his whip gleefully. "It's all one to Hezekiah Bruce which it is; a dollar a day, and found, ain't such bad wages. How soon can you be ready, young woman?"

"If you will give me time to go home and pack a little traveling bag, I will meet you here at two o'clock."

"All right," said the honest farmer.

"Wal, Miss Fane, good afternoon. I hope your mother'll be better soon; and I'll tell you what, my wife'll send a bushel o' fresh blackberries and garden sars up to her to-morrow, from Blackbrook farm."

Miss Fane looked in astonishment at Lillian Dewey as soon as the butternut suit had disappeared.

"Miss Dewey, I am surprised!"

"You need not be," said Lillian calmly. "I want a change—I want country air—I want an adventure. And really, I can sew very nicely. You will keep my secret?"

"Certainly, Miss Dewey."

At two o'clock, precisely, Lillian, with a traveling bag and a dress of sober gray, brightened only by the blue ribbons at her throat, was rolling over the country road toward Blackbrook Farm, where she was received with the most cordial of welcomes by Mrs. Bruce, a cheery, dimpled old lady, as round and rosy as a Spitzenburg apple.

"Bless my soul, Hezekiah! you never told me Miss Fane was so pretty! Take off your hat, child, and set down, 'long by the window."

"Wal," 'taint Miss Fane—it's a prentice o'bern," said honest

Farmer Bruce, rather confused in his ideas. "Miss Denton, she says her name is."

And Lily slept that night in a room where honey-suckles shaded the lattice, and a whip-poor-will sang in the moonlight among the branches of the giant maple in front.

"Why Aunt Retural, what a bewitching little seamstress you have got in there!" some days after said Charlie Bruce, who, tall, handsome, and mischievous as ever, was smoking his cigar directly beneath the lattice where the honeysuckles grew, just as the August sun was going down behind the blue crests of the distant hills.

"Yes, but Charlie!" said the sage aunt, giving her knitting needles a little jerk, "you hadn't ought to ha' sat and read poetry to her all yesterday evenin'!"

"Why not, aunty? I am sure she appreciates it."

"She is a nice gal, Charlie, but—"

"But what, Aunt Retural?"

"She's only a seamstress, Charlie, and you know Squire Tenner's darter al'ays fancied you, and Squire Tenner's darter'll have ten thousand dollars of her own!"

"Ten thousand fiddle-strings," said the irreverent nephew, jerking his cigar into the raspberry bushes. I tell you aunty, I have lost my heart to your little sewing girl's blue eyes and golden hair, and I mean to ask her if she will marry me!"

Aunt Retural held up both her hands in astonishment.

"Charles Bruce! You, with all your accomplishments and advantages, to marry a sewing girl!"

"I shall not marry a 'sewing-girl' merely—that is, always provided Miss Denton will honor me by accepting my hand—but I shall marry a beautiful young lady whose intellect has been cultivated to an extraordinary degree, and whose manners would grace the court of St. James itself! And as for her vocation, Aunt Retural, do you suppose I am such an idiot as to care two straws whether she sews for wages or works worsted to kill time?"

"She is a sweet gal! and I don't b'lieve but that she'd make a first-rate wife, arter all!" said Aunt Retural, reflectively.

That night Charlie Bruce put his fate boldly to the test, and asked his aunt's pretty seamstress if she would have him! And the pretty seamstress cried a little, and blushed a good deal, and said "yes" at last!

The three weeks they had passed together under the shadow of the maple trees at Blackbrook Farm had somehow drawn them very near together.

"But, Charlie," said Lillian softly, when the matter was all settled, "I have deceived you in one thing."

"What is it?" demanded Charlie, giving her hand an extra squeeze.

"My name is not Lillian Denton—it is Lillian Dewey; and I am not a sewing girl; the part was merely assumed to—to assure myself that I was loved just for my own sake."

"Hel-lo!" said Charlie, looking in the blue, downcast eyes, "and you are the little Lily I used to play with years ago?"

"Yes, Charlie," said the heiress, demurely.

And Aunt Retural, when she heard that Charlie had gained the prize for which half the "exquisites" of New York had striven in vain during the last two seasons, came to the wise conclusion that "Squire Tenner's darter" was nowhere at all.

Lillian Dewey had been wooed for HERSELF at last—wooed and won!—[Golden Era.

LADIES' TABLE.

PATCHWORK.

The first care is to select a design, and it should be chosen with reference to your collection of scraps. If, for instance, you have an abundance of two leading colors, you may be able to work a pattern which would be impracticable had you only chance bits of a number of tints. Geometrical designs are always selected. Octagons, hexagons, cubes, stars, diamonds, triangles. If you are going to do a large piece of work, it is well worth procuring a die for stamping out a pattern of each of the sections, as you thus attain an accuracy hardly otherwise procurable. With this you stamp out a number of pieces of stout writing paper; and then cover one side of each with the material, turning over the edges, and tacking them round. They are sewed together, on the wrong side, in their proper places, and the papers are generally, but not always, afterwards withdrawn. The principal care needed is to make the colors combine well.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

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THE LIFE OF JESUS, FROM TWO STAND-POINTS.

Two books of late have been making a great stir in the world. One by a learned Frenchman named Renan, entitled the "Life of Jesus," and the other by an unknown author (an Englishman, probably), called "Ecce Homo," which means "Behold the Man," both works being attempts, from new and opposite stand points, to solve the character and mission of the most remarkable being that ever trod the earth.

M. Renan is a great traveller; he has visited the scenes of Christ's birth, youth, and manhood, that he might study on the spot the surroundings which might be supposed to have influenced, and, to an extent, have produced, his character. The conclusions he has come to are, that Jesus was a simple Galilean youth, with a very slender amount of education or knowledge of the world outside of his countrymen; but who, possessed of singular and incomparable beauty of disposition, and purity of life, drew from the fountain of truth welling up in his own heart those simple and sublime truths which have immortalized him to all time—an individual who, in fact, *preached God from the God dwelling within himself*. As to his miracles, M. Renan supposes that such of them as really ever appeared to take place, were contrivances effected by the disciples, and connived at by Jesus, who stooped thus to humor and meet the ignorance of a multitude, who could only be trained to see anything as divine by associating it with something miraculous; and who were therefore deceived in their own interest, and with the purest purpose.

The author of "Ecce Homo," on the other hand, views Jesus as divine, but as one who, in his earlier years, was unconscious of his divinity, till he awoke to it by the development of his nature. The special object of his mission upon earth is asserted to be, to develop a love and passion for doing good amongst mankind. The kingdom he came to set up, simply a combination and assemblage of persons in whom an enthusiastic love for humanity was to be the prevailing purpose of their lives. The Christian Church—nothing more than an organization effected for the purpose of keeping this flame of love practically in existence. This is the author's principal idea of the Church of Christ. He recognizes nothing about priesthood, or the special virtue of belief in the efficacy of Christ's death. The creation and sustaining of warm-hearted and humanizing feelings towards the world at large are everything. He accuses the Christian Church of having failed miserably of this mission. These ideas presented, as they are, in powerful and eloquent language, evidently the product of a polished but powerful mind, have somewhat startled modern Christians out of their propriety.

Some idea of the excitement and interest created

by these books may be obtained from the fact that, of Renan's "Life of Jesus," over a million copies have been sold; while "Ecce Homo" has been, and still is, passing through repeated editions.

According to Renan, Jesus is the sublimest personage ever upon earth—the noblest and the purest—the man nearest to God of all the race. He therefore writes in no scoffing spirit. He simply seeks to explain away the miraculous, but it has been remarked that "the great miracle of all—the wonder which Renan has only made clearer by his book, and for which he has not a word of explanation, is *that, a Judean peasant has revolutionized the religions of the world*. A Judean peasant is at this moment receiving divine honors, not in dark and uncivilized regions, but in the most enlightened countries of the world."

"In order to realize the phenomenon," we are asked, supposing, "M. Renan had undertaken to reconstruct the biography of Socrates, or of Plato, or of Mahomet, —with equal learning, equal graces of style, would the results have been the same? Would a million copies have been sold?—and would people have quivered and palpitated through all the civilized world, as if somebody had touched the apple of their eye?"

"Why this interlacing of the human heart-strings with the name of Jesus? Why this strange imperishable sympathy?"

We venture to say that the reason why a "*Judean peasant*" rules the instincts of the civilized world to-day is, because that peasant drank at the stream of eternal inspiration, and thus presented truths in harmony with science and civilization in all time to come.

Never before since the establishment of Christianity, has the real position of Jesus and his relationship to God and man been so thoroughly agitated. The fact that the religious as well as the irreligious world thus dare to entertain questions which seem to threaten to shake the basework of modern faith, shows that the world is awaking from the slumber of ages; that men dare to think, and that no doctrinal point will hereafter receive the blind assent of former times.

It will be seen that two new stand points of Jesus's character are before the world, both differing from any previous views of his character, and both likely to find hosts of receivers. One sustaining the idea that God dwells more or less developed in every man, waiting to be discovered and understood by those who search into the holiest aspirations and conceptions of their own nature. Of this class Jesus—without partaking of any special divinity more than is common to the race—is held up as the highest example. This is Renan's theory. The other, that Jesus is specially divine; but, instead of coming expressly to entitle men to a place in a future world, on the simple ground of their believing in him in this, that he came solely with the work before him of organizing a society in which all the generous impulses of life should be warmly cultivated, and receive their fullest and most practical realization upon earth.

As lookers-on at the world and its movings; as watchers upon its troubled sea of thought, we present these ideas to our readers, as indexes of a coming time when, by the upward and onward progress of free thought, "all that can be shaken will be shaken," and the truth alone remain for the blessing and beneficent of future times.

RICHARD THE THIRD--MISS CHARLOTTE CRAMPTON, &c.

Richard III., one of the most distinct and vivid creations of Shakspeare's genius, was put upon our stage on Saturday evening—Miss Charlotte Crampton figuring as the hero of the piece. We say "a creation" of Shakspeare, for, wonderful as the character of Richard is in conception, and strongly as it is outlined, it is certain that it is a huge exaggeration of historical truth. The Richard of Shakspeare never lived, thank Providence. Richard was partly manufactured for Shakspeare by the vulgar traditions of the days of Elizabeth, in which he lived. Elizabeth being a descendant of Richard's conqueror, Richmond, it was of necessity the proper thing in her time, to clothe with deeds of blackness the characters of all the aspirants to the throne of the once rival but then defunct house of York. Richard the Third is an illustration of the fact that one of the most foolish things a man can do, is to allow himself to be killed, and let his conquerors write his history. He will be a monster for certain. It was a pious duty incumbent on Richmond and his descendants to prove Richard a monster because the greater beast Richard, the more holy and righteous Richmond for killing him and appropriating his crown. That Richard did not commit some deeds of blackness on his way to the throne, we would not assert; but that he was such a chuckling, murder-glorying wretch, such a compound of hypocrisy and devilism—choosing such monstrous times as the funeral of the man he had murdered to court the affections of the murdered one's children; or selecting the moment of revenge and bitterness in the childless bosom, of a mother he had bereaved, as an appropriate time for requesting the hand of that mother's daughter—while it evinces the force of Shakspeare's genius, is both incredible and unnatural.

That in Richard III. Shakspeare conceived of a character surpassing in intellectual wickedness, in natural depravity and crookedness of soul, any being of this earth we admit; and had Richard been a myth like Hamlet, or a glorified fable like Milton's Lucifer, as a specimen of dramatic art, he would be interesting to gaze upon; but as a painting of an historical personage, the picture is unpleasant because untrue.

We say this with all respect to the "Divine William," and with the same respect, we consider some of the scenes in Richard preposterous. Fancy a funeral being stopped in the public street, while a man picks out the chief mourner to make love to her—the procession standing still the while for their accommodation. Of course, in the fulness of our souls we exclaim—"Oh William, William, we couldn't stand this from anybody but you."

Of Miss Crampton's Richard, we can say that it is a "masterly" performance for a lady, but open to the objection that all renderings of male characters by ladies are—that of being illegitimate. Admirable as a curiosity, but useless for the purpose of true dramatic effect. We enjoy Richard just in proportion as we remember that it is not Richard, but a lady we are seeing. Miss Crampton's elocution is, as a general thing, very pleasing; her articulation is remarkably distinct, but we must object to the stagey rattling of

R's, and the skee-yi and blee-u-ing of so excellent an elocutionist. Here we will mention an orthodox folly,—but for which Miss Crampton is no more blameable than any one else—that of making a crowned King like Richard rush about with a crown on his head and a sceptre in his hand on all sorts of occasions. For instance we have Richard paying a private visit to the Tower, for the purpose of transacting a comfortable and quiet murder, *with a sceptre in his hand*, and about 27 pounds of jewelry upon his head—as if kings or queens ever wore those fearfully uncomfortable appendages, except for an hour or two on state occasions, and when they were otherwise compelled to.

But that Miss Crampton is an excellent "swordsmen," it might seem ungallant to run a tilt with a lady upon a conception of character. But the idea of Richard coolly wiping the blood of Henry off his sword, with the air of a fop, on a delicate white pocket handkerchief, appears to us more sensational than legitimate; as, also, Richard's jumping up and struggling to get the crown off Richmond's head, after Shakspeare has got him properly killed, is another point upon which we might justly take issue. The latter idea, however, is, probably, as near to the facts of history, as that of Richard and Richmond ever fighting at all. The probability being that they both kept as much as possible out of each other's way.

We wish it distinctly understood that all the previous growling has been done under the inspiration of "Our Hired Man," who having no wife nor family of his own, doesn't care whose feelings he hurts—doubtless he will get his reward. He will get married some day, and then he will suffer sufficiently for all his sins. Leaving him to his fate, we will remark that the closing scenes of the play were rendered with an energy and skill before which all representations of masculine parts by ladies that we have ever seen fade into utter insignificance. We cannot imagine but that a lady displaying so much talent and ability in parts of this nature, must be capable of something very excellent in a more legitimate role.

It is almost unnecessary to state that Madame Scheller's Lady Ann displayed the highest taste and delicacy of rendering. Miss Colebrook's queenly aid gave considerable promise of tragic power at some future day. This lady needs but study, and the opportunities, to excel in this line. Mc.Kenzie looked a Richmond, and fought Richard at considerable odds to the latter gentleman. Of other points, as well as other performers, we have much to say, but must await another occasion for the opportunity.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CATHOLICUS—Catholicism is pronounced Cathol-ism, not Cathol-icism.

HOUSEWIFE—All "washing and bleaching powders" more or less injure clothing. The attempt to supersede hand-labor by the use of strong chemicals can only result in destroying the fabric of the materials washed.

PAULINE.—Your poetry is pretty good, but limps a little in some of the lines.

A SUFFERER.—A receipt for cure of cancer suitable for this country is asked for. Who will forward it?

JANET—We will publish offers for exchange of books or other reading matter.—See No. 15.

The remainder of our answers must stand over till next week.

FOUL PLAY.

BY CHARLES READE AND DION BOUGICAULT.

(CONTINUED)

CHAPTER IX.

This point-blank refusal surprised Helen Rolleston; all the more that it was uttered with a certain sullenness, and even asperity, she had never seen till then in this gentle clergyman. It made her fear she had done wrong in asking it; and she looked ashamed and distressed.

However, the explanation soon followed.

"My business," said he, "is to prolong your precious life; and, making up your mind to die is not the way. You shall have no encouragement in such weakness from me. Pray let me be your physician."

"Thank you," said Helen, coldly, "I have my own physician."

"No doubt; but he shows me his incapacity, by allowing you to live on pastry and sweets; things that are utter poison to you. Disease of the lungs is curable, but not by drugs and unwholesome food."

"Mr. Hazel," said the lady, "we will drop the subject, if you please. It has taken an uninteresting turn."

"To you, perhaps; but not to me."

"Excuse me, sir, if you took that real friendly interest in me and my condition I was vain enough to think you might, you would hardly have refused me the first favor I ever asked you; and," drawing herself up proudly, "need I say the last?"

"You are unjust," said Hazel, sadly, "unjust beyond endurance. I refuse you anything that is for your good? I who would lay down my life with unmixed joy for you?"

"Mr. Hazel!"

And she drew back from him with a haughty stare. Then she trembled violently; but soon recovering herself, she said, with overpowering spirit and dignity—

"Sir, you have taught me a lesson—a bitter one. You have abused your position, and the confidence it gave me; from this moment, of course, we are strangers."

After this, Helen Rolleston and Mr. Hazel never spoke. She walked past him on the deck with cold and haughty contempt.

He quietly submitted to it; and never presumed to say one word to her again. Only, as his determination was equal to his delicacy, Miss Rolleston found, one day, a paper on her table, containing advice as to the treatment of disordered lungs, expressed with apparent coldness, and backed by a string of medical authorities, quoted memoriter.

She sent this back directly, endorsed with a line in pencil, that she would try hard to live, but should use her own judgment as to the means.

Yet women will be women. She had carefully taken a copy of this advice, before she cast it out with scorn.

He replied, "Live, with whatever motive you please; only live."

To this she vouchsafed no answer; nor did this unhappy man trouble her again, until an occasion of a very different kind arose.

One fine night he sat on the deck, with his back against the mainmast, in deep melancholy and listlessness, and fell, at last, into a doze, from which he was awakened by a peculiar sound below.

It was a beautiful and stilly night; all sounds were magnified; and the father of all rats seemed to be gnawing the ship down below.

Hazel's curiosity was excited, and he went softly down the ladder to see what the sound really was. But that was not so easy, for it proved to be below decks; but he saw a light glimmering through a small scuttle abait the mate's cabin, and the sounds were in the neighborhood of that light.

It now flashed upon Mr. Hazel that this was the very quarter where he had heard that mysterious knocking when the ship was lying-to in the gale.

Upon this, a certain degree of vague suspicion began to mingle with his curiosity.

He stood still a moment, listening acutely; then took off his shoes very quietly, and moved with noiseless foot towards the scuttle.

The gnawing still continued.

He put his head through the scuttle, and peered into a dark, dismal place, whose very existence was new to him. It was,

in fact, a vacant space between the cargo and the ship's run. This wooden cavern was very narrow, but not less than fifteen feet long. The candle was at the farther end, and between it and Hazel, a man was working, with his flank turned towards the spectator. This partly intercepted the light; but still it revealed in a fitful way the huge ribs of the ship, and her inner skin, that formed the right hand partition, so to speak, of this black cavern; and close outside those gaunt timbers was heard the wash of the sea.

There was something solemn in the close proximity of that tremendous element, and the narrowness of the wooden barrier.

The bare place, and the gentle, monotonous wash of the liquid monster, on that calm night, conveyed to Mr. Hazel's mind a thought akin to David's.

"As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, there is but a step between me and death."

Judge whether that thought grew weaker or stronger, when, after straining his eyes for some time, to understand what was going on at that midnight hour, in that hidden place, he saw who was the workman, and what was his occupation.

It was Joseph Wylie, the mate. His profile was illuminated by the candle, and looked ghastly. He had in his hands an auger of enormous size, and with this he was drilling a great hole through the ship's side, just below the water-mark; an act, the effect of which would be to let the sea bodily into the ship, and sink her, with every soul on board, to the bottom of the Pacific Ocean.

"I was stupefied; and my hairs stood on end, and my tongue clove to my jaws."

Thus does one of Virgil's characters describe the effect his mind produced upon his body, in a terrible situation.

Mr. Hazel had always ridiculed that trite line as a pure exaggeration; but he altered his opinion after that eventful night.

When he first saw what Wylie was doing, obstupuit; he was merely benumbed; but, as his mind realised the fiendish nature of the act, and its tremendous consequences, his hair actually bristled, and, for a few minutes at least, he could not utter a word.

In that interval of stupor, matters took another turn. The anger went in up to the haft; then Wylie caught up with his left hand a wooden plug he had got ready, jerked the augur away, caught up a hammer, and swiftly inserted the plug.

Rapid as he was, a single jet of water came squirting viciously in. But Wylie lost no time, he tapped the plug smartly with his hammer several times, and then, lifting a mallet with both hands, rained heavy blows on it that drove it in, and shook the ship's side.

Then Hazel found his voice, and he uttered an ejaculation that made the mate look round; he glared at the man, who was glaring at him, and, staggering backward, trod on the light, and all was darkness and dead silence.

All but the wash of the sea outside, and that louder than ever.

CHAPTER X.

But a short interval sufficed to restore one of the parties to his natural self-possession.

"Lord, sir," said Wylie, "how you startled me! You should not come upon a man at his work like that. We might have had an accident."

"What were you doing?" said Hazel, in a voice that quavered in spite of him.

"Repairing the ship. Found a crack or two in her inner skin. There, let me get a light, and I'll explain it to you, sir."

He groped his way out, and invited Mr. Hazel into his cabin. There he struck a light, and, with great civility, tendered an explanation. The ship, he said, had labored a good deal in the last gale, and he had discovered one or two flaws in her, which were of no immediate importance; but experience had taught him that in calm weather a ship ought to be kept tight. "As they say ashore, a stitch in time saves nine."

"But drilling holes in her is not the way," said Hazel, sternly.

The mate laughed. "Why, sir," said he, "what other way is there? We cannot stop an irregular crack; we can frame nothing to fit it. The way is to get ready a plug, measured a trifle larger than the aperture you are going to make; then drill a round hole, and force in the plug. I know no other way than that; and I was a ship's carpenter for ten years before I was a mate."

This explanation, and the manner in which it was given, re-

moved Mr. Hazel's apprehensions for the time being. "It was very alarming," said he; "but I suppose you know your business."

"Nobody better, sir," said Wylie. "Why, it is not one seaman in three that would trouble about a flaw in a ship's inner skin; but I'm a man that looks ahead. Will you have a glass of grog, sir, now you are here? I keep that under my eye, too; between ourselves, if the skipper had as much in his cabin as I have here, that might be worse for us all than a crack or two in the ship's inner skin."

Mr. Hazel declined to drink grog at that time in the morning, but wished him good night, and left him with a better opinion of him than he ever had till then.

Wylie, when he was gone, drew a tumbler of neat spirits, drank half, and carried the rest back to his work.

Yet Wylie was a very sober man in a general way. Rum was his tool; not his master.

When Hazel came to think of it all next day, he did not feel quite so easy as he had done. The inner skin? But when Wylie withdrew his auger, the water had squirted in furiously. He felt it hard to believe that this keen jet of water could be caused by a small quantity that had found its way between the skin of the ship and her copper, or her top booting; it seemed rather to be due to the direct pressure of the liquid monster outside.

He went to the captain that afternoon, and first told him what he had seen, offering no solution. The captain, on that occasion, was in an amphibious state; neither wet nor dry; and his reply was altogether exceptional. He received the communication with pompous civility; then swore a great oath, and said he would put the mate in irons: "Confound the lubber! he will be through the ship's bottom."

"But, stop a moment," said Mr. Hazel, "it is only fair you should also hear how he accounts for his proceeding."

The captain listened attentively to the explanation, and altered his tone. "Oh, that is a different matter," said he. "You need be under no alarm, sir; the thundering lubber knows what he is about, at that work. Why, he has been a ship's carpenter all his life. Him a seaman! If anything ever happens to me, and Joe Wylie is set to navigate this ship, then you may say your prayers. He isn't fit to sail a wash-tub across a duck-pond. But I'll tell you what it is," added this worthy, with more pomposity than neatness of articulation, "here's respectable passenger brought me a report; do my duty to m'employers, and—take a look at the well."

He accordingly chalked a plumb-line, and went and sounded the well.

There were eight inches of water. Hudson told him that was no more than all ships contained from various causes; "in fact," said he, "our pumps suck, and will not draw, at eight inches." Then suddenly grasping Mr. Hazel's hand, he said, in tearful accents, "Don't you trouble your head about Joe Wylie, or any such scum. I'm skipper of the Proserpine, and a man that does his duty to z'employers. Mr. Hazel, sir, I'd come to my last anchor in that well this moment, if my duty to m'employers required it. I'd lie down there this minute, and never move to all eternity and a day after, if it was my duty to m'employers!"

"No doubt," said Hazel, drily. "But I think you can serve your employers better in other parts of the ship." He then left him, with a piece of advice; "to keep his eye upon that Wylie."

Mr. Hazel kept his own eye on Wylie so constantly, that at eleven o'clock p.m., he saw that worthy go into the captain's cabin with a quart bottle of rum.

The coast was clear; the temptation great.

These men then were still deceiving him with a feigned antagonism. He listened at the key-hole, not without some compunction; which, however, became less and less as fragments of the dialogue reached his ear.

For a long time the only speaker was Hudson, and his discourse ran upon his own exploits at sea. But suddenly Wylie's voice broke in with an unmistakable tone of superiority. "Belay all that chat, and listen to me. It is time we settled something. I'll hear what you have got to say; and then you'll do what I say. Better keep your hands off the bottle a minute; you have had enough for the present; this is business. I know you are good for jaw; but what are you game to do for the governor's money? Anything?"

"More than you have ever seen or heard tell of, ye lubber," replied the irritated skipper. "Who has ever served his employers like Hiram Hudson?"

"Keep that song for the quarter-deck," retorted the mate,

contemptuously. "No; on second thoughts, just tell me how you have served your employers, you old humbug. Give me chapter and verse to choose from. Come, now, the Neptune?"

"Well, the Neptune; she caught fire a hundred leagues from land."

"How came she to do that?"

"That is my business. Well, I put her head before the wind, and ran for the Azores; and I stuck to her, sir, till she was as black as a coal, and we couldn't stand on deck, but kept hopping like parched peas; and fire belching out of her port-holes forward. Then we took to the boats, and saved a few bales of silk by way of sample of her cargo, and got ashore; and she'd have come ashore too next tide and told tales; but somebody left a keg of gunpowder in the cabin, with a long fuse, and blew a hole in her old ribs, that the water came in, and down she went, hissing like ten thousand serpents, and nobody the wiser."

"Who lighted the fuse, I wonder?" said Wylie.

"Didn't I tell ye it was 'Somebody'?" said Hudson, "Hand me the stiff." He replenished his glass, and after taking a sip or two, asked Wylie if he had ever had the luck to be boarded by pirates?

"No," said Wylie. "Have you?"

"Ay; and they rescued me from a watery grave, as the lubbers call it. Yessie, I was employed by Downes & Co., down at the Havannah, and cleared for Vera Cruz with some boxes of old worn-out printers' type."

"To print psalm-books for the darkies, no doubt," suggested Wylie.

"Insured as specie," continued Hudson, ignoring the interruption. "Well, just at day-break one morning, all of a sudden there was a rakish-looking craft on our weather-bow; lets fly a nine pounder across our fore-foot, and was alongside before my men could tumble up from below. I got knocked into the sea by the boom, and fell between the ships; and the pirate be got hold of me, and he poured hot grog down my throat to bring me to my senses."

"That is not what you use it for in general," said Wylie. "Civil sort of pirate, though."

"Pirate be d—d. That was my consort, rigged out with a black flag, and mounted with four nine-pounders on one side, and five dummies on the other. He blustered a bit, and swore, and took our type and cabbages, (I complained to Downes ashore about the vagabond taking the vegetables,) and ordered us to leeward under all canvas, and we never saw him again—not till he had shaved off his mustaches, and called on Downes to condole, and say the varmint had chased the ship fifty leagues out of her course; but he had got clear of him. Downes complimented me publicly. Says he, 'This skipper boarded the pirate single handed; only he jumped short, and fell between the two ships; and here he is by a miracle.' Then he takes out his handkerchief, and fops his head on my shoulder. 'His merciful preservation also reconciles me to the loss of my gold,' says the thundering crocodile. Cleared 70,000 dols. he did out of the Manhattan Marine, and gave the pirate and me but £200 between us both."

'The Rose?' said Wylie.

"What a hurry you are in! Pass the grog. Well, the Rose; she lay off Ushant. We canted her to wash the decks; lucky she had a careful commander; not like Kempenfelt, whose eye was in his pocket, and his fingers held the pen, so he went to the bottom, with lord knows how many men. I noted the squalls came out; so I sent most of my men ashore, and got the boats ready in case of accident. A squall did strike her, and she was on her beam-ends in a moment; we pulled ashore with two bales of silk by way of salvage, and sample of what warn't in her hold when she settled down. We landed; and the Frenchmen were dancing about with excitement. 'Captain,' says one, 'you have much sang fraw.' 'Insured, mounseer,' says L. 'Bone,' says he.

"Then there was the Antelope, lost in charge of a pilot off the Hooghly. I knew the water as well as he did. We were on the port tack, standing towards the shoal. Weather it, as we should have done next tack, and I should have failed in my duty to my employers. Anything but that! 'Look out!' said I, 'Pilot, she forereaches in stays.' Pilot was smoking; those Sandhead pilots smoke in bed and asleep. He takes his cigar out of his mouth for one moment. 'Ready about,' says he. 'Hands 'bout ship. Helm's a-lee. Raise tacks and sheets.' Round she was coming like a top. Pilot smoking. Just as he going to haul the mainsail, Somebody tripped against him, and showed the hot cigar in his eye. He sung out and swore, and there was no mainsail haul. Ship in irons, tide running hard

on to the shoal, and before we could clear away for anchoring, bump!—there she was hard and fast. A stiff breeze got up at sunrise, and she broke up. Next day I was sipping my grog and reading the 'Bengal Courier,' and it told the disastrous wreck of the brig Antelope, wrecked in charge of a pilot, 'but no lives lost, and the owners fully insured.' Then there was the bark Sally. Why, you saw her yourself distressed, on a lee shore.

"Yes," said Wylie. "I was in that tub, the Grampus, and we contrived to claw off the Scillies, yet you in your smart Sally got ashore. What luck!"

"Luck be blowed!" cried Hudson, angrily. "Somebody got into the chains to sound; and cut the weather halyards. Next tack the masts went over the side; and I had done my duty."

"Lives were lost that time, eh?" said Wylie, gravely.

"What is that to you?" replied Hudson, with the sudden ire of a drunken man. "Mind your own business. Pass me the bottle."

"Yes, lives was lost; and always will be lost in sea-going ships, where the skipper does his duty. There was a sight more lost at Trafalgar, owing to every man doing his duty. Lives lost, ye lubber! And why not mine? Because their time was come, and mine wasn't. For I'll tell you one thing, Joe Wylie—if she takes fire and runs before the wind till she is as black as a coal, and belching flame through all her portholes, and then explodes, and goes aloft in ten thousand pieces no bigger than my hat, or your knowledge of navigation, Hudson is the last man to leave her: Duty!—If she goes on her beam ends and founders, Hudson sees the last of her, and reports it to his employers: Duty!—If she goes grinding on Scilly, Hudson is the last man to leave her bones: Duty!—Some day perhaps I shall be swamped myself along with the craft. I have escaped till now, all owing to not being insured; but if ever my time should come, and you should get clear, promise me, Joe, to see the owners, and tell 'em Hudson did his duty."

Here a few tears quenched his noble ardor for a moment. But he soon recovered, and said, with some little heat, "You have got the bottle again. I never saw such a fellow to get hold of the bottle. Come, here's 'Duty to our employers!' And now I'll tell you how we managed with the Carysbrook and the Amelia."

This promise was followed by fresh narratives; in particular, of a vessel he had run upon the Florida reef at night, where wreckers had been retained in advance to look out for signals, and come on board and quarrel in pretence and set fire to the vessel, insured at thrice her value.

Hudson got quite excited with the memory of these exploits, and told each successive feat louder and louder.

But now it was Wylie's turn. "Well," said he, very gravely, "all this was child's play."

There was a pause that marked Hudson's astonishment. Then he broke out, "Child's play, ye lubber! If you had been there your gills would have been as white as your Sunday shirt; and a d—d deal whiter."

"Come, be civil," said Wylie. "I tell you, all the ways you have told me are too suspicious. Our governor is a high-flyer; he pays like a prince, and, in return, he must not be blown on, if it is ever so little. 'Wylie,' says he, 'a breath of suspicion would kill me.' 'Make it so much,' says I, 'and that breath shall never blow on you.' No, no, skipper, none of those ways will do for us; they have all been worked twice too often. It must be done in fair weather, and in a way—fill your glass, and I'll fill mine. Capital rum this. You talk of my gills turning white; before long, we shall see whose keeps their color best, mine or yours, my Bo."

There was a silence, during which Hudson was probably asking himself what Wylie meant; for, presently, he broke out in a loud, but somewhat unsteady voice, "Why, you mad, drunken devil of a ship's carpenter, red-hot from hell, I see what you are at, now; you are going——"

"Hush!" cried Wylie, alarmed in his turn. "Is this the sort of thing to bellow out for the watch to hear? Whisper, now."

This was followed by the earnest mutterings of two voices. In vain did the listener send his very soul into his ear to hear. He could catch no single word. Yet he could tell, by the very tones of the speakers, that the dialogue was one of mystery and importance.

Here was a situation at once irritating and alarming; but there was no help for it. The best thing, now, seemed to be to withdraw unobserved, and wait for another opportunity. He did so, and he had not long retired, when the mate came out staggering, and flushed with liquor, and that was a thing that

had never occurred before. He left the cabin door open, and went into his own room.

Soon after, sounds issued from the cabin, peculiar sounds, something between grunting and snoring.

Mr. Hazel came and entered the cabin. There he found the captain of the *Proserpine* in a position very unfavorable to longevity. His legs were crooked over the seat of his chair, and his head was on the ground. His handkerchief was tight round his neck, and the man himself dead drunk, and purple in the face.

Mr. Hazel instantly undid his stock, on which the gallant seaman muttered inarticulately: he then took his feet off the chair, and laid them on the ground, and put the empty bottle under the animal's neck; he gave the prostrate figure a heavy kick that almost turned it over, and the words, "Duty to m'employers," gurgled out of its mouth directly.

It really seemed as if these sounds were independent of the mind, and resided at the tip of Hudson's tongue; so that a thorough good kick could, at any time, shake them out of his inanimate body.

Thus do things ludicrous, and things terrible, mingle in the real world; only, to those who are in the arena, the ludicrous passes unnoticed, being overshadowed by its terrible neighbor.

And so it was with Hazel: he saw nothing absurd in all this; and in that prostrate, insensible hog, commanding the ship, forsooth, and carrying all their lives in his hands; he saw the mysterious and alarming only; saw them so, and felt them, that he lay awake all night thinking what he should do, and early next day he went into the mate's cabin, and said to him, "Mr. Wylie, in any other ship I should speak to the captain, and not to the mate; but here it would be of no use, for you are the master, and he is your servant."

"Don't tell him so sir, for he doesn't think small beer of himself."

"I shall waste no more words on him. It is to you I speak, and you know I speak the truth. Here is a ship, in which, for certain reasons known to yourself, the captain is under the mate."

"Well, sir," said Wylie good-humoredly, "it is no use trying to deceive a gentleman like you. Our skipper is an excellent seaman, but he has got a fault." Then Wylie imitated with his hand, the action of a man filling his glass.

"But that bottle you put in his way; I saw you do it: and what was your object? to deaden his conscience with liquor, his and your own, while you made him your fiendish proposal. Man, man, do you believe in God, and in a judgment to come for the deeds done in the body, that you can plot in cold blood to destroy a vessel with nineteen souls on board, besides the live stock, the innocent animals that God pitied and spared when he raised his hand over Nineveh of old."

While the clergyman was speaking, with flashing eyes and commanding voice, the seaman turned ashy pale; and drew his shoulders together like a cat preparing to defend her life.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

TO CHANGE THE COLOR OF A ROSE.

Hold a red rose over the blue flame of a common match, and the color will be discharged wherever the fumes touches the leaves of the flower, so as to render it beautifully variegated, or entirely white. If it be then dipped into water, the redness, after a time, will be restored.

CONUNDRUMS.

11. Spell eye-water with four letters:
12. Why is swearing like an old coat?
13. Why is a thump like a hat?

CHARADE 5.

In camps about the centre I appear;
In smiling meadows seen throughout the year;
The silent angler views me in the streams,
And all must trace me in their morning dreams;
I'm in the mob conspicuous I stand,
Proud of the lead, and ever in command.

ANSWERS TO No. 22, PAGE 374.

CONUNDRUMS.

- No. 8. Because it is all NET profit.
No. 9. Because he is surrounded with dews (dews).
No. 10. Adam.

- No. 4. Wallace.

INSTRUCTIONS TO MECHANICS.

HOW TO BUILD FRAME HOUSES—A FARMER'S METHOD.

The following is an American farmer's method of building a balloon framed house, as explained to the American Farmer's Club by Mr. Solon Robinson.

"I ask the indulgence of the Club, while I start a balloon house from the foundation and finish it to the roof. I would saw all my lumber for a frame-house, or an ordinary frame outbuilding of the following dimensions: Two inches by eight; two by four; two by one. I have, however, built them, when I lived on the Grand Prairie of Indiana, many miles from a saw-mill, nearly all of split or hewed stuff, making use of rails or round poles, reduced to straight lines and even thickness on two sides, for studs and rafters. But sawed stuff is much the easiest, though in a timber-country the other is far the cheapest. First, level your foundation, and lay down two of the two-by-eight pieces, flatwise, for sidewalls. Upon these set the floor-sleepers, on edge, thirty-two inches apart. Fasten one at each end, and, perhaps, one or two in the middle, if the building is large, with a wooden pin. These end-sleepers are the end-sills. Now lay the floor, unless you design to have one that would be likely to be injured by the weather before you get the roof on. It is a great saving though, of labor, to begin at the bottom of a house and build up. In laying the floor first, you have no studs to cut and fit around, and can let your boards run out over the ends, just as it happens, and afterwards cut them off by the sill. Now set up a corner post, which is nothing but one of the two-by-four studs, fastening the bottom by four nails; make it plumb, and stay it each way. Set another at the other corner, and then mark off your door and window places, and set up the side studs and put in the frames. Fill up with studs between, sixteen inches apart, supporting the top by a line or strip of board from corner to corner, or stayed studs between. Now cover up that side with rough sheathing boards, unless you intend to side-up with clap-boards on the studs, which I never would do, except for a small, common building. Make no calculation about the top of your studs; wait till you get up that high. You may use them of any length, with broken or stub-shot ends, no matter. When you have got this side boarded as high as you can reach, proceed to set up another. In the mean time, other workmen can be lathing the first side. When you have got the sides all up, fix upon the height of the upper floor, and strike a line upon the studs for the under side of the joists. Cut out a joist four inches wide, half-inch deep and nail on firmly one of the inch strips. Upon these strips rest the chamber floor joists. Cut out a joist one inch deep, in the lower edge, and lock it on the strip, and nail each joist to each stud. Now lay this floor, and go on to build the upper story, as you did the lower one; splicing on and lengthening out wherever needed, until you get high enough for the plate. Splice studs or joists by simply butting the ends together, and nailing strips on each side. Strike a line and saw off the top of the studs even upon each side—not the ends—and nail on one of the inch-strips. That is the plate. Cut the ends of the upper joists the bevel of the pitch of the roof, and nail them fast to the plate, placing

the end ones inside the studs, which you will let run promiscuously, to be cut off by the rafter. Now lay the garret floor by all means before you put on the roof, and you will find that you have saved fifty per cent. of hard labor. The rafters, if supported so as not to be over ten feet long, will be strong enough of the two-by-four stuff. Bevel the ends and nail fast to the joist. Then there is no strain upon the sides by the weight of the roof, which may be covered with shingles or other materials—the cheapest being composition or cement roofs. To make one of this kind, take soft, spongy, thick paper, and tack it upon the boards in courses like shingles. Commence at the top with hot tar and saturate the paper, upon which sift evenly fine gravel, pressing it in while hot—that is, while tar and gravel are both hot. One coat will make a tight roof; two coats will make it more durable. Put up your partitions of one by four, unless where you want to support the upper joists—then use stuff two by four, with strips nailed on top, for the joist to rest upon, fastening altogether by nails, wherever timbers touch. Thus you will have a frame without a tennon, or mortice, or brace, and yet it is far cheaper, and incalculably stronger when finished, than though it was composed of timbers ten inches square with a thousand auger holes and a hundred days work with chisel and adze, making holes and pins to fill them."

SCIENTIFIC AND CURIOUS.

RECENT INVENTIONS.

FLYING ALOFT.—The English Society for Navigating the Air, offer the following prizes to be awarded at their approaching exhibition in the London Crystal Palace:—

For the best form of kite or other aerial contrivance for establishing communication between ship and shore in the case of a wreck, or between two vessels at sea, \$250.

For any machine whatever be its motive power, which shall sustain itself in the air at a height not less than ten feet from the ground for a period of twenty minutes, \$250.

For an apparatus (not a kite or a balloon) that shall ascend with a man to the height of 120 feet, \$500.

For the lightest engine in proportion to its power, whatever its power may be, \$250.

BURYING ALIVE.—A method for determining when death has taken place without that of actual decomposition, which in very cold weather might be delayed for weeks, has always been a desideratum. The fear of being buried alive, which has undoubtedly occurred in many instances, has proved a source of anxiety to persons during life, and of sad conjecture to their surviving friends. It is said that it has been recently discovered that if the skin of a deceased person is blistered, as by holding the flame of a candle against the body when punctured the blister will give out only air, whereas if death has not taken place the flame causes inflammation and a watery serum will be deposited under the blister. It is claimed that this is a certain test when inability to feel the pulse, cold skin, no deposit of breath on glass, and other methods fail.

HUMOROUS READINGS.

No wonder the squirrel is accused of chattering; he is certainly a great *tail*-bearer.

A JOCKEY sold a nag as a "honest" horse, because he always threw his rider when he threatened to.

It is said that whiskey is a sure cure for the bite of a rattle snake. But what will cure the bite of the whiskey?

Why do birds feel depressed early in a summer morning?—Because their little bills are all over (due) dew.

"ARE you near-sighted, miss?" said an impudent fellow who did not once choose to notice him.—"Yes; at this distance I cannot tell whether you are a pig or a puppy."

AN OLD author quaintly remarks: "Avoid argument with ladies, in spinning yarns among *silks* and *satins*, a man is sure to be worsted and twisted. And when a man is worsted and twisted, he may consider himself wound up."

AMERICAN MARRIAGES.—A Western editor remarks that he is glad to receive marriage notices, but requests that they be sent soon after the ceremony, and before the divorce is applied for. He has had several notices spoilt in this way.

THE LAST GAME.—Seven gamblers were about to be hung, when one of them remarked, sorrowfully, "Well Jim, we've had our last game."—"No," replied Jim, "one more, and that will be the game of seven up."—"Well," replied the other, "there's one consolation, that game will hold out till the last trump is played."

GLASGOW FRENCH.—A frank and "furthy" son of St. Mungo—one who in his time has shared some of the civic responsibilities—was lately sojourning at one of the metropolitan hotels. Meditating an early walk one morning, he called to a tidy Abigail, who was tripping down stairs, "Fetch ma shoon, lassie." The girl hesitating how to make herself understood, at length replied, "I don't talk French, but I'll send Louis."

A DARK MORNING.—Two farmers on their way to a distant market, slept in the same room at an inn by the wayside. After a comfortable sleep, one asked the other if he would "rise and look what kind of a morning it was." The latter accordingly rose, and mistaking a cupboard door for the window shutters, opened the former, and after gazing in for a few moments, told his companion that "it was awfu' dark, and had a terrible smell o' pease-meal."

"GET UP, get up," said a watchman the other night, to a chap who had fallen a grade below the door-step sleepers, and who had taken lodgement in the gutter, "you mustn't lie here." "Lie! you're another!—y-you lie yourself! Not lie here! I tell you w-what, old fellow, that may do in them slave states, but I'll let you know," said the agrarian, sputtering a mouthful of mud in the watchman's face, "that this is a *free sile!*"

TWO ROGUES.—A somewhat amusing incident is told of a woman whose husband, a wealthy man, died suddenly, without leaving any will. The widow desirous of securing the whole of the property, concealed her husband's death, and persuaded a poor shoemaker

to take his place while a will could be made. Accordingly he was closely muffled in bed, as if very sick, and a lawyer was called in to write the will. The shoemaker, in a feeble voice, bequeathed half of all the property to the widow. "What shall be done with the remainder?" asked the lawyer. "The remainder," replied he, "I give and bequeath to the poor little shoemaker across the street, who has always been a good neighbor and a deserving man;" thus securing a rich bequest for himself. The widow was thunder-struck with the man's audacious cunning, but did not dare to expose the fraud, and so two rogues shared the estate.

A MEDICAL FACT.—An Irish surgeon who had couched a cataract and restored the sight of a poor woman in Dublin, observed in her case what he considered a phenomenon in optics, on which he called together his professional brethren, declaring himself unequal to the solution. He stated to them that the sight of his patient was so perfectly restored that she could see to thread the smallest needle, or to perform any other operation which required particular accuracy of vision. But when he presented her with a book she was not able to distinguish one letter from another. This very singular case excited the ingenuity of all the gentlemen present, and various solutions were offered, but none could command the general assent. Doubt crowded on doubt, and the problem grew darker and darker from every explanation, until it was discovered that—the woman had never learned to read.

EGGS—A TENDER LAY.

Be gentle to the new laid egg,
For eggs are brilliant things;
They cannot fly until they're hatch'd,
And have a pair of wings.
If once you break the tender shell,
The wrong you can't redress;
The "yolk and white" will all run out,
And make a dreadful mess.

'Tis but a little while, at best,
That hens have power to lay;
To-morrow eggs may addled be,
That were quite fresh to-day.
Oh! let the touch be very light
That takes them from the keg;
There is no hand whose cunning skill
Can men a broken egg!

Ah! touch it with a tender touch,
For till the egg is boll'd
Who knows but that, unwittingly,
It may be smash'd and spoil'd.
The summer wind that 'gainst it blows,
Ought to be still'd and hush'd,
For eggs, like youthful purity,
Are "orfull, when they're squash'd."

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[Vol. I.

POETRY.

IT'S ONLY A LITTLE GLOVE.

It's only a little glove,
So ragged, and old, and worn—
You scarce would stoop in your daily path
To look at the thing forlorn;
You never would think by those fingers small
A heart could be rent and torn.

It's only a tiny thing,
This treasure I hoard and keep;
But many a vision of joy it brings,
And sometimes it makes me weep,
And I dream a dream of a fair-hair'd boy
Under the flowers asleep.

It's only a little glove,
Yet dearer it is to me,
For the restless feet that patter'd and beat
Their music upon my knee—
Dearer for sorrow, and care, and pain,
Than the riches of land or sea.

It's only a tiny thing,
But I love it with deepest love—
A golden link in the chain that binds
My soul to the world above;
And I know I am nearer to heaven each time
I bow o'er that tiny glove.

HAROLD, THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

[CONTINUED.]

HILDA'S WINDING SHEET.

The sun had set before Harold gained the long and spacious abode of his father. All around it lay the roofs and huts of the great earl's special tradesmen, for even his goldsmith was but his freed ceorl. The house itself stretched far from the Thames inland, with several low courts built only of timber, rugged and shapeless, but filled with bold men, then the great furniture of a noble's halls.

Amidst the shouts of hundreds, eager to hold his stirrup, the earl dismounted, passed up the swarming hall, and entered the room, in which he found Hilda, and Githa, and Godwin, who had preceded his entry but a few moments.

In the beautiful reverence of son to father, which made one of the loveliest features of the Saxon character [as the frequent want of it makes the most hate-

ful of the Norman vices,] the all-powerful Harold bowed his knee to the old earl, who placed his hand on his head in benediction, and then kissed him on the cheek and brow.

"Thy kiss, too, dear mother," said the younger earl; and Githa's embrace if more cordial than her lord's, was not more fond.

"Greet Hilda, my son," said Godwin, "she hath brought me a gift, and she hath tarried to place it under thy special care. Thou alone must heed the treasure, and open the casket. But when and where my kinswoman?"

"On the sixth day after thy coming to the king's hall," answered Githa, not returning the smile with which Godwin spoke, "on the sixth day, Harold, open the chest, and take out the robe which hath been spun in the house of Hilda for Godwin the earl. And now, Godwin, I have clasped thine hand, and I have looked on thy brow, and my mission is done; and I must wend my way homeward."

"That shalt thou not, Hilda," said the hospitable earl; the meanest wayfarer hath a right to bed and board in this house for a night and a day, and thou wilt not disgrace us by leaving our threshold, the bread unbroken and the couch unpressed. Old friend, we were young together, and thy face is welcome to me as the memory of former days."

Hilda shook her head, one of those rare, and most touching expressions of tenderness of which the calm and rigid character of her features, when in repose, seemed scarcely susceptible, softened her eye, and relaxed the firm lines of her lips.

"Son of Wolnoth," said she gently, "not under thy roof-tree should lodge the raven of bode. Bread have I not broken since yester'en, and sleep will be far from my eyes to-night. Fear not, for my people without are stout and armed, and for the rest there lives not the man whose arm can have power over Hilda."

She took Harold's hand as she spoke, and leading him forth, whispered in his ear, "I would have a word with thee ere we part." Then, reaching the threshold, she waved her wand thrice over the floor and muttered in the Danish tongue a rude verse, which translated, ran thus:—

"All free from the knot
Glide the thread of the skein;
And rest to the labor,
And peace to the pain!"

"It is a death-dirge," said Githa, with whitening lips, but she spoke inly, and neither husband nor son heard her words.

Hilda and Harold passed in silence through the hall, and the Vala's attendants, with spears and torches, rose from the settles, and went before the outer court, where sported impatiently her black palfrey.

Halting in the midst of the court, she said to Harold in a low voice—

"At sunset we part—at sunset we shall meet again. And behold the star rises on the sunset; and the star, broader and brighter, shall rise on the sunset then! When thy hand draws the robe from the chest, think on Hilda, and know that at that hour she stands by the grave of the Saxon warrior, and that from the grave dawns the future. Farewell to thee."

Then Harold turned back, and his heart was full; and when he reached the house, his father was sitting in the hall on his chair of state; and Githa sate at his right hand, and a little below her sate Tostig and Leofwine, who had come in from the bear-hunt by the river-gate, and were talking loud and merrily; and thegns and cnechts sate all around, and there was was-sail as Harold entered. But the earl looked only to his father, and he saw that his eyes were absent from the glee, and that he was bending his head over the old falcon, which sate on his wrist.

No subject of England, since the race of Cerdic sate on the throne, ever entered the court-yard of Windshore with such train and such state as Earl Godwin. Proud of that first occasion, since his return, to do homage to him with whose cause that of England was bound, all truly English at heart among the thegns of the land swelled his retinue. Whether Saxon or Dane, those who alike loved the laws and the soil, came from north and from south to the peaceful banner of the old earl.

So rode the earl and his four fair sons, all abreast, into the court-yard of Windshore. Now when King Edward heard the tramp of the steeds and the hum of the multitudes, as he sate in his closet with his abbots and priests, all in still contemplation of the thumb of St. Jude, the king asked—

"What army, in the day of peace, and the time of Easter, enters the gates of our palace?"

Then an abbot rose and looked out of the narrow window, and said with a groan—

"Army thou may'st well call it, O king! and foes to us and to thee, head the legions——"

"*Inprinis!*" quoth our abbot the scholar; "thou speakest, I trow, of the wicked earl and his sons?"

The king's face changed.

"Coffe they," said he, "with so large a train? This smells more of vaunt than of loyalty; naught—very naught."

"Alack!" said one of the conclave, "I fear me that the men of Belial will work us harm; the heathen are mighty, and——"

"Fear not," said Edward, with benign loftiness, observing that his guests grew pale, and himself, though often weak to childishness, and morally wavering and irresolute—still so far king and gentleman, that he knew no craven fear of the body. "Fear not for me, my fathers; humble as I am, I am strong in the faith of heaven and its angels."

The churchmen looked at each other, sly yet abashed; it was not precisely for the king that they feared.

Then spoke Alred, the good prelate and constant

peace-maker—fair column and lone one of the fast crumbling Saxon Church. "It is ill in you, brethren, to arraign the truth and good meaning of those who honor your king; and in these days that lord should ever be the most welcome who brings to the halls of his king the largest number of hearts, stout and leal."

"By your leave, brother Alred," said Stigand, who, though from motives of policy he had aided those who besought the king not to peril his crown by resisting the return of Godwin, benefitted too largely by the abuses of the Church to be sincerely espoused to the cause of the strong-minded earl—"by your leave, brother Alred, to every leal heart is a ravenous mouth; and the treasures of the king are well nigh drained in feeding these hungry and welcomeless visitors. Durst I counsel my lord, I would pray him, as a matter of policy, to baffle this astute and proud earl. He would fain have the king feast in public, that he might daunt him and the Church with the array of his friends."

"I conceive thee, my father," said Edward, with more quickness than habitual, and with the cunning, sharp, though guileless, that belongs to minds undeveloped, "I conceive thee; it is good and most politic. This our orgulous earl shall not have his triumph, and, so fresh from his exile, brave his king with the parade of his power. Our health is our excuse for our absence from the banquet. Wherefore, Hugoline, my chamberlain, advise the earl, that to-day we keep fast till the sunset, when temperately, with eggs, bread and fish, we will sustain Adam's nature. Pray him and his sons to attend us—they alone be our guests." And with a sound that seemed a laugh, or the ghost of a laugh, low and chuckling—for Edward had at moments an innocent humor which his monkish biographer disdained not to note—he flung himself back in his chair.

The priests took the cue, and shook their sides heartily, as Hugoline left the room, not ill pleased, by the way, to escape an invitation to the eggs, bread and fish.

Alred sighed and said, "For the earl and his sons, this is honor; but the other earls, and the thegns, will miss at the banquet him whom they design but to honor, and——"

"I have said," interrupted Edward, dryly, and with a look of fatigue.

"And," observed another churchman, with malice, at least the young earls will be humbled, for they will not sit with the king and their father, as they would in the hall, and must serve my lord with napkin and wine."

"*Inprinis!*" quoth our scholar the abbot, "that will be rare! I would I were there to see. But this Godwin is a man of treachery and wile, and my lord should beware of the fate of murdered Alfred, his brother!"

The king started, and pressed his hands to his eyes.

"How darest thou, Abbot of Fatchere," cried Alred, indignantly; "how darest thou revive grief without remedy, and slander without proof?"

"Without proof?" echoed Edward, in a hollow voice. "He who could murder, could well stoop to forswear! Without proof before man; but did he try the ordeals of God? did his feet pass the ploughshare? did his hand grasp the seething iron? Verily, verily,

thou didst wrong to name to me Alfred my brother! I shall see his sightless and gore-dripping sockets in the face of Godwin, this day, at my board."

The king rose in great disorder; and after pacing the room some moments, disregardful of the silent and scared looks of his churchmen, waved his hand, in sign to them to depart.

All took the hint at once save Alred; but he, lingering the last, approached the king with dignity in his step and compassion in his eyes.

"Banish from thy breast, O king and son, thoughts unmeet, and of doubtful charity! All that man could know of Godwin's innocence or guilt—the suspicion of the vulgar—the acquittal of his peers—was known to thee before thou didst seek his aid for thy throne, and didst take his child for thy wife. Too late is it now to suspect; leave thy doubts to the solemn day, which draws nigh to the old man, thy wife's father!"

"Ha!" said the king, seeming not to heed, or willfully to misunderstand the prelate, "Ha, leave him to God—I will!"

He turned away impatiently, and the prelate reluctantly departed.

Tostig chafed mightily at the king's message; and, on Harold's attempt to pacify him, grew so violent that nothing short of the cold, stern command of his father imposed sullen peace on his son's rugged nature.

But the taunts heaped by Tostig upon Harold disquieted the old earl, and his brow was yet sad with prophetic care when he entered the royal apartments.

Under the canopy of state were placed but two chairs, for the king and the queen's father; and the four sons, Harold, Tostig, Leofwine, and Gurth, stood behind. Such was the primitive custom of ancient Teutonic kings.

The earl's mind, already embittered by the scene with his sons, was chafed yet more by the king's unloving coldness; for it is natural to man, however worldly, to feel affection for those he has served, and Godwin had won Edward his crown; nor, despite his warlike though bloodless return, could even monk or Norman, in counting up the old earl's crimes, say that he had ever failed in personal respect for the king.

So the old earl's stout heart was stung; and he looked from those deep, impenetrable eyes, mournfully upon Edward's chilling brow.

And Harold, with whom all household ties were strong, but to whom his great father was especially dear, watched his face and saw that it was very flushed. But the practiced courtier sought to rally his spirits, and to smile and jest.

From smile and jest, the king turned and asked for wine. Harold, starting, advanced with the goblet; as he did so, he stumbled with one foot, but lightly recovered himself with the other; and Tostig laughed scornfully at Harold's awkwardness.

The old earl observed both stumble and laugh, and willing to suggest a lesson to both his sons, said—laughing pleasantly—"Lo, Harold, see how the left foot saves the right!—so one brother, thou seest, helps the other!"

King Edward looked up suddenly.

"And so, Godwin, also, had my brother Alfred helped me, hadst thou permitted."

The old earl, galled to the quick, gazed a moment on the king, and his cheek was purple, and his eyes seemed blood-shot.

"O Edward!" he exclaimed, "thou speakest to me hardly and unkindly of thy brother Alfred, and often hast thou thus more than hinted that I caused his death."

The king made no answer.

"May this crumb of bread choke me," said the earl, in great emotion, "if I am guilty of thy brother's blood!"

But scarcely had the bread touched his lips, when his eyes fixed, the long warning symptoms were fulfilled, and he fell to the ground, under the table, sudden and heavy, under the stroke of apoplexy.

Harold and Gurth sprang forward; they drew their father from the ground. His face, still deep-red with streaks of purple, rested on Harold's breast; and the son, kneeling, called in anguish on his father: the ear was deaf.

Then said the king, rising—

"It is the hand of God: remove him!" and he swept from the room, exulting.

For five days and five nights did Godwin lie speechless. And Harold watched over him night and day. And the leaches would not bleed him, because the season was against it, in the increase of the moon and the tides, but they bathed his temples with wheat flour boiled in milk, according to a prescription which an angel in a dream had advised to another patient; and they placed a plate of lead on his breast, marked with five crosses, saying a paternoster over each cross; together with other medical specifics in great esteem. But, nevertheless, five days and five nights did Godwin lie speechless; and the leaches then feared that human skill was in vain.

The effect produced on the court, not more by the earl's death-stroke than the circumstances preceding it, was such as defies description.

With Godwin's old comrades in arms it was simple and honest grief, but with all those under the influence of the priests, the event was regarded as a direct punishment from Heaven. The previous words of the king, repeated by Edward to his monks, circulated from lip to lip, with sundry exaggerations as it traveled, and the superstition had the more excuse, inasmuch as the speech of Godwin was an apparent defiance of one of the most popular ordeals of the day—viz. that in which a piece of bread was given to the supposed criminal; if he swallowed it with ease, he was innocent, if it stuck in his throat, or choked him. nay, if he shook and turned pale, he was guilty. Godwin's words had appeared to invite the ordeal God had heard and stricken down the presumptuous perjurer.

Unconscious, happily, of these attempts to blacken the name of his dying father, Harold, toward the gray dawn succeeding the fifth night, thought that he heard Godwin stir in his bed. So he put aside the curtain, and bent over him. The old earl's eyes were wide open, and the red color had gone from his cheeks, so that he was pale as death.

"How fares it, dear father?" asked Harold.

Godwin smiled fondly, and tried to speak, but his voice died in a convulsive rattle. Lifting himself up, however, with an effort, he pressed tenderly the hand that clasped his own, leaned his head on Harold's breast, and so gave up the ghost.

When Harold was at last aware that the struggle was over, he laid the gray head gently on the pillow; he closed the eyes, and kissed the lips, and knelt down and prayed. Then, seating himself at a little distance he covered his face with his mantle.

At this time his brother Gurth, who had chiefly shared watch with Harold—for Tostig, foreseeing his father's death, was busy soliciting thegn and earl to support his own claims to the earldom about to be vacant; and Leofwine had gone to London on the previous day to summon Githa who was hourly expected—Gurth, I say entered the room on tiptoe, and seeing his brother's attitude, guessed that all was over. He passed on to the table, took up the lamp, and looked long on his father's face. That strange smile of the dead, common alike to innocent and guilty, had already settled on the serene lips; and that no less strange transformation from age to youth, when the wrinkles vanish, and the features come out clear and sharp from the hollows of care and years, had already begun. And the old man seemed sleeping in his prime.

So Gurth kissed the dead, as Harold had done before him, and came up and sate himself by his brother's feet, and rested his head on Harold's knee; nor would he speak till appalled by the long silence of the earl, he drew away the mantle from his brother's face with a gentle hand, and the large tears were rolling down Harold's cheeks.

"Be soothed, my brother," said Gurth; "our father has lived for glory, his age was prosperous, and his years more than those which the psalmist allots to man. Come and look on his face, Harold; its calm will compose thee."

Harold obeyed the hand that led him like a child; in passing toward the bed, his eye fell upon the chest which Hilda had given to the old earl, and a chill shot through his veins.

"Gurth," said he, "is not this the morning of the sixth day in which we have been at the king's court?"

"It is the morning of the sixth day."

Then Harold took forth the key which Hilda had given him, and unlocked the chest, and there lay the winding-sheet of the dead, and a scroll. Harold took the scroll, and bent over it, reading by the mingled light of the lamp and the dawn:—

All hail, Harold, heir of Godwin the great, and Githa the king-born! Thou hast obeyed Hilda, and thou knowest now that Hilda's eyes read the future, and her lips speak the dark words of truth."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AN ALPINE PRECIPICE.

A FLORENTINE NOBLEMAN'S NARRATIVE.

At the age of twenty-one I was light of heart, light of foot, and, I fear, light of head. A fine property on the bank of the Arno, near Florence, acknowledged me as sole owner. I was hastening home to enjoy it, and delighted to get free from a college life in Paris.

The month was October; the air was bracing, and the mode of conveyance a stage-coach or diligence. The other passengers were few—but three in all—an old grey-headed vine grower of

Tuscany, his daughter, a joyous, bewitching creature about seventeen, and his son about ten years of age. They were just returning from France, of which the young lady discoursed in terms so eloquent, as to absorb my entire attention.

The father was taciturn, but the daughter was vivacious by nature; and we soon became so mutually pleased with each other, she as a talker, I as a listener, that it was not until a sudden flash of lightning, and a heavy dash of rain against the coach-windows, elicited an observation from my charming companion, that I noticed how night passed on. Presently there was a low rumbling sound, and then several tremendous peals of thunder, accompanied by successive flashes of lightning, awoke all the echoes of the Alps, over which we were traveling. The rain descended in torrents, and an angry wind began to howl and moan by turns through the forest trees.

I looked from the window of our vehicle. The night was dark as ebony, but the lightning revealed the danger of our road. We were on the edge of a frightful precipice. I could see, at intervals, huge jutting rocks far away down on the sides, and the sight made me solicitous for the fate of my fair companion. I thought of the mere hair-breadths that were between us and eternity; a tiny billet of wood, a stray branch of a tempest-torn tree, a restive horse, or a careless driver—any of these might hurl us from our sublunary existence with the speed of thought.

"'Tis a perfect tempest," said the young lady, as I withdrew my head from the window.

"How I love a sudden storm! There is something so grand in the power of the winds when fairly loose among the mountains. But is our present route dangerous?"

"By no means," I replied, in as easy a tone as I could assume.

"I only wish it was daylight, that we might enjoy the mountain scenery. But, heavens! what's that?"

And she covered her eyes from the glare of a sheet of lightning that illumined the rugged mountain with brilliant intensity.

Peal after peal of crashing thunder instantly succeeded; there was a volume of rain coming down at each thunder-burst; and with the deep moaning of an animal, as if in dreadful agony, breaking upon my ears, I found that the coach had come to a dead halt.

Lucilla, my beautiful fellow-traveler, became pale as ashes. She fixed her searching eyes on mine with a look of anxious dread, and turning to her father, hurriedly remarked, "We have stopped!"

"I suppose so," was the unconcerned reply.

With instant activity, I put my head through the window, and called to the driver; but the only answer was the heavy moaning of an agonized animal borne past me by the swift wings of the tempest. I seized the handle of the door and strained at it in vain: it would not yield a jot.

At that instant I felt a cold hand on mine, and heard Lucilla's voice faintly articulating in my ear, the appalling words—"The coach is being moved backwards!"

Heavens! never shall I forget the fierce agony with which I tugged at that coach door, and called on the driver in tones that rivalled the force of the blast, while the dreadful conviction was burning in my brain that the coach was being moved SLOWLY BACKWARD!

What followed was of such swift occurrence, that it seems to me like a frightful dream. I rushed against the door with all my force, but it mocked my utmost efforts. One side of our vehicle was sensibly going down, down.

The moaning of the agonized animal became deeper and deeper; and I knew from the desperate plunges against his traces, that it was one of our horses. Crash upon crash of hoarse thunder rolled over the mountains, and vivid sheets of lightning played around our devoted vehicle, as if in glee at our misery. By its light I could see for a moment—only for a moment—the old vine-grower standing erect, with his hand on his son and daughter, his eyes raised to heaven, and his lips moving like those of one in prayer. I could see Lucilla turn her ashy cheeks and superb eyes raised towards me, as if imploring my protection; and I could see the bold glance of the young boy flashing indignant defiance at the descending coach, the war of elements, and the awful danger that awaited him.

There was a roll of thunder, a desperate plunge, as if of an animal in the last throes of dissolution, a harsh, grating jar, a sharp piercing scream of mortal terror, and I had but time to clasp Lucilla firmly with one hand round the waist, and seize the leather fastenings attached to the coach roof with the other, when we were precipitated over the precipice.

I can distinctly recollect preserving consciousness, for a few seconds of time, how rapidly my breath was being exhausted; but of that tremendous descent, I soon lost all further individual knowledge by a concussion so violent that I was instantly deprived of sense and motion.

It was on a low couch, in a humble room, at a small country house, I next opened my eyes in this world of light and shade, of joy and sorrow, of mirth and madness; gentle hands smoothed my pillow, gentle feet glided across my chamber, and a gentle voice hushed for a while all my questionings. I was kindly tended by a fair young girl about sixteen, who refused for several days to hold any conversation with me. At length, one morning, finding myself sufficiently recovered to sit up, I insisted on learning the result of the accident.

"You were discovered," said she, "sitting on a ledge of rock, amidst the branches of a shattered tree, clinging to a part of the roof of the broken coach with one hand, and to the insensible form of a young lady with the other."

"And the young lady?" I gasped, scanning the girl's face, with an earnestness that caused her to draw back and blush.

"She was saved, sir, by the same means that saved you—the friendly tree."

"And her father and brother?" I demanded.

"Were both found crushed to pieces at the bottom of the precipice, a great way below the place where my father and Uncle Thomas got you and the lady. We buried their bodies in one grave in the village cemetery."

"Poor Lucilla! Poor orphan! Heaven pity you!" I muttered, in broken tones, utterly unconscious that I had a listener.

"Heaven pity her, indeed, sir," said the young girl, with a gush of heartfelt sympathy. "Would you like to see her?" she added.

"Take me to her," I replied.

I found Lucilla bathed in tears, by the grave of her buried kindred. She received me with sorrowful sweetness of manner. I will not detain my reader's attention, by detailing the efforts I made to win her from her great grief, but briefly state that I at last succeeded in inducing her to leave the vineyards, and that twelve months after the dreadful occurrence which I have related, we stood at the altar together as man and wife. She still lives to bless my love with her smiles, and my children with her good precepts; but on the anniversary of that terrible night, she secludes herself in her room, and devotes the hours of darkness to prayer.

As for me, that accident has made a physical coward of me, at the sight of a mountain precipice.

By the bye, I ought to add that the driver's body was found on the road within a few yards of the spot where the coach went over the precipice. He had been struck dead by the same flash of lightning that blinded the restive horse.

SPIRIT WRITING.

An old man related to me a few days ago a story which I suppose would, in the slang of the day, be termed "sensational." It may interest readers who are fond of the marvellous and mysterious.

As a vessel was sailing prosperously on the sea, a man from below came up to the captain on deck, and told him he had just seen a strange man in his cabin, seated and apparently writing. The captain could not believe it; saying that he knew where every man in the ship was, and how he was employed at the time. He thought it well, however, to go down and see for himself; and on entering his cabin, he found no one there. He saw, however, upon the table a slate, on which were written these words: "Steer south-west."

The writing did not appear to be that of any one on board the ship; but the captain, to make sure, called every man who could write into the cabin singly, and turning the blank side of the slate uppermost, desired each one to write those three words. The writing of no one among them at all resembled what appeared on the other side of the slate.

It was a perfect mystery. The captain, however, consulted his chief men, and observed that to steer south-west would not be much out of their track; and as there might be something in the strange admonition, it was resolved to steer in that direction. They had not sailed far when they fell in with a ship in distress, and indeed, in a sinking state. They were barely in time to afford assistance, but happily succeeded in bringing off safely the captain and all his crew.

The men were in a very exhausted state, but one of them

much worse than the rest. When he was safely got on board, the man who first gave the information to the captain at once recognised him, and declared positively that he was the man whom he had seen a few hours before in the cabin. This only made the affair doubly mysterious. The captain, not knowing what to make of it, inquired privately of the captain of the wrecked vessel if he had observed anything remarkable about that man. He answered, that he had been so ill and exhausted that for four hours they had no hopes of saving him, and had indeed given him up as dead, but that when he revived a little, he told the captain to cheer up, for that relief would come to them that afternoon. This was all he could tell about him.

When the man was sufficiently recovered, the captain called him into his cabin alone, and asked him if he could write. He replied that he could. "Then," said the captain, "be so good as to write on this slate the words, 'Steer southwest.'" The man did so; and on turning over the slate, the writing on both sides was found to correspond perfectly.

LADIES' TABLE.

EMBROIDERY.

Perhaps of all the various kinds of fancy-work, with the exception of point lace, this may be considered the most artistic. The materials are velvet, satin, kid, or cloth, with silks, chenilles, gold bullion, and gold and silver thread. The design is first marked, in outline, on the article to be ornamented; and to do this a pounced pattern is prepared, and then transferred to the material. It is then put in a frame and stretched, like canvas. We will now suppose, for the convenience of description, that the design is a group of roses and morning glories. Select the proper colors of silk, Dacca being that chiefly employed. Yellow-greens will be wanted for the rose-leaves, pinks for the flowers, blue-green for the morning-glory leaves, and blues, pale pinks, and violet for the flowers. If there be any morning-glory buds, they have something of a curled appearance. The corolla of a morning glory as we know, is formed of a single cup-like petal. There is, therefore, no break in the working, but that part which falls back towards the stem is always the darkest. All the stitches are taken from the centre of the flower; and when the dark and somewhat pointed streaks occur, the silk must be changed accordingly. A long stitch, something like that of Irish embroidery, is used, and they must lie side by side very evenly. As of course the inner circle is much smaller than the outer one, some of the stitches must be made shorter. The great art is to make them lie evenly, and to produce a clear, even, well-defined edge. The large leaves may be worked from the centre-vein to the edge, in the same way. The veinings are done in silk a shade darker, and in "half-polka" stitch; that is, one stitch of the eighth of an inch is taken, somewhat slanting, the next from the side of it, but double the length, sloping always in the same direction; all the following ones, of the length of the last, half beside it and half beyond.

Stems are done in the same way as the above; but for broad ones, the stitches are taken more across. The roses are worked petal by petal; and if the center of the flower is seen, it may be represented by a few French knots, done in yellow silk. The leaves are in yellow green, the edges are carefully serrated the center vein like that of the morning-glory. The very small leaves may be worked completely without any veining; to represent folds of the morning-glory bud work on each fold separately. The stem of roses should be in a brownish green, especially moss-roses, and the thorns marked by a short stitch, starting on each side from them. It is always desirable to work either from a piece already done, or from a painting. Shaded silks are often employed with good effect in working leaves and flowers. But as crotchet silk, which is somewhat hard, must be used (for Dacca is not made shaded,) it is well to take out one strand of each needleful, which makes it work much softer. In using shaded silks, be careful to join on every new needleful to match the shade with which you left off.

CUSTARDS WITHOUT EGGS.—One quart of new-milk, four table-spoonfuls of flour, two of sugar. Season with nutmegs or cinnamon, and add salt to your liking. The milk should be placed over a quick fire, and when at a boiling point, the flour should be added, being previously stirred up in cold milk. As soon as thoroughly scalded, add the sugar, spices and salt.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1868.

PRESIDENT HEBER C. KIMBALL --- A TRIBUTE.

As we write these words, the National flag, waving from a score of places "at half-mast high," announces in its simple way to the world the departure from this life of one of the most eminent and energetic leaders and citizens of this community—President Heber C. Kimball, who died, aged 67 years, at his residence, in this city, in the forenoon of Monday last, the 22d instant, surrounded by his family and friends.

Eulogy on the dead is customary, and generally powerless on that account; but in Heber C. Kimball a representative man has passed away—a man who has materially assisted in giving type and character to a period. When such men depart, it is always a momentous time, for generally there more or less passes with them, not their work, but certain phases of it with which they were more particularly identified, and there comes with such events premonitions of important providential movements by the Great Mover behind the veil. The deaths of men illustrious to a Great Cause are oftentimes resounding notes, betokening, not the conclusion of the drama in which they have played their part, but the rising of the curtain for a new Act—another stage of development in the upward order of progress is about to be reached.

We despise the principle which leads men to deal out praises with machine-like precision, scientifically proportioned to the sphere in which men move; but we are happy when, as in this case, with our fellow-journalists, we can speak proudly of the departed as a man. Heber C. Kimball was a great man—great in simplicity; great in faithfulness, and great in honesty. His guilelessness and straightforwardness, sometimes caused those who did not look into the depths of the man's purpose and motives, to think him hard and severe in speech; but all who knew him well, knew with what humility and gentleness he would strive to wipe away the effect of any too abrupt a speech, or too personal a jocular. How anxious he would appear lest the sensitiveness of an honest spirit should be anyway injured by his familiar handling. While this may be said with respect to those he deemed genuine, it may as truthfully be asserted, that Heber C. Kimball was constitutionally incapable of accommodating himself to hypocrites. He had no diplomacy by which to render himself agreeable to them.

It was a necessity of his nature that he should expose them "on the housetops," or get out of their way.

Well the writer remembers, in company with a friend, visiting the deceased at his home one morning on some matters of business. The family were convened for prayers, and not a reference could be allowed to the cause of the visit until that duty was disposed of. "Brother Heber" was clearly away from all the world in his feelings, and of all the simple, heartfelt utterances that we ever remember hearing, the memory of that prayer will live the longest. God, to him, was absolutely present. It was like a child unbosoming itself to a parent without a veil between. Shortly he commenced to talk, and in the course of conversation he evinced a momentary curtness respecting some remarks which were, so to speak, interpolated within his own. But just as we were about to leave he came affectionately forward, "Stop," said he, "Have you anything against me? Have I hurt you; because, if I have, make it all right before you go." He was assured that he had said nothing which could hurt anyone, and that the remarks he had noticed were intended to "back up his own." "Yes," he replied, playfully, "but you know you shouldn't back up a door till it is properly opened;" and again repeating his hope that everything was "quite right" he bade us good morning. That visit laid open to the writer a deeper insight into Bro. Heber's character. The innocence and child-like simplicity of the man were unveiled before us.

By the decease of Pres. Kimball one of the staunchest advocates of the doctrine of the unchangeable nature of man's spirit—the permanence of every quality of the human soul beyond the grave, has gone to test that reality for himself. With him there was no dividing line between this life and the next. Man, in the full blossom of every faculty, unshorn of a single power, existed there—not in *another* life, but in this continued. The spirit world ushered no soul into Eternity's domain. To him Eternity was always here, enveloping the race as much to-day, as it will when the last trump has sounded, and all things mutable have passed away.

Upon a great man's grave men lay the tribute of admiration—upon a good one, that of love. Hence Jesus is embalmed in the affections of the world, while a Napoleon, or a Richelieu, are enshrined in their imaginations alone. In the hearts of a host of living coadjutors Heber C. Kimball will be preserved; and far beyond the circle of the community he assisted to combine he will yet have a distinguished place, when the world, tired of worshipping at the shrine of intellectual idols, shall have learned the lesson that, "great hearts and not alone great heads should rule mankind."

MAN'S RESEMBLANCE TO DEITY.

The death of President Kimball, an ardent champion of the doctrine of man's relationship to Deity, furnishes an opportune period for the presentation of the following considerations in favor of that doctrine. the object is to show from the glorious developments of our nature, even here in mortality, how reasonable is the idea that mankind possess divine qualities, although crude and undeveloped at present—powers awaiting only the opportunities of an eternal field of action to move towards divine perfections.

Man possesses a great and insatiable nature, which nothing can absolutely fill or supply. No sooner are his greatest aspirations obtained than he finds them inadequate to fill the yearnings of his soul, and something of greater magnitude still, has to be sought out, which promises to be the thing that will really satisfy his demands; but as quickly as obtained, it in turn diminishes in significance, alongside the still greater capacities of his soul, within which it is swallowed up and lost, and he still cries for more. No matter whether the desired object be something to possess, such as lands, or a matter of enterprise or discovery, the least seems great till obtained, and then the biggest seems mean and unimportant as the smallest. So wide is the nature of man, that the more he knows, the more he wants to know; the more he gets, the more he wants to gain; and thus from height to height he vaults along, and only stops when he comes to the boundary over his prospects and researches imposed by the veil between life and death.

In addition to these restless ambitions—these endless aspirations, man holds within his nature a combination of powers and impulses, which in their exercise make him a very type of his Creator.

While God possesses the attributes of mercy, love, pity, benevolence, justice, integrity, judgment, and truth, so does man, in greater or less proportion, according to the cultivation and development which they have received at his hands.

While Jehovah manifests in his movements governing, controlling, and managing powers, so does man bear them in due proportion. Does He exhibit in His character great constructive abilities, seen in workmanship hung in mighty masses in the regions of space? Does He display great contriving, adapting, and proportioning skill, as manifested in elements mixed and combined, and seen in the adaptation of men, beasts, and plants to peculiar regions and climes? A great painter, adorer, and lover of decorative skill is He, as declared in the combined hues and glorious forms of life He has produced? So man, (made in His image,) moving in his little cramped up sphere to the extent of his field of operations, exerts constructive abilities till he stands a tiny thing beside the monuments of his own skill, displays an inventing and combining genius, and produces also his conceptions of beauty, grace, and skill in a thousand forms of loveliness and joy.

Such, then, we perceive is man. He embodies within himself Jehovah's attributes. He is allied in his nature to the Infinite and Supreme. He possesses impulses that keep him ever soaring for mastery and might—ever treading out, subduing all to his will. He holds energies that are ever penetrating, explor-

ing, and unfolding. We behold him now weeping that there are no more worlds to conquer—now lamenting that he cannot explore another million miles of space—now penetrating the bowels of the earth and comparing its encrustations, that he may judge the process by which it was produced—now soaring in music and in song, till our touched sensations tremble with the thrill of harmony and delight—there rolling out the blackened ore as glittering steel; now moulding the burning mass into terrific limbs and joints—there fitting each to each, and giving steam for breath, while he compels the huge arms to twist and thrash its kindred element into shape? But man stops not here: he puts his hand upon every element of nature. While he drags from beneath its glittering wealth, he draws from above its light and heat: he dissolves the rock, the flame, the herb, the tree, the flower, to get their inmost qualities: he mixes, proportions, and combines, and stamps on all his constructive skill, his beautifying and adorning power, and yet he soars; and, but that death and changing circumstances blast and break in upon his plans, and the veil of darkness hangs over the future, he has impulses that would urge him to aspire to carry into boundless operation the abilities and attributes with which he is endowed.

Where would he cease his ambitious efforts for control over the elements of nature? Where would he cease his efforts for dominion, wealth or knowledge, did not that veil blindly descend on all around and cut off from his gaze the field of his operations.—[ED.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

QUIRKER.—'Our Hired Man' was absent a short time, principally employed in dangleing his legs over a stream and catching "chubs" with SAVER. He is somewhere on the railroad at present. Last seen of him, he had 4 picks, a crowbar, and 3 spades over his shoulder, and was dragging his "widdle" after him on a small truck by a rope tied to his waist. The most wonderful results he expects from the railroad is the bringing sufficient cash into the country to enable three noted, incomparably unmarriageable, old bachelors of his acquaintance to set up housekeeping and enter the holy state—as lack of cash is the only thing that deters them at present. If the Pacific Railroad accomplishes this much, it will immortalise itself, and the directors may die content.

FRIEND TO ISRAEL.—The GEMARA is the exposition of the traditional law said to have been given to Israel. It was composed by a succession of Rabbins between the third and sixth centuries. Of course Disraeli is a Jew by birth only. He is a Christian by profession.

JAMES P.—We cannot say where the Terminus and Depot of the Railroad will be—that is not exact'y—but we can give an idea. On Monday last it was to be at the mouth of Weber Canyon; on Tuesday over Jordan, on Wednesday, just below Ogden; on Thursday, on the shores of the Salt Lake, and on Friday, about the center of the Sagar House Ward. The opinion this morning is, that if a line be drawn from the Twin Peaks to Tooele, from thence to the Humboldt Valley, from thence to Echo Canyon, and from thence to this office it will enclose the exact point determined upon—that is thereabouts. Our correspondent can buy land at a high figure anywhere within this space.

J. W., DAVIS COUNTY.—We have made inquiries on the subject of Mr. Shelton's Phonographic system, and learn that a work on the system is now being compiled with reference to its future publication at the earliest opportunity. We are glad of this, as we wish to see the merits of the system tested. Mr. S. states that he expects to have some pupils, who commenced the study of his method sometime between this and April last, ready to report verbally by next Conference.

FOUL PLAY.

BY CHARLES READE AND DION BOUCICAULT.

CHAPTER X.

[CONTINUED]

"I plan to destroy a vessel, sir! You never heard me say such a word; and don't you hint such a thing in the ship, or you will get yourself into trouble."

"That depends on you."

"How so, sir?"

"I have long suspected you."

"You need not tell me that, sir."

"But I have not communicated my suspicions. And now that they are certainties, I come first to you. In one word, will you forego your intention, since it is found out?"

"How can I forego what never was in my head?" said Wylie. "Cast away the ship! Why there's no land within three thousand miles. Founders a vessel in the Pacific? Do you think my life is not as sweet to me as yours is to you?"

Wylie eyed him keenly to see the effect of these words, and by a puzzled expression that came over his face, saw at once he had assumed a more exact knowledge than he really possessed.

Hazel replied that he had said nothing about foundering the ship; but there were many ways of destroying one. "For instance," said he, "I know how the Neptune was destroyed—and so do you; how the Rose and the Antelope were cast away—and so do you."

At this enumeration, Wylie lost his color and self-possession for a moment; he saw Hazel had been listening.

Hazel followed up his blow. "Promise me now, by all you hold sacred, to forego this villany; and I hold my tongue. Attempt to defy me, or to throw dust in my eyes, and I go instantly among the crew, and denounce both you and Hudson to them."

"Good Heavens!" cried Wylie, in unfeigned terror. "Why, the men would mutiny on the spot."

"I can't help that," said Hazel, firmly; and took a step towards the door.

"Stop a bit," said the mate, and, springing before the clergyman, he set his back against the door. "Don't be in such a nation hurry; for, if you do, it will be bad for me, but worse for you."

The above was said so gravely, and with such evident sincerity, that Mr. Hazel was struck, and showed it. Wylie followed up that trifling advantage. "Sit down a minute, sir, if you please, and listen to me. You never saw a mutiny on board ship, I'll be bound. It is a worse thing than any gale that ever blew: begins fair enough, sometimes, but how does it end? In breaking into the spirit room, and drinking to madness ravishing the women, and cutting a throat or so for certain. You don't seem so fond of the picture, as you was of the idea. And then they might turn a deaf ear to you after all. Ship is well found in all stores; provisions served out freely; men in good humor; and I have got their ear. And now I'll tell you why it won't suit your little game to blacken me to the crew, upon the bare chance of a mutiny." He paused for a moment, then resumed in a lower tone, and revealed himself the extraordinary man he was,

"You see, sir," said he, "when a man is very ready to suspect me, I always suspect him. Now you was uncommon ready to suspect me. You didn't wait till you came on board; you began the game ashore. Oh! that makes you open one eye, does it? You thought I didn't know you again. Knew you, my man, the moment you came aboard. I never forget a face; and disguises don't pass on me."

"It was now Hazel's turn to look anxious and discomposed.

"Well, then, the moment I saw you suspected me I was down upon you. You came aboard under false colors. We didn't want a chap like you in the ship; but you would come. 'What is the bloke after?' says I, and watches. You was so intent suspecting me of this, that, and t'other, that you unguarded yourself, and that is common too. 'I'm blowed if it isn't the lady he is after,' says I. With all my heart: only she might do better, and I don't see how she could do worse, unless she went to old Nick for a mate. Now, I'll tell you what it is, my Ticket o' Leave. I've been in trouble myself, and don't want to be hard on a poor devil, just because he sails under an alias, and lies as near the wind as he can, to weather on the beaks and the bobbies. But one good turn deserves another: keep your dirty suspicions to yourself; for if you dare to open your

lips to the men, in five minutes, or less than that, you shall be in irons, and confined to your cabin; and we'll put you ashore at the first port that flies a British flag, and hand you over to the authorities, till one of Her Majesty's cruisers sends in a boat for you."

At this threat Mr. Hazel hung his head in confusion and dismay.

"Come, get out of my cabin, Parson Alias," shouted the mate; "and belay your foul tongue in this ship, and don't make an enemy of Joe Wylie, a man that can eat you up and spit you out again, and never brag. Sheer off, I say, and be d—d to you."

Mr. Hazel, with a pale face and sick heart, looked aghast at this dangerous man, who could be fox, or tiger, as the occasion demanded.

Surprised, alarmed, outwitted, and outmenaced, he retired with disordered countenance, and uneven steps, and hid himself in his own cabin.

The more he weighed the whole situation, the more clearly did he see that he was utterly powerless in the hands of Wylie.

A skipper is an emperor; and Hudson had the power to iron him, and set him on shore at the nearest port. The right to do it was another matter; but even on that head, Wylie could furnish a plausible excuse for the act.

Retribution, if it came at all, would not be severe, and would be three or four years coming: and who fears it much when it is so dilatory, and so weak, and doubtful into the bargain?

He succumbed in silence for two days; and then, in spite of of Wylie's threat, he made one timid attempt to approach the subject with Welch and Cooper, but a sailor came came up instantly, and sent them forward to reef topsails. And whenever he tried to enter into conversation with the pair, some sailor or other was sure to come up and listen.

Then he saw that he was spotted; or, as we say now-a-days, picketed.

He was at his wit's end.

He tried his last throw. He wrote a few lines to Miss Rolleston, requesting an interview. Aware of the difficulties he had to encounter here, he stilled his heart by main force, and wrote in terms carefully measured. He begged her to believe he had no design to intrude upon her, without absolute necessity, and for her own good. Respect for her own wishes forbade this, and also his self-respect.

"But," said he, "I have made a terrible discovery. The mate and the captain certainly intend to cast away this ship. No doubt they will try and not sacrifice their own lives and ours; but risk them they must, in the very nature of things. Before troubling you, I have tried all I could, in the way of persuasion and menace; but am defeated. So now it rests with you. You alone, can save us all. I will tell you how, if you will restrain your repugnance, and accord me a short interview. Need I say that no other subject shall be introduced by me. In England, should we ever reach it, I may perhaps try to take measures to regain your good opinion; but here, I am aware, that is impossible; and I shall make no attempt in that direction, upon my honor."

To this there came a prompt and feminine reply.

"The ship is HIS. The captain and the mate are able men appointed by HIM; I shall hand them your letter; and I request, sir, this may be your last communication of any kind with

HELEN ANNE ROLLESTON."

That night Wylie came to his cabin and laid on the table before him his letter to Miss Rolleston.

"Now, lookye here, mate," said the man, "what's to be the game between you and me? Has love for this gal druv you off your head? Take warning, and a last one, mind ye! If you stir your eye to cross my business, I blow the gaff. I'll introduce you to the lady under your true colors, and introduce your reverend ancles to irons atween decks! What's got into ye?" hissed the mate, advancing his face close to Hazel's. And the rogue looked down into the honest man's eye, that quailed before him. When Hazel looked up, he was gone. The poor fellow gazed on the letter, which Helen had handed to the captain; he saw that resistance was useless; his eyes wandered about in despair; his arms hung listlessly by his side. He was beaten.

His mental distress brought on an attack of that terrible malady, jaundice.

He crept about, yellow as a guinea; a very scarecrow.

He took no exercise; he ate little food. He lay, listless and dejected, about the deck.

The ship now encountered an adverse gale, and, for three whole days, was under close-reefed top-sails; she was always a wet ship under stress of weather; and she took in a good deal of water on this occasion. On the fourth day it fell calm, and Captain Hudson, having examined the well, and found three feet of water, ordered the men to the pumps.

After working through one watch, the well was sounded again, and the water was so much reduced that the gangs were taken off; and the ship being now becalmed, and the weather lovely, the men were allowed to dance upon deck to the boatswain's fiddle.

While this pastime went on, the sun, large and red, reached the horizon, and diffused a roseate light over the entire ocean.

Not one of the current descriptions of heaven approached the actual grandeur and beauty of the blue sky flecked with ruby and gold, and its liquid mirror that lay below, calm, dimpled, and glorified by that translucent, rosy tint.

While the eye was yet charmed with this enchanting bridal of the sea and sky, and the ear amused with the merry fiddle and the nimble feet, that tapped the sounding deck so deftly at every note, Cooper, who had been sounding the well, ran forward all of a sudden, and flung a thunderbolt in the midst.

"A LEAK!"

CHAPTER XI.

The fiddle ended in mid-tune, and the men crowded aft with anxious faces.

The captain sounded the well, and found three feet and a half water in it. He ordered all hands to the pumps.

They turned to with a good heart, and pumped, watch and watch, till day-break.

Their exertions counteracted the leak, but did no more; the water in the well was neither more nor less perceptibly.

This was a relief to their minds, so far; but the situation was a very serious one. Suppose foul weather should come, and the vessel ship water from above as well!

Now, all those who were not on the pumps, set to work to find out the leak and stop it if possible. With candles in their hands, they crept about the ribs of the ship, narrowly inspecting every corner, and applying their ears to every suspected place, if haply they might hear the water coming in. The place where Hazel had found Wylie at work was examined, along with the rest; but neither there nor anywhere else could the leak be discovered. Yet the water was still coming in, and required unremitting labor to keep it under. It was then suggested by Wylie, and the opinion gradually gained ground, that some of the seams had opened in the late gale, and were letting in the water by small but numerous apertures.

Faces began to look cloudy; and Hazel, throwing off his lethargy, took his spell at the main pump with the rest.

When his gang was relieved he went away, bathed in perspiration, and, leaning over the well, sounded it.

While thus employed, the mate came behind him, with his cat-like step, and said, "See what has come on us with your forbodings! It is the unluckiest thing in the world to talk about losing a ship when she is at sea."

"You are a more dangerous man on board a ship than I am," was Hazel's prompt reply.

The well gave an increase of three inches.

Mr. Hazel now showed excellent qualities; working like a horse, and, finding the mate skulking, he reproached him before the men, and, stripping himself naked to the waist, invited him to do a man's duty. The mate, thus challenged, complied with a scowl.

They labored for their lives, and the quantity of water they discharged from the ship was astonishing; not less than a hundred and ten tons every hour.

They gained upon the leak—only two inches; but, in the struggle for life, this was an immense victory. It was the turn of the tide.

A light breeze sprang up from the south-west, and the captain ordered the men from the buckets to make all sail on the ship, the pumps still going.

When this was done, he altered the ship's course, and put her right before the wind, steering for the island of Juan Fernandez, distant eleven hundred miles, or thereabouts.

Probably it was the best thing he could do, in that awful waste of water. But its effect on the seamen was bad. It was

like giving in. They got a little disheartened and flurried; and the cold, passionless water seized the advantage. It is possible, too, that the motion of the ship through the sea, aided the leak.

The Proserpine glided through the water all night, like some terror-stricken creature, and the incessant pumps seemed to be her poor heart beating loud with breathless fear.

At day-break she had gone a hundred and twenty miles. But this was balanced by a new and alarming feature. The water from the pumps no longer came up pure, but mixed with what appeared to be blood.

This got redder and redder, and struck terror into the more superstitions of the crew.

Even Cooper, whose heart was stont, leaned over the bulwarks, and eyed the red stream, gushing into the sea from the lee scuppers, and said aloud, "Ay, bleed to death, ye bitch! We shan't be long behind ye."

Hazel inquired, and found the ship had a quantity of dyewood amongst her cargo; he told the men this, and tried to keep up their hearts by his words and his example.

He succeeded with some; but others shook their heads. And by-and-by, even while he was working double tides, for them as well as for himself, ominous murmurs met his ear. "Parson aboard!" "Man aboard, with t'other world in his face!" And there were sinister glances to match.

With some alarm, he told this to Welch and Cooper. They promised to stand by him; and Welch told him it was all the mate's doing; he had gone amongst the men, and poisoned them.

The wounded vessel, with her ever-beating heart, had run three hundred miles on the new tack. She had almost ceased to bleed, but what was as bad, or worse, small fragments of her cargo and stores came up with the water, and their miscellaneous character showed how deeply the sea had now penetrated.

This, and their great fatigue, began to demoralise the sailors. The pumps and buckets were still plied, but it was no longer with the uniform manner of brave and hopeful men. Some stuck doggedly to their work, but others got flurried, and ran from one thing to another. Now and then a man would stop, and burst out crying; then to work again in a desperate way. One or two lost heart altogether, and had to be driven. Finally, one or two succumbed under the unremitting labor. Despair crept over others; their features began to change, so much so, that several countenances were hardly recognizable, and each, looking in the other's troubled face, saw his own fate pictured there.

Six feet water in the hold!

The captain, who had been sober beyond his time, now got dead drunk.

The mate took the command. On hearing this, Welch and Cooper left the pumps. Wylie ordered them back. They refused, and coolly lighted their pipes. A violent altercation took place, which was brought to a close by Welch.

"It is no use punning the ship," said he. "She is doomed. D'ye think we are blind, my mate and me? You got the long boat ready for yourself before ever the leak was sprung. Now get the cutter ready for my mate and me."

At these simple words Wylie lost color, and walked aft without a word.

Next day there were seven feet water in the hold, and quantities of bread coming up through the pumps.

Wylie ordered the men from the pumps to the boats. The jolly-boat was provisioned and lowered. While she was towing astern, the cutter was prepared, and the ship left to fill.

All this time Miss Rolleston had been kept in the dark, not as to the danger, but as to its extent. Great was her surprise when Mr. Hazel entered her cabin, and cast an ineffable look of pity on her.

She looked up surprised, and then angry. "How dare you?" she began.

He waved his hand in a sorrowful but commanding way. "Oh, this is no time for prejudice or temper. The ship is sinking; we are going into the boats. Pray make your preparations. Here is a list I have written of the things you ought to take; we may be weeks at sea in an open boat."

Then, seeing her dumb-founded, he caught up her carpet-bag, and threw her work-box into it for a beginning. He then laid hands upon some of her preserved meats, and marmalade, and carried them off to his own cabin.

His mind then flew back to his reading, and passed in rapid review, all the wants that men had endured in open boats.

He got hold of Welch, and told him to be sure and see there was plenty of spare canvas on board, and sailing needles, scis-

sors, etc.: also three bags of biscuit, and above all, a cask of water.

He himself ran all about the ship, including the mate's cabin, in search of certain tools he thought would be wanted.

Then to his own cabin to fill his carpet-bag.

There was little time to spare, the ship was low in the water, and the men abandoning her. He hung the things into his bag, locked it, strapped up his blankets for her use, hung on his pea-jacket, and ran across to the starboard side. There he found the captain lowering Miss Rolleston, with due care, into the cutter, and the young lady crying; not at being shipwrecked, if you please, but at being deserted by her maid. Jane Holt, at this trying moment, had deserted her mistress for her husband. His was natural; but as is the rule with persons of that class, she had done this in the silliest and cruelest way. Had she given half-an-hour's notice of her intention, Donovan might have been on board the cutter with her and her mistress. But no; being a liar and a fool, she must hide her husband to the last moment, and then desert her mistress. The captain, then, was comforting Miss Rolleston, and telling her that she should have her maid with her eventually, when Hazel came; he handed down his own bag, and threw the blankets into the stern-sheets. Then went down himself and sat on the midship thwart.

"Shove off," said the captain, and they fell astern.

But Cooper, with a boat-hook, hooked on to the long-boat; and the dying ship towed them both.

Five minutes more elapsed, and the captain did not come down, so Wylie hailed him.

There was no answer. Hudson had gone into the mate's cabin. Wylie waited a minute, then hailed again. "Hyl on deck there!"

"Hullo!" cried the captain, at last.

"Why didn't you come in the cutter?"

The captain crossed his arms, and leaned over the stern.

"Don't you know that Hiram Hudson is always the last to leave a sinking ship?"

"Well, you are the last," said Wylie. "So now come on board the long-boat at once. I dare not tow in her wake much longer, to be sucked in when she goes down."

"Come on board your craft, and desert my own?" said Hudson disdainfully. "Know my duty to m'employers better."

These words alarmed the mate. "Curse it all!" he cried; "the fool has been and got some more rum. Fifty pounds to the man that will shin up the tow-rope, and throw that madman into the sea, then we can pick him up. He swims like a cork."

A sailor instantly darted forward to the rope. But, unfortunately, Hudson heard this proposal, and it enraged him. He got to his cutlass. The sailor drew the boat under the ship's stern, but the drunken skipper flourished his cutlass furiously over his his head. "Board me! ye pirates! the first that lays a finger on my bulwarks, off goes his hand at the wrist." Suiting the action to the word, he backed at the tow rope so vigorously that it gave way and the boats fell astern.

Helen Rolleston uttered a shriek of dismay and pity. "Oh, save him!" she cried.

"Make sail!" cried Cooper; and in a few seconds, they got all her sail set upon the cutter.

It seemed a hopeless task for these shells of boats to sail after that dying monster with her cloud of canvas all drawing, slow and aloft.

But it did not prove so. The gentle breeze was an advantage to light craft, and the dying Proserpine was full of water, and could only crawl.

After a few moments of great anxiety, the boats crept up, the cutter on her port, and the long-boat on her starboard quarter.

Wylie ran forward, and, hailing Hudson, implored him, in the friendliest tones, to give himself a chance. Then tried him by his vanity, "Come, and command the boats, old fellow. How can we navigate them on the Pacific, without you?"

Hudson was now leaning over the taffrail utterly drunk. He made no reply to the mate, but merely waved his cutlass feebly in one hand, and his bottle in the other, and gurgled out "Duty to m'employers."

Then Cooper, without a word, double reefed the cutter's maintail, and ordered Welsh to keep as close to the ship's quarter as he dare. Wylie instinctively did the same, and the three crafts crawled on, in solemn and deadly silence, for nearly twenty minutes.

The wounded ship seemed to receive a death-blow. She stopped dead and shook.

The next moment she pitched gently forward, and her bows

went under the water, while her after-part rose into the air, and revealed to those in the cutter two splintered holes in her run, just below the water-line.

Welch started up and gripped Cooper by the shoulder; he pointed to the holes from which the water was pouring in jets.

The next moment her stern settled down, the sea yawned horribly, the great waves of her own making rushed over her upper deck, and the lofty masts and sails, remaining erect, went down with sad majesty into the deep; and nothing remained but the bubbling and foaming of the voracious water, that had swallowed up the good ship and her cargo, and her drunken master.

All stood up in the boat, ready to save him. But the suction of the timber leviathan drew him down. He was seen no more in this world.

A loud sigh broke from every living bosom that witnessed that terrible catastrophe.

It was beyond words: and none were uttered, except by Cooper, who spoke so seldom, yet now three words of terrible import burst from him, and, uttered in his loud deep voice, rang like the ship's knell over the still bubbling water,—

"SCUTTLED — BY GOD!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BOGG'S DOGS,

Did ever you hear of Jehosopbat Boggs,

A dealer and raiser of all sorts of dogs?

"No!" then I'll endeavor in doggerel verse,

To just the main points of the story rehearse.

Boggs had a good wife, the joy of his life,

There was nothing between them inclining to strife,

Except her dear B.'s dogmatic employment;

And that she averred, did mar her enjoyment,

She often had begged him to sell off his dogs,

And instead to raise turkeys, spring chickens, or hogs.

She made him half promise, at no distant day,

He would sell the whole lot, not excepting old Tray;

And as good luck would have it, but few days intervened

When, excepting old Tray's, every kennel was cleaned.

Ah, his dear Dolly with a voice glad and jolly,

Did soft-soap her dear for quitting his folly.

"And now, my dear J., please don't say me nay,

But the first opportunity sell also old Tray."

"I will, my dear vrow, and I solemnly vow

I'll give you the money to buy a good cow."

And thus the case rested, till one summer night,

Her dear J. came home with a heart happy and light.

Old Tray was not with him. "Ah, ha, my good wife,

This will be far the happiest day of your life."

"Oh, bless you, dear J., how much did you say,

Please tell me at once what you got for old Tray?"

"I got forty dollars." "You did?" quoth his spouse,

"Why that of a certainty will buy me two cows;

I'll make butter and cheese."—"Hold on, if you please,"

Says J., in a tone sounding much like a tease;

"It's just as I told you, the price is all right,

And the man is to pay me next Saturday night;

But instead of the dollars in X's and V's,

He gives me four puppies at ten dollars a piece."

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

WARMTH OF DIFFERENT COLORS.

Place upon the surface of a snow, as upon the window sill in bright daylight or sunshine, pieces of cloth of the same size and quality, but of different colors, black, blue, green, yellow, and white: the black cloth will soon melt the snow beneath it, and sink downward; next the blue, and then the green; the yellow but slightly; but the snow beneath the white cloth will be as firm as at first.

CONUNDRUMS.

14. Why is an Inn like a burial-ground?
15. If a fender cost six dollars, what will a ton of coals come to?
15. What word is that to which if you add a syllable it will make it shorter?

ANSWERS TO No. 24, PAGE 286.

CONUNDRUMS.

- No. 11. Tear.
- No. 12. Because it is a bad habit.
- No. 14. Because it is felt,

The letter M.

CHARADES.

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LESSONS IN GEOLOGY.—No. 16.

THE CREATION OF A BURNING MOUNTAIN.

In the hypothesis which has been presented to you in the preceding lessons, the characters which are found inscribed in the beds, the fissures, and the dikes, may seem to you rather as hieroglyphics than as an alphabet which you can spell and read for yourself. Amid these cases of difficult interpretation to a beginner, you will be interested in the phenomena of the upheaval of a volcano which has taken place almost within the memory of the present generation.

You must now take a voyage across the Atlantic to South America, in the direction of Mexico, a region lying between the 18th and 22d degrees of north latitude. Instead of the voyage, perhaps your map will do. Look at these latitudes, and between them you will find a high table land, from 2,000 to 3,000 feet above the level of the sea. How came that table-land to be formed? It is surrounded by mountains of granite, which, after their first appearance on the earth's crust, was attended with a large system of deep valleys. But now, these valleys, originally many thousand feet deep, have been filled up with volcanic materials, until every valley was exalted to form the surface of the present high table-land of Mexico.

This region is called the Plain of Malpays, and the basaltic hills of the neighborhood show that, at some very early period in geological time, the district had been the theatre of those volcanic eruptions which had filled up the original valleys. But, from the time of the discovery of America, up to the year 1759, it was never suspected that either in, or under, the neighborhood there was a volcano. It was not only firm ground and undisturbed, but it was a country of picturesque beauty, cultivated for fields of sugar, indigo, and bananas. It was watered by two purling streams called Rio Cutimbo, and the Rio de San Pedro.

In June, 1759, deep hollow murmurings began to be heard, and from that time to September, earthquakes followed each other in rapid succession. The surface soil, at last, swelled up like a large bladder, three or four miles square. The soil cracked, and flames issued forth, and then burning fragments of rock were hurled up to great heights in the air. In various parts of the area, six different vents appeared, which were in the form of cones formed by eruptive cinders and lava. The lowest of these cones was 800 feet high.

Towards the close of September, the next mighty move was made. The vast mountain, Jorullo itself, was pushed up, in a few days, to the elevation of 1832 feet above what was a plain before June, 1759. From the crater of Jorullo, immense streams of basaltic lava issued forth, and continued to flow till February, 1760.

After 1760, the district seemed to have attained its former stability. When the Indians saw that tranquillity was restored, they tried to occupy the land, but they found that the soil was far too hot to be habitable. When Humboldt visited Jorullo, in 1803, he found around the base of the great cone, and spreading from the cone as from a centre to the extent of four square miles, a mass of matter of convex form, about 500 feet high near the cone, but sloping

gradually as it receded from it. This mass was still in a heated state, though more than forty years after the eruption. The temperature had been decreasing every year, but Humboldt says that, in 1780, twenty years after the outburst, the heat was sufficient to light a cigar. About the year 1825, forty-four years later, Mr. Bullock found the cones still smoking. When Schleiden visited it in 1846, eighty-seven years after the upheaval, the aspect of the mountain was as he has represented.

In connexion with this sudden upheaval of a volcano in modern times, is the remarkable fact that the two rivers Cutimbo and San Pedro ran into the crater, and lost themselves below at the eastern limit of the plain, but afterwards re-appeared on the western limit as hot springs.

The instances of such volcanoes as *Ætna* in Europe and Jorullo in South America, have been selected to assist your conception of the geological principles implied in the theory of craters of elevation, as presented to you in past lessons.

SCIENTIFIC AND CURIOUS.

RECENT INVENTIONS.

TRANSPARENT SOAP.—A patent has just been issued to Morgan W. Brown, of New York City, for the following method of making transparent soap:

Dissolve or melt any settled curd or grained soaps in any suitable vessel to which heat can be conveniently applied. As soon as the soap is melted and hot, pour into it from twenty-five to thirty pounds of sal-soda, previously melted without water, to every hundred pounds of soap while hot. Agitate the soap and sal-soda and very thoroughly incorporate the paste at a low degree of heat, as it mixes much better than at a high degree. Now pour slowly from 100 to 125 pounds of concentrated glycerin to every 100 pounds of the soap. Keep up a moderate heat, and agitate the whole until it is a liquid, and thin as a sirup, and as soon as it forms a thin transparent fluid, let it settle well under cover, and draw off the settled fluid into the cooling molds or soap frames, when, as soon as it is cold and hard, it is cut into bars or cakes, in the usual manner, or cast in molds, press, etc.

THE PLANCHNOSCOPE.—One of the latest improvements in medical practice is to make the patient swallow a lantern in order to enable the physician to see the inside of his body. This is literally throwing light on the seat of disease. The instrument, which is put down the throat, is called a planchnoscope, and consists of a glass cylinder from which air has been exhausted, or which has been filled with nitrogen, hydrogen or carbonic acid, through which a voltaic current is sent. This is a light without heat, and when introduced by an œsophagian probe into the stomach of a dog enabled the spectators to see with perfect distinctness every detail of the animal's stomach. When introduced into the œsophagus of a man, the skin became transparent, and the internal membrane of the deeply-seated hidden viscera became perfectly visible. The instrument has not been invented long enough to enable physicians to determine all the uses to which it may be put.

HUMOROUS READINGS.

SOME fishermen use cotton for bait; so do some women.

WHY wasn't Eve tried for stealing the apple?—Because there was no court of *appell-ate* jurisdiction.

A kind-hearted Irishman, riding on horse-back to a mill, plased a bag of corn across his own sholders, so as not to burden his horse with it,

A GENTLEMAN who recently traveled over a Western railroad, declared that it was the safest in the country, as the superintendent keeps a boy running in front of the train to drive off the cows and sheep.

An undertaker thus gratefully responds to a friend who had done him a favor, "If you ever want a coffin call on me. I shall be most happy to bury you and all your family at the lowest cost price!"

WARNING.—A servant-girl told her master, the other morning, that she was about to give his wife warning and quit the house.—"Happy girl!" responded the indescribable brute, "*would that I could give her warning, too!*"

"Now then, sir," roared an angry barrister at a dull witness, "will you tell the jury which is the oldest—you or your brother?," "*He is the oldest now, but if I live three years longer, we shall both be of the same age.*"

"If I catch you at this again," yelled an exasperated farmer at a boy whom he had detected stealing his fruit but failed to catch, "I'll shut you up in my *ice-house*—and—and—warm your jacket for you, you young vagabond!"

A TOWN in Iowa, bears the name of Semicolonviller. According to our old spelling-book, a traveler would have to stop there only "long enough to count two." The landlord should petition the Legislature to make it Periodville, requiring a full stop.

SAFE OFFER.—An eminent journalist of New York has offered areward of 1,000 dollars for a tale that will make his hair stand on end. Before ambitious authors enter the field of competition, it may be well for them to understand that the generous journalist is perfectly bald.

PICKLED SNOW.—A meteorological curiosity in the shape of salt snow, surprised the peasants at Sunyog, Hungary, some weeks ago. The cattle driven on the pasture partook of it with great avidity, and the peasants found it so salt that they filled a great quantity of jars with it. They hope it will soon rain beef, to be cured with the salt.

A DEVONSHIRE farmer catechising his lad one day on "the chief end o' man," said, "Who made thee?" "God," answered the boy, and nodded his head.—"What did God make thee vor?" No reply. "Speak, mumchance—what did God make thee vor?"—The boy looked up and said, "To drive t' hay cart to Crowboer, measter."

DIDN'T REQUIRE IT.—A clergyman was attending a soldier on his death-bed, in one of the hospitals in Washington, during the late war, when, observing a drummer in the same ward, whom he took for an invalid, he exhorted him to join with them in prayer.—"Thank'ee" rejoined the hero of the drumstick, "I do not require it, the doctor tells me I am getting better."

WAIT A BIT.—There is a certain lady of rank and fashion in Paris who constantly believes herself to be dying. To her husband who is on a political mission, she recently sent the following telegram:—"Return instantly! I am very ill—dying!"—To which M. de—replied, "Pressing business! Wait a fortnight!"—Madam de—has waited.

AN EDITOR'S EARS.—A Western paper says that the editor of its rival sheet went skating recently and broke through the ice. He went in up to the ears, but the hole was not large enough to let him through. While he was waiting for some one to take him out his ears froze, and they have been amputated, and are now used for door.mats.

HORSE VERSUS DONKEY.—A green servant-girl was told by her mistress to wash her cloths, and hang them on a horse to dry. Biddy O'Flannagan, having washed the articles, suddenly disappeared, and in about an hour returned leading a donkey. "What on earth," says the lady, "do you want that for?"—"Och, sure," cried Biddy, "I could not find a horse, but I've got a donkey, and won't that do as well?"

A FEW days since a young lawyer was examining a bankrupt as to how he had spent his money. There were about three thousand dollars unaccounted for, when the lawyer put on a severe scrutinizing face, and exclaimed, with much self-complacency, "Now, sir, I what you did with that three thousand dollars?" The bankrupt put on a serio-comic face, winked at the audience, and exclaimed, "*The lawyers got that!*" The judge and audience were convulsed with laughter, and the counsellor was glad to let the bankrupt go.

LONG SERMONS.—A preacher, whose custom was to preach very long sermons, exchanged with one who preached but half as long. At about the customary time for dismissing, the audience grew impatient and began to go out. This Hegira continued till all had left but the sexton, who stood it as long as he could, and then, walking up the pulpit stairs, said to the preacher, in a whisper, "When you get through, please lock up, will you and leave the key at my house, next door to the church?"

DREAMS.

The earth was bright with fairest flowers,
The birds sang sweet on every tree;
I dwelt in an Elysian bower,
And everything seem'd fair to me.

But soon the bright scene pass'd away;
The sweet birds ceased to sing;
A rude voice sounded in my ear,
"Get up—you lazy thing!—Get up."

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POETRY.

LOVE WITHOUT CHANGE.

The summer days are ended;
The after-glow is gone;
The nights grow long and eerie;
The winds begin to moan;
The pleasant leaves are fading;
The bonny swallows flee:
Yet welcome is the winter
That brings my love to me.

No voice of bird now ripples
The air; no wood-walk rings;
But in my happy bosom
The soul of music sings.
It sings of dearest heaven,
And summers yet to be;
Then welcome is the winter
That brings my love to me.

A world of gather'd sunshine
Is this warm heart of mine,
Where life hath heapt the fruitage,
And love hath hid the wine;
And though it leave no flower
In field, nor leaf on tree;
Yet welcome is the winter
That brings my love to me

HAROLD,

THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

[CONTINUED.]

THE DEAD EARL—THE BETROTHAL.

The sun rose, and the stairs and passages without were filled with the crowds that pressed to hear the news of the earl's health. The doors stood open, and Gurth led in the multitude to look their last on the hero of council and camp, who had restored with strong hand and wise brain the race of Cerdic to the Saxon throne. Harold stood by the bedhead silent, and tears were shed and sobs were heard. And many a thegn who had before more than half believed in the guilt of Godwin as the murderer of Alfred, whispered in gasps to his neighbor—

"There is no weregeld for manslaying on the head of him, who smiles so in death on his old comrades in life!"

Last of all lingered Leofric, the great Earl of Mercia; and when all the rest had departed, he took the pale hand, that lay heavy on the coverlid, in his own, and said—

"Old foe, often stood we in Witan and field against each other; but few are the friends for whom Leofric would mourn as he mourns for thee. Peace to thy soul! Whatever its sins, England should judge thee mildly, for England beat in each pulse of thy heart, and her greatness was thy own!"

Then Harold stole round the bed and put his arms round Leofric's neck and embraced him. The good old earl was touched, and he laid tremulous hands on Harold's brown locks and blessed him.

"Harold," he said, "thou succeedest to thy father's power: let thy father's foes be thy friends. Wake from thy grief, for thy country now demands thee—the honor of thy house, and the memory of the dead. Many even now plot against thee and thine. Seek the king demand thy right thy father's earldom, and Leofric will back thy claim in the Witan."

Harold pressed Leofric's hand, and raising it to his lips replied—"Be our houses at peace henceforth and forever!"

Tostig's vanity indeed misled him, when he dreamed that any combination of Godwin's party could meditate supporting his claims against the popular Harold—nor less did the monks deceive themselves, when they supposed, that with Godwin's death, Godwin's power would fail.

There was more than even the unanimity of the chiefs of the Witan, in favor of Harold; there was that universal noiseless impression throughout all England, Danish and Saxon, that Harold was now the sole man on whom rested the state—which, whenever it so favors one individual, is irresistible. Nor was Edward himself hostile to Harold, whom alone of that house, as we have before said, he esteemed and loved.

Harold was at once named earl of Wessex; and relinquishing the earldom he held before, he did not hesitate as to the successor to be recommended in his stead. Conquering all jealousy and dislike for Algar, he united the strength of his party in favor of the son of Leofric, and the election fell upon him. His election probably saved the state from a great danger, in the results of that angry mood and that irritated ambition with which he had thrown himself into the arms of England's most valiant aggressor, Gryffyth king of North Wales.

The successor of the first great founder of a house succeeds to more than his predecessor's power, if he but know how to wield and to maintain it. For who makes his way to greatness without raising foes at every step? and who ever rose to power supreme, without grave cause for blame? But Harold stood free from the enemies his father had provoked, and pure from the stains that slander or repute cast on his father's name. The sun of the yesterday had shone through cloud; the sun of the day rose in a clear firmament. Even Tostig felt at once the superiority of his brother; and after a strong struggle between baffled rage and covetous ambition, yielded to him as to a father. He felt that all Godwin's house was centered in Harold alone; and that only from his brother (despite his own daring valor, and despite his alliance with the blood of Charlemagne and Alfred, through the sister of Matilda, the Norman duchess), could his avarice of power be gratified.

"Depart to thy home, my brother," said Earl Harold to Tostig, "and grieve not that Algar is preferred to thee. For, even had his claim been less urgent, ill would it have beseeemed us to arrogate the lordships of all England as our dues. Rule thy lordship with wisdom: gain the love of thy liegemen. High claims hast thou in our father's name, and moderation now will but strengthen thee in the season to come. Trust on Harold somewhat on thyself more. Thou hast but to add temper and judgment to valor and zeal, to be worthy mate of the first earl in England. Over my father's corpse I embraced my father's foe. Between brother and brother shall there not be love, as the best bequest of the dead?"

"It shall not be my fault, if there be not," answered Tostig, humbled though chafed. And he summoned his men and returned to his domains.

Fair, broad, and calm set the sun over the western woodlands. And Hilda stood on the mound, and looked with undazzled eyes on the sinking orb. Beside her, Edith reclined on the sward, and seemed with idle hand tracing characters in the air. The girl had grown paler still, since Harold last parted with her on the same spot, and the same listless despondent apathy stamped her smileless lips and her bended head.

"See, child of my heart," said Hilda, addressing Edith, while she still gazed on the western luminary, "see, the sun goes down to the far deeps where Rana and Ægir watch over the worlds of the sea; but with morning he comes from the golden gates of the East and joy comes in his train. And yet thou thinkest, sad child, whose years scarce have passed into woman, that the sun, once set, never comes back to life! But even while we speak, thy morning draws near, and the dunness of cloud takes the hues of the rose!"

Edith's hand paused from its vague employment, and fell drooping on her knee;—she turned with an unquiet and anxious eye to Hilda, and after looking a few moments wistfully at the Vala, the color rose to her cheek, and she said in a voice that had an accent half of anger—

"Hilda, thou art cruel!"

"So is fate," answered the Vala. "But men call not Fate cruel when it smiles on their desires. Why callest thou Hilda cruel, when she reads in the setting sun the runes of thy coming joy?"

There is no joy for me," returned Edith, plaintively; "and I have that on my heart," she added, with a sud-

den and almost fierce change of tone, "which at last I will dare to speak. I reproach thee, Hilda, that thou hast marred all my life; and that thou hast duped me with dreams, and left me alone in despair."

"Speak on," said Hilda, calmly as a nurse to a forward child.

"Hast thou not told me, from the first dawn of my wondering reason, that my life and lot were inwoven with—with (the word mad and daring, must out) with those of Harold the peerless? But for that which my infancy took from thy lips as a law, I had never been so vain and so frantic; I had never watched each play of his face, and treasured each word from his lips; I had never made my life but a part of his life—all my soul but the shadow of his sun. But for that I had hailed the calm of the cloister—but for that, I had glided in peace to my grave. And now—now, O Hilda—" Edith paused, and that break had more eloquence than any words she could command. "And," she resumed quickly, "thou knowest that these hopes were but dreams—that the law ever stood between him and me—and that it was guilt to love him."

"I knew the law," answered Hilda, "but the law of fools is to the wise as the cobweb swung over the brake to the wing of the bird. Ye are sibbe to each other, some five times removed; and therefore an old man at Rome says ye ought not to wed. When the shavelings obey the old man at Rome and put aside their own wives, and abstain from the wine cup, and the chase, and the brawl, I will stoop to hear of their laws—with disrelish it may be, but without scorn. It is no sin to love Harold; and no monk and no law shall prevent thy union on the day appointed to bring thee together form and heart."

"Hilda! Hilda! madden me not with joy," cried Edith, starting up in rapturous emotion, her young face dyed with blushes, and all her renovated beauty so celestial that Hilda herself was almost awed.

"But that day is distant," renewed the Vala.

"What matters! what matters!" cried the pure child of Nature; "I ask but hope. Enough—oh! enough, if we are but wedded on the borders of the grave!"

"Lo, then," said Hilda, "behold the sun of thy life dawns again!"

As she spoke, the Vala stretched her arm, and, through the intersticed columns of the fane, Edith saw the large shadow of a man cast over the still sward. Presently into the space of the circle came Harold, her beloved. His face was pale with grief yet recent; but, perhaps more than ever, dignity was in his step and command on his brow, for he felt that now alone with him rested the might of Saxon England. And what robe of royalty so invests with imperial majesty the form of a man as the grave sense of power responsible in an earnest soul.

"Thou comest," said Hilda, "in the hour I predicted, at the setting of the sun and the rising of the star."

"Vala," said Harold, gloomily, "I will not oppose my sense to thy prophecies; for who shall judge of that power of which he knows not the elements? or despise the marvel of which he cannot detect the impature? But leave me, I pray thee, to walk in the broad light of the common day. These hands are made to grapple with something palpable and these eyes to measure the terms that front my way. Mine be the straight path and the plain goal!"

The Vala gazed on him with an earnest eye, that partook of admiration, and yet more of gloom; but she spoke not, and Harold resumed,

"Let the dead rest, Hilda—proud names with glory on earth, and shadows escaped from our ken, submissive to mercy in heaven. A vast chasm have my steps overleaped since we met, O Hilda—sweet Edith—a vast chasm but a narrow grave." His voice faltered a moment, and again he renewed, "Thou weapest, Edith; ah, how thy tears console me! Hilda hear me! I love thy grandchild,—loved her by irresistible instinct since her blue eyes first smiled on me. I loved in her childhood' as in her youth—in the blossom as in the flower. And thy grandchild loves me. The laws of the church proscribe our marriage, and therefore we parted, but I feel, and thy Edith feels, that the love remains as strong in absence: no other will be her wedded lord, no other my wedded wife. Therefore, with a heart made soft by sorrow, and, in my father's death sole master of my fate, I return, and say to thee in her presence, 'suffer us to hope still!' The day may come when under some king less enthralled than Edward by formal Church laws, we may obtain from the pope absolution for our nuptials—a day, perhaps far off; but we are both young, and love is strong and patient: we can wait."

"O Harold," exclaimed Edith, "we can wait!"

"Have I not told thee, son of Godwin," said the Vala solemnly, "that Edith's skein of life was enwoven with thine? Dost thou deem that my charms have not explored the destiny of the last of my race? Know that it is the decree of the fates that ye are to be united, never more to be divided. Know that there shall come a day, though I can see not its morrow, and it lies dim and afar, which shall be the most glorious of thy life, and on which Edith and fame shall be thine—the day of thy nativity, on which hitherto all things have prospered with thee. In vain against the stars preach the monk and the priest: what shall be, shall be. Wherefore, take hope and joy, O Children of Time. And now, as I join your hands, I betroth your souls."

Rapture unalloyed and unprophetic, born of love deep and pure, shone in the eyes of Harold, as he clasped the hand of his promised bride. But an involuntary and mysterious shudder passed over Edith's frame, and she leaned close, close for support on Harold's breast; and, as if by a vision, there rose distinct in her memory a stern brow, a form of power and terror—the brow and the form of him who but once again in her waking life the prophetess had told her she should behold. The vision passed away in the warm clasp of those protecting arms; and, looking up into Harold's face, she there beheld the mighty and deep delight that transfused itself at once into her own soul.

Then Hilda, placing one hand over their heads, and raising the other towards heaven, all radiant with bursting stars said in her deep and thrilling tones—

"Attest the betrothal of these young hearts, O ye powers that draw nature to nature by spells which no galdra can trace, and have wrought in the secrets of creation no mystery so perfect as love—attest it, thou temple thou altar!—attest it O sun and O air! While the forms are divided, may the souls cling together—sorrow with sorrow, and joy with joy. And when, at length bride and bridegroom are one—O stars, may the trouble with which ye are charged have exhausted

its burthen; may no danger molest and no malice disturb, but, over the marriage bed, shine in peace O ye stars!"

Up rose the moon. May's nightingale called its mate from the breathless boughs; and so Edith and Harold were betrothed by the grave of the son of Cerdic. And from the line of Cerdic had come, since Ethelbert, all the Saxon kings who with sword and with scepter had ruled over Saxon England.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OLD AND NEW SYSTEMS OF TEACHING VOCAL MUSIC.

CONCLUDED.

ADVANTAGES OF THE OLD AND NEW SYSTEM COMPARED.

Musical works record the failure of many clever musicians who were fanatical enough to think they could produce a notation to supersede the old one; but found that after a toil of almost a life-time, that they were doomed to disappointment. The question arises, what would the world do with a variety of musical notations? The result would only be, that students of new systems could not understand each other's music, while the students of the old one could read and enjoy music in common all over the world.

The New York Musical Gazette published in 1868, in reviewing E. H. Farnham's system of his musical Galin Method observes: "The objection to any one of these new notations which meets us at the onset is, that after one has learned to read music written in it, he has gained almost nothing.

"The music of all civilized nations, is written and printed in a common notation, which is thus universal. Therefore, after one has learned the Galin, or any other system, he cannot read music as ordinarily printed." The Gazette further observes, "That one having a desire to acquaint himself with English literature, and to be able to read it at sight, might, therefore, as well learn the Greek alphabet.

"He could perhaps read it at sight, but it would be the Greek alphabet not the English. Whatever difficulty there may be in acquiring a knowledge of music it does not arise from the intricacy of its notation, and is not to be overcome by the invention of a new system of writing. Music would exist as a science and art, just as perfectly if it were unwritten, and had no notation."

As it is not Mr. Curwin's intention to compel his pupils to stick to the new notation further than an introduction to musical art, he is justified in introducing simplicity as an introduction. But it is clear when students do not progress from the new to the old, no system, be it ever so good, can make universal musicians.

Besides a vocal notation that does not take in instrumental music, must be alone, an imperfect one. The horizontal form would render it impossible to read rapid passages at sight, with instrumental, and even with vocal music there is a difficulty of enunciation.

Having thus reviewed these two popular systems, of vocal music, I feel justified in leaving the question of the relative value of "Old And New Systems" to the judgment of the reader.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1868.

NEW THEORIES OF CREATION.

At present there are two schools of philosophers in the world—neither of them, apparently, very respectful to Moses or the prophets; both professing to explain the exact principle upon which men, animals, plants, etc., were placed upon this earth.

The chief exponent of one school is Mr. Darwin, the celebrated author and chief propounder of the "Darwinian Theory." Some of the advocates of which, hold that all the successive races of man, birds, beasts and plants have been developed, or derived from no more than some half-a-dozen forms, at the beginning. Others of that school do not go as far as this, but suppose that at least one type or grand-head was created as the parent of each species; thus: that possibly, all animals of the wolfish kind have been derived from some wolf-like creature; or that all the varied specimens of the deer kind have, in the process of ages, been obtained from some one pair of creatures resembling the deer, stag, or antelope, and so of all the rest. It will be seen, that neither of these development theories are orthodox, but if the latter class were accused of opposing the Mosaic history, they would probably reply that the scriptural account does not define exactly whether the Almighty created a distinct parent of each variety of the species, or only one grand progenitor of the whole, from which every variety of that species has been obtained. For instance, it does not distinctly show whether a great ancestral Cat, Leopard or Tiger, was created separately to begin with, or whether all have been derived from some one cat-like animal. The most eminent of the believers of the Development school, however, hold that no distinct head of each species was created, but that a few simple forms of life, only very distantly resembling the present organizations were formed, which in turn have given birth to the thousand-fold varieties of creatures and plants around us to day.

One of the great baseworks of the Development theory is found by its disciples in Geology. In peeling the earth, (if we may use the expression) or theoretically stripping off its skin layer by layer, the Geologist asserts that as he descends towards the center of the globe, and thus goes down step by step, to what constituted the surfaces of the earth in earlier and still earlier ages, so he finds the remains of plants and animals embedded in the rocks, to be of a simpler and still simpler organization—until he comes down to a period when the only organized beings existing were the poor mollusks—creatures almost without shape or signs of life—at least without limbs of any kind; and as he journeys up to the present surface of the earth, and again passes by the layers that have formed successively the floor of the earth in different periods of its formation, so he finds these shapeless creatures to be each superseded, or at least accompanied in turn, by something better and more highly organized still, until he comes to the present surface, where man, the crowning glory of creation, is found embodying within himself all the beauties and utilities

of every form of being preceding him. In harmony with this it is asserted that in the rocks of the remotest period, he discovers the mollusk, in later ones the fish, then the reptile and bird, later still the mammal, and finally, not in the rocks, but above all—man himself. This arrangement the Development disciple, imagines to be nature's revelation of the very order in which these various forms or types of beings were introduced into existence and from which, during the geological periods of the earth's existence, he imagines, were evolved or developed all the forms of animal life this earth has ever displayed.

The same gradations of existence, supposed to be discovered in animals, are also asserted by this class to exist in plants. In the rocks formed in the remotest ages they find plants only of the most primitive and rudimentary kind, as mosses, ferns, etc. Traveling upward they come to vegetation of a more stately and developed order, progressing in exact correspondence to what one would suppose to be their relative value as specimens of Creative skill.

In different animal organizations, the Development believer imagines he can trace the very steps by which the most complicate and wonderful arrangements of the human form have been gradually reached. Take for instance the foot with its numerous bones; he supposes he can discover the history of that foot in a backward direction among the lower order of beings—first in the imperfect foot of the monkey; then in the still less perfectly divided specimens of animal paws until he comes to a foot with only two divisions as in the case of the ox, and finally, to a single hoof with no division as that of the horse.

The conditions of the human brain, in its various stages of progress previous to birth, are also, sometimes referred to as an evidence in favor of these views. Whether fanciful or not, the human brain in this period of existence, is said successively to bear resemblance to the brain of the different classes of creatures embedded in the rocks, in the order in which they are there found.

It would take more space than that at our command to fully explain the various methods by which nature is supposed to have developed new classes of creatures out of older and simpler forms. The best representatives of each variety of beast, bird and plant are supposed to have survived the dangers of existence and perpetuated a continually improving kind while the poorer specimens would naturally perish out of the way. New varieties of species are accounted for by the power of adaptation possessed by nature to fit each creature to fresh conditions of life. Just as the skin of the mechanic is made to harden, and the muscle of the laborer to expand to meet his necessities so teeth, wings, limbs, etc are imagined to have been produced by prolific nature to meet new conditions of existence—not perfect but only rudimentary at first each generation developing the wing, tooth, or limb more perfectly, until, in the course of countless ages the matchless organizations upon which we gaze with speechless admiration were exhibited on our globe.

It is not our purpose to dispute or approve of any of these views, but simply to gather up from all sources the novelties of thought as evolved in this rapid age, presenting them for the judgment of our readers. Without attempting to controvert the opinion of the Development philosophers, we may re-

mark that although creatures in almost every stage of limb and feature can be found, no experience can yet certify to the transition of any one form to another no matter how nearly allied.

In our next we will present the theories of quite an opposite school. The truth may possibly be found somewhere between the two

NOTICE.—After this date, we will credit any of our subscribers on their account one dollar for the name of every new subscriber, forwarded by them to us, who will take the Magazine from the beginning.

FOUL PLAY.

BY CHARLES READE AND DION BOUCICAULT.

[CONTINUED]

CHAPTER XII.

"Hold your tongue," said Welch, with an oath.

Mr. Hazel looked at Miss Rolleston, and she at him. It was a momentary glance, and her eyes sank directly, and filled with patient tears.

For the first few minutes after the Proserpine went down, the survivors sat benumbed, as if awaiting their turn to be engulfed.

They seemed so little, and the Proserpine so big; yet she was swallowed before their eyes, like a crumb. They lost, for a few moments, all idea of escaping.

But, true it is that, that, "while there's life there's hope;" and, as soon as their hearts began to beat again, their eyes roved round the horizon, and their elastic minds recoiled against despair.

This was rendered easier by the wonderful beauty of the weather. There were men there who had got down from a sinking ship, into boats heaving and tossing against her side in a gale of wind, and yet been saved; and here was all calm and delightful. To be sure, in those other shipwrecks, land had been near, and their greatest peril was over when once the boats got clear of the distressed ship without capsizing. Here was no immediate peril; but certain death menaced them, at an uncertain distance.

Their situation was briefly this. Should it come on to blow a gale, these open boats, small and loaded, could not hope to live. Therefore they had two chances for life, and no more, they must either make land—or be picked up at sea—before the weather changed.

But how? The nearest known land was the group of islands called Juan Fernandez, and they lay somewhere to leeward; but distant more than one thousand miles, and should they prefer the other chance, then they must beat three hundred miles and more to windward; for Hudson, underrating the leak, as is supposed, had run the Proserpine fully that distance out of the track of trade.

Now the ocean is a highway—in law; but, in fact, it contains a few highways, and millions of by-ways; and once a cockle-shell gets into those by-ways, small indeed is its chance of being seen and picked up by any sea-going vessel.

Wyllie, who was leading, lowered his sail, and hesitated between the two courses we have indicated. However, on the cutter coming up with him, he ordered Cooper to keep her head north-east, and so run all night. He then made all sail he could, in the same direction, and soon outsailed the cutter. When the sun went down, he was about a mile ahead of her.

Just before sunset, Mr. Hazel made a discovery that annoyed him very much. He found that Welch had put only one bag of biscuit, a ham, a keg of spirit, and a small barrel of water, on board the cutter.

He remonstrated with him sharply. Welch replied that it was all right; the cutter being small, he had put the rest of her provisions on board the long boat.

"On board the long boat!" said Hazel, with a look of wonder. "You have actually made our lives depend on that

scoundrel Wyllie again. You deserve to be flung into the sea. You have no forethought yourself; yet you will not be guided by those that have it."

Welch hung his head a little at these reproaches. However, he replied, rather sullenly, that it was only for one night; they could signal the long boat in the morning, and get the other bags, and the cask, out of her. But Mr. Hazel was not to be appeased.

"The morning! Why, she sails three feet to our two. How do you know he won't run away from us? I never expect to get within ten miles of him again. We know him; and he knows we know him."

Cooper got up, and patted Mr. Hazel on the shoulder, soothingly. "Boat-hook aft," said he to Welch.

He then, by an ingenious use of the boat-hook, and some of the spare canvas, contrived to set out a studding-sail on the other side of the mast.

Hazel thanked him warmly. "But, oh, Cooper! Cooper!" said he, "I'd give all I have in the world if that bread and water were on board the cutter instead of the long boat."

The cutter had now two wings, instead of one; the water bubbling loud under her bows marked her increased speed; and all fear of being greatly outsailed by her consort began to subside.

A slight sea-fret came on, and obscured the sea in part; but they had a good lantern and compass, and steered the course exactly, all night, according to Wyllie's orders, changing the helmsman every four hours.

Mr. Hazel, without a word, put a rug round Miss Rolleston's shoulders, and another round her feet.

"Oh, not both, sir, please," said she.

"Am I to be disobeyed by everybody?" said he.

Then she submitted in silence, and in a certain obsequious way that was quite new, and well calculated to disarm anger. Sooner or later, all slept, except the helmsman.

At day-break, Mr. Hazel was awakened by a loud hail from a man in the bows.

All the sleepers started up.

"Long boat not in sight!"

It was too true. The ocean was blank; not a sail, large or small, in sight.

Many voices spoke at once.

"He has carried on till he has capsized her."

"He has given us the slip."

Unwilling to believe so great a calamity, every eye peered and stared all over the sea. In vain. Not a streak that could be a boat's hull, not a speck that could be a sail.

The little cutter was alone upon the ocean. Alone, with scarcely two days' provisions, one thousand miles from land, and eight hundred miles to leeward of the nearest sea-road.

Hazel, seeing his worst forebodings realised, sat down in moody, bitter, and boding silence.

Of the other men some raged, and cursed. Some wept aloud.

The lady, more patient, put her hands together, and prayed to Him, who made the sea, and all that therein is. Yet her case was the cruellest. For she was by nature more timid than the men, yet she must share their desperate peril. And then to be alone with all these men, and one of them had told her that he loved her, and hated the man she was betrothed to! Shame tortured this delicate creature, as well as fear. Happy for her, that of late, and only of late, she had learned to pray in earnest.

It was now a race between starvation and drowning, and either way death stared them in the face.

CHAPTER XIII.

The long boat was, at this moment, a hundred miles to windward of the cutter.

The fact is, that Wyllie, the evening before, had been secretly perplexed as to the best course. He had decided to run for the island; but he was not easy under his own decision; and, at night, he got more and more discontented with it.

Finally, at nine o'clock, p.m., he suddenly gave the order to luff and tack, and by day-break he was very near the place where the Proserpine went down; whereas the cutter, having run before the wind all night, was, at least, a hundred miles to leeward of him.

But he was not sure he was taking the best or safest course. The cutter might be saved, after all, and the long boat lost.

Meantime he was not sorry of an excuse to shake off the cutter. She contained one man at least who knew he had scuttled the Proserpine; and therefore it was all important to him to get to

London before her, and receive the two thousands, which was to be his reward for that abominable act.

But the way to get to London before Mr. Hazel, or else to the bottom of the Pacific before him, was to get back into the sea-road, at all hazards.

He was not aware that the cutter's water and biscuit were on board his boat; nor did he discover this till noon next day. And, on making this fearful discovery, he showed himself human; he cried out, with an oath, "What have I done? I have damned myself to all eternity!"

He then ordered the boat to be put before the wind again; but the men scowled, and not one stirred a finger; and he saw the futility of this, and did not persist; but groaned aloud, and then sat, staring wildly. Finally, like a true sailor, he got to the rum, and stupefied his agitated conscience for a time.

While he lay drunk, at the bottom of the boat, his sailors carried out his first instructions, beating southward right in the wind's eye.

Five days they beat to windward, and never saw a sail. Then it fell dead calm; and so remained for three days more.

The men began to suffer greatly from cramps, owing to their number and confined position. During the calm, they rowed all day, and with this, and a light westerly breeze that sprung up, they got into the sea-road again; but having now sailed three hundred and fifty miles to the southward, they found a great change in the temperature; the nights were so cold that they were fain to huddle together to keep a little warmth in their bodies.

On the fifteenth day of their voyage it began to rain and blow, and then they were never a whole minute out of peril. Hand for ever on the sheet, eye on the waves, to ease her at the right moment; and, with all this care, the spray eternally flying half way over her mast, and often a body of water making a clean breach over her, and the men baling night and day with their very hats, or she could not have lived an hour.

At last, when they were almost dead with wet, cold, fatigue, and danger, a ship came in sight, and crept slowly up, about two miles to windward of the distressed boat. With the heave of the waters they could see little more than her sails; but they ran up a bright bandana handkerchief to their mast-head; and the ship made them out. She hoisted Dutch colors, and—continued her course.

Then the poor abandoned creatures wept, and raved, and cursed, in their phrenzy, glaring after that cruel, shameless man, who could do such an act, yet hoist a color, and show of what nation he was the native—and the disgrace.

But one of them said not a word. This was Wylie. He sat shivering, and remembered how he had abandoned the cutter, and all on board. Loud sighs broke from his laboring breast; but not a word. Yet one word was ever present to his mind; and seemed written in fire on the night of clouds, and howled in his ears by the wind—Retribution!

And now came a dirty night—to men on ships; a fearful night to men in boats. The sky black, the sea on fire with crested billows, that broke over them every minute; their light was washed out; their provisions drenched and spoiled; bale as they would, the boat was always filling. Up to their knees in water; cold as ice, blinded with spray, deafened with roaring billows, they tossed and tumbled in a fiery foaming hell of waters, and still, though despairing, clung to their lives, and bailed with their hats unceasingly.

Day broke, and the first sight it revealed to them was a brig to windward staggering along, and pitching under close-reefed topsails.

They started up, and waved their hats, and cried aloud. But the wind carried their voices to leeward, and the brig staggered on.

They ran up their little signal of distress; but still the vessel staggered on.

Then the miserable men shook hands all round, and gave themselves up for lost.

But, at this moment, the brig hoisted a vivid flag all stripes and stars, and altered her course a point or two.

She crossed the boat's track a mile ahead, and her people looked over the bulwarks, and waved their hats to encourage those tossed and desperate men.

Having thus given them the weather gage, she hove-to for them.

They ran down to her, and crept under her lee; down came ropes to them, held by friendly hands, and friendly faces shone down at them; eager grasps seized each as he went up the ship's side, and so, in a very short time, they sent the woman up, and the rest being all sailors, and clover as cats, they were safe on board the whaling brig Maria, Capt. Slocum, of Nantucket, U.S.

Their log, compass, and instruments, were also saved.

The boat was cast adrift, and was soon after seen bottom upwards on the crest of a wave.

The good Samaritan in command of the Maria supplied them with dry clothes out of the ship's stores, good food, and medical attendance, which was much needed, their legs and feet being in a deplorable condition, and their own surgeon crippled.

A south-easterly gale induced the American skipper to give Cape Horn a wide berth, and the Maria soon found herself three degrees south of that perilous coast. There she encountered field-ice. In this labyrinth they dodged and worried for eighteen days, until a sudden chop in the wind gave the captain a chance of which he promptly availed himself; and in forty hours they sighted Terra del Fuego.

During this time, the rescued crew having recovered from the effects of their hardships, fell in to the work of the ship, and took their turns with the Yankee seamen. The brig was short-handed; but trimmed and handled by a full crew,—and the Proserpine's men, who were first-class seamen, worked with a will because work was no longer a duty,—she exhibited a speed the captain had almost forgotten was in the craft. Now speed at sea means economy, for every day added to a voyage is so much off the profits. Slocum was part owner of the boat, and shrewdly alive to the value of the seamen.

When about three hundred miles south of Buenos Ayres, Wylie proposed that they should be landed there, from whence they might be transhipped to a vessel bound for home. This was objected to by Slocum, on the ground that by such a deviation from his course he must lose three days, and the port-dues at Buenos Ayres were heavy.

Wylie undertook that the house of Wardlaw and Son should indemnify the brig for all expenses and losses incurred.

Still the American hesitated; at last he honestly told Wylie he wished to keep the men; he liked them—they liked him. He had sounded them, and they had no objection to join his ship, and sign articles for a three years' whaling voyage, provided they did not thereby forfeit the wages to which they would be entitled on reaching Liverpool. Wylie went forward and asked the men if they would take service with the Yankee captain. All but three expressed their desire to do so; these three had families in England, and refused. The mate gave the others a release, and an order on Wardlaw & Co. for their full wages for the voyage; then they signed articles with Captain Slocum, and entered the American Mercantile Navy.

Two days after this they sighted the high lands at the mouth of the Rio de la Plata at 10 p.m., and lay-to for a pilot. After three hours' delay they were boarded by a pilot, and they began to creep into port. The night was very dark, and a thin white fog lay on the water.

Wylie was sitting on the traffrail, and conversing with Slocum, when the look-out forward sung out, "Sail ho!"

Another voice almost simultaneously yelled out of the fog, "Port your helm!"

Suddenly, out of the mist, and close aboard the Maria, appeared the hull and canvas of a very large ship. The brig was crossing her course, and her great bowsprit barely missed the brig's mainsail. It stood for a moment over Wylie's head. He looked up, and there was the figure-head of the ship looming almost within his reach. It was a colossal green woman; one arm extended grasped a golden harp, the other was pressed to her head in the attitude of holding back her wild and flowing hair. The face seemed to glare down upon the two men; in another moment the monster, gliding on, just missing the brig, was lost in the fog.

"That was a narrow squeak," said Slocum.

Wylie made no answer, but looked into the darkness after the vessel.

He had recognised her figure-head.

It was the Shannon!

CHAPTER XIV.

Before the Maria sailed again with the men who formed a part of Wylie's crew, he made them sign a declaration before the English Consul at Buenos Ayres. This document set forth the manner in which the Proserpine foundered; it was artfully made up of facts, enough to deceive a careless listener; but when Wylie read it over to them, he slurred over certain parts, which he took care, also, to express in language above the comprehension of such men. Of course, they assented eagerly to what they did not understand, and signed the statement conscientiously.

So Wylie and his three men were shipped on board the Bo-

dicea, bound for Liverpool, in Old England, while the others sailed with Captain Slocum for Nantucket, in New England.

The Boadicea was a clipper laden with hides and a miscellaneous cargo. For seventeen days she flew before a southerly gale, being on her best sailing point, and after one of the shortest passages she had ever made, she lay-to outside the bar, off the Mersey. It wanted but one hour to daylight, the tide was flowing; the pilot sprang aboard.

"What do you draw?" he asked of the master.

"Fifteen feet, barely," was the reply.

"That would do," and the vessel's head was laid for the river.

They passed a large barque, with her top-sails backed.

"Ay," remarked the pilot, "she has waited since the half-ebb; there ain't more than four hours in the twenty-four that such craft as that can get in."

"What is she? An American liner?" asked Wylie, peering through the gloom.

"No," said the pilot; "she's an Australian ship. She's the Shannon, from Sydney."

The mate started, looked at the man, then at the vessel. Twice the Shannon had thus met him, as if to satisfy him that his object had been attained, and each time she seemed to him not an inanimate thing, but a silent accomplice. A chill of fear struck through the man's frame as he looked at her. There she lay, and in her hold were safely stowed £160,000 in gold, marked lead and copper.

Wylie had no luggage nor effects to detain him on board; he landed, and having bestowed his companions in a sailors' boarding-house, he was hastening to the shipping agents of Wardlaw & Son to announce his arrival and the fate of the Proserpine. He had reached their offices in Water Street before he recollected that it was barely half-past five o'clock, and though broad day-light on that July morning, merchant's offices are not open at that hour. The sight of the Shannon so bewildered him that he had not noticed that the shops were all shut, the streets deserted. Then a thought occurred to him—why not be the bearer of his own news? He did require to turn the idea twice over, but resolved for many reasons to adopt it. As he hurried to the railway-station, he tried to recollect the hour at which the early train started; but his confused and excited mind refused to perform the function of memory. The Shannon dazed him.

At the railway-station he found that a train had started at 4 a.m., and there was nothing until 7.30. This check sobered him a little, and he went back to the docks; he walked out to the further end of that noble line of berths, and sat down on the verge with his legs dangling over the water. He waited an hour; it was six o'clock by the great dial at St. George's Dock. His eyes were fixed on the Shannon, which was moving slowly up the river, she came abreast to where he sat. The few sails requisite to give her steerage, fell. Her anchor-chain rattled, and she swung round with the tide. The clock struck the half-hour; a boat left the side of the vessel, and made straight for the steps near where he was seated. A tall, noble-looking man sat in the stern sheets, beside the coxswain; he was put ashore, and, after exchanging a few words with the boat's crew, he mounted the steps which led him to Wylie's side, followed by one of the sailors, who carried a portmanteau.

He stood for a single moment on the quay, and stamped his foot on the broad stones; then heaving a deep sigh of satisfaction, he murmured—"Thank God!"

He turned towards Wylie.

"Can you tell me, my man, at what hour the first train starts for London?"

"There is a slow train at 7.30, and an express at 9."

"The express will serve me, and give me time for breakfast at the Adelphi. Thank you—good morning;" and the gentleman passed on, followed by the sailor.

Wylie looked after him; he noted that erect military carriage, and crisp, grey hair, and thick white moustache; he had a vague idea that he had seen that face before, and the memory troubled him.

At 7.30 Wylie started for London; the military man followed him in the express at 9, and caught him up at Epsby; together they arrived at the station at Euston Square; it wanted a quarter to three. Wylie hailed a cab, but, before he could struggle through the crowd to reach it, a railway porter threw a portmanteau on its roof, and his military acquaintance took possession of it.

"All right," said the porter. "What address, sir?"

Wylie did not hear what the gentleman said, but the porter shouted it to the cabman, and then he did hear it.

"No. —, Russell Square."

It was the house of Arthur Wardlaw!

Wylie took off his hat, rubbed his frowny hair, and gaped after the cab.

He entered another cab and told the driver to go to "No. —, Fenchurch Street."

It was the office of Wardlaw & Son.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ADVENTURE WITH A BOA-CONSTRUCTOR.

After an inspection of the scaly monster, duly cared for in his chest, and swathed in blankets, Mr. R. became possessor of the wished-for-prize: and as the steamer for Civita Vecchia, by which he intended to reach Rome, lay at her moorings not far off from the trader from Brazil, the chest and contents were soon transferred, and Mr. R. and his prize shortly after started. On arrival at Civita Vecchia, Mr. R.'s position as an agent of the Government made the transfer of himself and luggage from the steamer to the railway for Rome a matter of small delay, and in the due course of traveling found himself at the gates of Rome.

Leaving his general luggage in the care of a servant, Mr. R. started in a hired carriage with his Brazilian prize for his residence in the Via, and on arrival, with the assistance of the coachman of the vehicle, he conveyed the chest and contents to his room, where he was left for the first time in quiet possession of his purchase. He dragged the chest into the middle of the chamber, and having fastened the door for fear of interruption, unlocked the chest, and peeping within the folds of the blankets, contemplated with eager satisfaction the movements of the huge reptile. But, while he looked, and wondered at its vast girth, its huge folds wreathing one within the other, suddenly the head appeared; and, whether from the long confinement, the shaking it had received, or feeling the incipient pangs of hunger, (longing for a feast of chicken or tender rabbit,) with one sharp hiss the creature slid from its coverings and the shelter of its box, and was in a moment careering round the chamber.

Mr. R. watched with delight and pleasure scarcely to be imagined (except by such an enthusiast) the graceful movements of the beautiful creature, as, now running along the room at length, and again throwing its coils around the furniture; it seemed to inspect each and every article separately, while its every movement was power, yet horrible in its grace. Mr. R. at last observed that the boa leaving its movements among the furniture of the room, suddenly turned, and in a moment was across the apartment; when, resting upon its coils, it reared itself up and confronted him—its head opposite to his, and its eyes gleaming fiercely into his own.

It flashed upon him in an instant that the reptile had possibly been kept without food whilst on board, and that hunger pressing it on obtaining liberty, he himself would be its first victim. He stood transfixed but for a moment whilst the perspiration burst from his forehead; and his lonely situation with the chamber door secured, and his frightful chance of a terrible death, rose instantly to him. But that one moment only he paused, then threw himself at the snake, and clutched it by the neck with a grasp such only as despair and horror could give. In that one moment we may faintly imagine, as it is said with drowning persons, or those in extreme peril, he lived his life over again years were comprised within the retrospective glance of a second. In an instant the coils of the serpent were around his waist, he felt himself lost; but his presence of mind was not wholly gone, and he perceived that the tail of the serpent was in front. He tore the fold backward, and, with nervous despair, held it off with his other arm; then dragging himself away from the folds that were loosened, he dashed the serpent within the chest, and violently closing it, he threw himself, now breathless and horror-struck, upon the lid.

Here he sat not daring to move, for, as he argued, "Should I do so, again I may have to renew the struggle, and no power can save me." By degrees, as he became composed, he found that he could reach a heavy chair, and with the help of that chair, he drew forward another, these he piled upon the chest, adding other portions of furniture. Seeing the key of his chamber, he rushed to the door, unlocked it, and shouted for help. His servant had but then arrived with his effects, and other help was at hand; so in a short time they approached the chest to remove the reptile into safer quarters. They cautiously lifted the lid; the captive did not stir; they touched the clammy folds, no corresponding writhing was seen. In fine, the serpent was dead—killed by the convulsive clutch with which Mr. R., in his struggle for dear life, had seized it.

HUMOROUS READINGS.

THE oldest lunatic on record—time out of mind.

A long-headed man is never head-long.

JOSH BILLINGS says:—"The best cure I know of for tight boots is small feet."

WHY is a man annoyed by a fool like one who falls into the sea? Because he is a man *over-bored*.

MAY not a bird who sleeps upon the wing be said to occupy a feather bed?

HOW to COOK A GOOSE.—Suspend yourself in front of a brisk fire, and revolve carefully and regularly until you are done brown.

HUSBANDRY.—The pleasantest husbandry known to man is said to be the destroying of weeds—a widow's weeds by marrying the widow, for instance.

A PERSON looking over the catalogue of professional gentlemen of the bar, wrote against the name of one who was of the bustling order: "Has been accused of possessing talents." Another seeing it, immediately wrote under it: "Has been tried, and acquitted."

IN PRISON.—Mrs. Foote, mother of the immortal Sam Foot experienced the caprices of fortune nearly as much as her son. The following laconic letters passed between them:—"Dear Sam I am in prison." Answer:—"Dear mother so am I."

IN a meeting-house in which it was customary for the men to sit on one side of the room and the women on the other, there was so much talking, one Sabbath, that the minister had finally to speak of it.—"I hope you'll take notice that it's not on our side of the house," responded one of the women—"So much the better," said the minister, "so much the better, for then it'll be sooner over."

TAKING A SHOT AT IT.—"What are all those white things for?" inquired the Lady Arabella on the day of the Review, pointing to the hammocks triced along the bulwarks of the ship. "Aw," responded Lord Fitznoodle, "ships, you know want ballast, and those white things—aw—are sand bags, and they—aw—put 'em at the side to keep the vessel straight." "How do ships weigh their anchors?" inquired the lady presently. Replied the gentleman, "Aw—spose they—aw—put 'em in the scales."

TITLES OF BOOKS.—The title of a book ought somehow to express its character. In the sixteenth century, titles were very queer and quaint: "A Footpath to Felicity," "A Swarime of Bees," "A Plant of Pleasure and a Grove of Graces." In the time of Cromwell the names of books were as odd as the names of men. In Praise God Barebone's library was "A Pair of Bellows to Blow off the Dust Cast upon John Fry." In Tribulation Butler's bookcase was "A Sigh of Sorrow for the Sinners of Zion Breathed out of a Hole in the Wall of an Earthen Vessel Known to Men by the Name of Samuel Fisher." In the will of Jeroboam Crandall, he bequeathed to his daughter Keziah, "A Reaping-Hook Well Tempered for the Stubborn Ears of the Coming Crop; or Biscuits Baked in the Oven of Charity, Carefully Conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the Sweet Swallows of Salvation," which when examined turned out to be a book?

A FAMILY VOLUME.

With this number we complete the first volume of the UTAH MAGAZINE. A glance at the accompanying index will give the best idea of the variety and utility of its contents. Having served the purpose of a weekly entertainer, our subscribers have now a family volume ready for binding, and suitable for purposes of study or entertainment for years to come. Among its numerous stories that of Harold, when completed, will be found to bear reading again and again, and can be recommended to our youth as well as those with older heads for the beauty of its language and its historical information. THE KEYS OF ST. PETER will tell of the way they did things in the good old times at Rome; while FOUL PLAY will give its readers a splendid idea of sea life and enough sensation to keep them awake. Charles Dickens's pathos and humor will alternately make them cry and laugh, while VALENTINE VOX will supply everyone all they want of practical jokes. To our young folks PARLOR AMUSEMENTS will be an inexhaustible fund of amusement and tend to create a relish for home.

The student will, we trust, find something for reflection in the Editorial descriptions of Curious Creeds, National Traits, and the Novelties of modern science; as also in the articles on Geology, Music, and French—while the practical man—Farmer, or Mechanic, will discover instructions suitable for their callings; and the no less practical lady, some useful directions for the parlor, or kitchen table.

When to the above is added, a batch of small but striking tales, Exciting Adventures, Humorous Readings, Sentimental and Comic Poetry, and a host of taking selections from the best Magazines of the day. We believe that in the first Volume of the UTAH MAGAZINE we present a volume worth preservation in the Family Library.

NOTICE TO OUR READERS.

About two months ago we sent East for the paper for our second Volume, up till within a few days we have been anticipating its arrival in time to continue our issue without a day's suspension. As there now seems to be a possibility of some little delay in its arrival, we present the following note from Messrs. Godbe and Mitchell on the subject. Should the paper not arrive in time for our regular issue (which we hope will not be the case,) we trust our readers will bear with us in the interval.

EXCHANGE BUILDINGS, July 2nd, 1868.

PUBLISHER UTAH MAGAZINE:

INVOICES of the paper for your second volume were received from New York some weeks ago, and trains chartered by us to fetch it and other goods left this city under contract to be at the Railway by the 15th of June last. One train at least, we know to be now on its way back. We anticipate your paper will be in with but little delay to your subscribers, but cannot give the exact date.

GODBE & MITCHELL.

We now take pleasure in notifying our readers, that the next volume will contain an increase of reading matter. With Editorial and other aid in prospect, we hope to present in Volume 2, a still more interesting and engaging visitor to their homes. Will our friends help us to this end?

NOTICE.—Our subscribers will confer a favor by forwarding us any pay at their command no matter how trivial in amount.

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E. L. T. HARRISON, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
Office: Godbe's Exchange Buildings.

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E. L. T. HARRISON, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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P R E F A C E .

With the completion of the Second Volume, herewith presented to our readers, we make the circuit of a year in the history of Magazine Literature in Utah; during which period we have received an amount of encouragement greater than could have been anticipated under the circumstances.

Owing to the non-fulfilment of special orders to our paper manufacturer East, and our remoteness from the great paper markets of the country, the present Volume labors under the disadvantage of being printed on paper as inferior to our first Volume as we intend it to be to all our future ones.

We shall commence our Third Volume with the pleasurable assurance that we have passed the rubicon, and that the existence of the Magazine is no longer problematical. We commence at a period when the shriek of the Engine in our Valley announces the close of our era of isolation as a community—the commencement of a period which we confidently assert will yet find Utah as much distinguished for Art, Science, and Literature, as she already is for her grand Theology.

That in the accomplishment of this great future the Utah Magazine may play a useful part as the "HOME JOURNAL OF THE PEOPLE" is the sincere wish

Of the

PUBLISHER.

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[Vol. 2.

POETRY.

A LITTLE GIRL.

As sleeps the odor in the rose,
When still a bud it gems the tree,
Ere yet its perfumed lips uncloze;
So sleeps thy woman's love in thee.

The morn arises, and the flower
Unfurls its petals and is fair,
And lends with each advancing hour
A fresher fragrance to the air.

And long may thy serenest love
Make joyous all life's summer day,
Thine earth be fair as heaven above,
And thou more beautiful than they.

And other lips, perchance, shall praise
The perfect flower's perfect scent,
When lone I spend the far-off days
In self-inflicted banishment;

When I shall say, on hearing them
Who chant their hymn of praise to thee,
I knew the perfect parent stem,
I knew how fair the flower would be.

HAROLD.

THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

[CONTINUED.]

There was great rejoicing in England. King Edward had been induced to send Alred the prelate to be court of the German emperor, for the heir presumptive to his throne, Edward Atheling, the son of the great Ironsides. In his childhood, this prince, with his brother Edmund, had been committed by Canute to the charge of his vassal, the king of Sweden; where he remained forgotten in his exile, until now suddenly recalled to England as the presumptive successor of his childless namesake. He arrived with his gatha his wife, one infant son Edgar, and two daughters, Margaret and Christina.

Great were the rejoicings. The vast crowd that had followed the royal visitors in their procession to the old London palace (not far from St. Paul's,) in which they were lodged, yet swarmed through the

streets, when two thegns, our old friends, Vebba and Godrith, who had personally accompanied the Atheling from Dover, and had just taken leave of him, now sat in a tavern near old London bridge refreshing themselves and discussing the dainties of the season.

"Well, Vebba, and how liketh thou the Atheling? he is of the old line," said Godrith.

The Kent man looked perplexed, and had recourse to the ale which he preferred to all more delicate liquor, before he replied.

"Why he speaks English worse than king Edward! and as for his boy Edgar, the child can scarce speak English at all. And then their German carles and cnehts! An I had known what manner of folk they were, I had not spent my *manuses* in running from my homestead to give them the welcome. But they told me that Harold the good earl, had made the king send for them: and whatever the earl does, must I thought be wise, and to the weal of sweet England."

"That is true," said Godrith with earnest emphasis, for, with all affectation of Norman manners, he was thoroughly English at heart, and was now among the staunchest supporters of Harold, who had become no less the pattern and pride of the young nobles than the darling of the humbler population—"that is true, and Harold showed us his noble English heart when he so urged the king to his own loss."

As Godrith thus spoke, nay, from the first mention of Harold's name, two men richly clad, but with their bonnets drawn far over their brows, and their long gonnas so worn as to hide their forms, who were seated at a table behind Godrith, and had thus escaped his attention, had paused from their wine cups, and they now listened with much earnestness to the conversation that followed.

"How to the earl's loss?" asked Vebba.

"Why, simple thegn," answered Godrith, "why, suppose that Edward had refused to acknowledge the Atheling as his heir, suppose the Atheling had remained in the German court, and our good king died suddenly—who, thinkest thou, could succeed to the English throne?"

"Marry, I have never thought of that at all," said the Kent man scratching his head.

"No, nor have the English generally; yet whom could we choose but Harold?"

A sudden start from one of the listeners was checked by the warning finger of the other; and the Kent man exclaimed—

"Body o' me! But we have never chosen king

(save the Danes) out of the line of Cerdic. These be new cranks, with a vengeance; we shall be choosing German, or Saracen, or Norman next!"

"Out of the line of Cerdic! but that line is gone, root and branch, save the Atheling, and he thou seest is more German than English. Again I say, failing the Atheling, whom could we choose but Harold, brother-in-law to the king; descended through Githa from the royalties of the Norse, the head of all armies under Herr-ban, the chief who has never fought without victory, yet who has always preserved conciliation to conquest—the first counselor in the Witan—the first man in the realm—who but Harold? answer me, staving Vebba?"

"I take in thy words slowly," said the Kent man, shaking his head, "and after all, it matters little who is king so he be a good one; Yes, I see now that the earl was a just and generous man when he made the king send for the Atheling. Drinkhæ! long life to them both!"

"Washæ!" answered Godrith, draining his hippocras to Vebba's more potent ale; "long life to them both! may Edward the Atheling reign, but Harold the earl rule! Ah, then, indeed, we may sleep without fear of fierce Algar and still fiercer Gryflyth the Walloon—who now, it is true, are stilled for the moment, thanks to Harold."

"So little news hear I," said Vebba, "and in Kent so little are we plagued with the troubles elsewhere (for there Harold governs us, and the hawks come not where the eagle holds nest!)—that I will thank thee to tell me something about our old earl for a year, Algar the restless and this Gryflyth the Welsh king, so that I may seem a wise man when I go back to my homestead."

"Why, thou knowest at least that Algar and Harold were ever opposed in the Witan, and hot words thou hast heard, pass between them?"

"Marry, yes! But Algar was as little match for Earl Harold in speech as in sword play."

Now again one of the listeners started (but it was not the same one as before,) and muttered an angry exclamation.

"Yet he is a troublesome foe," said Godrith, who did not hear the sound Vebba had provoked, "and a thorn in the side both of the earl and of England; and sorrowful for both England and earl was it, that Harold refused to marry Aldyth, as his father, wise Godwin, counseled and wished."

"Ah, but I have heard scop and harpers sing pretty songs that Harold loves Edith the fair, a wondrous proper maiden they say!"

"It is true; and for the sake of his love he played ill for his ambition."

"I like him better for that," said the honest Kent man; "why does he not marry the girl at once; she hath broad lands, I know, for they run from the Sussex shore into Kent."

"But they are cousins five times removed, and the church forbids the marriage, nevertheless Harold loves Edith; they have exchanged the true-lofa, whispered that Harold hopes the Atheling, comes to be king, will get him the pope's a. But to return to Algar; in a day most gave his daughter to Gryflyth, the most ab-king the land ever knew, who, it is said content till he has won all Wales for him-

self without homage or service, and the Marches boot. Well I wene that Gryflyth will never troth with the English, and that no hand-less str than Harold's can keep in check a spirit as fiery Algar's; therefore did I wish that Harold might king."

"Well," quoth the honest Kent man, "I hope nonetheless, that Algar will sow his wild oats, and let the Walloons to grow the hemp for their own hab for, though he is not of the height of our Harold, a true Saxon, and we liked him well enow when ruled us. And how is our earl's brother Tostig teemed by the Northmen? It must be hard to p those who had Siward of the strong arm for their before."

"Why, at first, when Harold secured to Tostig Northumbrian earldom Tostig went by his brother counsel, and ruled well and won favor. Of late hear that the Northmen murmur. Tostig is a man deed dour and haughty."

After a few more questions and answers on the of the day, Vebba rose and said—

"Thanks for thy good-fellowship; it is time for now to be jogging homeward. I left my ceorls horses on the other side of the river and must go them."

"But I should like to have said a kind word or Earl Harold—for he was too busy and too great me to come across him in the old palace yonde have a mind to go back and look for him at his house."

"You will not find him there," said Godrith, "I know that as soon as he hath finished his confer with the Atheling, he will leave the city; and I be at his own favorite manse over the water at an to take orders for repairing the forts and the dyke the Marches. You can tarry awhile and meet us, know his old lodge in the forest land?"

"Nay, I must be back and at home ere night all things go wrong when the master is away. indeed, my good wife will scold me for not ha shaken hands with the handsome earl."

"Thou shalt not come under that sad inflict said the good-natured Godrith, who was pleased the thegn's devotion to Harold, and who k ing the great weight which Vebba, (homely as seemed) carried in his important county, was p cally anxious that the earl should humor so sturdy friend. "Thou shalt not sour thy wife's kiss For, look you, as you ride back you pass by a old house, with broken columns at the back."

"I have marked it well," said the thegn, "wh have gone that way, with heap of queer stones, a little billock, which they say the witches or the ons heaped together."

"The same. When Harold leaves London, I well towards that house will his road wend; for t lives Edith the swan's-neck, with her awful gran the Wicca. If thou art there a little after noon, pend on it thou wilt see Harold riding that way."

"Thank thee heartily, friend Godrith," said Vebba taking his leave, "I see thou art as good a Saxon ere a franklin of Kent—and so the saints keep th

Vebba then strode briskly over the bridge; Godrith, animated by the wine he had drunk, t gaily on his heel to look among the crowded table some chance friend with whom to while away an or so at the games of hazard then in vogue.

Scarcely had he turned, when the two listeners, who, having paid their reckoning, had moved under the shade of one of the arcades, dropped into a boat which they had summoned to the margin by a noiseless signal, and were rowed over the river. They preserved a silence which seemed thoughtful and gloomy until they reached the opposite shore, then one of them pushing back his bonnet, showed the sharp and haughty features of Algar.

"Well friend of Gryffyth," said he with a bitter accent, "thou hearest that Earl Harold counts so little on the oaths of thy king, that he intends to fortify the Marches against him; and thou hearest also that naught save a life as fragile as the reed which thy feet are trampling, stands between the throne of England and the only Englishman who could ever have humbled my son-in-law to swear oath of service to Edward."

"Shame upon that hour," said the other, whose speech, as well as the gold collar round his neck, and the peculiar fashion of his hair, betokened him to be Welsh. "Little did I think that the great son of Llewellyn, whom our bards had set above Roderic Mawr, would ever have acknowledged the sovereignty of the Saxon over the hills of Cymry."

"Tut, Meredydd," answered Algar, "thou knowest well that no Cymrian ever deems himself dishonored by breaking faith with the Saxon; and we shall yet see the lions of Gryffyth scaring the sheepfolds of Hereford."

"So be it," answered Meredydd, fiercely. "And Harold shall give to his Atheling the Saxon land, shorn at least of the Cymrian kingdom."

"Meredydd," said Algar, with a seriousness that seemed almost solemn, "no Atheling will live to rule these realms! Thou knowest that I was one of the first to hail the news of his coming—I hastened to Dover to meet him. Methought I saw death writ on his countenance, and I bribed the German leech who attends him to answer my questions; the Atheling knows it not, but he bears within him the seeds of a mortal complaint. Thou wottest well what cause I have to hate Earl Harold; and were I the only man to oppose his way to the throne, he should not ascend it but over my corpse. But when Godrith, his creature, spoke, I felt that he spoke the truth; and, the Atheling, dead on no head but Harold's can fall the crown."

"Ha!" said the Cymrian chief, gloomily—"thinkest thou so indeed?"

"I think it not, I know it. And for that reason, Meredydd, we must wait not until he wields against us all the royalty of England. As yet, while Edward lives, there is hope. For the king loves to spend wealth on relics and priests, and is slow when the *manases* are wanted for fighting men. The king too, poor man! is not so ill pleased at my outbursts as he would fain have it thought—he thinks, by pitting earl against earl, that he himself is the stronger. While Edward lives, therefore, Harold's arm is half crippled—wherefore, Meredydd, ride thou, with good speed, back to King Gryffyth, and tell him all I have told thee. Tell him the time to strike the blow and renew the war will be amid the dismay and confusion that the Atheling's death will occasion. Tell him that if we can entangle Harold himself in the Welsh defiles it will go hard but we will find some arrow or dagger to pierce the heart of the invader. And were Harold

but slain—who then would be king of England? The line of Cerdic gone—the house of Godwin lost in Earl Harold (for Tostig is hated in his own domain, Leofwine is too light, and Gurth too saintly for such ambition;) who then, I say, can be king in England but Algar, the heir of the great Leofric? And I, as king of England, will set Cymyr free and restore to the realm of Gryffyth the shires of Hereford and Worcester. Ride fast, O Meredydd, and heed well all I have said."

"Dost thou promise and swear, that wert thou king of England, Cymry should be free from all service?"

"Free as air, free as Arthur and Uther I swear it. And remember well how Harold addressed the Cymrian chiefs, when he accepted Gryffyth's oath of service?"

"Remember it—ay," cried Meredydd, his face lighting up with extreme ire and revenge—"the stern Saxon said, 'Heed well, ye chiefs of Cymry, and thou Gryffyth the king, that if again ye force, by ravage and rapine, by sacrilege and murder, the majesty of England to enter your borders, duty must be done—God grant that your Cymrian lion may leave us in peace—if not, it is mercy to human life that bids us cut the talons and draw the fangs.'"

"Harold, like all calm and mild men, ever says less than he means," returned Algar—"and were Harold king, small pretext would he need for cutting the talons and drawing the fangs."

"It is well," said Meredydd, with a fierce smile, "I will go now to my men who are lodged yonder; and it is better that thou shouldst not be seen with me."

"Right; so St. David be with you—and forget not a word of my message to Gryffyth my son-in-law."

"Not a word," returned Meredydd, as with a wave of his hand he moved toward an hostelry, to which, as kept by one of their own countrymen, the Welsh habitually resorted in the visits to the capital which the various intrigues and dissensions in their unhappy land made frequent.

The chief's train, which consisted of ten men, all of high birth, were not drinking in the tavern—for sorry customers to mine host were the abstemious Welsh. Stretched on the grass under the trees of an orchard that backed the hostelry, and utterly indifferent to all the rejoicings that animated the population of Southwark and London, they were listening to a wild song of the old hero-days from one of their number; and round them grazed the rough, shagged ponies which they had used for their journey. Meredydd, approaching, gazed round, and seeing no stranger was present, raised his hand to hush the song, and then addressing his countrymen briefly in Welsh—briefly, but with a passion that was evident in his flashing eyes and vehement gestures. The passion was contagious; they all sprang to their feet with a low but fierce cry, and in a few moments they had caught and saddled their diminutive palfreys, while one of the band, who seemed singled out by Meredydd, sallied forth alone from the orchard, and took his way, on foot, to the bridge. He did not tarry there long; at the sight of a single horseman, whom a shout of welcome, on the swarming thoroughfare, proclaimed to be Earl Harold, the Welshman turned, and with a fleet foot regained his companions.

Meanwhile Harold smilingly returned the greetings

he received, cleared the bridge, passed the suburbs, and soon gained the wild forest land that lay along the great Kentish road. He rode somewhat slowly, for he was evidently in deep thought; and he had arrived about; half-way toward Hilda's house when he heard behind quick pattering sounds, as of small unshod hoofs he turned and saw the Welshmen at the distance of some fifty yards. But at that moment there passed, along the road in front, several persons bustling into London to share the festivities of the day. This seemed to disconcert the Welsh in the rear and, after a few whispered words, they left the high road and entered the forest land. Various groups from time to time continued to pass along the thoroughfare. But still, ever through the glades, Harold caught sight of the riders, now distant, now near. Sometimes he heard the snort of their small horses, and saw a fierce glaring through the bushes; then, as at the sight or sound of approaching passengers, the riders wheeled short, and shot off through the brakes.

The earl's suspicions were aroused; for the various insurrections in Edward's reign, had necessarily thrown upon society many turbulent disbanded mercenaries.

Harold was unarmed, save the spear which, even on occasions of state, the Saxon noble rarely laid aside, and the ateghar in his belt; and, seeing now that the road had become deserted, he set spurs to his horse, and was just in sight of the Druid Temple, when a javelin whizzed close by his breast, and another transfixed his horse, which fell head-foremost to the ground.

The earl gained his feet in an instant, and that haste was needed to save his life; for as he rose ten swords flashed around him. The Welshmen had sprung from their palfreys as Harold's horse fell. Fortunately for him, only two of the party bore javelins (a weapon which the Welsh wielded with deadly skill,) and, those already wasted, they drew their short swords, which were probably imitated from the Romans, and rushed upon him in simultaneous onset. Versed in all the weapons of the time, with his right hand seeking by his spear to keep off the rush, with the ateghar in his left parrying the strokes aimed at him, the brave earl transfixed the first assailant, and sore wounded the next; but his tunic was dyed red with three gashes, and his sole chance of life was in the power yet left him to force his way through the ring. Dropping his spear, shifting his ateghar into his right hand, wrapping round his left arm his gonna as a shield, he sprang fiercely on the onslaught, and on the flashing swords. Pierced to the heart fell one of his foes—dashed to the earth another—from the hand of a third (dropping his own ateghar) he wrenched the sword. Loud rose Harold's cry for aid, and swiftly he strode toward the hillock, turning back, and striking as he turned; and again fell a foe, and again new blood oozed through his own garb. At that moment his cry was echoed by a shriek so sharp and so piercing that it startled the assailants—it arrested the assault; and ere the unequal strife could be resumed a woman was in the midst of the fray;—a woman stood dauntless between the earl and his foes.

"Back! Edith. O, God! Back, back!" cried the earl, recovering all his strength in the sole fear which that strife had stricken into his bold heart; and draw-

ing Edith aside with his strong arm, he again confronted the assailants.

"Die!" cried, in the Cymrian tongue, the fiercest of his foes, whose sword had already twice drawn the earl's blood; "Die, that Cymry may be free!"

Meredydd sprang, with him sprang the survivors of his band; and, by a sudden movement, Edith had thrown herself on Harold's breast, leaving his right arm free, but shielding his form with her own.

At that sight every sword rested still in the air. These Cymrians hesitating not at the murder of the man whose death seemed to their false virtue a sacrifice due to their hopes of freedom, were still the descendants of heroes, and the children of noble song, and their swords were harmless against a woman. The same pause which saved the life of Harold, saved that of Meredydd; for his lifted sword had left his breast defenceless, and Harold, despite his wrath, and his fears for Edith, touched by that sudden forbearance forebore himself the blow.

"Why seek ye my life?" said he. "Whom in broad England hath Harold wronged?"

That speech broke the charm, revived the suspense of vengeance. With a sudden aim, Meredydd struck at the head which Edith's embrace left unprotected. The sword shivered on the steel of that which parried the stroke, and the next moment, pierced to the heart, Meredydd fell to the earth, bathed in his gore. Even as he fell, aid was at hand. The corals in the Roman house had caught the alarm and were hurrying down the knoll, with arms snatched in haste, while a loud whoop broke from the forest land hard by; and a troop of horse, headed by Vebba, rushed through the forest and brakes. Those of the Welsh still surviving, no longer animated by their fiery chief, turned on the instant, and fled with that wonderful speed of foot which characterized their active race; calling as they fled to their Welsh pigmy steeds, which, snorting loud, and lashing out, came to the call. Seizing the nearest at hand, the fugitives sprang to the selle, while the animals unchosen, paused by the corpses of their former riders, neighing piteously, and shaking their long manes. And then, after wheeling round and round the coming horsemen, with many a plunge, and lash, and savage cry, they darted after their companions, and disappeared among the bushwood. Some of the Kentish men gave chase to the fugitives, but in vain, for the nature of the ground favored their flight. Vebba, and the rest, now joined by Hilda's lithamen, gained the spot where Harold, bleeding fast, yet strove to keep his footing, and, forgetful of his own wounds, was joyfully assuring himself of Edith's safety. Vebba dismounted, and recognizing the earl exclaimed—

"Saints in heaven! are we in time? You bleed—you faint!—Speak, Lord Harold. How fares it?"

"Blood enow yet left for our merrie England!" said Harold, with a smile. But as he spoke, his head dropped, and he was borne senseless into the house of Hilda.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The powers of the mind, when unbound and expanded by the sunshine of felicity, more frequently luxuriate into follies than blossom into goodness.

LESSONS IN GEOLOGY.—No. 17.

PHENOMENA OF VOLCANIC VENTS AND CONES.

In the crater of a volcano, and on the sides of a volcanic mountain, there are generally a great number of smaller vents, which emit nothing but aqueous vapours and corrosive gases. In the crater itself the lava may be burning and boiling for years, without either eruption of scoriæ or an overflow of lava.

In this case a multitude of small conical vents are formed, which rise out of the cooled surface of the melted lava; and these vents are constantly giving out plumes of smoke and sulphuric acid gas. Such a vent is called in Europe a Fumerole, or Moffet, and in Mexico, a Hornito, or small oven.

Besides these vents which are found within the circumference of the boiling crater, there are other vents produced, sometimes on the wall of the crater, and sometimes on the sides of the mountain. These are formed by the jets of scoriæ thrown up, and which in time accumulate around the mouth of the vent.

You will have a better conception of these conical vents, which are formed in a lake of burning lava, if you fancy yourself upon the edge of the great crater Mount Vesuvius, and contemplate them in their terrific perspective. Before you reach the summit of Vesuvius from Naples, you arrive at a lofty cone. As you ascend the sloping sides of this cone, the whole appears to you to be nothing but a heap of loose materials, a mere heap of rubbish, thrown down and out in a disorderly manner. But when you reach the edge of the crater, and look on the cliffs stretching before you in the opposite walls of the chasm, you find that the volcanic materials, which have been successively thrown up, have been disposed in regular beds or strata, corresponding, first of all, with the sloping or dipping sides of the original cone, and then with the various volcanic envelopes which have succeeded over the preceding bed of cooled lava.

Suppose yourself to be on some elevated spot where you have a full view of the boiling crater below, and of the vents or fumeroles of different heights formed by the fall of jetted materials.

This crater of Vesuvius is perpetually changing its form. Before the year 1631, what is now a burning crater was an awful dingle or cleuch, five miles in circumference, and about one thousand feet deep. On the sides of the cliffs, a forest of brushwood grew luxuriantly; and, on the bottom where there is now a lake of glowing lava, there was a fine plain, furnishing grass on which cattle browsed. In this plain there were three pools of water; one hot and bitter, the second, saltier than sea water; and the third, hot, but without any taste. But in December, 1631, the whole forest of brushwood on the sides, and the whole plain of grass at the bottom, were blown up into the air by fearful explosions. The volcano then rested for some years.

Again. Between 1800 and 1822, this vast crater was becoming gradually filled up by lava boiling upwards from below, and also by jets of cinders and ashes, which were falling down from the smaller vents which had been formed both in the centre of the crater, and on the sides or ledges of the cliffs. The result was; that, instead of a deep, regular cavity, there appeared once more at the bottom a rocky plain.

In October, 1822, a series of detonations, and of loud explosions, took place, and continued for nearly a month. The force from below broke up this rocky plain of lava blocks at the bottom, and hurled them all into the air, so as to leave behind a tremendous gulph or chasm of irregular form, but above three miles long, and three-fourths of a mile across, and stretching from north-east to south-west. Its depth was at first stupendous. It was supposed to be two thousand feet—about half the depth of Snowdon. As, however, the walls or cliffs of the crater continued to fall in, the gulph became eventually less than half that depth. When this action of the volcano commenced, the summit of the cone around the crater was 4,200 feet high; but through the powerful activity of the fire such prodigious masses of the lofty mountain were worn down, that its elevation was reduced to that of 3,400 feet.

In the year 1834 the great crater had been filled up nearly to the brim with lava, which had swelled up from beneath, and which had consolidated, and had formed a plain, level and unbroken, except in one spot, where a small cone had been thrown up by the eruption of scoriæ, and which now appeared in the plain as a small island in a lake.

Eventually this plain of consolidated lava was, once more, burst into a fissure. Along the line of this fissure very numerous small cones were formed, and which, emitted vapour and scoriæ. It was supposed, at first, that these smaller cones began to be formed by a swelling from below, which caused an upheaval of the beds of lava previously resting horizontally and that this upheaval continued until the bed snapped, and allowed the gases and vapours to escape through the vent in the centre. This supposition was not established by fact. In 1834, a great subsidence of the lava that had filled the crater took place; in consequence of which the whole formation of the central cone was brought to light. It was then seen that the cone had not been formed by upheaval, but by the fall of cinders and ashes around the mouth of the vent.

LIFE'S DREAMS.

Childhood dreams, and smiles in sleep,
Dreams of home, just left awhile;
Angels their glad vigils keep,
Recognition wakes the smiles.

Youth hath dreams' fond dreams of love;
Dreams of earth, the shadowed past.
Just clouded life's impulses move
In transient orbit, swiftly cast.

Manhood dreams of riches, fame,
Ambition, power, these forces swell
Till pride of life and self, aflame
Hath burned the record-memories tell.

So old age dreams, life's ebbing tide
Bids all the old dreams come once more.
While angels draw the veil aside
Of Home beyond times' rugged shore.

Thus Life is but a rounded dream
Its portals veil, unveil at will,
Immortal lives, and heavens bright gleam
As Gods their purposed ends fulfill.

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NEW THEORIES OF CREATION.

PART II.

From the doctrine of "Development" we now turn to present a brief sketch of the "Creatory Theory." At the head of this theory stands the great naturalist Professor Agassiz. It is called the "Creatory Theory" because most of its propounders hold that every species of animals or plants were originated upon this globe by a separate and distinct act of creation, instead of being derived or developed from other kinds. Professor Agassiz, however, carries this theory further than this. He holds that just as certain specimens of beasts and vegetation were created for special districts of the earth, and fitted for peculiar climes; so various species or races of men were especially created for different regions of the earth, and were placed in those regions as communities, each as peculiarly adapted to their special locality as the Elephant and the Lion to the plains of India, or the White Bear and the Seal to the polar regions. Upon what grounds Professor Agassiz rests his belief that mankind were originated in communities instead of commencing in single pairs in the respective localities which he supposes them to have been created for, we do not know; but his reasons for believing in the non-relationship of the races of mankind are clearly stated.

One of the reasons assigned by the Professor for disbelieving in the common origin of mankind are, that certain races of men are confined to certain zoological limits the same as certain animals and plants; that is to say; peculiar races of men are found allotted to the regions assigned to peculiar species of animals etc.; hence, Professor Agassiz supposes, that plants, animals and men, are the special property of the respective portions of the globe upon which they are found, and were expressly created for them.

Another reason presented by Agassiz is based upon what he declares to be the actual differences existing between different races of men. He says: "I am prepared to show that the differences existing between the races of men are of the same kind as the differences observed between the different species of monkeys or other animals, and that these different species of animals differ as much in the same degree one from the other as the races of men; nay, the differences between distinct races [of men] are often greater than those distinguishing species of animals one from the other. The chimpanzee and the gorilla do not differ more one from the other than the Mandingo and the Guinea negro; they together, do not differ more from the orang than the Malay or the white man differs from the negro."

At this fearful rate Agassiz launches at the question of the equal rights of men, so far as equal rights rest on the ground of similarity of origin. One would imagine that negro worshipers would hardly admire the great *sagan*. He says that upon personal analysis and anatomization he is prepared to prove that the negro and the white man are *not* of the same race. That there is "as much difference

between them as there is between the horse and the ass or the eagle and the owl;" that they are different down to the very chemical materials of which the bones are composed; and he asserts a similar difference to exist between other races.

As remarked, all believers in the Creatory theory do not go this far. Most of such persons simply claiming that by a distinct and special act of creation each species were introduced to this planet, in fact that no one species was derived from another; in that respect, it will be seen that they are the exact opposites of the Development philosophers, who trace all varieties of species from a few simple forms.

As we have said, the truth may be found somewhere between the two. Both Creatory and Development theories may be partially right. Taking birds for illustration, the Scriptures state that the Almighty created "the fowl to fly in the midst of heaven"—but they do not say how many tribes or species were then created. So far as the Scriptures are concerned they may have been only one kind then produced or they may have been fifty thousand, as they are classed under one head without any distinction whatever. There may, therefore, at that time, have been a distinct head of each of our present species introduced to the earth, and consequently this portion of the Creatory theory may be true in regard to the Adam creation. Then in respect to the ages in which the earth was preparing as an abode for man the Development theory may be more or less true. The simple order of beings may first have been introduced in its troubled waters; then as more peaceful times rolled over the deep, the more developed fish may have appeared; then the reptile, inhabitant both of land and water, may "have dragged its slow length along" after which the inhabitants of the air may for the first time have winged their flight over sea and land and had their day; by which time a sufficiency of land having permanently appeared above the waters quadrupeds of every variety may have been introduced upon the scene. All of these species of reptiles, birds and beasts—huge and monstrous as we know them to be—being unfitted for the times of peaceful man, by some grand destructive agency may then have passed away; and with the last rise of the earth from the bosom of the deep, and man's appearance on the soil, may have come the superabundance of animals and plants around us to day—selected with respect to their superior fitness for companionship with man upon the earth, and suitability to his times.

We are aware that these views do not fully satisfy the demands of either of these schools of philosophy; nor do we particularly wish to satisfy them; simply wish to introduce the results of their respective studies to our readers, and show in what position the truth may be found. And this we do because we believe that all great and notable discoveries are the inspirations of God; and that it is impossible for the human mind to labor continuously and earnestly in any department of knowledge without discovering, at least, the germs of great and important truths calculated for the enlightenment of the world.

NOTICE.—Persons intending to discontinue their subscriptions, must return this number clean and uncut or their names will be continued on our lists.

FOUL PLAY.

BY CHARLES READE AND DION BOUICAULT.

[CONTINUED]

CHAPTER XV.

Our scene now changes from the wild ocean and its perils, to a snug room in Fenchurch Street; the inner office of Wardlaw & Son; a large apartment, panelled with fine old mellow Spanish oak, and all the furniture in keeping; the carpet, a thick Axminster of sober colors; the chairs of oak and morocco, very substantial; a large office table, with oaken legs like very columns, substantial; two Milner safes; a globe of unusual size, with a handsome tent over it, made of roan leather, figured; the walls hung with long oak boxes, about eight inches broad, containing rolled maps of high quality, and great dimensions; to consult which, oaken sceptres tipped with brass hooks stood ready; with these the great maps could be drawn down and inspected; and, on being released, flew up into their wooden boxes again. Besides these, were hung up a few drawings, representing outlines, and inner sections, of vessels; and, on a smaller table, lay models, almanacks, etc. The great office table was covered with writing materials and papers, all but a square space enclosed with a little silver rail, and inside that space lay a purple morocco case about ten inches square; it was locked, and contained an exquisite portrait of Helen Rolleston.

This apartment was so situated, and the frames of the plate glass windows so well made and substantial, that, let a storm blow a thousand ships ashore, it could not be felt, nor heard, in Wardlaw's inner office.

But appearances are deceitful; and who can wall out a sea of troubles, and the tempests of the mind?

The inmate of that office was battling for his commercial existence, under accumulated difficulties and dangers. Like those who sailed the Proserpine's long boat, upon that dirty night, which so nearly swamped her, his eye had now to be on every wave, and the sheet for ever in his hand.

His measures had been ably taken; but, as will happen when clever men are driven into a corner, he had backed events rather too freely against time; had allowed too slight a margin for unforeseen delays. For instance, he had averaged the Shannon's previous performances, and had calculated on her arrival too nicely. She was a fortnight over due, and that delay brought peril.

He had also counted upon getting news of the Proserpine. But not a word had reached Lloyd's as yet.

At this very crisis came the panic of '66. Overend & Gurney broke; and Wardlaw's experience led him to fear that, sooner or later, there would be a run on every bank in London. Now he had borrowed £80,000 at one bank, and £35,000 at another; and, without his ships, could not possibly pay a quarter of the money. If the banks in question were run upon, and obliged to call in all their resources, his credit must go; and this, in his precarious position, was ruin.

He had concealed his whole condition from his father by false book-keeping. Indeed, he had only two confidants in the world—poor old Michael Penfold and Helen Rolleston's portrait; and even to these two he made half confidences. He dared not tell either of them all he had done, and all he was going to do.

His redeeming feature was as bright as ever. He still loved Helen Rolleston with a chaste, constant, and ardent affection, that did him honor. Arthur loved money too well; but he loved Helen better. In all his troubles and worries, it was his one consolation, to unlock her portrait, and gaze on it, and purify his soul for a few minutes. Sometimes he would apologise to it, for an act of doubtful morality. "How can I risk the loss of you?" was his favorite excuse. No; he must have credit; he must have money. She must not suffer by his past imprudences. They must be repaired at any cost—for her sake.

It was ten o'clock in the morning; Mr. Penfold was sorting the letters for his employer, when a buxom young woman rushed into the outer office, crying "Oh, Mr. Penfold!" and sank into a chair, breathless.

"Dear heart! what is the matter now?" said the old gentleman.

"I have had a dream, sir; I dreamed I saw Joe Wylie out on the seas, in a boat; and the wind it was a blowing and the sea a-roaring to that degree as Joe looked at me, and says he, 'Pray for me, Nancy Rouse.'"

"So I says, 'Oh dear, Joe, what is the matter? and whatever is become of the Proserpine?'"

"Gone to hell!" says he; which he knows I object to foul language. 'Gone—there—' says he, 'and I'm sailing in her wake. O pray for me, Nancy Rouse!' With that, I tries to pray in my dream, and screams instead, and wakes myself. O Mr. Penfold, do tell me, have you got any news of the Proserpine this morning?"

"What is that to you?" inquired Arthur Wardlaw, who had entered just in time to hear this last query.

"What is it to me!" cried Nancy, firing up; "it is more to me, perhaps, than it is to you, for that matter."

Penfold explained, timidly, "Sir, Mrs. Rouse is my land-lady."

"Which I have never been to church with any man yet of the name of Rouse, leastways, not in my waking hours," edged in the lady.

"Miss Rouse, I should say," said Penfold, apologising. "I beg pardon, but I thought Mrs. might sound better in a land-lady. Please, sir, Mr. Wylie, the mate of the Proserpine, is her—her—sweetheart."

"Not he. Leastways, he is only on trial, after a manner."

"Of course, sir—only after a manner," added Penfold, sadly perplexed, "Miss Rouse is incapable of anything else. But, if you please, m'm, I don't presume to know the exact relation;"—and then with great reserve—"but, you know you are anxious about him."

Miss Rouse sniffed, and threw her nose in the air—as if to throw a doubt even on that view of the matter.

"Well, madam," said Wardlaw, "I am sorry to say I can give you no information. I share your anxiety, for I have got £160,000 of gold in that ship. You might inquire at Lloyd's. Direct her there, Mr. Penfold, and bring me my letters."

With this he entered his inner office, sat down, took out a golden key, opened the portrait of Helen, gazed at it, kissed it, uttered a deep sigh, and prepared to face the troubles of the day.

Penfold brought in a leathern case, like an enormous bill-book; it had thirty vertical compartments; and the names of various cities and sea-ports, with which Wardlaw & Son did business, were printed in gold letters on some of these compartments; on others, the names of persons; and on two compartments the word "Miscellaneous." Michael brought this machine in, filled with a correspondence, enough to break a man's heart to look at.

This was one of the consequences of Wardlaw's position. He durst not let his correspondence be read, and filtered, in the outer office. He opened the whole mass; sent some back into the outer office; then touched a hand-bell, and a man emerged from the small apartment adjoining his own. This was Mr. Atkins, his short-hand writer. He dictated to this man some twenty letters, which were taken down in shorthand; the man retired to copy them, and write them out in duplicate from his own notes, and thus reduced the number to seven; these Wardlaw sat down to write himself, and lock up the copies.

While he was writing them, he received a visitor or two, whom he despatched as quickly as his letters.

He was writing his last letter, when he heard in the outer office a voice he thought he knew. He got up and listened. It was so. Of all the voices in the city, this was the one it most dismayed him to hear, in his office, at the present crisis.

He listened on, and satisfied himself that a fatal blow was coming. He then walked quietly to his table, seated himself, and prepared to receive the stroke with external composure.

Penfold announced, "Mr. Burtenshaw."

"Show him in," said Wardlaw, quietly.

Mr. Burtenshaw, one of the managers of Morland's bank, came in, and Wardlaw motioned him courteously to a chair, while he finished his letter, which took only a few moments.

While he was sealing it, he half turned to his visitor, and said, "No bad news? Morland's is safe, of course."

"Well," said Burtenshaw, "there is a run upon our bank—a severe one. We could not hope to escape the effects of the panic."

He then, after an uneasy pause, and with apparent reluctance, added, "I am requested by the other directors to assure you it is their present extremity alone, that—in short, we are really compelled to beg you to repay the amount advanced to you by the bank."

Wardlaw showed no alarm, but great surprise. This was clever; for he felt great alarm, and no surprise.

"The £80,000," said he. "Why, that advance was upon the

freight of the Proserpine. Forty-five thousand ounces of gold—She ought to be here by this time. She is in the Channel at this moment, no doubt."

"Excuse me; she is overdue, and the underwriters uneasy. I have made inquiries."

"At any rate, she is fully insured, and you hold the policies. Besides, the name of Wardlaw on your books should stand for bullion."

Burtenshaw shook his head. "Names are at a discount to-day, sir. We can't put you down on our counter. Why, our depositors look cross at Bank of England notes."

To an inquiry, half ironical, whether the managers really expected him to find £80,000 cash at a few hours' notice, Burtenshaw replied, sorrowfully, that they felt for his difficulty whilst deploring their own; but that, after all, it was a debt; and, in short, if he could find no means of paying it, they must suspend payment for a time, and issue a statement—and—"

He hesitated to complete his sentence, and Wardlaw did it for him. "And ascribe your suspension to my inability to refund this advance?" said he, bitterly.

"I am afraid that is the construction it will bear."

Wardlaw rose, to intimate he had no more to say.

Burtenshaw, however, was not disposed to go without some clear understanding. "May I say we shall hear from you, sir?"

"Yes."

And so they wished each other good-morning; and Wardlaw sank into his chair.

In that quiet dialogue, ruin had been inflicted and received without any apparent agitation; ay, and worse than ruin—exposure.

Morland's suspension, on account of money lost by Wardlaw & Son, would at once bring old Wardlaw to London, and the affairs of the firm would be investigated, and the son's false system of book-keeping be discovered.

He sat stupefied awhile, then put on his hat, and rushed to his solicitor; on the way, he fell in with a great talker, who told him there was a rumor the Shannon was lost in the Pacific.

At this he nearly fainted in the street; and his friend took him back to his office in a deplorable condition. All this time he had been feigning anxiety about the Proserpine, and concealing his real anxiety about the Shannon. To do him justice he lost sight of everything in the world now but Helen. He sent Penfold in hot haste to Lloyd's to inquire for news of the ship; and then he sat down sick at heart; and all he could do now was to open her portrait, and gaze at it through eyes blinded with tears. Even a vague rumor, which he hoped might be false, had driven all his commercial manoeuvres out of him, and made all other calamities seem small.

And so they all are small, compared with the death of the creature we love.

While he sat thus, in a stupor of fear and grief, he heard a well-known voice in the outer office; and next, after Burtenshaw's, it was the one that caused him the most apprehension. It was his father's.

Wardlaw senior rarely visited the office now; and this was not his hour. So Arthur knew that something extraordinary had brought him up to town. And he could not doubt that it was the panic, and that he had been to Morland's, or would go there in course of the day, but, indeed, it was more probable that he had already heard something, and was come to investigate.

Wardlaw senior entered the room.

"Good morning, Arthur," said he. "I've got good news for you."

Arthur was quite startled by an announcement that accorded so little with his expectations.

"Good news—for me?" said he, in a faint, incredulous tone.

"Ay, glorious news! Haven't you been anxious about the Shannon? I have; more anxious than I would own."

Arthur started up. "The Shannon! God bless you, father."

"She lies at anchor in the Mersey," roared the old man, with all the father's pride at bringing such good news. "Why, the Rollestons will be in London at 2.30. See, here is his telegram."

At this moment, in ran Penfold, to tell them that the Shannon was up at Lloyd's; had anchored off Liverpool last night.

There was a hearty shaking of hands, and Arthur Wardlaw was the happiest man in London—for a little while.

"Got the telegram at Elmtrees this morning, and came up the first express."

The telegram was from Sir Edward Rolleston. "Reached Liverpool last night; will be at Euston, two thirty."

"Not a word from her!" said Arthur.

"Oh, there was no time to write; and ladies do not use telegram." He added, sily, "Perhaps she thought coming person would do as well, or better, eh?"

"But why does he telegraph you instead of me?"

I am sure I don't know. What does it matter? Yes, I know. It is settled that he and Helen are to come to Elmtrees, so I was the proper person to telegraph. I'll go meet them at the station; there is plenty of time. But, I Arthur, have you seen the papers? Bartley Brothers obliged to wind up. Maple & Cox, of Liverpool, gone; Atlantic trading. Terry & Brown, suspended; International credit gone. Old friends, some of these. Hopley & Timms, railway contractors, failed, sir; liabilities, seven hundred thousand pounds and more."

"Yes, sir," said Arthur, pompously; "1866 will long be remembered for its revelations of commercial morality."

The old gentleman on this asked his son; with excuse vanity, whether he had done ill in steering clear of speculation; he then congratulated him on having listened to good advice and stuck to legitimate business. "I must say, Arthur," added he, "your books are models for any trading firm."

Arthur winced in secret under this praise, for it occurred him that, in a few days, his father would discover those books were all a sham, and the accounts a fabrication.

However, the unpleasant topic was soon interrupted, effectually, too; for Michael looked in, with an air of satisfaction on his benevolent countenance, and said, "Gentlemen, an arrival! Here is Nancy Rouse's sweetheart, that dreamed was drowned."

"What is the man to me?" said Arthur, peevishly. He did not recognize Wylie under that title.

"La, Mr Arthur! why he is the mate of the Proserpine," said Penfold.

"What! Wylie! Joseph Wylie?" cried Arthur, in a sudden excitement, that contrasted strangely with his previous indifference.

"What is that?" cried Wardlaw senior, "the Proserpine?"

"Show him in at once."

Now this caused Arthur Wardlaw considerable anxiety; obvious reasons he did not want his father and this sailor to change a word together. However that was inevitable, the door opened, and the bronzed face and sturdy figure of Wylie, clad in a rough pea jacket, came slouching in.

Arthur went hastily to meet him, and gave him an expressive look of warning, even while he welcomed him in cordial accents.

"Glad to see you safe home," said Wardlaw senior.

"Thank ye, guv'nor," said Wylie. "Had a squeak for it time."

"Where is your ship?"

Wylie shook his head sorrowfully. "Bottom of the Pacific."

"Good heavens! What; is she lost?"

"That she is, sir. Foundered at sea, 1200 miles from Horn, and more."

"And the freight, the gold?" put in Arthur, with well feigned anxiety.

"Not an ounce saved," said Wylie, disconsolately. "A hundred and sixty thousand pounds gone to the bottom."

"Good heavens."

"Ye eee, sir," said Wylie, "the ship encountered one gale after another, and laboured a good deal, first and last; and all say her seams must have opened; for we never could find the leak that sunk her," and he cast a meaning glance at Arthur Wardlaw.

"No matter how it happened," said the old merchant; "as we insured to the full—that is the first question."

"To the last shilling."

"Well done, Arthur."

"But still it is most unlucky. Some weeks must elapse before the insurances can be realised, and a portion of the gold was paid for in bills at short date."

"The rest in cash?"

"Cash and merchandise."

"Then there is the proper margin. Draw on my private account at the Bank of England."

These few simple words showed the struggling young merchant a way out of all his difficulties.

His heart leaped so, he dared not reply, lest he should excite the old gentleman's suspicions.

But, ere he had well drawn his breath for joy, came a freezer.

"Mr. Burtenshaw, sir."

"Bid him wait," said Arthur aloud, and cast a look of great anxiety on Penfold, which the poor old man, with all his simplicity, comprehended well enough.

"Burtenshaw, from Moreland's. What does he want of us?" knitting his brows.

Arthur turned cold all over. "Perhaps to ask me not to draw out my balance. It is less than usual; but they are run upon; and, as 'you are good enough to let me draw on you—by the bye, perhaps you will sign a cheque before you go to the station."

"How much do you want?"

"I really don't know, till I have consulted Penfold; the gold was a large and advantageous purchase, sir."

"No doubt; no doubt. I'll give you my signature; and you can fill in the amount."

He drew a cheque in favor of Arthur Wardlaw, signed it, and left him to fill in the figures.

He then looked at his watch, and remarked they would only have time to get to the station.

"Good Heavens!" cried Arthur; "and I can't go. I must learn the particulars of the loss of the Proserpine, and prepare the statement at once for the underwriters."

"Well, never mind. I can go."

"But what will she think of me? I ought to be the first to welcome her."

"I'll make your excuses."

"No, No; say nothing: after all it was you who received the telegram: so you naturally meet her: but you will bring her here, father: you won't whisk my darling down to Elmtrees, till you have bled me with the sight of her."

"I will not be so cruel, fond lover," said old Wardlaw, laughing, and took up his hat and gloves to go.

Arthur went to the door with him, in great anxiety, lest he should question Burtenshaw, but, peering into the outer office, he perceived Burtenshaw was not there. Michael had caught his employer's anxious eye and conveyed the Banker into the small room where the short-hand writer was at work. But Burtenshaw was one of a struggling firm; to him every minute was an hour; he had sat, fuming with impatience, so long as he heard talking in the inner office; and, the moment it ceased, he took the liberty of coming in: so that he opened the side door, just as Wardlaw senior was passing through the center door.

Instantly Wardlaw junior whipped before him, to hide his retreating father.

Wylie, who had all this time been sitting silent, looking from one to the other, and quietly puzzling out the game, as well as he could, observed this movement and grinned.

As for Arthur Wardlaw, he saw his father safe out, then gave a sigh of relief, and walked to his office table, and sat down, and began to fill the cheque.

Burtenshaw drew near, and said, "I am instructed to say that fifty thousand pounds on account, will be accepted."

Perhaps if this proposal had been made a few moments sooner, the ingenious Arthur would have availed himself of it but as it was, he preferred to take the high and mighty tone. "I decline to make any concession," said he. "Mr. Penfold, take this cheque to the Bank of England. £81,647. 10s. That is the amount, capital and interest, up to noon this day: hand the sum to Mr. Burtenshaw, take his receipt, or, if he prefers it, pay it across the counter, to my credit. That will perhaps arrest the run."

Burtenshaw stammered out his thanks.

Wardlaw cut him short. "Good morning, sir," said he. "I have business of importance, Good day," and bowed him out.

"This is a highflyer," thought Burtenshaw.

Wardlaw then opened the side door, and called his short-hand writer.

"Mr. Atkins, please step into the outer office, and don't let a soul come into me. Mind, I am out for the day. Except to Miss Rolleston and her father."

He then closed all the doors, and sunk exhausted into a chair, muttering "Thank Heaven! I have got rid of them all for an hour or two. Now Wylie."

Wylie seemed in no hurry to enter upon the required subject.

Said he evasively, "Why gov'nor, it seems to me you are among the breakers here, yourself."

"Nothing of the sort, if you have managed your work clever-

ly. Come, tell me all, before we are interrupted again."

"Tell ye all about it! Why, there's part on't I am afraid to think on; let alone talk about it."

"Spare me your scruples, and give me your facts," said Wardlaw coldly. "First of all, did you shift the bullion as agreed?"

The sailor appeared relieved by this question.

"Oh, that is all right," said he. "I got the bullion safe aboard the Shannon, marked for lead."

"And the lead on board the Proserpine?"

"Ay, shipped as bullion."

"Without suspicion?"

"Not quite."

"Great Heaven! Who?"

"One clerk at the shipping agent's scented something queer, I think. His name was James Seaton."

"Could he prove anything?"

"Nothing. He knew nothing for certain; and what he guessed won't never be known in England now." And Wylie fidgetted in his chair.

Notwithstanding this assurance Wardlaw looked grave, and took a note of that clerk's name. Then he begged Wylie to go on.

"Give me all the details," said he. "Leave me to judge their relative value. You scuttled the ship."

"Don't say that! don't say that!" said Wylie in a low eager voice. "Stone walls have ears." Then rather louder than was necessary, "Ship sprung a leak, that neither the captain, nor I, nor anybody else could find, to stop Me, and my men, we all think her seams opened with stress of weather." Then lowering his voice again, "Try and see it as we do, and don't you ever use such a word as that, what came out of your lips now. We pumped her hard but 'twarn't no use. She filled and we had to take to the boats."

"Stop a moment. Was there any suspicion excited?"

"Not among the crew: and, suppose there was, I could talk 'em all over, or buy 'em all over, what few of 'em is left. I'll keep 'em all with me in one house: and they are all square don't you fear."

"Well, but you said 'among the crew!' Whom else can we have to fear?"

"Why nobody. To be sure one of the passengers was down on me; but what does that matter now?"

"It matters greatly—it matters terribly. Who was this passenger?"

"He called himself the Reverend John Hazel. He suspected something or other; and what with listening here; and watching there, he judged the ship was never to see England, and I always fancied he told the lady."

"What, was there a lady there?"

"Ay, worse luck, sir; and a pretty girl she was: coming home to England to die of consumption; so our surgeon told me."

"Well, never mind her. The clergyman! This fills me with anxiety. A clerk suspecting us at Sydney, and a passenger suspecting us in the vessel. There are two witnesses against us already."

"No, only one."

"How do you make that out?"

"Why, White's clerk and the parson, they was one man."

Wardlaw started in utter amazement.

"Don't ye believe me?" said Wylie, "I tell ye that there clerk boarded us under an alias. He had shaved off his beard; but, bless your heart, I knew him directly."

"Be good enough to conceal nothing, Facts must be faced. That is too true sir. Well, the ship went down in latitude—but you have got a chart there before you, she went down hereabouts."

"Why, that was a long way from land," said Arthur.

"You may say that, sir. Well, we abandoned her, and took to the boats. I commanded one."

"And Hudson the other?"

"Hudson! No."

"Why, how was that? and what has become of him?"

"What has become of Hudson?" said Wylie, with a start.

"There's a question! And not a drop to wet my lips, and warm my heart. Is this a tale to tell dry? Can't ye spare a drop of brandy to a poor devil that has earned ye £160,000, and risked his life, and wrecked his soul to do it?"

Wardlaw cast a glance of contempt on him, but got up, and speedily put a bottle of old brandy, a tumbler, and a carafe of water, on the table before him.

Wylie told him how Hudson got to the bottle, and would not

leave the ship. "I think I see him now, with his cutlase in one hand, and his rum bottle in the other, and the waves running over his poor, silly face, as she went down. Poor Hiram! he and I made many a trip together, before we took to this."

And Wylie shuddered, and took another gulp at the brandy.

While he was drinking to drown the picture, Wardlaw was calmly reflecting on the bare fact. "Hum," said he, "we must use that circumstance. I'll get it into the journals. Heroic captain. Went down with the ship. Who can suspect Hudson in the teeth of such a fact? Now, pray go on, my good Wylie. The boats?"

"Well, sir, I had the surgeon and ten men, and the lady's maid, on board the long boat; and there was the parson, the sick lady, and five sailors aboard the cutter. He sailed together till night, steering for Juan Fernandez; then a fog came on and we lost sight of the cutter, and I altered my mind and judged it best to beat to windward, and get into the track of ships; which we did, and were nearly swamped in a sou'-wester, but, by good luck, a Yankee whaler picked us up, and took us to Buenos Ayres, where we shipped for England, what was left of us, only three, beside myself; but I got the signatures of the others to my tale of the wreck. It is all as square as a die, I tell you."

"Well done. Well done. But, stop! the other boat, with that sham parson on board who knows all. She will be picked up, too, perhaps."

"There is no chance of that. She was out of the tracks of trade; and, I'll tell ye the truth, sir." He poured out half a tumbler of brandy, and drank a part of it; and, now, for the first time, his hand trembled as he lifted the glass.—"Some fool had put the main of her provisions aboard the long boat; that is what sticks to me, and won't let me sleep. We took a chance, but we didn't give one. I think I told you there was a woman aboard the cutter, that sick girl, sir. O, but it was hard lines for her, poor thing! I see her face, pale and calm; oh, Lord, so pale and calm; every night of my life; she knelt aboard the cutter with her white hands clasped together, praying."

"Certainly, it is all very shocking," said Wardlaw; "but, then, you know, if they had escaped, they would have exposed us. Believe me, it is all for the best."

Wylie looked at him with wonder. "Ay," said he, after staring at him a long time; "you can sit here at your ease, and doom a ship, and risk her people's lives. But if you had to do it, and see it, and then like awake thinking of it, you'd wish all the gold on earth had been in hell, before you put your hand to such a piece of work."

Wardlaw smiled a ghastly smile. "In short," said he, "you don't mean to take the two thousand pounds I pay you for this little job."

"Oh, yes, I do; but, for all the gold in Victoria, I wouldn't do such a job again. And, you mark my words, sir; we shall get the money, and nobody will ever be the wiser."

Wardlaw rubbed his hands complacently, his egotism, coupled with his want of imagination, nearly blinded him by everything but the pecuniary feature of the business.—"But," continued Wylie, "we shall never thrive on it. We have sunk a good ship, and we have as good as murdered a poor dying girl."

"Hold your tongue, ye fool!" cried Wardlaw, losing his sangfroid in a moment, for he heard somebody at the door.

It opened, and there stood a military figure in a traveling cap—General Rolleston.

A RIDE FOR LIFE.

BY A DEALER IN THE FAR WEST.

For several years past I have been engaged in buying horses in the United States, and disposing of them among the wealthy Mexicans in the vicinity of Mendoza and Santa Rosa. The route passed over in my journeys was infested with robbers on almost every mile; and, if one wanted to save his money and his life, he had to be ever on the alert, and possessed of the utmost caution. A drover is not often molested with his drove, for they know that his pockets are empty, and there is nothing to be gained, unless indeed some large band take a fancy to some of your stock; and then they are more apt to stampede them than to conspire for the death of their owners. When you return laden with the dollars of the rich purchasers, then it is that a man must look out for his life.

At the time the adventure that I am about to relate befell me, I had been very successful with my drove, and was on my way

back in company with my partners, and three other men, who we had employed to aid us on our passage from the States; and we were glad of their company on our return, as they were stout fellows, and could be depended on in any emergency.

Some thirty miles this side of Santa Rosa, the road we were pursuing, on our return, lay through a wild mountainous region, that had the reputation this score of years of being one of the most dangerous routes in the eastern portion of Mexico, with scarcely an inhabitant, dark forests of heavy timber saw in places where fires had raged over large districts, backed by lofty mountains that raised their jagged summits above the free tops, and oftentimes along one of the worst possible roads. Taken all in all, a better place for murder and pillage could not be found.

It was about ten o'clock in the forenoon that we left the wretched little village on the western hill of the mountain, and struck into this most dangerous part of our journey. Thirty-five miles over a terrible road would bring us to San Miguel, where we hoped to be before the darkness became too dense for us to see our way.

I had never passed this way before, and, upon inquiry of the innkeeper, he had told us that we could do the distance with ease; but, before half-a-dozen miles had been passed over, we knew that he had deceived us. He had told us that the first miles would be bad, and that then it would improve until the highest point in the route was gained; but, instead of doing so, every mile grew worse and worse, until, at last, all our horses could do was to pick their way along at a slow walk. However, we kept our spirits up by the expectation of something better ahead; but in this we were doomed to disappointment.

A dozen miles, and the miserable path, that had been designated a road, became almost impassable for our steeds, who began to show signs of exhaustion; and, to add to the uncomfortableness of our situation, dense clouds, that all the morning had hung upon the mountains, expanded themselves over the sky, and soon the rain began to pour down in torrents.

Beneath the branches of a huge tree that stood by the roadside we halted for consultation. What was to be done? To proceed seemed next to impossible in the thick darkness that even was now gathering in; while to remain where we were was hazardous in the extreme, from the cause I have mentioned. To be sure, there were five of us, expert in the use of firearms; but what would that be, when taken unawares in the night time in such a place, when it was well known to us that the bands that infested the country often numbered twenty, thirty, and sometimes forty, under one leader?

The ugly question came up for us to decide, should we go on and run the risk of straying from the right track in the darkness? or should we stay, and receive a visit from our unwelcome and doubtless near neighbors? After discussing the matter, we decided to stay where we were until daylight. We would camp for the night; and that, too, on the very spot where we were then.

A wild-looking spot it was, in sooth, for a camp. On each side of the path was a dense forest, seemingly impenetrable to man or beast; so much so, that we had to tether our horses in the road, to the trees on either side. The mountains frowning down upon us, and the black forest, full of untold dangers, on either hand, all conspired to make the place as wild and gloomy as it were possible for any place to be. It makes me shudder even now, with all you about me, when I think of our situation that night; and then I almost wished that the heavy bag of gold that was slung at my belt, and which seemed to weigh me down as I had never known it to do before, was back among the treasures from whence it had been gathered.

We had plenty of food with us; and, after making a hearty supper, we, having previously constructed a shelter, turned in, all save myself. I preferred to keep the first watch, for I knew if I laid down it would be impossible for me to sleep. A presentiment of danger that I could not get rid of hung over me, and entirely precluded all thoughts of repose. An hour passed, and I heard nothing but the patter of the rain-drops, and the wind sighing among the branches of the trees, save indeed, now and then, the startling cry of some wild animal far in the depths of the forest. But these we cared not for. Brutes are oftentimes better friends than men.

Half an hour more, and my hour was up; but I did not call the one that was to succeed me. I never was more wide awake in my life, and felt not the need of rest.

Suddenly I was startled by a dismal sound, and I listened intently. Again I heard it away back on the road over which we had come, and I was all attention. Again the sound fell on my ear, and this time there could be no mistake. It was the tramp

of a score of horses picking their way along the road at as swift a pace as possible for them to pursue, and at no great distance away.

I woke my companions and told them what I had heard. That the approaching horsemen were banditti that infested the mountains, there could be but little doubt; and that their number was treble to our own, there was still less doubt, we judged by the sound that every moment grew nearer. But one resource was for us; and that, fight in the darkness. A minute more, and each man was by his horse. Another, and bridles were arranged, and we were upon their backs. By this time the approaching horsemen were close upon us—so close that their voices could be plainly heard as they urged on their horses.

Just as we were about to move forward, a voice exclaimed, in Mexican jargon, "But I tell you they are not far off. It is impossible for them to have kept on in the darkness, after I had done all I could to mislead them."

I recognised the voice in a moment. It was that of the innkeeper, who had told us of the way, in the village we had left.

This was enough. There was no mistaking who we had to deal with now; and I plunged the spurs into my horse, and, giving him the reins, led the way at a break-neck pace in the darkness. A loud shout came from behind, proclaiming that our presence was known, and our motives discovered; and the next moment a shower of balls went whizzing past, on either side, and above our heads. We were unhurt, and went on. Ours was a ride for life that night.

Onward we went, with the rain pouring down in torrents, and the darkness so dense that we could not see a hand before our faces, leaning forward with our heads close to the necks of our horses to avoid the long limbs of the trees that hung over the road; and on came the bloodthirsty crew behind us, eager for our money and our lives.

That was indeed a terrible ride; such a one as I hope never again to have. Every moment I expected that my horse would stumble in the rough path, and throw me upon the rocks, whose sharp edges lined every foot of the way, which was now rising considerably, and every step forward told upon the wind of our horses. But there was nothing to do but to go on; for behind, came the demons, sometimes gaining upon us, so that a shower of bullets would fly past us.

Had I not been riding for so great a stake, I think I could not have kept my seat; but to fall now was death. A man will do much when his life is at stake, and I thought a broken neck could be no worse than the cold steel of the Mexicans.

For some minutes a dull roar had been sounding in our ears, and I knew that we were approaching one of those mountain streams that are so numerous in Mexico, and which are passed by a frail bridge, oftentimes a great distance above the water, and which have to be crossed with the utmost caution by horsemen. One of these was before us, and here, with a sudden thought, I determined that the race should end.

I reined in my horse, and my companions passed over before me. The frail structure trembled like a thing of life, and I did not know but that it would go down into the roaring torrent so far below before I had reached the other side. But it bore me safe across; and no sooner did my horses' hoofs strike the rocks, than I sprang down, and, with the aid of one of the men whom I called to my assistance, I moved one of the supports of the bridge a little way; but with all our force we could not throw it in the gulf below. I called to the others for aid; but, before they could reach me, the foremost of our pursuers dashed on the bridge. I shouted for him to turn back, but my cry was unheeded. Another followed, and another; and then, with a crash, and a cry of mortal terror, the mass fell into the roaring torrent beneath, and our ride for life was over, those of our foes that remained alive being on the other side, where they could not harm us.

A LESSON IN LOVE.

"Well, then, you won't have me?" questioned Fred Barton, as he stood in the doorway with a smiling countenance and folded arms, his six feet two inches of attitude calmly drawn up, towering high above Milly Vaughan's curly head.

The usual routine of courtship seemed to be somewhat changed in this individual case; for Milly was

very much embarrassed, twisting her pink silk sash round and round, while Fred was provokingly cool and sarcastic, as if he had not just listened to that fatal little monosyllable "no."

"I am so very young, Fred," she faltered; "just eighteen, you know, and I hardly know my own mind yet; and it is so cruel of you to ask such a prompt answer! And——"

"Now, Milly, this will never do," said the young man, firmly detaining her with one hand, "Will you answer me?"

"Then, no!", exclaimed Milly, with flashing eyes and pallid cheeks; "'tis strange one answer is not sufficient."

"Ah, very well; just as you please, Miss Millicent," replied Fred, very complacently. "I'm obliged to you for pronouncing that little monosyllable so decidedly. You are very pretty, but you don't suit me exactly. We should soon get tired of one another; we have been brought up together, and you seem like a sister; sameness is always tiresome. You are a lovely blonde, but I should prefer a brunette; and besides, I can now go peaceably off to college, without any incumbrance in the shape of an engagement. The drug was hard to take, but I have no doubt it will do me good. Adieu, Milly—I wish you much happiness and a good husband."

And off walked Mr. Fred, whistling in regular cavalier style, looking most provokingly handsome in his cool disdain.

Millicent Vaughan hardly knew what to make of the young student's audacious self-possession. She had never had a real lover before; but she quite was certain 'twas not often they acted in this way after being rejected.

Somehow she had a notion that Fred Barton had been making fun of her, and she was very sure she had done a sensible thing in saying no. Besides, she had fully thought that he would not take her at her word. Why didn't he coax, and implore, and make a great fuss? Why didn't he take her by storm—in short, as all lovers in novels did? Milly Vaughan tarried at the window until her discarded lover was out of sight, and then she ran up to her room, locked herself in, and cried long and passionately.

"Dear me, Milly, how flushed your cheeks are, and your eyes are so red!" said Mrs. Vaughan, as the girl took her place at the well-spread tea-table. "What ails you? Are you ill?"

"It's setting up late o' nights reading those trashy periodicals," growled Squire Vaughan. "She'll be blind afore she's twenty-five years old at this rate, or will have to wear specs, and a gal in specs don't have much chance to catch a beau. Hallo! what's the matter with the child?"

For Milly had burst into passionate sobbing, and left the room. Ah, it was a sore, a very sore little heart that beat under Milly's black velvet bodice.

If she could only have lived that day over again, she thought. But the sun was low in the crimson tide of the great western skies, and the young moon was rising up, and the day, with all its chances and changes, was gone, to return—ah! nevermore.

Slowly the months rolled by, and our heroine grew quieter, and more sober and thoughtful, every day. The fair forehead was not less fair for the shade of sweet gravity on its smooth expanse, and the blue

eyes shone more lustrous through her drooping lashes. Milly had changed, but she was more beautiful than ever.

She read the news from college with interest, yet she never once mentioned Fred Barton's name, not even when she saw in the daily papers that he had graduated, taking a double-first.

"You will come to-night, won't you, Milly? Mr. Barton has promised to honor me—really his first appearance as a lawyer in his native town. The spring assizes are just on, you know," laughed Miss Blake, as she rose to take her leave, after a morning call.

"Yes, I'll come," sighed Milly; for she knew that if she were obliged to meet him, the first sharp pang might as well be passed through now as again. But oh, how hard that Emma Blake should first have known of his return! That Emma's house should have been the first at which he had called.

Carefully she arranged the folds of her white muslin dress that evening; she was long in adjusting the spray of green leaves in and out among her golden curls, and even then she was dissatisfied with the pretty image reflected in the mirror. But Milly was hard to please; she never looked more lovely in all the years of her life.

As she entered Emma Blake's crowded drawing-room, the first person upon whom her eyes fell was Fred Barton, tall and handsome as ever. He was talking with spirit and animation, the centre of a knot of young people, and did not even see her. Ah, she might have expected it; and Milly leaned tearfully against the window, mechanically playing with her pink fan. She did not even hear the flutter of the silk dresses as they surged past her in the dance; her thoughts were far otherwise inclined.

All of a sudden a hand was laid lightly upon hers, and she looked up with a nervous start into the brown sparkling depths of Fred Barton's eyes.

"Milly, were you not going to speak to me?"

"I—I was afraid, Fred."

Those tell-tale blue eyes—they betrayed in one tear-bright gleam the secret she would have given worlds to have kept within her own bosom. Fred Barton was not versed in eye language; yet he read Milly's instantaneously.

"You have not forgotten me then, Milly."

"Forgotten you, Fred?"

She would have added more; but her voice faltered and hesitated. He was silent an instant, then spoke in a low tone.

"Do you recollect our last interview, Milly? Do you remember I said I thanked you for the rejection of my suit? Milly, I have changed my mind since then."

Milly turned scarlet and pale, looking upward and glancing downward, half smiling and half crying as she replied—

"And so have I, Fred."

He took both the trembling hands in his with a glad, bright face.

"Milly, my heart's dearest love, I lay my heart at your feet a second time. Will you accept it now?"

He needed no answer save what he read in her blushing cheeks and happy eyes; they both said "Yes," and pretty emphatically, too.

"What made you think I was worth two courtships, Fred?" she asked, long afterwards.

"Milly," said he, quietly, "when I was at college there were some things which seemed impossible to overcome. But 'twas only for a little while; we tried again. The second time we carried the laurels. Now don't laugh, Milly, if I tell you I carried that college lesson into the field of love. I was repulsed at first but I tried again, and here is my sign of victory."

He held a plain gold wedding-ring towards her as he spoke.

"For to-morrow, love!"

Yes, he had indeed been victorious, and true, loving little heart was his captive for life.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

EXPERIMENTS IN GALVANISM.

1. Place a thin plate of zinc upon the upper surface of the tongue, and a half dollar or a piece of silver on the under surface. Allow the metals to remain for a little time in contact with the tongue before they are made to touch each other, that the taste of the metals themselves may not be confounded with the sensation produced by their contact. When the edges of the metals which project beyond, are then suffered to touch, a galvanic sensation is produced, which it is difficult accurately to describe.

2. Place a silver teaspoon as high as possible between the gums and the upper lip, and a piece of zinc between the gums and the under lip. On bringing the extremities of the metals into contact, a vivid sensation, and an effect like a flash of light across the eyes, will be perceived. It is singular that this light is equally vivid in the dark and in the strongest light, and whether the eyes be shut or open.

CHARADE 6.

My first is a part of the day,
My last a conductor of light,
My whole to take measure of time,
Is useful by day and by night.

RIDDLE 2.

There was a man who was not born,
His father was not born before him,
He did not live, he did not die,
And his epitaph is not over him.

CONUNDRUMS.

17. Why are handsome women like bread?
18. Why is an avaricious man like one with a short memory?
19. What river in Bavaria answers the question, Who is there?

ANSWERS TO No 25. PAGE 998.

CONUNDRUMS.

- No. 14. Because it is a resting place for the traveler.
- No. 15. To ashes.
- No. 16. Short.

PRESENT VERSUS FUTURE.

Who but a bachelor, eating the sourest of sour grapes, could deliberately have penned and made public the following verses:—

THREE "WEEKS" AFTER MARRIAGE. (SUGAR)

My dearest are you going out?
Indeed, 'tis very cold,
Let me, sweet love, around your neck
This handkerchief enfold!

You know how anxious for your health,
My own dear George, am I;
One loving kiss before we part—
Good-by, sweet chuck—good-bye.

THREE "YEARS" AFTER MARRIAGE (VINEGAR.)

You're going out—why don't you go?
I cannot help the rain;
It will not grieve me very much
If you ne'er come back again.

Umbrella! don't know where it is;
What next to excite one's wrath?
Don't pester me about your cold,
Good gracious!—go to Bath!

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POETRY.

PAME.

FROM SCHILLER.

"What shall I do lest life in silence pass?"

"And if it do,
And never prompt the bray of noisy brass;
What need'st thou rue?
Remember aye the ocean deeps are mute—
The shallows roar;
Worth is the ocean—fame is but the bruit
Along the shore.

"What shall I do to be for ever known?"

"Thy duty ever.
Thus did full many who yet sleep unknown—
Oh! never, never?
Think'st thou perchance that they remain unknown
Whom thou know'st not?
By angel-trumps their praise in heaven is blown,
Divine their lot."

"What shall I do to gain eternal life?"

"Discharge aright
The simple dues with which each day is rife;
Yea, with thy might.
Ere perfect schemes of action thou devise
Will life be tied;
While he, who ever acts as Conscience cries,
Shall live though dead.

HAROLD,

THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

[CONTINUED.]

the Vala met them at the threshold, and testified little surprise at the sight of the bleeding and unconscious earl, that Vebba, who had heard strange tales of Hilda's unlawful arts, half suspected that she wild looking foes, with their uncanny diminutive horses, were imp conjured by her to punish a trespasser to her grandchild—who had been perhaps too successful in the wooing. And fears so reasonable were not a little increased when Hilda, after leading way up the steep ladder to the chamber in which she had dreamed his fearful dream, bade them all depart, and leave the wounded man to her care. "Not so," said Vebba bluffly. "A life like this is

not to be left in the hands of woman, or Wicca. I shall go back to the great town, and summon the earl's own leech. And I beg thee to heed, meanwhile, that every head in this house shall answer for Harold's."

The great Vala, and high-born Hleafidian, little accustomed to be accosted thus, turned round abruptly, with so stern an eye and so imperious a mien, that even the stout Kent man felt abashed. She pointed to the door opening on the ladder, and said, briefly:

"Depart! Thy lord's life hath been saved already, and by woman. Depart!"

"Depart, and fear not for the earl, brave and true friend in need," said Edith, looking up from Harold's pale lips, over which she bent; and her sweet voice so touched the good thegn, that, murmuring a blessing on her fair face, he turned and departed.

Hilda then proceeded, with a light and skillful hand, to examine the wounds of her patient. She opened the tunic, and washed away the blood from four gaping orifices on the breast and shoulders. And as she did so, Edith uttered a faint cry, and, falling on her knees, bowed her head over the drooping hand, and kissed it with stifling emotions, of which, perhaps grateful joy was the strongest; for over the heart of Harold was punctured, after the fashion of the Saxons, a device—and that device was the knot of betrothal, and in the centre of the knot was graven the word "Edith."

Whether owing to Hilda's runes, or to the merely human arts accompanying them, the earl's recovery was rapid, though the great loss of blood he had sustained left him awhile weak and exhausted. But perhaps, he blessed the excuse which detained him still in the house of Hilda, and under the eyes of Edith.

He dismissed the leech sent to him by Vebba, and confided, not without reason, to the Vala's skill. And happily went his hours beneath the old Roman roof!

It was not without a superstitious, more characterized, however by tenderness than awe, that Harold learned that Edith had been "undefinably impressed with a foreboding of danger to her betrothed, and all that morning she had watched his coming from the old legendary hill. Was it not in that watch that his good Fylgia saved his life?"

Indeed there seemed a strange truth in Hilda's assertions, that in the form of his betrothed, his tutelary spirit lived and guarded. For smooth every step, and bright every day, in his career, since their troth had been plighted. And gradually the sweet superstition,

had mingled with human passion to hallow and refine it. There was a purity and a depth in the love of these two, which if not uncommon in woman, is most rare in men.

Harold, in sober truth, had learned to look on Edith as on his better angel; and, calming his strong manly heart in the hour of temptation, would have recoiled, as a sacrilege, from aught that could have sullied that image of celestial love. With a noble and sublime patience, of which, perhaps, only a character so thoroughly English in its habits of self-control and steadfast endurance could have been capable, he saw the months and the years glide away, and still contented himself with hope—hope, the sole godlike joy that belongs to men.

And Edith, though yet in the tenderest flush of beautiful youth, had, under the influence of that sanctifying and scarce earthly affection, perfected her full nature as woman. She had learned so to live in Harold's life, that—less, it seemed, by study than intuition—acknowledge graver than that which belonged to her sex and her time, seemed to fall upon her soul—fall as the sunlight falls upon the blossoms, expanding their petals, and brightening the glory of their hues.

Hitherto, living under the shade of Hilda's dreamy creed, Edith, as we have seen, had been rather Christian by name and instinct than acquainted with the doctrines of the gospel, or penetrated by its faith, but the soul of Harold lifted her out of the valley. Thus from Harold might Edith be said to have taken her very soul. And with the soul and through the soul, woke the mind from the mist of childhood.

In the intense desire to be worthy the love of the foremost man of her land; to be the companion of his mind as well as the mistress of his heart, she had acquired, she knew not how, strange stores of thought, and intelligence, and pure, gentle wisdom. In opening to her confidence his own high aims and projects, he himself was scarcely conscious how often he confided but to consult—how often and how insensibly she colored his reflections and shaped his designs. Whatever was highest and purest, that, Edith ever, as by instinct beheld as the wisest. She grew to him like a second conscience, divinier than his own. Each, therefore, reflected virtue on the other, as planet illuminates planet.

All these years of probation, then, which might have soured a love less holy, changed into weariness a love less intense, had only served to wed them more intimately soul to soul; and in that spotless union what happiness there was! what rapture in word and glance, and the slight, restrained, caress of innocence, beyond all the transports love only human can bestow.

It was a bright, still summer noon, when Harold sat with Edith amid the columns of the Druid temple, and in the shade which those vast and mournful relics of a faith departed cast along the sward. And there were conversing over the past, and planning the future, when Hilda approached from the house, and entering the circle of the war-god, and gazing on Harold with a calm triumph in her aspect said—

"Did I not smile, son of Godwin, when, with thy short-sighted vision, thou didst think to guard thy land and secure thy love, by urging the monk king to

send over the seas for the Atheling? Did I not thee, 'Thou dost right in obeying thy judgement art but the instrument of fate; and the coming of Atheling shall speed thee nearer to the ends of life; not from the Atheling shalt thou take the crown of thy love; and not by the Atheling shall the throne of Athelstan be filled?'"

"Alas!" said Harold, rising in agitation, "let me hear of mischance to that noble prince. He sick and feeble when I parted from him; but joy great restorer, and the air of native land gives health to the exile."

"Hark!" said Hilda, "you hear the passing bell the soul of the son of Ironsides!"

The mournful knell, as she spoke, came dull the roofs of the city afar, borne to their ears by exceeding stillness of the atmosphere. Edith crossed herself and murmured a prayer, according to the tom of the age: then raising her eyes to Harold, murmured, as she clasped her hands—

"Be not saddened, Harold, but hope still."

"Hope!" repeated Hilda, rising proudly, from recumbent position, "Hope in that knell of St. Peter! dull indeed is thine ear, O Harold, if thou hear not the joy-bells that inaugurate a future king."

The earl, started, his eyes shot fire, his lips heaved.

"Leave us, Edith," said Hilda in a low voice; after watching her grandchild's slow, reluctant descend the knoll, she turned to Harold, and leaning him towards the grave-stone of the Saxon king, said—

"Rememberest thou the spectre that rose from the mound?—rememberest thou the dream that followed it?"

"The specter, or deceit of mine eye, I remember well," said the earl, "the dream not—or only in confused and jarring fragments."

"I told thee then that I could not unriddle the dream by the light of the moment; and that the dead slept below never appeared to men, save for some portent of doom to the house of Cerdic. The portent fulfilled: the heir of Cerdic is no more. To whom appeared the great Scin-læca, but to him who shall inaugurate a new race of kings to the Saxon throne."

Harold breathed hard, and the color mounted to his cheeks and glowing to his cheeks and brow.

"I can not gainsay thee, Vala. Unless, despite conjecture, Edward should be spared to earth till Atheling's infant son acquires the age when he himself shall acknowledge a chief, I look round England for the coming king, and all England reflects but its own image."

His head rose erect as he spoke, and already his brow seemed august, as if circled by the diadem of Basileus.

"And if it be so," he added, "I accept the scepter, trust, and England shall grow greater, in my generation."

"The flame breaks at last from the smouldering fuel," cried the Vala, "and the hour I so long for to thee hast come."

Harold answered not, for high and kindling emotions deafened him to all but the voice of a grand ambition, and the awakening of a noble heart.

"And then—and then," he exclaimed, "I shall have no mediator between nature and monk-craft; the

"Edith, the life thou hast saved will indeed 'be thine!'" he paused, and it was the sign of an ambition long repressed, but now rushing into the vent legitimately opened, for it had already begun to work in the character hitherto so self-reliant, when he said, in a low voice, "But that dream which hath so long lain locked, not lost, in my mind; that dream of which I recall only vague remembrances of danger yet defiance, double yet triumph—canst thou unriddle it, O Vala, the auguries of success?"

"Harold," answered Hilda, "thou didst hear at the close of thy dream the music of the hymns that are haunted at the crowning of a king—and a crowned king shall thou be; yet fearful foes shall assail thee—reshown in the shape of the lion and raven, that came over the blood-red sea. The two stars in the heaven betoken that the day of thy birth was also the birth-day of a foe, whose star is fatal to thine; and arms thee against a battle-field, fought on the day when those stars shall meet. Further than this the mystery of thy dream escapes my lore; wouldst thou learn thyself, from the phantom who sent the dream; stand by my side at the grave of the Saxon hero, and will summon the Sein-læca to counsel the living. For what to the Vala the dead may deny, the soul of the brave on the brave may bestow."

Harold listened with a serious and musing attention, which his pride or his reason had never accorded to the warnings of the Vala before. But his sense was at yet fascinated by the voice of the charmer, and he answered with his wonted smile, so sweet, yet so aughty—

"A hand outstretched to the crown should be armed for the foe, and the eye that would guard the living should not be dimmed by the vapors that encircle the dead."

But from that date changes, slight, yet noticeable and important, were at work both in the conduct and character of the great earl.

Hitherto he had advanced in his career without calculation; and nature, not policy, had achieved his power. But henceforth he began thoughtfully to cement the foundations of his house, to extend the area, to strengthen the props. Policy now mingled with the justice that had made him esteemed, and the generosity that had won him love. Before, though by temper conciliatory, yet, through honesty, indifferent to the enmities he had provoked, in his adherence to what his conscience approved, he now laid himself out to propitiate all ancient feuds, smooth all jealousies, and convert foes into friends. He opened constant and friendly communication with his uncle Sweyn, King of Denmark; he availed himself sedulously of all the influence over the Anglo-Danes which his mother's birth made so facile. He strove also, and wisely, to conciliate the animosities which the Church had cherished against Godwin's house; he concealed his contempt of the monks and monk-ridden; he showed himself the patron and friend; he endowed largely the convents, and especially one at Waltham, which had fallen into decay, though favorably known for the piety of the brotherhood. But if in this he played a part not natural to his opinions, Harold could not, even in emulation, administer to evil. The monasteries he favored were those distinguished for purity of life, for

benevolence to the poor, for bold denunciation of the excesses of the great.

But though in themselves the new politic arts of Harold were blameless enough, *arts* they were and as arts they corrupted the genuine simplicity of his earlier nature. He had conceived, for the first time, an ambition apart from that of service to his country. It was no longer only to serve the land, it was to serve it as its ruler, that animated his heart and colored his thoughts. Expediences began to dim his conscience the healthful loveliness of truth. And now too, gradually, that empire which Hilda had gained over his brother Sweyn, began to sway this man, heretofore so strong in his sturdy sense. The future became to him a dazzling mystery, into which his conjectures plunged themselves more and more. He had not yet stood in the Runic circle and invoked the dead; but the spells were around his heart, and in his own soul had grown up the familiar demon.

Still Edith reigned alone, if not in his thoughts at least in his affections; and perhaps it was the hope of conquering all obstacles to his marriage that mainly induced him to propitiate the Church, through whose agency the object he sought must be attained; and still that hope gave the brightest lustre to the distant crown. But he who admits ambition to the companionship of love, admits a giant that outstrides the gentler footsteps of its comrade.

Harold's brow lost its benign calm. He became thoughtful and abstracted. He consulted Edith less, Hilda more. Edith seemed to him now not wise enough to counsel. The smile of his Fylgia, like the light of a star upon a stream, lighted the surface, but could not pierce to the deep.

Meanwhile, however, the policy of Harold thrived and prospered. He had already arrived at that height, that the least effort to make power popular redoubled its extent. Gradually all voices swelled the chorus in his praise; gradually all men became familiar to the question, "If Edward dies before Edgar, the grandson of Ironsides, is of age to succeed, where can we find a king like Harold?"

In the midst of this quiet but deepening sunshine of his fate, there burst a storm, which seemed destined either to darken his day or to disperse every cloud from the horizon. Algar, the only possible rival to his power—the only opponent no arts could soften—Algar, whose hereditary name endeared him to the Saxon laity, whose father's legacy was the love of the Saxon Church, whose martial and turbulent spirit had only the more elevated him in the esteem of the warlike Danes in East Anglia, (the earldom in which he had succeeded Harold,) by his father's death, lord of Mercia—availed himself of that new power to break out again into rebellion. Again he was outlawed again he was leagued with the fiery Gryffyth. All Wales was in revolt; the Marches were burned and laid waste. Rolf, the feeble Earl of Hereford, died at this critical juncture, and the Normans and hirelings under him mutinied against other leaders; a fleet of vikings from Norway ravaged the western coasts, and sailing up the Menai, joined the ships of Gryffyth and the whole empire seemed menaced with dissolution when Edward issued his *Herr-ban*, and Harold at the head of the royal armies marched on the foe.

Dread and dangerous were those defiles of Wales; amidst them had been foiled or slaughtered all the soldiers under Rolf the Norman; no Saxon armies had won laurels in the Cymrian's own mountain home within the memory of man, nor had any Saxon ships borne away the palm from the terrible vikings of Norway. Fail, Harold and farewell the crown!—succeed, and thou hast on thy side the last argument of kings, the heart of the army over which thou art chief.

SOMNAMBULISM.

A writer relates the following remarkable case, taken from the French Encyclopædia:

Perhaps the most interesting case on record is that of a young clergyman, the narrative of which is from the immediate communication of the Archbishop of Bordeaux. The young ecclesiastic, when the prelate was at the same college, used to rise every night, and write out either sermons or pieces of music. To study his condition, the bishop betook himself several nights, consecutively, to the chamber of the man, where he made the following observations:

The young clergyman used to rise, take paper, and begin to write. Before writing music, he would take a stick and rule the lines. He wrote the notes with the corresponding words, both with the utmost accuracy; or when, by chance, he had written the words too wide, he altered them. After completing a sermon, he would read it aloud, from beginning to end. If any passage displeased him, he erased it, and wrote the amended passage correctly over the other. On one occasion, in order to ascertain whether he used his eyes, the bishop interposed a sheet of pasteboard between his face and the writing. The sleeper took not the least notice, but went on writing as before.

The limitations of his perceptions to what he was thinking about were very curious. A piece of aniseed cake that he had sought for, he ate approvingly; but when, on another occasion, a piece of the same cake was put in his mouth, he spat it out. It is to be observed that he always knew when his pen had ink in it, and if they adroitly changed his paper when he was writing, he knew it if the sheet substituted was of a different size from the former, and in that case he seemed embarrassed. But if the fresh sheet of paper which was substituted for that written on was exactly of the same size with it, he appeared not to be aware of the change, and he would continue to read off his composition from the blank sheet of paper as fluently as when the manuscript lay before him; nay, more, he would continue his corrections, and introduce an amended passage, written upon the precise place in the blank sheet corresponding with that which he would have occupied on the already written page.

Such are the feats of somnambulism! The ecclesiastic, indeed, seems at first to have seen through a sheet of pasteboard; but the concluding fact in his case shows that he really used his perception only to identify the size and place of the sheet of paper. His writing upon it was the mechanical transcript of an act of "mental" penmanship. The corrections fell into the right places upon the paper, owing to the fidelity with which he retained the mental picture.

DOWN IN THE TOMBS OF EGYPT.

The writer of the following spent eight days at Thebes, the crowning glory of Egypt. We present his description of the tomb of one of the earliest and greatest of the Pharaohs—that discovered by Belzoni. After describing the immense entrance chambers and corridors, after the duration of ages still resplendent with paintings and sculptures, he says:—

I cannot pause to give the details of the wonderful sculptures and still more wonderful paintings of this tomb. In one of the rooms is a representation of four different peoples contrasting widely in dress and color and cast of countenance. These are supposed to represent the four great divisions of mankind, among them the negro. So little has the latter changed during a period of over 3,000 years that an "American citizen of African descent" might recognize his portrait among the figures of this group. What, then, becomes of the pretty theory of those ethnologists who insist that the difference in color and feature between the white and the black is referable to the influence of time and climate? If the lapse of over 3,000 years (for the occupant of this tomb ascended the throne 1,385 years before Christ) has sufficed to effect no perceptible physical difference in the Ethiop, surely the remaining less than 3,000 years of man's biblically-recorded history cannot have produced so great a disparity between the white and the black. One of the chambers of the great tomb is unfinished. The positions of the figures are given by the artist, but the coloring is not put on. What great event—what sudden calamity—prevented the completion of the task? You have entered the studio of an artist during his temporary absence from his work. Half-finished sketches are lying about; rough designs are scattered hither and thither; the paint is hardly dry upon the canvas at which he wrought; a multitude of outlines and shadows—of faintly dawning perspective and sombre background are visible. So here the artist seems to have just left his work. Profiles of gods and goddesses—sketches of kings, and apes, and owls, and hawks, and genii, are seen on wall and ceiling. You cannot realize that these profiles were drawn—that these half-filled sketches were executed—that these brilliantly tinted figures were wrought over thirty centuries ago.

The next tomb we visit—that of Rameses the third (called the "Harper's Tomb")—is equally interesting, though not so rich in painting and sculpture. Its total length is four hundred and five feet, with a perpendicular descent of thirty one feet. Here the wondering traveler obtains a glimpse of the manners and customs of the ancient Thebans. We enter a small room on whose walls the mysteries of an Egyptian kitchen are revealed. An ox is being slain, a man is filling a cauldron with the joints of the slaughtered beast; another is blowing the fire with the bellows; another is pounding something with a mortar; another is chopping meat into minces; another is making pastry; another is kneading dough. Farther on is a room whose walls are covered with paintings of furniture. There are chairs and sofas of elegant forms and richly ornamented; couches of seductive pattern, porcelain pottery, copper utensils, baskets of graceful shape, mirrors and toilet articles, basins and ewers, and all the paraphernalia of stylish household furniture. Nothing I have seen in this strange land amazed me more than these latter. They prove the ancient Egyptians to have been versed in the elegant arts—to have known a degree of refinement in their private life indicating a high type of civilization. No dealer in "fancy wares" on Broadway or Montgomery street could present a more brilliant "assortment" than are displayed on these time-honored walls.

Is there anything "new under the sun?" How much have we advanced in the practical or elegant arts beyond the busy-bodies of ancient Thebes? Glass blowing was practised in the reign of Osirtasen over 3,800 years ago, and the form of the blow-pipe and the bottle differed little from that of our own day. The same kind of plow was used in Egypt thirty centuries ago as is used to-day. The bastinado was the mode of punishment for minor offences in the time of Joseph as it is in this year of grace 1868; while then as now, hanging was the penalty for capital crimes. There is good reason to believe that the use of gunpowder was known in the days of the earlier Pharaohs. Anvils and blacksmith's bellows, almost precisely like those seen in an American country smithy, are depicted on the walls of the grottoes of Beni Hasan. The germ of the Doric Column may be traced among the oldest relics of Egyptian art, and the Arch is older than Sesostris. The Thebans amused themselves with the game of draughts

d their athletes and jugglers performed some of the same feats to which the Buisleys and Hellers of our own day astonish metropolitan audiences. The harp, guitar, lyre, drum and gong are as old as the Pyramids; Theban workmen knew how to anneal and solder metals, Theban poulterers knew how to fatten chickens by artificial means. Looking-glasses adorned the boudoirs long before Moses was found among the bulrushes, and pins and needles, and combs and fancy jewelry were as indispensable to the dear sex in the days of Rameses as in the day of Victoria.

I visited in succession twelve of these wonderful tombs. The same sculptures—the same splendid halls—the same vaulted roofs—the same interminable processions of gods, goddesses, winged animals and brute-headed divinities, characterize each. The eye wearies and the brain reels with the succession of strange scenes. You feel as if you were in a new world—a weird, subterranean world. Were these tombs intended only the receptacles of the dead Pharaohs? Was all this lavishing of means—all this struggling for brilliant effects—for no other purpose than that of enshrining a mummy? Was this rich product of art, which it took the life-time of a monarch to rear, ignobly sealed the moment he closed his puny eyes in death? I cannot believe it. I must believe, rather, that the tombs had other purposes—purposes connected in some manner with religious rites—perhaps with the horrid “mysteries” which form so essential a part of the Egyptian religion. I recall the description of them given by Ezekiel: “Then said he unto me: ‘Son of man dig in the wall;’ and when I had digged the wall behold, a door. And he said unto me: ‘Go in and behold the abominable things that they do there.’” And so I went and saw and beheld every form of creeping thing and abominable beasts and all the idols of the house of Israel: ported upon the walls around about.”

Our next visit is to the tombs of the Priests and People, on the western side of the desert mountain. Like those of the Pharaohs, they are cut out of the solid rock. The largest, that of the High Priest, covers an area of over one acre. The sculptures and paintings of many of them are of absorbing interest. In one find carpenters and cabinetmakers at work. One person is using a piece of timber; another is working on a sofa; another is carving out a sphinx; another is putting a piece of furniture together; another is engaged in manufacturing glassware; and a group of swarthy workmen are making bricks. There is the interior of the house of a wealthy Egyptian. A lady is giving a call. A servant is offering her some wine; a black slave stands near with a plate in her hand; while several musicians are entertaining her with what were, doubtless, airs from the East. Let me give you an idea of how a Theban woman in the time of the Pharaohs was dressed. She wore a petticoat or gown, secured at the waist by a colored sash, or by strips over the shoulders. Over this was a large loose robe, made of the finest linen, with full sleeves, tied in front, below the breast. The gown was of richly colored stuff, presenting a variety of patterns. Her dainty feet were encased in sandals, prettily worked, and reaching up to the toes. Occasionally she indulged in the extravagance of shoes or boots. Her hair was worn long and plaited. The back part consisted of a number of strings of hair, reaching to the bottom of the shoulder blades, while on each side a string descended over the breast. An ornamented fillet encircled the head, and the strings of hair at the side were braided and confined by a comb. From her ears hung large single loops of gold; sometimes an asp, whose body was encased in gold, set with precious stones, was worn. She had all the modern finger jewelry of her modern sister. Sometimes three or four rings were worn on the same finger, while occasionally she indulged in the superfluous feminine extravagance of a ring on the thumb! So you see the sex is much the same past and present, the world over.

The tombs upon which the “first families” of Thebes so much prided themselves are now occupied as cow and donkey stables, by the miserable Arabs with which the neighborhood is peopled. As the traveler wanders about from tomb to tomb, he is dogged by a squad of vagabonds, with arms and hands full of feet and heads of mummies whom they have sacrilegiously unearthed, imploring him to buy these grim relics. I purchased the head of a “prominent citizen” for three piastres, and the delicate hands of a Theban belle were offered me for five piastres. Our cook bought a whole mummy; coffee and ten piastres, to be taken to Alexandria as a present to his children. The reader must do his own moralizing.

After spending three days among the tombs of the great,

I was desirous of looking in upon the “pits” of the more ignominious dead. My guide led me by a narrow path, thickly strewn with fragments of mummies—hands, feet, arms, trunks, scattered about in charming confusion—to a small opening in the side of the mountain. Through this I was compelled to crawl, some fifteen or twenty feet, to a larger opening. Lighting a torch, we continued our way until we came to a chamber filled with human mummies, piled one upon another, to a depth of, I know not how many feet. Walking remorselessly over this horrid pavement, we came to another chamber, similarly filled; then another, and another, tenanted by the same ghastly denizens. Sometimes I would sink to the knees into this mass of withered human carrion, sometimes my cruel heel would unwittingly crush in a grinning face, or “go through” a mass of blackened bowels. There they lay, pell mell, a dozen deep, some headless, some sitting half upright, leering at vacancy, some lying helplessly with face downward, some with feet upward. There was one huge fellow, looking as if he might have been an extinct prize-fighter, minus a head, who measured over six feet from neck to heel. We turned him over, laid open his poor chest, and left him to his fate. I did not take the census of this motly congregation, but there must have been several hundred in a single “pit.” Sir Gardener Wilkinson estimates that there are nine millions of mummies in the mountains about Thebes.

“To this complexion hath it come at last.” This reeking mass was once warm with life. Each had its little world in which it hoped and wrestled. Each strutted its brief hour upon the great stage, and thought that hour the pivot-point upon which the world’s destiny would turn evermore. There were strifes and bickerings and heartaches, there were rivalries and cliques and cabals and petty warfare then. Demagogues and knaves flourished then as now. Noisy patriots harangued from the stump, fanatics howled from the rostrum, and office seekers wandered up and down the earth.—[Overland Monthly.

THE SUMMER LAND.

[In sympathy with our mutual friend, W. S. G.]

In mortalting robes o’er you far summer land,
Yet this too, however, parted from earth’s rugged scene,
The eagle with his wings spread, Omnipotent hand,
And the sun, shining guiding to mortals unseen.

There beauty perennial swells to all hearts;
No bright here, no sorrow, no tear finds a place,
There the soft light falls sweetly, no shadows impart
For all things are light, where God hides not his face.

No death—Oh what rapture, no death revels near.
Dethroned? Ah no, never; he hath not been there;
Life, exuberant joyous, eternal, as dear
To the gods as to man, in those realms ever fair.

I hail thee, thou Paradise, Heaven is thy name
And my heart stretches out to thy mansions of bliss,
Well pleased to exchange this poor flickering flame,
For the light of that land from the darkness of this.

Can dust hope for rest ‘neath thy skies so serene?
May man dwell on high with the seraphim band?
Engraven within hath the prophecy been,
It will all be fulfilled in that fair summer land.

And the pulses which quiver with parting on earth,
To peace shall be stilled when we grasp hands again,
And the sorrow bowed head shall be lifted to mirth,
With the music of greeting the loved ones again.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE,

SATURDAY, SEPT. 19, 1868.

MOHAMMED, AND HIS MISSION.

The rise of that wonderful religious power, which for so many centuries has dominated over a large section of our globe under the title of Islamism, has often been the theme of philosophic minds. The great question whether there was a God in the movement, or whether it is to be traced solely to blind fanaticism and imposture, has often been discussed. On this interesting subject we find an elaborate article from the pen of Mr. E. W. Tullidge, published in the *Phrenological Journal*. Mr. Tullidge commences by observing:—

"It has been the habit of Christian writers to stigmatize Mohammed as 'the great false prophet' and as an anti-Christ; but in this age of liberal views, even sound believers in the divine mission of the Christ from chosen Isaac's seed can afford to do justice to the great prophet who sprang from the loins of his brother Ishmael. Heterodox philosophers, on their side, will class the whole race of prophets and apostles together, and view them simply as marvelous psychological and sociological problems. They will treat the genuine of this peculiar order as rare types of beings whose visionary and inspirative natures saw empires in their own fervid minds. Out of such as these new civilizations and empires have grown; and it has ever been found in the course of nations that when the old empires have been rapidly passing through their states of decay, and the world needed a new impulse, then human giants have risen with their peculiar dispensations.

In Mohammed and his mission there is a genuine assumption of the Abrahamic covenant claimed by a descendant of the eldest son of the 'Father of the Faithful;' and unless we give due weight to this fact, and its workings in the mind of this great representative of the line of Abraham's first-born, we shall make discordant that which is in itself grandly harmonious. 'In thee, and in thy seed, shall all the kindreds of the earth be blessed,' was the covenant made to the 'Father of the Faithful;' and Mohammed claimed his portion thereof. Yet did the Arabian prophet magnanimously give unto the seed of Isaac the principal succession in the sacred prophetic line, affirming that, though it was latent in the race of Ishmael, the gift of prophecy, with the holy apostleship, was not vouchsafed to any of his seed until he (Mohammed,) the last of the Prophets, came, while from Isaac had sprung a long succession of prophets to carry on the Abrahamic dispensations."

Then briefly reviewing the traditions respecting the early days of Mohammed he observes:—

"Stripped of their fabulous dress, these traditions (concerning Mohammed) indicate that very early in youth rare qualities began to manifest themselves in Mohammed. It is a marked characteristic of those endowments which we call genius to show their sign

in a wonderful degree and precocity in extraordinary children. Hence, when we find it in the musical composer, we have a Mozart astonishing the courts of Europe at seven years of age, by performing at sight the most difficult compositions of Handel and Bach, and already himself a celebrated composer." * *

"At the age of twelve, with his daring imagination wrought up to the highest pitch, he clung to Abu Taleb, who was preparing to mount his camel to start with his caravan, and implored his indulgent kinsman to be permitted to go with him to Syria. 'For what, O my uncle, will take care of me when thou art gone?' pleaded the boy. Abu Taleb granted the prayer of his nephew, and the caravan started on its route, to return in due time loaded with its merchandise, and the mind of the future prophet more abundantly laden with the superstitions of the desert, a knowledge of the sacred Hebrew writings and of the mission of Christ." * *

"At a Nestorian convent where Abu Taleb and his nephew were entertained with great hospitality; one of the monks, surprised at the precocious intellect of the young Mohammed, and his astonishing capacity for religious mission, held frequent conversations with him upon the sacred Scriptures. The subjects which he discussed crossed the ardent mind of the future prophet were those relating to his forefather Abraham, Moses, and the new dispensation opened in the ministry of Christ. One has only to read the Koran to trace the early conception of the germs of Islamism, and how much in the youth the daring and capacious mind of Mohammed became pregnant with the ideas of new dispensations in an Abrahamic succession. In that Nestorian convent, in an ancient city of the Levites, Ishmael's prophet was born for the mission, and from that hour the new dispensation was nascent in Mohammed's soul. Moslem writers say that the origin of the interest taken by the monk Sergius in the young Arabian was in consequence of his having accidentally discovered the seal of prophecy which the angel Gabriel had stamped between his shoulders; but impartial writers attribute this interest to the desire of a zealous monk to proselyte an extraordinary youth whose quality of mind and earnestness would well fit him in after-years to become a great apostle of Christianity to the Arabian nations.

Mohammed returned with his uncle to Mecca, the seeds of a great religious mission deeply planted in his mind. The son of Ishmael had been to the land which Abraham sojourned when he departed out of Chaldea and out of the house of his idolatrous father, leaving his denunciation against idolatry, and carrying with him a knowledge of the true religion."

Mr Tullidge then presents a vigorous sketch of the disheartening delays and fanatical opposition encountered by Mohammed, which culminated in his notable flight to Medina, and remarks:—

"The star of Mohammed's mission was now rising over his enemies, by their very warfare against the faithful, were fast rolling the wheel of empire toward his, and their rejection of the new revelation was but preparing the way for the epoch of his military apostleship!" * *

"New dispensations have ever found their crowning opportunities made by the force of the action against them, as though an over-ruling power worked in har-

mony from opposite sides. The Egyptian bondage brought forth the exodus of the chosen people—the exodus the nationality of Israel. So also from the flight of the Arabian fanatic grew up the Mohammedan empire.”

From this point, Mr Tullidge traces onward the extraordinary and marvellous career of conquest which attended the Mohammedan empire until, under Omar, the second successor of Mohammed, “was completed the conquest of Egypt, Syria, and Persia,” and Islamism became dominant over nearly all the Eastern Hemisphere.

Scarcely less singular than the work performed by Mohammed himself was that accomplished by his immediate successors. As though raised by providence to secure the permanency and effect the extension of Mohammed's work, he was succeeded by a line of men equal to the execution of the great programme of the master-mind.

In review of these providences Mr. Tullidge asks:—

“What shall we say of this wonderful man and his mission? This: if there be a God, then must that God, of necessity, be in all the world's great issues. Surely, then, into the hands of Mohammed Providence committed one of the greatest of those issues.

Mr. Carlyle's philosophy of the life of the man utterly rejects the popular notions of Mohammed. He believes that “the rude message he delivered was a real one withal—an earnest, confused voice from the unknown deep. The man's words were not false, nor his workings here below; no inanity and simulacrum; a fiery mass of life cast up from the great bosom of nature herself.” He discerns in him a rugged, deep-hearted son of the wilderness—“one of those who can not but be in earnest—whom nature herself has appointed to be sincere.” “From of old a thousand thoughts, in his pilgrimings and wanderings, had been in this man: What am I? What is this unfathomable thing I live in, which men name universe? What is life—what is death? What am I to believe? What am I to do? The grim rocks of Mount Hara, of Mount Sinai, the stern, sandy solitudes answered not. The great heaven, rolling silent overhead, with its blue glancing stars, answered not. There was no answer. The man's soul, and what of God's inspiration dwelt there, had to answer.” At length, Carlyle thinks the answer came in his own grand conception, that “there is one God in and over all.”

With this annunciation, made by his own soul, he became possessed with the spirit of a mission to establish in Arabia the truth that there is but one God. That there was a deity in Mohammed's life working out one of the world-issues seems to be Mr. Carlyle's opinion. “Are we to suppose,” he asks, “that it was a miserable piece of spiritual legerdemain, this which so many creatures of the Almighty have lived by and died? I, for my part, can not form any such supposition. I will believe most things sooner than that. One would be entirely at a loss what to think of this great world at all, if quackery so grew and were sanctioned here.” Accordingly, he holds that Mohammed's dispensation was legitimate and successful, advancing the nations which received it from their state of idolatry to a higher stage of civilization, and to the faith of One God.”

FOUL PLAY.

BY CHARLES READS AND DION BOUCAULT.

[CONTINUED]

CHAPTER XVI.

As some eggs have actually two yolks, so Arthur Wardlaw had two hearts, and at sight of Helen's father, the baser one ceased to beat for a while.

He ran to General Rolleston, shook him warmly by the hand, and welcomed him back to England with sparkling eyes.

It is pleasant to be so welcomed and the stately soldier returned his grasp in kind.

“Is Helen with you sir?” said Arthur making a movement to go to the door: for he thought she must be outside in a cab.

“No, she is not,” said General Rolleston.

“There now,” said Arthur, “that cruel father of mine has broken his promise, and carried her off to Elmtree.”

At this moment Wardlaw senior returned, to tell Arthur that he had been just too late to meet the Rollestons, “Oh, here he is!” said he, and there were fresh greetings.

“Well, but,” said Arthur “where is Helen?”

“I think that it is I who ought to ask that question,” said Rolleston gravely. “I telegraphed you at Elmtree, thinking of course she would come with you to meet me at the station.

“It does not much matter a few hours: but her not coming makes me uneasy, for her health was declining when she left me. How is my child, Mr. Wardlaw? Pray tell me the truth.”

Both the Wardlaws looked at one another and at General Rolleston, and the elder Wardlaw said that there was certainly some misunderstanding here.

“We fully believed that your daughter was coming home with you in the Shannon.”

Come home with me, why, of course not. She sailed three weeks before me. Has she not arrived?

“No,” replied old Wardlaw, “we have neither seen nor heard of her.”

“Why, what ship did she sail in?” said Arthur.

“In the Proserpine.”

CHAPTER XVII.

Arthur Wardlaw fixed on the speaker a gaze full of horror; his jaw fell, a livid pallor overspread his features; he echoed in a hoarse whisper, “the Proserpine!” and turned his scared eyes upon Wylie, who was himself leaning against the wall; his stalwart frame beginning to tremble.

“The sick girl,” murmured Wylie, and a cold sweat gathered on his brow.

General Rolleston looked from one to another with strange misgivings, which soon deepened into a sense of some terrible calamity, for now a strong convulsion swelled Arthur Wardlaw's heart; his face worked fearfully, and with a sharp and sudden cry, he fell forward on the table, and his father's arm alone prevented him from falling like a dead man on the floor. Yet though crushed and hopeless, he was not insensible, that blessing was denied him.

General Rolleston implored an explanation.

Wylie, with downcast and averted face, began to stammer disconnected and unintelligible words; but old Wardlaw silenced him and said, with much feeling, “Let none but a father tell him. The Proserpine! How can I say it?”

“Lost at sea,” groaned Wylie.

At these fatal words the old warrior's countenance grew rigid; his large boney hands gripped the back of the chair, on which he leaned, and were white with their own convulsive force, and he bowed his head under the blow, without one word.

His agony was too great and mute to be spoken; and there was silence in the room, broken only by the hysterical moans of the miserable plotter, who had drawn down this calamity on his own head. He was in no state to be left alone; and even the bereaved father found pity in his desolate heart for one who loved his lost child so well; and the two old men took him home between them, in a helpless and pitiable condition.

CHAPTER XVIII.

But this utter prostration of his confederate began to alarm Wylie, and rouse him to exertion. Certainly he was very sorry for what he had done, and would have undone it and forfeited his £2,000 in a moment if he could. But, as he could not undo

the crime, he was all the more determined to reap the reward. Why that £2,000, for aught he knew was the price of his soul; and he was not the man to let his soul go gratis.

He finished the rest of his brandy, and went after his men, to keep them true to him by promises; but the next day he came to the office in Fenchurch Street, and asked anxiously for Wardlaw. Wardlaw had not arrived. He waited, but the merchant never came; and Michael told him with considerable anxiety, that this was the first time his young master had missed coming this five years.

In the course of the day several underwriters came in, and with long faces, to verify the report which had now reached Lloyd's, that the *Proserpine* had foundered at sea.

"It is too true," said Michael; "and poor Mr Wylie here has barely escaped with his life. He was the mate of the ship, gentlemen."

Upon this each visitor questioned Wylie, who returned the same smooth answer to all inquiries: one heavy gale after another had so tried the ship that her seams had opened, and let in more water than all the exertions of the crew and passengers could discharge; at last they had to take to the boats: the long boat had been picked up: the cutter had never been heard of since.

They nearly all asked after the ship's log.

"I have got it safe at home," it was in his pocket all the time.

Some asked him where the other survivors were. He told them five had shipped on board the *Maria*, and three were with him at Poplar, one disabled by the hardships they had all endured.

One or two complained of Mr. Wardlaw's absence at such a time.

"Well, good gentlemen," said Wylie, "I'll tell you. Mr. Wardlaw's sweetheart was aboard the ship. He is almost broken hearted. He valued her more than all the gold, that you may take your oath on."

This stroke, coming as it did from a rough fellow in a pea-jacket, who looked as simple as he was cunning, silenced remonstrance, and went far to disarm suspicion; and so pleased Michael Penfold, that he said, "Mr. Wylie you are interested in this business, would you mind going to Mr. Wardlaw's house and asking what we are to do next? I'll give you his address, and a line, begging him to make an effort and see you. Business is the heart's best ointment. Eh, dear Mr. Wylie, I have known grief too; and I thought I should have gone mad when they sent my poor son away, but for business, especially the summing up of long columns, etc."

Wylie called at the house in Russell Square, and asked to see Mr. Wardlaw.

The servant shook his head. "You can't see him he is very ill."

"Very ill," said Wylie. "I'm sorry for that; but I shan't make him any worse; and Mr. Penfold says I must see him. It is very particular, I tell you. He won't thank you for refusing me, when he comes to hear of it."

He said this very seriously; and the servant, after a short hesitation, begged him to sit down in the passage a moment. He then went into the dining-room, and shortly reappeared holding the door open. Out came, not the junior but the senior Wardlaw.

"My son is in no condition to receive you," said he gravely; "but I am at your service, what is your business?"

Wylie was taken off his guard, and stammered out something about the *Shannon*.

"The *Shannon*? what have you to do with her? You belonged to the *Proserpine*?"

"Ay, sir, but I had his orders to ship forty chests of lead and smelted copper on board the *Shannon*."

"Well?"

"You see, sir," said Wylie, "Mr. Wardlaw was particular about them, and I feel responsible like, having shipped them aboard another vessel."

"Have you not the captain's receipt?"

"That I have, sir, at home. But you could hardly read it for salt-water."

"Well," said Wardlaw senior, "I will direct our agent at Liverpool to look after them, and send them up to my cellars in Fenchurch Street. Forty chests of lead and copper, I think you said. And he took a note of this directly. Wylie was not a little disconcerted at this unexpected turn things had taken, but he held his tongue now, for fear of making bad worse. Wardlaw senior went on to say that he should have to

conduct the business of the firm for awhile in spite of old age and failing health.

This announcement made Wylie perspire with anxiety, and his £2,000 seemed to melt away from him.

"But never mind," said old Wardlaw; "I am very glad you came. In fact, you are the very man I wanted to see. My poor afflicted friend has asked for you several times. Be good enough to follow me."

He led the way into the dining-room, and there sat the sad father in all the quiet dignity of calm, unfathomable sorrow.

Another gentleman stood upon the rug with his back to the fire, waiting for Mr. Wardlaw; this was the family physician, who had just come down from Arthur's bedroom, and had entered by another door, through the drawing-room.

"Well, doctor," said Wardlaw, anxiously, "what is your report?"

"Not so good as I could wish; but nothing to excite immediate alarm. Overtaxed brain, sir; weakened and unable to support this calamity. However, we have reduced the fever; the symptoms of delirium have been checked, and I think we shall escape brain-fever if he is kept quite quiet. I could not have said as said as much this morning."

The doctor then took his leave, with a promise to call next morning and as soon as he was gone, Wardlaw turned to General Rolleston, and said, "Here is Wylie, sir, come forward my man and speak, to the General. He wants to know if you can point out to him on the chart the very spot where the *Proserpine* was lost?"

"Well sir," said Wylie, "I think I could."

The great chart of the Pacific was then spread out upon the table, and rarely has a chart been examined as this was, with the bleeding heart as well as the straining eye.

The rough sailor became an oracle; the others hung upon his words, and followed his brown finger on the chart with fearful interest.

"Ye see, sir," said he, addressing the old merchant, for there was something on his mind that made him avoid speaking directly to General Rolleston, "when we came out of Sydney, the wind south and by east, Hudson took the easterly course, instead of running through Cook's straits. The weather freshened from the same quarter, so that, with one thing and another by when we were a month out, she was five hundred miles or so north of her true course. But that wasn't all; when the leak gained upon us, Hudson ran the ship three hundred miles by my reckoning to the north-east; and, I remember, the day before she foundered, he told me she was in latitude forty, and Easter Island bearing due north."

"Here is the spot, then," said General Rolleston, and placed his finger on the spot.

"Ay, sir," said Wylie, "addressing the merchant; "but she ran about eighty-five miles after that, on an easterly course—no wind on her starboard quarter—and being deep in the water, she'd make lee way—say eighty-two miles north-east by east."

The General took eighty-two miles off the scale with a pair of dividers, and set out that distance on the chart. He held the instrument fixed on the point thus obtained.

Wylie eyed the point, and after a moment's consideration nodded his head.

"There, or thereabouts," he said in a low voice, and looking at the merchant.

A pause ensued, and the two old men examined the speck pricked on the map, as if it were the waters covering the *Proserpine*.

"Now, sir," said Rolleston, "trace the course of the boats," and he handed Wylie a pencil.

The sailor slowly averted his head, but stretched out his hand and took it, and traced two lines, the one short and straight running nearly north-east. "That's the way the cutter headed when we lost her in the night."

The other line ran parallel to the first for half an inch, then turning, bent backward and ran due south.

"This was our course," said Wylie.

General Rolleston looked up, and said, "Why did you desert the cutter?"

The mate looked at old Wardlaw, and, after some hesitation, replied, "After we lost sight of her, the men with me declared that we could not reach either Juan Fernandez or Valparaiso with our stock of provisions, and insisted on standing for the sea track of Australian liners between the horn and Sydney."

This explanation was received in dead silence. Wylie fidgeted and his eye wandered round the room.

General Rolleston applied his compasses to the chart. "I

find that the Proserpine was not 1000 miles from Easter Island. Why did you not make for that land?"

"We had no charts, sir," said Wylie to the merchant, "and I'm no navigator."

"I see no land laid down hereaway, north-east of the spot where the ship went down."

"No," said Wylie, "that's what the men said when they made me 'bout ship!'"

"Then why did you lead the way north east at all?"

"I'm no navigator," answered the man, sullenly.

He then stammered out, "Ask my men what we went through. Why, sir, (to Wardlaw) I can hardly believe that I am alive and sit here talking to you about this cursed business. And nobody offers me a drop of anything."

Wardlaw poured him out a tumbler of wine. His brown hand trembled a little, and he gulped the wine down like water.

General Rolleston gave Wardlaw a look, and Wylie was dismissed. He slouched down the street all in a cold perspiration; but still clinging to his \$2,000, though small was now his hope of ever seeing it.

When he was gone General Rolleston paced that large gloomy room in silence. Wardlaw eyed him with the greatest interest, but avoided speaking to him. At last he stopped short, and stood erect as veterans halt, and pointed down at the chart.

"I'll start for that," spot said he. "I'll go in the next ship bound to Valparaiso, there I'll charter a small vessel, and ransack those waters for some trace of my poor lost girl."

"Can you think of no better way than that?" said old Wardlaw, gently, and with a slight tone of reproach.

"No—not at this moment. Oh, yes, by the bye, the Greyhound and Dreadnought are going out to survey the islands of the Pacific. I have interest enough in the Greyhound to secure a berth."

What! go in a government ship! under the orders of another man, under the orders of a Board. If you heard our poor girl was alive upon a rock, the Dreadnought would be sure to run up a bunch of red-tape to the fore to recall the Greyhound, and the Greyhound would go back. No," said he, rising suddenly, and confronting the General, and with the color mounting for once in his sallow face. "You sail in no bottom but one owned by Wardlaw & Son, and the captain shall be under no orders but yours. We have bought the steam sloop Springbok, 700 tons. I'll virtual her for a year, man her well, and you shall go out in less than a week. I give you my hand on that." They grasped hands.

But this sudden warmth and tenderness coming from a man habitually cold, overpowered the stout general. "What, sir," he faltered; "your own son lies in danger, yet your heart goes with me—such goodness—it is too much for me."

"No, no" faltered the merchant, affected in his turn. "It is nothing. Your poor girl was coming home in that cursed ship to marry my son. Yes, he lies ill for love of her; God help him and me too; but you must of all. Don't, General; don't! We have got work to do; we must be brave sir; brave I say; and compose ourselves. Ah, my friend, we are of one age; and this is a heavy blow for us; and we are friends no more; it has made us brothers; she was to be my child as well as yours; well now she is my child, and our hearts bleed together." At this, the truth must be told, the two stout old men embraced one another like two women, and cried together a little.

But that was soon over with such men as these. They sat together and plunged into the details of the expedition, and they talked themselves into hope.

In a week the Springbok steamed down the Channel on an errand inspired by love not by reason; to cross one mighty ocean and grope for a lost daughter in another.

CHAPTER XIX.

We return to the cutter, and her living freight.

After an anxious, but brief consultation, it was agreed that their best chance was to traverse as many miles of water as possible, while the wind was fair; by this means they would increase their chance of being picked up, and also of falling in with land, and would, at all events sail into a lovely climate where intense cold was unknown and, gales of wind were uncommon.

Mr. Hazel advised them to choose a skipper, and give him absolute power, especially over the provisions. They assented

to this. He then recommended Cooper for that post. But he had not fathomed the sterling virtues of that taciturn seaman; so they offered the command to Welch, instead.

"He put myself over Sam Cooper!" said he, "not likely."

Then their choice fell upon Michael Morgan. The other sailors' names were Prince, Fenner, and Mackintosh.

Mr. Hazel urged Morgan to put the crew and passengers on short allowance at once, viz: two biscuits a day, and four table-spoonfuls of water; but Morgan was a common sailor; he could not see clearly very far ahead; and, moreover, his own appetite counteracted this advice; he dealt out a pound of biscuit and an ounce of ham to each person, night and morning, and a pint of water during the day.

Mr. Hazel declined his share of the ham, and begged Miss Rolleston, so earnestly not to touch it, that she yielded in silent compliance.

On the fourth day the sailors were all in good spirits, though the provisions were now very low. They even sung and spun yarns. This was partly owing to the beauty of the weather.

On the fifth day Morgan announced that he could only serve out one biscuit per day; and this sudden decline caused some dissatisfaction and alarm.

Next day, the water ran so low, that only a teaspoonful was served out night and morning.

There were murmurings and forbodings.

In all heavy trials and extremities some man or other exhibits great qualities, that were latent in him, ay, hidden from himself. And this general observation was verified on the present occasion, as it had been in the Indian mutiny, and many other crises. Hazel came out.

He encouraged the men, out of his multifarious stores of learning. He related at length stories of wrecks and sufferings at sea; which, though they had long been in print, were most of them new to these poor fellows. He told them, among the rest, what the men of the Bona Dea, waterlogged at sea, suffered—twelve days without any food but a rat and a kitten—yet had all survived. He gave them some details of the Wager, the Grosvenor, the Corbin, the Madusa; but, above all, a most minute account of the Bounty, and Bligh's wonderful voyage in an open boat, short of provisions. He moralised on this, and showed his fellow-sufferers it was discipline and self-denial from the first, that had enabled those hungry specters to survive, and traverse two thousand eight hundred miles of water, in these very seas; and that in spite of hunger, thirst, disease, and rough weather.

By these means, he diverted their minds, in some degree from their own calamity, and taught them the lessons they most needed.

The poor fellows listened with more interest than you could have thought possible under the pressure of bodily distress. And Helen Rolleston's hazel eye dwelt on the narrator with unceasing wonder.

Yes, learning, and fortitude, strengthened by those great examples learning furnishes, maintained a superiority, even in the middle of the Pacific; and not the rough sailors, only, but the lady, who had rejected and scorned his love, hung upon the brave student's words; she was compelled to look up, with wonder, to the man she had hated and despised in her hours of ease.

On the sixth day the provisions failed entirely. Not a crust of bread; not a drop of water.

At 4 P. M., several flying fish driven into the air by dolphins, and cat fish, fell into the sea near the boat, and one struck the sail sharply, and fell into the boat. It was divided and devoured raw, in a moment.

The next morning the wind fell, and, by noon, the ocean became like glass.

The horrors of a storm have been often painted; but who has described, or can describe, the horrors of a calm to a boat-load of hungry, thirsty creatures, whose only chances of salvation or relief, are wind and rain.

The beautiful, remorseless sky, was one vault of purple, with a great flaming jewel in the center, whose vertical rays struck, and parched, and scorched, the living sufferers; and blistered, and baked the boat itself, so that it hurt their hot hands to touch it. The beautiful remorseless ocean was one sheet of glass, that glared in their blood-shot eyes, and reflected the intolerable heat of heaven upon these poor wretches, who were gnawed to death by hunger; and their raging thirst was fiercer still.

Towards the afternoon of the eighth day, Mackintosh dipped a vessel into the sea, with the manifest intention of drinking the salt water.

"Stop him!" cried Hazel, in great agitation; and the others seized him, and overpowered him: he cursed them with such horrible curses, that Miss Rolleston put her fingers in her ears, and shuddered from head to foot. Even this was new to her, to hear foul language.

A calm voice rose in the midst and said:—"Let us pray."

There was a dead silence, and Mr. Hazel kneeled down and prayed loud and fervently; and, while he prayed, the furious cries subsided for a while and deep groans only were heard. He prayed for food, for rain, for wind, for Patience.

The men were not so far gone but they could just manage to say "Amen."

He rose from his knees, and gathered the pale faces of the men together in one glance; and saw the intense expression of agony, which physical pain can mould with men's features; and then he strained his eyes over the brassy horizon, but no cloud, no veil of vapor was visible.

Water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink.

"We must be mad," he cried, "to die of thirst with all this water around us."

His invention being stimulated by this idea, and his own dire need, he eagerly scanned everything in the boat, and his eye soon lighted on two objects, disconnected in themselves, but it struck him that he could use them in combination. These were a common glass bottle; and Miss Rolleston's life-preserving jacket, that served her for a coat. He drew this garment over his knees, and considered it attentively; then untwisted the brass nozzle through which the jacket was inflated, and so left a tube, some nine inches in length, hanging down from the neck of the garment.

He now applied his breath to the tube, and the jacket swelling rapidly proved that the whole receptacle was air-tight.

He then allowed the air to escape. Next, he took the bottle and filled it with water from the sea, then he inserted, with some difficulty, and great care, the neck of the bottle into the orifice of the tube: this done he detached the wire of the brass nozzle, and whipped the tube firmly round the neck of the bottle.

"Now light a fire," he cried, "no matter what it costs."

The fore thwart was chopped up, and a fire soon spluttered and sparkled, for ten eager hands were feeding it; the bottle was then suspended over it, and, in due course, the salt-water began to throw off vapor, and the belly of the jacket began to heave and stir, Hazel then threw cold water on the outside, to keep it cool, and while the men eagerly watched the bubbling bottle and swelling bag, his spirits rose and he took occasion to explain that what was now going on under their eyes was, after all, only one of the great processes of Nature done on a small scale. "The clouds," said he, "are but vapors drawn from the sea, by the heat of the sun; these clouds are composed of fresh water, and so the steam we are now raising from salt water, will be fresh. We can't make whiskey, or brew beer, but, thank Heaven, we can brew water; and it is worth all other liquors ten times told."

A wild "Hurrah," greeted these words.

But every novel experiment seems doomed to fail or meet with some disaster. The water in the bottle had been reduced too low by vaporisation, and the bottle burst suddenly, with a loud report. That report was followed by a piteous wail. Hazel turned pale at this fatal blow; but, recovering himself, he said, "That is unfortunate, but it was a good servant while it lasted: give me the bailer, and, Miss Rolleston, can you lend me a thimble?"

The tube of the life-preserver was held over the bailer and out trickled a small quantity of pure water, two thimblefuls a-piece. Even that, as it passed over their swollen tongues and parched swallows, was a heavenly relief; but, alas, the supply was then exhausted.

Next day hunger seemed uppermost, and the men gnawed and chewed their tobacco pouches: and two caps which had been dressed with the hair on, were divided for food.

None was given to Mr. Hazel or Miss Rolleston; and this to do the poor creatures justice, was the first instance of injustice or partiality the sailors had shown.

The lady, though tormented by hunger, was more magnanimous; she offered to divide the contents of her little medicine chest; and the globules were all devoured in a moment.

And their tortures were aggravated by the sight of abundance. They drifted over coral rocks, at a considerable depth, but

the water was so exquisitely clear that they could see five fathoms down. They could discern small fish drifting over the bottom, they looked like a driving cloud, so vast was their number: and every now and then there was a scurry among them, and porpoises broke in and feasted on them. All this they saw, yet could not catch one of those countless billions for their lives. Thus they were tantalised as well as starved.

The next day was like the last, with this difference, that the sufferers could no longer endure their torments in silence.

The lady moaned constantly; the sailors groaned, lamented, and cursed.

The sun baked, and blistered; and the water glared.

The sails being useless, the sailors rigged them as an awning, and salt water was constantly thrown over them.

Mr. Hazel took a bailer and drenched his own clothes and those of Miss Rolleston's upon their bodies. This relieved the hell of thirst in some degree: but the sailors could not be induced to practise it.

In the afternoon Hazel took Miss Rolleston's bible from her wasted hands, and read aloud the forty-second Psalm.

When he had done, one of the sailors asked him to pass the Bible forward. He did so, and in half-an hour the leaves were returned to him, the vellum binding had been cut off divided and eaten.

He looked piteously at the leaves, and, after a while, fell upon his knees and prayed silently.

He rose, and with Miss Rolleston's consent, offered the men the leaves as well. "It is the Bread of Life for men's souls, not their bodies," said he. "But God is merciful; I think he will forgive you; for your need is bitter."

Cooper replied that the binding was man's, but the pages were God's, and, either for this or more obvious reasons, the leaves were declined for food.

All that afternoon Hazel was making a sort of spoon out of a fragment of wood.

The night that followed was darker than usual, and about midnight a hand was laid on Helen Rolleston's shoulder, and a voice whispered, "Hush! say nothing. I have got something for you."

At the same time, something sweet and deliciously fragrant, was placed to her lips; she opened her mouth, and received a spoonful of marmalade. Never did marmalade taste like that before. It dissolved itself like Ambrosia over her palate, and even relieved her parched throat in some slight degree by the saliva it excited.

Nature could not be resisted; her body took whatever she gave. But her high mind rebelled.

"Oh, how base I am," she said and wept.

"Why it is your own," said he, soothingly; "I took it out of your cabin expressly for you."

"At least oblige me by eating some yourself, sir," said Helen, "or (with a sudden burst,) I will die ere I will touch another morsel."

"I feel the threat, Miss Rolleston; but I do not need it, for I am very, very hungry. But no, if I take any I must divide it all with them. But if you will help me unrip the jacket, I will suck the inside—after you."

Helen gazed at him and wondered at the man, and at the strange love which had so bitterly offended her, when she was surrounded by comforts, but now it extorted her respect.

They unripped the jacket, and found some moisture left. They sucked it and it was a wonderful, an incredible relief to their parched gullets.

The next day was a fearful one. Not a cloud in the sky to give hope of rain; the air so light, that it only just moved them along, and the sea glared, and the sun beat on the poor wretches, now tortured into madness with hunger and thirst.

The body of man, in this dire extremity, can suffer internal agony as acute as any that can be inflicted on its surface with a knife; and the cries, the screams, the groans, the prayers, the curses, intermingled, that issued from the boat, were not to be distinguished from the cries of men horribly wounded in battle, or writhing under some terrible operations in hospitals.

Oh, it was terrible and piteous to see and hear the boat-load of ghastly victims, with hollow cheeks, and wild-beast eyes, go groaning, cursing, and shrieking loud, upon that fair glassy sea, below that purple vault and glorious sun.

Towards afternoon, the men got together, forward and left Hazel and Miss Rolleston alone in the stern. This gave him an opportunity of speaking to her confidentially. He took advantage of it, and said, "Miss Rolleston I wish to consult you. Am I justified in secreting the marmalade any longer? There is nearly a spoonful a-piece."

"No," said Helen, "divide it among them all. Oh, if I only had a woman beside me, to pray with, and cry with and die with: for die we must."

"I am not so sure of that," said Hazel, faintly but with a coolitude all his own. "Experience shows that the human body can subsist a prodigious time on very little food: and saturating the clothes with water is; I know, the best way to allay heat. And women, thank heaven, last longer than men under privations."

"I shall not last long, sir," said Helen, "look at their eyes."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that those men are going to kill me."

SAVED BY A WHIRLWIND.

The sun was driving, with his broad strong glances, American fog and darkness alike before him, into the dim distant vista of the past. As the genial light of his countenance illumines the rocky ranges that confine the lovely valley of the Yosemite in their old, dark embrace, the reflection thrown from a pool of crystal water, falls full upon the face of a young man, who, even in sleep, is pre-eminently handsome; his posture, careless though it is, brings into view the majestic and beautiful symmetry of his limbs. One arm is thrown across his breast, grasping that dead-end of weapons, the never-failing Spencer seven-shooter; a belt of dressed buckskin, confining in its embrace a large hunter's knife, serves also to bind the loose woolen hunting-shirt at the waist; plain but substantial deerskin moccasins complete his outfit, for head-covering he has none. His countenance is open and manly.

But what noise was that in the thick wood to his left? See, he has heard it, and, rousing, springs to his feet, the ever-ready rifle poised for a shot! Carefully he scans the dense mass of brush from whence the sound arose. Hark! Another crash, and snorting with pain of some kind, a grizzly bear, the king of his kind, bursts into the small clear space, and fronts our hunter with an angry glance of astonishment in his deep-set and sparkling eyes. A moment's scrutiny reveals his tormentors; numberless hornets encircle his shaggy head, keeping both paws at work in the futile attempt to demolish his pertinacious little foes; moan after moan of pain gurgles up from his distended jaws. While he stands thus, the hunter raises his rifle; but ere he can catch his aim, is himself attacked and stung by the poisonous insects. Pain drives him crazy; and he dashes, head down, into the thick brush to divest himself of his foes.

The bear, thoroughly roused and angered by the repeated stings upon his frontispiece, and seeing something tangible in the form of the bleeding man whereon to wreak his vengeance, rushed after him, breaking through the matted and thorny brush with rapidity, if not perfect ease. Not so with our hunter, however. He pauses after a moment's dash, upon finding himself clear of the little pests, only to realize the proximity of a greater danger in the shape of a maddened bear of hugest dimensions. He turns to flee, with ruin close behind. A few rapid leaps, and with a cry of dismay he disappears from view. On rushes the bear. A crash, and bruin, too, has vanished from sight, but not from hearing; for yell after yell of rage bursts upon the otherwise still air.

Let us draw near, in our privileged character, and penetrate the mystery. 'Tis easily done. Both bear

and man have fallen down an old forgotten shaft, some twenty-five feet in depth, and singularly clear from rubbish. At the bottom lies the partially stunned form of the youth, whose fortunes we have thus far followed; and, still more dreadful sight, midway between the mouth and bottom, wedged in between a stout iron bar, crossing the pit from side to side, and the gravelly clay that formed the side, hung poor bruin, head down.

Soon the hunter regained consciousness, and his eye took in the true nature of his peril, he shivered with dread. His rifle, tried and true, was useless, broken in his fall; his knife—bah! what could he do with that? kill the bear? Perhaps he might; but not before he suffered injury, and perhaps death. Even a slight wound now, in his present position, would no doubt incapacitate him from escaping, even though he were so fortunate as to kill the bear. He saw that but little time would be afforded him to decide on his course, as bruin, in his struggles, was gradually cutting the soft dirt away and each moment slipping further down. A bright thought seems to take possession of his brain. See, it is even so; for he is executing it. With the broken and bent barrel of his rifle, he drives the splintered stock into the soft dirt upon the side opposite the bear; next, the stiff, metal sheath of his knife is driven in; and still higher, almost within reach of bruin's fore arms, the knife itself finds a sheath in the soil. What can he mean? His knife, his last defence, gone! Hal! the bear is free; he falls, and lies, for a moment, stunned upon the gravel at the shaft's bottom. With quick, sure movements, the hunter mounts the rude stairs he has fashioned, and, by great exertion, reaches the iron bar, upon which he succeeds in swinging himself. "Safe, safe, thank heaven!" bursts from his pale and compressed lips. For a moment, those lips move as if in prayer.

Bruin is on his feet again, and seeing his enemy seated above him, tries to reach him by using the frail staircase; but alas for bruin's hopes! they will not support his weight. Standing upright, he can reach within a foot of the iron-bar; seeing which, the hunter rises to his feet by supporting himself against the sides of the pit—below him sure death; a few feet above, liberty and life! How easy to succumb to one, how difficult to reach the other! For hours the two captives gaze at each other.

Four o'clock in the afternoon has just passed; the bear and man still preserve their positions. Our young hunter allows his head to droop in despair; for hours he has tortured his brain for a means of escape, but to no purpose.

Suddenly a change takes place: the air grows hot and oppressive, the very birds expand their wings, and with open mouths seek a cool retreat. Hark! What is it? mentally asks the young man. A moment, and the fierce gust of wind sending a shower of stone and loose dirt down the shaft, gave the explanation he desired. "Oh, heaven!" he cried, "a whirlwind." Poor young man, the very thing you fear, will prove your saviour. Crash, and down comes a large pine directly across the mouth of the pit, one of its broken branches entering the shaft and almost throwing the hunter from the bar. Ere the bough ceased vibrating, the hunter had grasped it, and was crawling and climbing along to safety. 'Twas but a

moment ere he cast himself in humble prayer on the earth above his prison, the storm yet raged, trees, strong and hardy, the heroes of a hundred years, bent and broke like reeds in the fierce blast.

When the youth arose, its fury was gone. He looked around upon the scene of devastation, and inwardly thanked his Maker. Down in the pit he could see his late dreaded foe: he gazed a moment at him and turning, walked limping away; now that the excitement was over, his bruises began to feel stiff and sore. Night saw him safe in his comrades camp, three of whom next day found the trail and killed the bear.

OUR HIRED MAN AND STORE-PAY.

As stated in our last Number "Our Hired Man's" mind was in a rabid condition on the subject of Store-pay. The huge cash payments he has received from the Railroad having completely unbinged his slender faculties on that subject. As he has declared that he will never work for Store-pay again, the Editor in chief, the Assistant Editor, the sub-Assistant Editor, the sub-sub-Assistant Editor and our ten Locals have concocted the following philosophic defence of Store-pay, which it is hoped will bring him to his senses.

Store-pay is an ancient and venerable institution and originated with some patriarchal tally shop in the dark ages. Tubal Cain, who kept a blacksmith's shop, undoubtedly gave orders on his store, as greenbacks are known to have been very scarce in his times. If he did, the probability is that he signed the orders by dipping his fist in coal dust and "dobbing" it on the paper- and then giving the order a gentle tap with the thick end of his hammer by way of a private seal.

Ever since mankind has been man, or, in clearer language, ever since man has been mankind! the advantage of compelling your neighbor to buy something of you whenever you pay what you owe him, has struck all intelligent and enterprising individuals. The weak minded practice of paying a man in coin or currency, simply amounts to paying one's debts without making a profit thereby, and cannot be too strongly reprehended. Paying one's debts takes time and labor, and is withal a very virtuous action, and all virtuous actions should be properly rewarded.

Store pay has many decided advantages over currency. A good store-order will always command 20 per cent. less than cash; this is a great benefit, for one has not so much to carry away; thus saving cart-hire and the anxieties attendant upon managing a great lot of worldly goods which only canker the soul.

Then, again, store-pay is a great promoter of plain dealing—in fact, very plain dealing. Clerks are very often compelled to look pleasant, whether they want to or not, whenever they see cash rolling out, and they have to wiggle, and bow, and look fascinating, a thing very laborious to some men; whereas when Store-pay is presented everybody knows that they are perfectly natural, just as they were made—only more so, which clearly proves Store-pay to be a natural and heavenly institution.

Another great evil avoided by Store-pay, is partiality. Man's nature is prone to evil and he is liable

when he has cash and isn't stited in one store to go to another thus creating jealousies, and all that. If he has Store-pay he must, very properly, take his order out whether he is suited or not. He may get a pair of boots 8 inches too long, or a hat a foot too high, but such things only teach him humility. He may have to take home a mousetrap and a tumbler, or a pack of butts and screws, for all of which he has no earthly use, "just to take the order out," but this only develops his powers of calculation as to what he shall do with them when he gets home. Besides all this Store-pay promotes penmanship and book-keeping and other noble arts. Every article obtained has to be written five or six times as often as it otherwise would be, and an abstruse and highly profitable calculation has to be made, as to how many cents are "left on the order"—while Mr. Toddlekens or Miss Jiggins waits to know "how much is to come." It takes up time, too, which leads to a mutual acquaintance between all parties. The writer knows just twenty-five uncommonly blissful marriages which have resulted from the gentlemanly clerks serving having extra time to look at the young ladies while they were writing on the back of the orders. But for Store-pay twenty-five bleeding hearts might be now wildly rushing over this desolate earth in search of twenty-five other bleeding hearts in a similarly surgical and painful condition.

The above powerful reasons in defence of Store-pay are affectionately submitted to "Our Hired Man" with the assurance that if he returns to his labors all shall be forgiven.

If after these brilliant arguments he is still determined to take nothing but cash, we can only advise him as a father—in fact as a set of fathers—to give up editing at once and take another contract on the Railroad.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

SHORTER WRITING.

Can our young readers decipher the following? The Key to unlock this little mystery is given below. We will give the answer next week. In the mean-time let our readers see what they can do.

A LOCK FOR MR. HOBBS TO PICK.

T:2 21rt(.)t2 s21(.j)2 s11rr6 s,6(.j)
1r2 86p : 2rs wr3: 76 : 1-0 93v3 21.
T : 11 : 1-0 w :38: 16-29 t:23r : 1r 7 4-6(.j)
1-0 7192 t:23r v1r329 . 1 4r325 s:3-2(.j)
8- t:2r 22 . s21t:2-s 262 716 s21
56r74s 3-6-2 . 1r-9 tr3t. 84r75-2(.j)
76t 3- 1-2 144, 40 744, s t:2r2 132s
1,20 .4 1219 t:23r 7512r32s (.j)

HERE IS THE ANSWER.

The letters are represented by the figures and symbols below the lock. With this key the lock may be opened.

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p
1 7 8 9 2 0 . : 3 , , 1 - 4 5 6

The stops enclosed in brackets, are used in their capacity of stops thus: [] [] &c.

ANSWERS TO No 27, PAGE 12.

Charade 6.—Hear-glass.

Riddle 3.—A man named Nott;

No 17. Because they are often trusted.

No. 19. Because he is always forgetting.

No. 19. 1 str.

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[Vol. 2

POETRY.

CHILDHOOD.

O happy childhood! dreamy time
When care nor sorrow comes not near;
Earth seems to thee but in her prime,
An Eden fair with blossoms rare,
And sunshine bright thro' all the year.

The song of birds on leafy trees,
The noise of babbling brook and rill,
And sighing of the summer breeze
Among the flowers on woodland bowers,
Thy heart with sweetest music thrills.

When toil is o'er, and tired and sad
We trudge along the dusty way,
How sweet to know young hearts and glad
Will smile away the cares of toil
Till with them we must romp and play.

O earth would seem a desert drear
Were there no passion-flowers at home,
With song and smile and kiss to cheer
When o'er our way by night and day,
The shades of grief and sorrow come.

HAROLD,

THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

[CONTINUED.]

SWEYN'S DEATH.

It was one day in the height of summer, that
under the Sire de Graville in the marches of Wales
a Benedictine convent. De Graville had just dined
with the abbot, in whom he had discovered a Norman
other.

"How camest thou in England?" asked the abbot,
raptly.

"Sauf you reverence," answered De Graville, "not
holly for reasons different from those that bring thee
ther. In a word ambition brought thee to England
and ambition brings me hither."

"Hem! and how? Mayest thou thrive better than
in this sus-stye?"

"You remember," renewed De Graville, "that Lau-
duc, the Lombard, was pleased to take interest in my
fortunes, then not the most flourishing, and after his

return from Rome, with the pope's dispensation for
Count William's marriage with his cousin he became
William's most trusted adviser. Both William and
Lanfranc were desirous to set an example of learning
to our Latinless nobles and therefore my scholarship
found grace in their eyes. In brief—since then I have
prospered and thriven. I have fair lands by the Seine
free from the clutch of merchant or Jew. I have
founded a convent, and slain some hundreds of Breton
marauders. Need I say that I am in high favor.
Now it so chanced that a cousin of mine, Hugo de
Magnaville, a brave lance and franc-rider, chanced to
murder his brother in a little domestic affray, and be-
ing of conscience tender and nice, the deed preyed on
him, and he gave his lands to Odo of Bayeux, and set
off to Jerusalem. There, having prayed at the Tomb,"
(the knight crossed himself) "he felt at once miracu-
lously cheered and relieved; but, journeying back,
mishaps befell him. He was made slave by some in-
fidol, to one of whose wives he sought to be gallant,
par amours, and only escaped at last by setting fire
to paynim and prison. Now, by the aid of the Virgin,
he has got back to Rouen, and holds his own lands
again in fief from proud Odo, as a knight of the
bishop's. It so happened, that passing homeward
through Lycia, before these misfortunes befell him,
he made friends with a fellow-pilgrim who had just re-
turned, like himself, from the Sepulcher, but not light-
ened like him, of the load of his crimes. The poor
palmer lay broken-hearted and dying, in the hut of an
eremite, where my cousin took shelter; and, learning
that Hugo was on his way to Normandy, he made
himself known as Sweyn, the once fair and proud
Earl of England, eldest son to old Godwin, and father to
Haco, whom our count still holds as a hostage. He
besought Hugo to intercede with the count for Haco's
speedy release and return, if King Edward assented
thereto; and charged my cousin, moreover, with a
letter to Harold, his brother, which Hugo undertook
to send over. By good luck, it so chanced that,
through all his sore trials, Cousin Hugo kept safe
around his neck a leaden effigy of the Virgin. The
infidels disdained to rob him of lead, little dreaming
the worth which the sanctity gave to the metal. To
the back of the image Hugo fastened the letter, and
so, though somewhat tattered and damaged, he had it
still with him on arriving in Rouen.

"Knowing, then, my grace with the count, and not,
despite absolution and pilgrimage, much wishing to
trust himself in the presence of William, who thinks
gravely of fratricide, he prayed me to deliver the
message, and ask leave to send to England the letter."

"It is a long tale," quoth the abbot.

"Patience, my father! I am nearly at the end. Nothing more in season could chance for my fortunes. Know that William has been long moody, and anxious as to matters in England. The secret accounts he receives from the Bishop of London, make him see that Edward's heart is much alienated from him, especially since the count has had daughters and sons; for, as thou knowest, William and Edward both took vows of chastity in youth, and William got absolved from his, while Edward hath kept firm to the plight. Not long ere my cousin came back, William had heard that Edward had acknowledged his kinsman as natural heir to his throne. Grieved and troubled at this, William had said in my hearing, 'Would that amidst yon statues of steel, there were some cool head and wise tongue I could trust with my interests in England! and would that I could devise fitting plea and excuse for an envoy to Harold the earl!' Much had I mused over these words, and a light-hearted man was Mallet de Graville when, with Sweyn's letter in hand, he went to Lanfranc the abbot and said, 'Patron and father! thou knowest that I, almost alone of the Norman knights, have studied the saxon language. And if the duke wants messenger and plea, here stands the messenger, and in this hand is the plea.' Then I told my tale. Lanfranc went at once to Duke William. By this time, news of the Atheling's death had arrived, and things looked more bright to my liege. Duke William was pleased to summon me straightway, and give me his instructions. So over the sea I came alone, save a single squire, reached London, learned the king and his court were at Winchester (but with them I had little to do,) and that Harold the earl was at the head of his forces in Wales against Gryffyth the Lion King. The earl had sent in haste for a picked and chosen band of his own retainers, on his demesnes near the city. These I joined, and learning thy name at the monastery near Gloucester, I stopped here to tell thee my news and hear thine."

"Dear brother," said the abbot, looking enviously on the knight, "would that, like thee, instead of entering the church, I had taken up arms! Alike once was our lot, well born and penniless. Ah me!—thou art now like a swan on the river, and I as the shell on the rock."

"Cheer thee, old friend," said the knight, pityingly, "better times may come yet. Meanwhile, now to affairs. For all I hear strengthens all William has heard, that Harold the earl is the first man in England. Is it not so?"

"Truly and without dispute."

"Is he married or celibate? For that is a question that even his own men seem to answer equivocally."

"Why, all the wandering minstrels have songs, I am told by those who comprehend this barbarous tongue, of the beauty of *Eaditha pulchra*, to whom it is said the earl is betrothed, or it may be worse. But he is certainly not married, for the dame is akin to him within the degrees of the Church."

"Hem, not married! that is well; and this Algar, or Elgar, he is not now with the Welsh, I hear."

"No, sore ill at Chester with wounds and much chaffing, for he hath sense to see that his cause is lost. The Norwegian fleet has been scattered over the seas by the earl's ships, like birds in a storm. The rebel Saxons who joined Gryffyth under Algar

have been so beaten, that those who survive have deserted their chief, and Gryffyth himself is perished in his last defiles, and can not much longer resist stout foe who by valorous St. Michael, is truly a great captain. As soon as Gryffyth is subdued, Algar will be crushed in his retreat, like a bloated spider in a web; and then England will have rest, unless our king as thou hintest, set her to work again."

The Norman knight mused a few moments before he said—

"I understand, then, that there is no man in the land who is peer to Harold—not, I suppose, Tostig, brother?"

"Not Tostig, surely, whom naught but Harold's reputation keeps a day in his earldom. But of late he is brave and skillful in war, he hath done much to command the respect, though he cannot win back the love of his fierce Northumbrians, for he hath been the earl gallantly in his invasion of Wales, both by sea and land. But Tostig shines only by his brother's light; and if Gurth were more ambitious, Gurth would be Harold's rival."

The Norman, much satisfied with the information thus gleaned from the abbot, who, despite his ignorance of the Saxon tongue, was, like all his countrymen, acute and curious, now rose to depart. The abbot, detaining him a few moments, and looking at him wistfully, said in a low voice.

"What thinkest thou are Count William's chances of England?"

"Good, if he have recourse to stratagem—surely he can win Harold."

"Yet, take my word, the English love not the Dane, and will fight stiffly."

"That I believe. But if fighting must be, I shall will be the fight of a single battle, for there is no fortress nor mountain, to admit of long warfare. Look you, my friend everything here is worn out. The royal line is extinct with Edward, save in a few whom I hear no man name as a successor; the nobility are gone, there is no reverence for old men, the Church is as decrepit in spirit as thy lath mortared is decayed in its timbers; the martial spirit of the Saxon is half rotted away in the subjugation of the clergy, not brave and learned, but timid and ignorant; the desire of money eats up all manhood; the Danes have been accustomed to foreign monarchs under Canute; and William, once victor, would have to promise to retain the old laws and liberties, to establish himself as firmly as Canute. The Anglo-Danes will trouble him somewhat, but rebellion would be a dangerous weapon in the hands of a schemer like William. He would bristle all the land with castles and fortresses, hold it as a camp. My poor friend, we shall have to exchange congratulations—thou prelate of some English see, and I baron of broad English land."

"I think thou art right," said the tall abbot cheerily, "and marry, when the day comes, I will at least be for the duke. Yea—thou art right," he continued, locking round the dilapidated walls of the cell where he was worn out, and naught can restore the life, save the Norman William, or—"

"Or who?"

"Or the Saxon Harold. But thou goest to see the judge for thyself."

"I will do so, and heedfully," said the Sire de la ville; and embracing his friend, he renewed his joy.

The sun had just cast its last beams over the breadth of water into which Conway, or rather Cynwy, "the great river," merges its winding waves. Not at that time existed the matchless castle, which is now the monument of Edward Plantagenet, and the boast of Wales. But besides all the beauty the spot took from nature, it had even some claim from ancient art. A rude fortress rose above the stream of Gyffin, out of the ruins of some greater Roman hold, and vast ruins of a former town lay round it; while opposite the fort, on the huge and ragged promontory of Gogarth, might still be seen, forlorn and gray, the wrecks of the imperial city, destroyed ages before by lightning.

All these remains of a power and a pomp that Rome in vain had bequeathed to the Briton, were full of pathetic and solemn interest, when blent with the thought, that on yonder steep, the brave prince of a race of heroes, whose line transcended, by ages, all the other royalties of the North, awaited, amidst the ruins of man, and in the stronghold which nature yet gave, the hour of his doom.

Agreeably to the peculiar usages of Saxon military skill, which seems to have placed all strength in dykes and ditches, as being perhaps the cheapest and readiest outworks, a new trench had been made round the fort, on two sides, connecting on the third and fourth with the streams of Gyffin and the Conway. But the boat was rowed up to the very walls, and the Norman, springing to land, was soon ushered into the presence of the earl.

Harold was seated before a rude table, and bending over a rough map of the great mountain of Penmaen; a lamp of iron stood beside the map, though the air was yet clear.

The earl rose, as De Graville, entering with the proud but easy grace habitual to his countrymen, said, in his best Saxon—

"Hail to Earl Harold! William Mallet de Graville, the Norman, greets him, and brings him news from beyond the seas."

There was only one seat in that bare room—the seat from which the earl had risen. He placed it with simple courtesy before his visitor, and leaving himself against the table, said, in the Norman tongue, which he spoke fluently—

"It is no slight thanks that I owe to the Sire de Graville, that he hath undertaken voyage and journey on my behalf; but before you impart your news, I pray you to take rest and food."

"Rest will not be unwelcome; and food, if unstricted to goats' cheese and kid-flesh—luxuries new to my palate—will not be untempting; but neither food nor rest can I take, noble Harold, before I excuse myself, as a foreigner, for thus somewhat infringing your laws by which we are banished, and acknowledging gratefully the courteous behavior I have met from thy countrymen notwithstanding."

"Fair sir," answered Harold, "pardon us if, jealous of our laws, we have seemed inhospitable to those who would meddle with them. But the Saxon is never more pleased than when the foreigner visits him only as the friend; to the many who settle among us for commerce—Fleming, Lombard, German and Saracen—we proffer shelter and welcome; to the few who, like thee, Sir Norman, venture over the seas but to serve us, we give frank cheer and free hand:"

Agreeably surprised at this gracious reception from the son of Godwin, the Norman pressed the hand extended to him, and then drew forth a small case, and related accurately, and with feeling, the meeting of his cousin with Sweyn, and Sweyn's dying charge.

The earl listened, with eyes bent on the ground, and face turned from the lamp: and when Mallet had concluded his recital, Harold said, with an emotion he struggled in vain to repress—

"I thank you cordially, gentle Norman, for kindness kindly rendered! I—I—" The voice faltered. "Sweyn was very dear to me in his sorrow! We heard that he had died in Lycia, and grieved much and long. So, after he had thus spoken to your cousin he—he—Alas! O, Sweyn, my brother!"

"He died," said the Norman, soothingly; "but shripen and absolved; and my cousin says, calm and hopeful, as they die ever who have knelt at the Savior's tomb!"

Harold bowed his head, and turned the case that held the letter again and again in his hand, but would not venture to open it. The knight himself, touched by a grief so simple and manly, rose, with the delicate instinct that belongs to sympathy, and retired to the door, without which yet waited the officer who had conducted him.

Harold did not attempt to detain him, but followed him across the threshold, and briefly commanding the officer to attend to his guest as to himself, said, "With the morning, Sire de Granville, we shall meet again; I see that you are one to whom I need not excuse man's natural emotions."

"A noble presence!" muttered the knight, as he descended the stairs; "but he hath Norman, at least, Norse blood in his veins on the distaff side. Fair sir!"—(this aloud to the officer)—"any meat save the kid-flesh, I pray thee, and any drink save the mead."

"Fear not, guest," said the officer; "for Tostig the earl hath two ships in yon bay, and hath sent us supplies that would please Bishop William of London; for Tostig the earl is a toothsome man."

"Commend me, then, to Tostig the earl," said the knight; he is an earl after my own heart."

On re-entering the room, Harold drew the large bolt across the door, opened the case, and took forth the distressed and tattered scroll:—

"When this comes to thee, Harold, the brother of thy childish days will sleep in the flesh, and be lost to men's judgment and earth's we in the spirit. I have knelt at the Tomb; but no dove hath come forth from the cloud—no stream of grace hath re-baptized the child of wrath! They tell me now—monk and priest tell me—that I have atoned all my sins; that the dread were gold is paid; that I may enter the world of men with a spirit free from the load, and a name redeemed from the stain. Think so, O, brother!—bid my father (if still he lives, the dear old man!) think so—tell Githa to think it—and oh, teach Haco, my son, to hold the belief as a truth! Harold, again I commend to thee my son; be to him as a father! My death surely releases him as a hostage. Let him not grow up in the court of the stranger, in the land of our foes. Let his feet, in his youth, climb the green holts of England—let his eyes, ere sin dims them, drink the blue of her skies! When this shall reach thee, thou, in thy calm, effortless strength, wilt be

more great Godwin our father. Power came to him with travail and through toil, the geld of craft and force. Power is born to thee as strength to the strong man; it gathers around thee as thou movest; it is not thine aim, it is thy nature to be great. Shield my child with thy might: lead him forth from the prison-house by thy serene right hand! I ask not for lordships and earldoms as the appanage of his father; train him not to be rival to thee:—I ask but for freedom, and English air! So, counting on thee O Harold, I turn my face to the wall, and hush my wild heart to peace!"

The scroll dropped noiseless from Harold's hand.

"Thus," said he mournfully, "bath passed away less a life than a dream! Yet of Sweyn, in our childhood, was Godwin most proud; who so lovely in peace, so terrible in wrath? My mother taught him the songs of the Baltic, and Hilda led his steps through the woodland with tales of hero and scald. Alone, of our house he had the gift of the Dane, in the flow of fierce song, and for him things lifeless had being. Stately tree from which all the birds of heaven sent forth their carol where the falcon took roost, whence the mavis flew forth in its glee—how art thou blasted and scared, bough and core!—smitten by the lightning, and consumed by the worm?"

He paused, and, though none were by, he long shaded his brow with his hand.

"Now," thought he, as he rose, and slowly paced the chamber, "now to what lives yet on earth—his son? Often hath my mother urged me on behalf of these hostages; and often have I sent to reclaim them. Smooth and false pretenses have met my own demand, and even the remonstrances of Edward himself. But surely, now that William hath permitted this Norman to bring over the letter, he will assent to what it hath become a wrong and an insult to refuse; and Haco will return to his father's land, and Wolnoth to his mother's arms."

LESSONS IN GEOLOGY, No. 18.

The facts stated, and principles involved in our last lesson, will be found of importance, when you come to study the geological theory about dikes of lava or basalt which are discovered in the masses, or in the beds of other rocks.

You will find it a good intellectual exercise to picture to yourself one of these volcanic mountains, it has been once filled with melted matter, which is now withdrawn, and the volcano has become extinct. It was once covered and enveloped by sand and scoriae; but since then rains and torrents have washed away the loose sand and volcanic mud, and only the more hard and solid materials of the mountain are left.

Mountains of this kind are met with, not only in France and Sicily, but in England, Scotland and Ireland, as you will find in the progress of our Lessons.

The last lesson will have taught you that, in the progress of centuries, very great changes must necessarily take place in the configuration, or in what may be called, the physiognomy of volcanic mountains. Think—how the expansive power of the heat below may be cracking the sides of the mountains into fissures through which streams of lava flow;—how the cliffs or the walls of the crater may be falling

into the tremendous chasm as the result of the dilapidating action of fire;—how volumes of lava may be filling up gullies and ravines, and by this means check or change the course of rivers;—how rains, melted snow, and rivulets may be wearing away and removing to a distance, the sand, the dust, and the soil which had settled on the sides of the hill;—and, how these and other agencies may be annually and constantly changing the outward character of mountain ridges. The knowledge of these changes is an important element in the study of geology,

To assist you in the knowledge of these changes, perhaps the best way, instead of distracting you with a variety of illustrations from several volcanoes of the globe, is to fix your attention upon the changes in the aspect of one mountain—such as Vesuvius.

In the last lesson you were placed upon a safe ledge of volcanic rock which overhung the tremendous crater, and from which you could command a view of the burning lake, and of the conical formation of fumeroles. In the present lesson, imagine that some years or generations shall have passed away, and that then you revisit that same cliff. The whole scene is changed. The lava does not boil. The fumeroles emit no volumes of vapor, or jets of cinder. The eternal fires have retired to their retreats in the deep caverns of Vulcan. The surface, where the lava burned and boiled, is cooled and consolidated into a firm plain—if plain may be called what is so jagged, rugged, and ruinous.

Leave that rugged scene in a state of rest. In the course of years, the volcano again stirs up deep foundries below, and awakes all its smithies into activity. Volumes of lava boil up. They fill the spaces between the conical peaks. They flow into the empty vents and hollow fissures, fill them up, become hardened into masses or dikes, and make the surface appear almost a perfect level. After many centuries or ages, a section of this part of the mountain comes, by some means or other, to be exposed to the view of a geologist; and then, the multifarious formation of the rock is accounted for, by him, on the principles of the intermittent activities of volcanoes.

The changes which I have just described, are alterations which are produced in the internal structure of the mountain. There are also other changes which take place in a volcano's outward physiognomy, or external aspect, so as to make the mountain look different in the landscape. The character of these variations, also, will help you in the study of Geology.

The volcanic region best known to the ancients is that of Sicily, and Campania in Italy—but especially that of Naples; for they have handed down to us tolerably distinct and well-connected records of the history of Vesuvius, which the Italians of the present day call by the name of Somma.

Before the Christian era there is no record—there is not even a tradition or a poetical myth, of Vesuvius having been in a state of activity. If such had ever been known, Strabo would have given an account of it; for in the Fifth Book of his Geography, he narrates the terrific earthquakes and convulsions which had taken place several times in the Island of Pithecusa, now called Ischia, a little to the north of the Bay of Naples. Of any disturbance in Vesuvius he says nothing.

ADVENTURE WITH A SERPENT.

One hot, sultry day, while residing in British Guiana, feeling tired with unsuccessful sport, I threw my fishing lines and drew the canoe to the river's edge for the purpose of refreshing myself in the water. Having done this I stretched myself half-dressed upon the benches of the boat, placing my loaded gun at my head ready for a shot if a chance should occur. In this position I fell asleep.

How long I slept I know not, but I was aroused by a curious sensation as if some animal were licking my foot. In that state of half-sleep I felt immediately after waking from sleep, I cast my eyes downward, and never till my dying day shall I forget the thrill of horror that passed through my frame on perceiving the head and neck of a monstrous serpent covering my foot with saliva, preparatory, as it immediately flashed upon my mind, to commence the process of swallowing it.

I had faced death in many shapes on the ocean, on the battle-field, but never till that moment had I supposed he could approach me in a guise so terrible. For a moment, and but a moment, I was fascinated; but recollection of my danger soon came to my aid, and I quickly withdrew my foot from the monster, which was all the while glaring upon me with basilisk eyes, and at the same time grasped my gun. The reptile, apparently disturbed by my movement, (I conceived it had previously taken me for a dead carcass,) drew its head below the level of the canoe. I had just sufficient time to raise myself up, pointing the muzzle of my gun in the direction of the serpent, when its head and neck again appeared, moving backward and forward as if in search of the object it had lost. The muzzle of my gun was within a yard of it; my finger was on the trigger. I fired, and it received the shot in its head.

Rearing up part of its body into the air with a horrible hiss, which made my blood run cold, and by its contortions displaying to my sight a great part of its enormous bulk which had hitherto escaped my notice, it seemed ready to throw itself upon me and embrace me in its monstrous coils. Dropping my gun, by a single stroke of the paddles, I made the canoe shoot up the stream out of his reach. Just as I was escaping I could perceive that the shot had taken effect, and that the blood was beginning to drop from the serpent's head. But the wound appeared rather to have enraged than subdued him. Unfortunately all my shot was expended, or I would, at a safer distance, have given him a second salutation of the same kind. All that I have described took place in a much shorter time than I have taken up in describing it.

As I went up the stream with all the velocity I could impart to the canoe, I heard the reeds among which the animal had taken refuge, crushing under its weight. I never once thought of the lines I had left, but hurrying the canoe as fast as it could go through the water, was not long in reaching the landing place below my friend's house.

Hastily mooring the boat I jumped ashore and hurried up to the house, and you may be certain lost no time in recounting my almost miraculous escape and the wound which I had inflicted upon the animal.

"In that case," said Mr. H., "it cannot escape, and we must immediately go in search of it."

Instantly summoning Cæsar, a black servant, he told him to get the guns ready and bring two of his fellows with him.

"If you choose to assist us in finishing the adventure you have begun," said he, "and to have a second encounter with your novel antagonist, we can show you some of the best and most dangerous sport our country affords."

I protest that nothing was further from my intentions than staying behind, adding that had not my shot being expended, we should not have parted on such easy terms.

Just as we finished speaking, Cæsar, reappeared, himself armed with a club, one of those who followed him carrying a similar weapon, while the other was armed with a weapon similar to a bill-hook. This Mr. H. told me was to clear a road through the reeds, if the animal should have retreated among them; the club being reckoned the best instrument for a close encounter.

We were soon seated in the canoe, and gliding down the stream as fast as a couple of pairs of brawny arms could urge us. In a short time we reached the spot where my adventure had happened. The small part of the bank not covered with reeds bore, from its sanguine hue, evident proof that the wound the animal had received could not be very slight. Exactly opposite this the reeds were crushed and broken, a sort of passage being formed among them so wide that a man could with little difficulty enter. My friend commanded a halt to see that the arms were all in proper order. All being right, we listened attentively to hear if there was any noise which might direct us to our enemy. No sound, however, was heard.

One of the negroes entered first, clearing with his bill-hook whatever obstructed our way. He was followed by Mr. H. and myself with our guns; while Cæsar and his fellow-servant brought up the rear. The reeds were in general nearly double our height, and at the same time pretty close. However, we easily made our way through them, partly assisted by the track which the serpent had evidently made.

We had penetrated, I suppose, about thirty yards, when the fellow who was in advance gave the alarm that we were close upon the animal.

Mr. H. ordered him to stop behind, and advancing along with me, we saw through the reeds part of the body of the monster, coiled up, and part of it stretched out; but its head was invisible. Disturbed and apparently irritated by our movements it turned and appeared as though about to assault us.

We had our guns ready, and, just as we had caught a glimpse of its head, fired both at the same moment. From the obstruction of the reeds, all our shots did not take effect, but what did, seemed to be sufficient, for the animal fell hissing and rolling itself into a variety of contortions, so that it became very dangerous to approach.

But Cæsar, who seemed to possess a great deal of coolness and audacity, motioned his master and myself not to fire again in the direction of the serpent, forced a way through the reeds on one side, and making a circuit, came in before it, and succeeded in hitting it a violent blow, which stunned it; and a few repetitions of this gave us the victory.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE,

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CORECINNESS OF A SENSUOUS RELIGION.

Before we can settle the often raised question whether man can take pleasure in merely earthly gratifications, or cultivate a love for that which is physically and materially beautiful, without deteriorating from his spiritual, or higher nature, let us ask, does God love beautiful shapes and colors? as they form a basis of much that is sensuous. Go stand beside the peacock, displaying above its arched back a host of golden clouds and setting suns in miniature, then you may learn, Go gather roses, or behold a tulip bed, tinted with such heavenly art, nicety, and perfection; look at the golden backs of the watery tribe, or the silver crested, gem decked, spangled breasts of birds of hotter climes than ours; or dive to ocean's bed, and bring up its pearly shells; and you will learn that, not only does God exhibit a most decided taste and love for beautiful colors, in objects on the surface of the earth, but that "myriad fathoms deep, down on old ocean's pavement stones," are found the proofs, that spiritually minded as Jehovah is, He loves well harmonized tints and shades.

Does He love elegance in shapes? The crested swan, triumphing in matchless curves and lines of beauty would say so; the noble horse, built with such symmetry and well-proportioned grace, would teach the same. Then turn to man, observe his perfect form—the painter's study, that he may learn what is beautiful in shape—and ask. Then seek the flowers of earth, so full of grace and beauty; nay, the commonest green leaf would prove our point.

Does God love grandeur or magnificence? He has done His best to make man think so anyhow: storing the bowels of the earth with gold and silver ore, and all the metals in their great variety; hiding up his marble blocks, and almost a world of stone, to build or garnish earth's palaces with; and scattered lustrous gems about the earth, that man may pick them up, and, after using them for his own adornment, get from them a faint idea of the splendor of the world to come, when gates made of pearl, and cities built on gems, shall tell the truth that mortality may cease with us, but immortality shall only usher in sensuous pleasures, *controlled by righteous laws*, in greater fullness and perfection still.

Who employs himself wheeling world round world, lighting them up with luminiferous powers to gratify possibly the powers of taste, hearing, smell and sight of millions on their surfaces, after first endowing them with those sensuous qualities—who? Who, to come to our little world, spent six days, or, as it is believed by some, six thousand years in reducing to order this shapeless globe, causing the dry land to appear that verdant hills and flow'ry landscapes might rejoice beneath blue skies or calmly sleep whilst the watchman of the night—the moon, rises to silver over the abode of men and beasts? Who made the pulse to quicken, and the soul to fill with grand emotions, when golden sunsets, calling forth the poetry of the spirit, and its devotion too, rouse heavenly feelings in the breast,

and adoration greater than the tongue can tell? made the soul to dance, tremulous with joy at the sound of music's heavenly strains? Who, I ask? the hater of sensuous gratification, or the lover of it? The tree be known by its fruits, what kind of tree must that be, which has for its fruits univ'rsal on univ'rsal filled with systems, crowded down with untellable, because numberless sense-serving, sense-pleasing works of the Deity, each bearing testimony to the error of the idea, that "it is not heavenly minded to love sensuous pleasures as part of one's religion," when scattered throughout boundless space, lie the vast indications of the Almighty's determination to furnish materials for those pleasures, whether they are loved or not! The conclusion that we draw from all this, if God can be a heavenly-minded being (and all knowledge He is,) and yet from day to day, year by year, from age to age, thus to be mixed up in earthly pursuits, mechanical operations, incessantly constructing and reconstructing, working among such gross elements as worlds, with their atmospheres, seas, and inhabitants, and suffer no pollution, lose nothing of His spiritual qualities, then may we hope to have sufficient of a spiritual character, even though it should lead us to go to the same extent, proportionally, worldly-minded operations as those in which our Maker is eternally employed. For we cannot be far wrong in following in His track. He making, as we loving after it is made; He exhibiting his masterly hand in forms of beauty, exquisite coloring, and materials for grandeur and magnificence, and we desiring to possess what He has been good enough excellently to adorn for our happiness and pleasure.

FOUL PLAY.

BY CHARLES READE AND MON BOUCAULT.
(CONTINUED)

CHAPTER XX.

Hazel thought her reason was going; and instead of looking at the men's eyes, it was hers he examined. But no; the swarthy cheek was white, the eyes had a fearful hollow all round the iris, but, out of that cave, the light hazel eye, preternaturally large but calm as ever, looked out, full of fortitude, resignation, and reason.

"Don't look at me," said she, quietly "but take an opportunity and look at them. They mean to kill me."

Hazel looked furtively round; and, being enlightened in part by the woman's intelligence, he observed that some of the men were actually glaring at himself in a dreadful way. There was a remarkable change in their eyes since he looked last. Their pupils seemed diminished, the whites enlarged; and in a word the characteristics of humanity had, somehow, died out of the bloodshot orbs, and the animal alone shone in them now; the wild beast driven desperate by hunger.

What he saw coupled with Helen's positive interpretation of it, was truly sickening.

These men were six, and he but one. They had all clasp-knives; and he had only an old penknife, that would be sure to double up, or break off, if a blow were dealt with it.

He asked himself, in utter terror, what on earth he should do.

The first thing seemed to be to join the men, and learn the minds: it might also be as well to prevent this secret conference from going further.

He went boldly forward, though sick at heart, and said, "Well my lads, what is it?"

The men were silent directly; and looked sullenly down, avoiding his eye yet were not ashamed.

In a situation so terrible, the senses are sharpened, and Hazel dissected, in his mind, this sinister look, and saw that Morgan, Prince, and Mackintosh were hostile to him.

But Welch and Cooper he hoped were still friendly.

"Sir," said Fenner, civilly but doggedly, "we are come to this now, that one must die, for the others to live; and the greater part of us are for casting lots all round, and let every man, and every woman too, take their chance. That is fair Sam, isn't it?"

"It is fair," said Cooper, with a terrible doggedness. "But it is hard," he added.

"Harder that seven should die for one," said Mackintosh. "No, no: one must die for the seven."

Hazel represented, with all the force language possesses, that what they mediated was a crime, the fatal result of which was known by experience.

But they heard in ominous silence.

Hazel went back to Helen Rolleston, and sat right down before her.

"Well," said she, with supernatural calmness.

"You were mistaken," said he.

"Then why have you placed yourself between them and me. No: then: their eyes have told me they have singled me out. But what does it matter? We poor creatures are all to die; and that one is the happiest that dies first, and dies unstained by such a crime. I heard every word you said, sir!"

Hazel cast a piteous look on her, and finding he could no longer deceive her as to their danger, and being weakened by famine, fell to trembling and crying.

Helen Rolleston looked at him with calm and gentle pity. For a moment, the patient fortitude of a woman made her a bravo man's superior.

Night came, and, for the first time, Hazel claimed two portions of the rum; one for himself, and one for Miss Rolleston.

He then returned aft, and took the helm. He loosened it, so as to be ready to unship it in a moment, and use it as a weapon.

The men huddled together forward; and it was easy to see that the boat was now divided into two hostile camps.

Hazel sat quaking, with his hand on the helm, fearing an attack every moment.

Both he and Helen listened acutely, and about three o'clock in the morning, a new incident occurred, of a terrible nature.

Mackintosh was heard to say "Serve out the rum, no allowance," and the demand was instantly complied with by Morgan.

Then Hazel touched Miss Rolleston on the shoulder, and insisted on her taking half what was left of the marmalade; and he took the other half. The time was gone by for economy; what they wanted now was strength, in case the wild beasts, maddened by drink, as well as hunger, should attack them.

Already the liquor had begun to tell, and wild hallos and yells, and even fragments of ghastly songs, mingled with the groans of misery, in the doomed boat.

At sunrise there was a great swell upon the water, with sharp gusts at intervals; and on the horizon, to windward, might be observed a black spot in the sky, no bigger than a fly. But none saw that; Hazel's eye never left the raving wretches in the forepart of the boat; Cooper and Welch sat in gloomy despair amid ships; and the others were huddled together forward, encouraging each other to a desperate act.

It was about eight o'clock in the morning, Helen Rolleston awoke from a brief doze, and said, "Mr. Hazel, I have had a strange dream. I dreamed there was food, and plenty of it, on the outside of this boat."

While these strange words were yet in her mouth, three of the sailors suddenly rose up with their knives drawn, and eyes full of murder, and staggered aft as fast as their enteebled bodies could.

Hazel uttered a loud cry, "Welch! Cooper! will you see us butchered!" and rose to his feet.

Cooper put out his arm to stop Mackintosh, but was too late. He did stop Morgan, however, and said, "Come, none of that; no foul play!"

Irritated by this unexpected resistance, and maddened by drink, Morgan turned on Cooper and stabbed him; he sank down with a groan, on this Welch gave Morgan a fearful gash, dividing his jugular, and was stabbed in return by Prince, but not severely: there two grappled and rolled over one another, stabbing and cursing at the bottom of the boat; meantime, Hazel had unclipped the helm, and Mackintosh was received by him with a pint blank thrust in the face from it that staggered him, though a very powerful man, and drove him backwards against the mast, but, in delivering this thrust, Hazel's

foot slipped, and he fell with great violence on his head and arm; Mackintosh recovered himself, and sprang upon the stern thwart with his knife up and gleaming over Helen Rolleston. Hazel writhed round where he lay, and struck him desperately on the knee with the helm. The poor woman knew only how to suffer: she covered a little, and put up two feeble hands.

The knife descended.

But not upon that cowering figure.

CHAPTER XIX.

A purple rippling upon the water had for some little time been coming down from the east with great rapidity: but, bent on bloody work, the crew had not observed it. The boat heeled over under the sudden gust; but Mackintosh had already lost his footing under Hazel's blow, and the boom striking him suddenly almost at the same moment, he went clean over the gunwale into the sea; he struck it with his knife first.

All their lives were now gone if Cooper, who had already recovered his feet, had not immediately cut the sheet with his knife; there was no time to slack it; and, even as it was, the lower part of the sail was drenched, and the boat full of water.

"Ship the helm," he roared.

The boat righted directly the sheet was cut, the wet sail flapped furiously, and the boat having way on her, yielded to the helm and wriggled slowly away before the whistling wind.

Mackintosh rose a few yards astern, and swam after the boat, with glaring eyes; the loose sail was not drawing but the wind moved the boat onward. However, Mackintosh gained slowly, and Hazel held up an oar like a spear, and shouted to him, that he must promise solemnly to forego all violence, or he should never come on board alive.

Mackintosh opened his mouth to reply; but, at the same moment, his eyes suddenly dilated in a fearful way, and he went under water, with a gargling cry. Yet, not like one drowning, but with a jerk.

The next moment there was a great bubbling of the water, as if displaced by some large creatures struggling below, and then the surface was stained with blood.

And, lest there should be any doubt as to the wretched man's fate, the huge back fin of a monstrous shark came soon after, gliding round and round the rolling boat, awaiting the next victim.

Now, while the water was yet stained with his life-blood, who, hurrying to kill, had met a violent death, the unwounded Fenner, excited by the fracas, broke forth into singing, and so completed the horror of a wild and awful scene; for still while he shouted, laughed, and sang, the shark swam calmly round and round, and the boat crept on, her white sail bespattered with blood—which was not so before—and in her bottom lay one man dead as a stone; and two poor wretches, Prince and Welch, their short-lived feud composed forever, sat openly sucking their bleeding wounds, to quench for a moment, their insupportable thirst.

Oh, little do we, who never pass a single day, without bite or sup, know the animal man, in these dire extremities.

CHAPTER XXII.

At last Cooper ordered Fenner to hold his jaw, and come aft, and help sail the boat.

But the man, being now stark mad, took no notice of the order. His madness grew on him, and took a turn by no means uncommon in these cases. He saw before him sumptuous feasts and streams of fresh water flowing. There he began to describe with great volubility and rapture, smacking his lips and exulting; and so he went on tantalizing them till noon.

Meantime, Cooper asked Mr. Hazel if he could sail the boat. The squall had passed, and the breeze was now steady from the south west.

"I can steer," said Hazel, "but that is all. My right arm is benumbed."

The silvery voice of Helen Rolleston then uttered brave and welcome words. "I will do whatever you tell me, Mr. Cooper."

"Long life to you, miss!" said the wounded seaman. "He then directed her how to reef the sail, and splice the sheet which he had been obliged to cut, and, in a word, to sail the boat; which she did, with some little assistance."

And so they all depended upon her, whom some of them had been for killing; and the blood-stained boat glided before the wind.

At two p.m. Fenner jumped suddenly up, and, looking at the sea with rapture, cried out, "Aha! my boys, here's a beautiful green meadow; and there's a sweet brook with bulrushes; green, green, green! Let's have a roll among the daisies." And, in a moment, ere any of his stiff and wounded shipmates could put out a hand, he threw himself on his back upon the water, and sunk forever, with inexpressible rapture on his corpse-like face.

A feeble groan was the only tribute those who remained behind could afford him.

At three p.m. Mr. Hazel happened to look over the weather side of the boat, as she heeled to leeward under a smart breeze, and he saw a shell or two fastened to her side, about eleven inches above her keel. He looked again, and gave a loud hurrah. "Barnacles! barnacles!" he cried. "I see them sticking."

He leaned over, and, with some difficulty, detached one, and held it up.

It was not a barnacle, but a curious oblong shell-fish, open at one end.

At the sight of this, the wounded forgot their wounds, and leaned over the boat's side, detaching the shell-fish with their knives. They broke them with the handles of their knives, and devoured the fish. They were as thick as a man's finger, and about an inch long, and as sweet as a nut. It seems that in the long calm these shell-fish had fastened on the boat. More than a hundred of them were taken off her weather-side, and evenly divided.

Miss Rolleston, at Hazel's earnest request, ate only six, and those very slowly, and laid the rest by. But the sailors could not restrain themselves; and Prince, in particular, gorged himself so fiercely that he turned purple in the face, and began to breathe very hard.

That black speck on the horizon, had grown by noon to a beetle, and by three o'clock to something more like an elephant, and it now diffused itself into a huge black cloud, that gradually overtopped the heavens; and at last, about half-an-hour before sunset, came a peculiar chill, and then, in due course, a drop or two fell upon the parched wretches. They sat, less like animals than like plants, all stretching toward their preserver.

Their eyes were turned up to the clouds, so were their mouths, and their arms and hands held up towards it.

The drops increased in number, and praise went up to heaven in return.

Patter, patter, patter down came a shower, a rain—a heavy, steady rain.

With cries of joy, they put out every vessel to catch it; they lowered the sail, and, putting ballast in the center, belied into a great vessel to catch it. They used all their spare canvases to catch it. They filled the water tank with it; they filled the keg that had held the fatal spirit; and all the time they were sucking the wet canvases, and their own clothes, and their very hands and garments on which the life-giving drops kept falling.

Then they set their little sail again, and prayed for land to Him who had sent them wind and rain.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The breeze declined at sunset; but it rained at intervals during the night; and by the morning they were somewhat chilled.

Death had visited them again during the night. Prince was discovered dead and cold; his wounds were mere scratches, and there seems to be no doubt that he died by gorging himself with more food than his enfeebled system could possibly digest.

Thus dimly began a day of comparative bodily comfort, but mental distress, especially to Miss Rolleston and Mr. Hazel.

Now that this lady and gentlemen were no longer goaded to madness by physical suffering, their higher sensibilities resumed their natural force, and the miserable contents of the blood-stained boat shocked them terribly. Two corpses and two wounded men.

Mr. Hazel, however, soon came to one resolution, and that was to read the funeral service over the dead, and then commit them to the deep. He declared this intention, and Cooper, who, though wounded, and apparently sinking, was still skipper of the boat, acquiesced readily.

Mr. Hazel took the dead men's knives and their money out of their pockets, and read the burial service over them: they

were then committed to the deep. This sad ceremony performed, he addressed a few words to the survivors.

"My friends and brothers in affliction, we ought not to hope too much from Divine mercy for ourselves; or we should come soon to forget Divine justice. But we are not forbid den to hope for others. Those, who are now gone, were guilty of a terrible crime; but then they were tempted more than their flesh could bear; and they received their punishment here on earth: we may, therefore, hope they will escape punishment hereafter. And it is for us to profit by their fate, and bow to Heaven's will; even when they drew their knives food in plenty was within their reach, and the signs of wind were on the sea, and of rain in the sky. Let us be more patient than they were, and place our trust—What is that upon the water to the leeward? A piece of wood floating?"

Welch stood and looked. "Can't make it out. Steer along-side of it, miss, if you please." And he crept forward.

Presently he became excited, and directed those in the stern how to steer the boat close to the object without going over it. He begged them all to be silent. He leaned over the boat side as they noared it. He clutched it suddenly with both hands, and flung it into the boat with a shout of triumph; but sank exhausted by the effort.

It was a young turtle; and being asleep on the water, or inexperienced, had allowed them to capture it.

This was indeed a godsend; twelve pounds of succulent meat. It was instantly divided, and Mr. Hazel contrived, with some difficulty, to boil a portion of it. He enjoyed it greatly; but Miss Rolleston showed a curious and violent antipathy to it, scarcely credible under the circumstances. Not so the sailors. They devoured it raw, what they could get at all. Cooper could only get down a mouthful or two; he had received his death wound, and was manifestly sinking.

He revived, however, from time to time, and spoke cheerfully whenever he spoke at all. Welch informed him of every incident that took place, however minute. Then he would nod, or utter a syllable or two.

On being told that they were passing through seaweed, he expressed a wish to see some of it, and, when he had examined it, he said to Hazel, "Keep up your heart, sir; you are not a hundred miles from land." He added gently, after a pause, "but I am bound for another part."

About five in the afternoon, Welch came aft, with the tea in his eyes, to say that Sam was just going to slip his cable, and had something to say to them.

They went to him directly and Hazel took his hand, and exhorted him to forgive all his enemies.

"Hain't a got none," was the reply.

Hazel then, after a few words of religious exhortation and comfort, asked him if he could do anything for him.

"Ay," said Cooper, solemnly. "Got pen and ink about any of ye?"

"I have a pencil," said Helen, earnestly; then tearfully, "oh dear! it is to make his will." After searching in vain for paper, she offered her prayer-book, which had two blank leaves under each cover.

The dying man saw it, and rose into that remarkable energy, which sometimes precedes the departure of the soul.

"Write!" said he, in his deep, full tones.

"I, Samuel Cooper, able seaman, am going to slip my cable, and sail into the presence of my Maker."

He waited till this was written.

"And so I speak the truth."

"The ship *Proserpine* was destroyed wilfull."

"The men had more allowance than they signed for."

"The mate was always plying the captain with liquor."

"Two days before ever the ship leaked the mate got the long-boat ready."

"When the *Proserpine* sank, we was on her port quarter aboard the cutter, was me and my messmate Tom Welch."

"We saw two anchor holes in her stern, about two inches diameter."

"Them two logs were made from within the ship, and showed outside."

"She was a good ship, and met with no stress of weather to speak of, on that voyage."

"Joe Wylie scuttled her and destroyed her people."

"D—n his eyes!"

Mr. Hazel was shocked at this finale: but he knew what sailors are, and how little meaning there is in their set phrases. However, as a clergyman, he could not allow these to be Cooper's last words: so he said earnestly, "Yes, but my poor fellow, you said you forgave all your enemies. We all need forgiveness, you know."

"That is true, sir."

"And you forgive this Wylie, do you not?"

"Oh Lord, yes," said Cooper faintly. "I forgive the lubber; d—n him!"

Having said these words with some difficulty, he became lethargic, and so remained for two hours. Indeed he spoke but once more, and that was to Welch; though they were all about him then. "Messmate," said he, in a voice that was now faint and broken, "you and I must sail together on this new voyage. I'm going out of port first; but" (in a whisper of inconceivable tenderness and simple cunning) "I'll lie to outside the harbor (till you come out, my bo. Then he paused a moment. Then he added, softly, "For I love you, Tom."

These sweet words were the last of that rugged, silent sailor, who never threw a word away, and whose rough breast enclosed a friendship as of the ancient world, tender, true, and everlasting, that sweetened his life and ennobled his death. As he deserved mourners, so he had true ones.

His last words went home to the afflicted hearts that heard them, and the lady and gentleman, whose lives he had saved at cost of his own, wpt aloud over their departed friend: But his messmate's eye was dry. When all was over, he just turned to the mourners, and said, gravely, "Thank ye, sir; thank ye kindly, ma'am."

And then he covered the body decently with the spare canvas, and lay quietly down, with his own head pillowed upon those loved remains.

Towards afternoon, seals were observed sporting on the waters; but no attempt was made to capture them. Indeed, Miss Rolleston had quite enough to do to sail the boat with Mr. Hazel's assistance.

The night passed, and the morning brought nothing new; except that they fell in with seaweed in such quantities, the boat could hardly get through it.

Mr. Hazel examined this seaweed carefully, and brought several kinds upon deck. Amongst the varieties was one like thin green strips of spinach, very tender and succulent. His botanical researches included seaweed, and he recognized this as one of the edible rock-weeds. There was very little of it comparatively, but he took great pains, and in two hours' time, had gathered as much as might fill a good slop-basin. He washed it in fresh water and then asked Miss Rolleston for a pocket handkerchief. This he tied so as to make a bag, and contrived to boil it with the few chips of fuel that remained on board.

After he had boiled it ten minutes, there was no more fuel, except a bowl or two, and the boat-hook, one pair of oars, and the midship, and stern, thwart.

He tasted it, and found it glutinous and delicious; he gave Miss Rolleston some, and then fed Welch with the rest. He, poor fellow, enjoyed this sea-spinach greatly; he could no longer swallow meat.

While Hazel was feeding him, a flight of ducks passed over their heads, high in the air.

Welch pointed up at them.

"Ah!" said Helen, "if we had but their wings!"

Presently a bird was seen coming in the same direction, but flying very slowly, and at last, to their great surprise, came flapping and tried to settle on the gunwale of the boat. Welch, with that instinct of slaughter which belongs to men, struck the boat hook into the bird's back; and it was soon despatched. It proved to be one of that very flock of ducks that had passed over their heads, and a crab was found fastened to its leg. It is supposed that the bird, to break its long flight, had rested on some reef, and perhaps, been too long fishing; and caught this Tartar.

Hazel pounced upon it.

"Heaven's rent this for you; because you cannot eat turtle. But the next moment he blushed, and recovered his reason. "See," said he, referring to her own words, "this poor bird had wings; yet death overtook her."

He sacrificed a bowl for fuel, and boiled the duck and the crab in one pot, and Miss Rolleston ate demurely but plentifully of both. Of the crab's shell he made a little drinking vessel for Miss Rolleston.

Cooper remained without funeral rites all this time; the reason was that Welch lay with his head pillowed upon his dead friend, and Hazel had not the heart to disturb him.

But it was the survivors' duty to commit him to the deep, and so Hazel sat down by Welch, and asked him kindly whether he would not wish the services of the Church to be read over his departed friend.

"In course, sir," said Welch.

But the next moment he took Hazel's meaning, and said hurriedly, "No, no; I can't let Sam be buried in the sea. Ye see, sir, Sam and I, we are used to one another, and I can't abide to part with him, alive or dead."

"Ah!" said Hazel, the best friends must part when death takes one."

"Ay, ay, when t'other lives. But, Lord bless you, sir! I shan't be long astain of my messmate here; can't you see that?"

"Hearken forbid!" said Hazel, surprised and alarmed. "Why, you are not wounded, mortally, as Cooper was. Have a good heart, man, and we three will all see old England yet."

"Well, sir," said Welch, coolly, "I'll tell ye: me and my shipmate, Prince, was a cutting at one another with our knives a smart time, (and I do properly wonder, when I think of that day's work, for I liked the man well enough; but rum atop of starvation plays hell with seafaring men;) well, sir, as I was a saying he let more blood out of me than I could afford to lose under the circumstances. And, ye see, I can't make fresh blood, because my throat is so swelled by the drought, I can't swallow much meat, so I'm safe to lose the number of my mess; and, another thing, my heart isn't altogether set towards living. Sam, here, he give me an order; what, didn't ye hear him? 'I'll lie to outside the bar,' says he, 'till you come out.' He expects me to come out in his wake. Don't ye, Sam—that was?" and he laid his hand gently on the remnant. "Now, sir, I shall ax this lady and you a favor. I want to lie alongside Sam. But if you bury him in the sea, and me ashore, why d—n my eyes if I shan't be a thousand years or so before I can find out my own messmate. Eternity is a 'nation big place, I'm told, a hundred times as big as both oceans. No, sir; you'll make land, by Sam's reckoning, to-morrow, or next day, wind and tide permitting. I'll take care of Sam's hull till then, and we'll lie together till the angel blows that there trumpet; and then we'll go aloft together, and, as soon as ever we have made our scrape to our betters, we'll both speak a good word for you and the lady; a very pretty lady she is, and a good-hearted, and the best plucked one I ever did see in any distressed craft; now don't ye cry, miss, don't ye cry, your trouble is pretty near over; he said you was not a hundred miles from land; I don't know how he knew that, he was always a better seaman than I be; but say it he did, and that is enough, for he was a man as never told a lie, nor wasted a word."

Welch could utter no more just then; for the glands of his throat were swollen, and he spoke with considerable difficulty.

What could Hazel reply. The judgment is sometimes ashamed to contradict the heart with cold reasons.

He only said, with a sigh, that he saw no signs of land, and believed they had gone on the wrong course, and were in the heart of the Pacific.

Welch made no answer, but a look of good-natured contempt.

The idea of this parson contradicting Sam Cooper!

The sun broke, and revealed the illimitable ocean; themselves a tiny speck on it.

Mr. Hazel whispered Miss Rolleston that Cooper must be buried to-day.

At ten p.m. they passed through more seaweed; but this time they had to eat the sea-spinach raw, and there was very little of it.

At noon, the sea was green in places.

Welch told them this was a sign they were nearing land.

At four p.m. a bird, about the size and color of a woodpecker, settled on the boat's mast. Hazel remarked that it was a land-bird lost, like them, upon the ocean.

The bird, having rested, flew to the north-west. Helen, by one of those inspired impulses her sex have, altered the boat's course directly, and followed the bird.

PORTRAIT GALLERY.

MR. CHARLES DILLON.

After an absence of some years at the antipodes, and traveling nearly round the world, Mr. Charles Dillon, the once popular tragedian and melodramatic actor, has again returned to the English stage, and made his re-appearance in London. We therefore take the opportunity of presenting his memoir.

Mr. Charles Dillon was born at Diss, in Norfolk, in 1820, and may truly be said to have been cradled on the stage. Both his parents followed the theatrical profession. His mother attained great eminence as a leading actress at Newcastle, with Ma ready, in his father's company; and also occupied the same position with Edmund Kean at Exeter, Weymouth, and Guernsey, during the three years preceding that great tragedian's triumph in London.

After having completed the usual branches of a general education, young Charles Dillon at once adopted the stage as his future career. Before he had reached his fifteenth year, he was engaged by Mr. Douglass as stage-manager for a London theatre, and to perform in juvenile parts; and much to the credit of his early training, this responsible position he retained for two years, winning the respect of many well-known actors advancing in life, who were bound to admit that the lad showed wonderful aptitude in the business, for his years. He next appeared in small parts at the Surrey Theatre, under Davidge; also in ballet. In several of his minor characters here, he showed with such prominence as to call forth high encomiums from the late Mr. T. P. Cooke and S. Butler. Both of these gave him every encouragement, and urged that if he devoted himself thoroughly to his art, he would one day win a leading position.

For a short time, however, Charles Dillon left the stage, in order to indulge in literary pursuits. He felt that dramatic authorship was his true line. This, in a young man of eighteen with considerable imaginative powers, was very excusable. He devoted himself to writing melodramas and magazine articles. Amongst these early productions may be mentioned "John Anderson, my Joe" which was accepted by Yates and Gladstone. Soon learning the drudgery of an authors' life, and the precarious nature of a subsistence in that direction, he again returned to the Thespian art, wisely taking a twelve month's tour in the country ere again appearing on the London boards. His first re-engagement in the metropolis was at the City of London, where he opened after the talented but ill-fated Elton, in the character of Hamlet. His performance was a decided success; and he played a round of characters in a most satisfactory manner.

Quitting the East-end, he rejoined his old manager, Mr. Douglass, at the Marylebone Theatre, where he resumed his former post as stage manager, and at the same time held the position of leading actor and dramatic author. This part of the young man's career was the more remarkable, as at the time Mr. Dillon had not yet reached his twenty-third year. Still he was not satisfied with his position. To plod upwards in London, and take his stand among the great stars then in high favor, he found incompatible with his ambitious disposition. He therefore came to a somewhat extraordinary determination for an actor, and reversed the order of things. The usual rule with provincial tragedians, or indeed, with the general body of theatrical aspirants, is to reach London, where they all imagine they will soon attain fame and position. On the contrary, Mr. Dillon resolved to visit the provinces, and not return to town until he could at once step to the fore. His settled plan was to visit every theatre of any pretensions in Great Britain, and so build up renown which would ultimately land him in what he considered his proper position.

His first venture was at Sheffield, where he became manager, and soon made his mark. Such crowds assembled nightly to witness his performance as had never been seen on any previous occasion, and large numbers every evening were unable to obtain admission. Some men, obtaining so great a popularity and pecuniary gain at the same time, would have thought this sufficient. No so with Mr. Dillon. This was but one triumph, and he was the more strengthened in his determination to win more. He next visited Manchester, taking a minor house to begin with. Here again so great was his success, that the theatre would not hold his audiences. The press spoke of him in the highest terms, and stated that no such an actor had appeared before them since the meteor-like Edmund Kean. He was soon compelled to leave for a superior and more commodious establishment, and accordingly removed to

the Theatre Royal, where his career was still more triumphant. For hours before the performances commenced, crowds besieged the doors, and the whole city may be said to have been in a state of theatrical commotion.

With additional laurels and increased finances, he turned his back upon Manchester for a time in order to fulfill his original purposes. To follow him from place to place would occupy too much of our space; but suffice it to say, that in all parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland, which he in turn visited, he achieved, more or less, the same success which he had experienced at Sheffield and Manchester, becoming daily an immense favorite with all classes of people. At length, after fourteen years' tour, Mr. Dillon made up his mind to return to London. His re-appearance took place at Sadler's Wells in 1836, under the management of Mr. Charles Webster. From thence he entered upon the management of the Lyceum, where for a time he became the rage. The Times described him as "a remarkable histrionic phenomenon;" and, speaking of his Belphegor, said, "There was an intensity of affectionate grief in the action that was the very perfection of pathos." And again, of his Othello, the same paper remarked, "From the beginning to the end of the tragedy, Mr. Dillon made, as it were, a constant encroachment on the sympathies of his audience; and, when the curtain had fallen, his away had become universally acknowledged." Another critic, in the Athenæum, observed, "That all was surprisingly original, and much that was like a new revelation of the Shakesperian mind;" while the National Magazine said, "We have, in Mr. Dillon, an actor keenly alive to the noblest impulses of humanity, ideal, therefore, in the conception and groundwork of his characters, and most real and familiar in his mode of presenting them;—an actor who reflects no predecessor and no school, and with whom, in his own line, no new candidate can for a moment be compared, since the cessation of Mr. Macready."

Here, then, he had reached the summit of his ambition. His theatre was crowded nightly; all the papers eulogized him; and with the whole play-going public he was an especial favorite. In the midst of these splendid triumphs, circumstances arose, apart from his managerial career or his talents as an actor, and he was obliged to give up the Lyceum, and return again to the provinces, where he was received by his old friends with increased enthusiasm.

In 1860, Mr. Dillon once more trod the London boards, and appeared to large audiences at Drury Lane, St. James', Sadler's Wells, Marylebone, and the National Standard. After this, he went to Australia, where he had a long and successful career. He also visited New Zealand, California, Canada, the United States, and other parts, and after about seven years' absence, returned to Sadler's Wells, on February 17th of the present year, opening with King Lear, one of his best characters. His reception here was gratifying and warm, many old friends specially attending to welcome him back. After a round of Shakesperian parts, he closed his engagement here with Belphegor, which he played with his wonted fervor and pathos. He has since appeared at Drury Lane, for the benefit of Mr. Chatterton, where his reception was most enthusiastic.

THE HANGING GARDENS OF BABYLON.

The vast structure built by Nebuchadnezzar, which has been celebrated in all ages as one of the wonders of the world, under the name of the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, was really an artificial mountain or meant to be such. It was built to gratify the desire of a wife of Nebuchadnezzar, named, Amytis, who having been a native of a mountainous country towards the north, soon grew tired when she came to Babylon, of the level monotony of the country there; and she said to her husband that she longed for the sight of a hill. Her husband therefore undertook to build her one. The structure consisted of a series of platforms, or terraces, supported on arches of masonry, placed one above the other, and raised so high that the upper one was above the walls of the city, so that the spectator, standing upon it, could not only look down upon all the streets and squares of the town, but could also extend his view beyond the walls and survey the

whole surrounding country. The several terraces were supported on immense arches of masonry. The lateral thrust of the arches was resisted by a solid wall twenty-two feet thick, which bounded and closed the structure on every side. The platforms covering the arches and forming the terraces, were constructed of immense flat blocks of stone, cemented at the joints with bitumen. Above this bitumen, upon which, at the top of all, was a flooring of brick, which formed the upper surface of the platform.

On this foundation was laid a thick stratum of garden-mould, deep enough to afford support and nourishment to the largest trees. The gardens made upon these platforms were laid out in the most costly and elegant manner, and were provided with statues and fountains, and with the choicest fruits, and the rarest and most beautiful shrubs and trees, and parterres of brilliant flowers, and seats, and bowers, and ornamented arbors—with everything, in short, which the horticulturists of the day could devise to complete the attractiveness of the scene. The ascent from each of these terraces to the one above was by a broad and beautiful flight of steps, and visitors who ascended from one to the other saw on each successive platform, new, and ever-changing beauties, in the varied arrangements of walks and trees, and beds of flowers, and in the new views of the surrounding country, which became, of course wider and more commanding the higher they ascended.

There were spacious and airy apartments built among the arches below, which opened out upon the successive terraces. These apartments commanded very beautiful views, both of the gardens before them and of the country beyond. The interior of them was splendidly decorated, and they were fitted with all necessary conveniences for serving refreshments to guests, and for furnishing them with amusements and entertainments of every kind. On the upper platform was a reservoir of water, supplied by vast engines concealed within the structure. Pipes and other hydraulic machinery conducted this water to all the lower terraces, in order to supply the various fountains, and to irrigate the ground. In fact, so vast was the extent and so magnificent the decorations of this artificial hill, that as long as it endured it was considered, by common consent, as one of the wonders of the world.

TAME CROCODILES.

India, the land of wonders, is not less rich in its zoology than in its vegetable productions. Abounding in the half-reasoning elephant, the royal tiger, the rhinoceros, the camel, the sacred apes, and marshalled armies of monkeys, we find that it has also the crocodile—the animal that was held sacred by the ancient Egyptians as the cow is by the Hindoos, and traces of whose former worship we can discern scattered hither and thither over all of those regions of the farther East. One of Vishnu's incarnations is said to be in the form of a crocodile.

The Gangetic crocodile grows to the length of nearly thirty feet, and is as dangerous as the Nilotic, from which it differs chiefly in its narrow, long, and hooked proboscis. There is another species of crocodile in the Ganges, called *Ghurri-aul*, so named from an excrescence, in the form of a ball, near the end of the nose,

which tapers from the head, and ends abrupt, like the snout of a dog. There is a smaller species not above twelve feet long. The head and neck are half the length of the body, the gape of the mouth is of formidable width. It does not attack man but eagerly devours dogs. It is always found in the tanks after the annual inundations, and is supposed to be brought down from some of the streams which flow into the Ganges, but it never descends into that river.

This species is particularly venerated by the Hindoos as a consecrated animal. They used to be maintained in the ditches of fortified places, as contributing to their defence.

In the island of Java there are also relics of a former general worship of the crocodile. The *Cacerta* (lizard,) an inoffensive land animal, is externally formed like the crocodile, which frequents the canals and rivers in the neighborhood of Batavia. From being an object of fear, by a transition of sentiment it became an object of veneration, and offerings are now made to it as to a deity. When the Javan feels himself diseased, he builds himself a kind of coop, and fills it with such eatables as he supposes will be most agreeable to the crocodiles. He places the coop on the bank of the river, or canal, confidently expecting that by the means of such offerings he shall get rid of his complaints. Should any person prove so wicked as to take away these viands, that person would then draw upon himself the malady. Like the ancient Egyptians, the inhabitants in some districts of Java bring up and tame the crocodile, adorning his ears with rings of precious stones and gold, and fixing ornaments about his fore feet. They also supply him regularly with food, offer victims to him, treat him respectfully while he is living, and embalm and bury him in a consecrated coffin.

Upon treading in the footsteps of this ancient worship, one is irresistibly inclined to ask whether the custom of embalming the crocodile was borrowed from the ancient Egyptians, or did the latter derive it, with their own origin, from a still more primitive Eastern source? That the crocodile, as well as the ibis, and other bestial objects of Egyptian idolatry, was interred with the honors of being embalmed is expressly stated by Herodotus, the truthful father of history; and in our day we have the same custom presented to us in the remote island of Java, almost leading, we should imagine, coupled with the Gangetic and other homage paid to the crocodile, that at one period the religion of old Egypt was common, or, at all events, widely spread from the shores of the Nile to Indo-China, and the islands of the Indian Ocean. But the subject is too recondite for more than a passing allusion, and we only mentioned it in connection with our remarks, because, while jotting them down, it struck us as affording another extraordinary instance of the energy of the English, that while abroad, whether for pleasure or profit, they manage to find time, not only to rake up the ashes of the past, but to gather illustrations of the present.

Kurrachee is the station where the shore end is laid of the submarine cable, which connects London by electric communication with the government, and press, and commercial authorities of India.

It is an important place, and gives that country the command of the mouths of the Indus, and the whole of the right bank of that great and important river,

which in these days of steam navigation is the real barrier to any aggressions upon India from the north-west.

A respectable authority thus describes the reservoirs or ponds of crocodiles, which we thought curious enough to be made generally known. He says:—

"The crocodile-pond, of Mugger-peer, as it is called, lies to the north-west of Kurrachee. I visited the crocodiles on two occasions at an interval of several years, and although during that time they had been seen by hundreds of Europeans, including a certain class of mischievous young Englishmen (whose chief amusement, we were told, had been to shy stones and sticks down the throats of the gaping monsters as they lay basking on the banks of the pond,) yet there seemed no diminution in their numbers, and the wild and unearthly interest of the scene was to us as great as ever. And as the date palm now waves its shady boughs over the crocodiles of Mugger-peer, so then did the magnificent tree ferns, gigantic reeds, and club mosses, shelter their extinct predecessors. The greater pond is about 300 yards in circumference, and contains many little grassy islands, on which the majority of the crocodiles were then basking. Some were asleep on its slimy sides, others half submerged in the muddy water, while now and then a huge monster would raise himself upon his diminutive legs and waddling for a few paces, fall flat on his belly. Young ones, from a foot in length and upwards, ran nimbly along the margin of the pond, disappearing suddenly in the turbid waters as soon as we approached. Strangers are expected to stand troat, not only by the Fakirs and natives, who gain a livelihood by hanging about the pond and showing the monsters, but even the crocodiles themselves seem to anticipate a feast, and on the arrival of a party come out in unusual numbers. Accordingly, we had a goat slaughtered, during which operation the brutes seemed to rouse themselves, as if preparing for a rush. Then our guide, taking piece after piece of the flesh, dashed it on the bank, uttering a low growling sound, at which the whole tank became in motion, and crocodiles of whose existence we had before been ignorant splashed through the shallow water, struggling which should seize the prize. The shore was literally covered with scaly monsters, snapping their jaws at one another. They seize their food with the side of the mouth, and toss the head backward, in order that it may fall into the throat. A few were observed to bolt their portion on shore after very slight mastication; but the majority, anxious to escape from their greedy companions, made instantly for the water, and disappeared with the piece of flesh sticking between their jaws. Our young Belooch friend informed us that they generally swallow their food at once, and do not, as has been asserted, bury it until it becomes putrid; also that other large individuals besides the old king frequently devour the young soon after they are hatched. Crocodiles wallowing in the mud of the Nile, or gavials in the Indus, are sights which one is prepared to encounter; but the traveller may wander far before he meets with a scene so strange and unexpected as that just described."

In life we shall find many men that are great, and some men that are good, but very few men that are both great and good.

RAFTS ON THE RHINE.

A raft of "giant logs" recently floated down the Rhine, for Holland, upon which were houses, yards and pens for cattle, and a population of six hundred persons. It was nine hundred feet in length or thereabouts, and carried an entire village. At least five hundred men are required to steer it safely through the rapids, such as are met with under the Lurle or Biggen Lock. This they do by means of long poles which extend into the water, but it is hard work, and requires both a skillful hand and practiced eye, as well as great knowledge of the rocks, shoals and whirlpools of the river. An eye witness says: Old women are spinning at the doors of the little houses; young ladies with flaxen hair and very verdant looks, are sewing or peeling potatoes; young men are lounging about the sun, smoking long pipes and chatting among themselves. Under a large shed the dinner is cooking enough for the entire village. It is a gay scene, and just one's idea of "roughing it."

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

EXPERIMENTS IN GALVANISM.

3. Put a silver mug or cup, filled with water, upon a plate of zinc or table, and just touch the water with the tip of the tongue; it will be tasteless so long as the zinc plate is not handled, for the body does not complete a voltaic circle with the metals. Moisten your hand well, take hold of the plate of zinc, and touch the water with your tongue, when a very peculiar sensation, and an acid taste, will be experienced.

4. Take a piece of copper of about six inches in width, and put upon it a piece of zinc of rather smaller dimensions, inserting a piece of cloth of the same size as the zinc, between them; place a leech upon the piece of zinc, and though there appear nothing to hinder it from crawling away, yet it will not pass from the zinc to the copper, because its damp body, acting as a conductor to the fluid disturbed, as soon as it touches the copper, it receives a galvanic shock, and of course retires to its resting place.

CHARADES.

My first is found on the ocean wave,
In the spring, the pit, and the mine,
My second below the earth's surface you have,
Where seldom the sun does shine,
My whole your dinner-table must grace
And seldom falls to obtain a place.

CONUNDRUMS.

20. Why is a man with wooden legs like one who has an even body?
21. Why is a parish bell like a good story?
22. What belongs to yourself yet is often used by others more than yourself?

Answer to secret writing in number 25 page 24.

The earth, the sea, the starry sky,
Are cyphers writ by hand divine,
That band which tune'd their harmony,
And bade their varied glories shine:
In them e'er heathen's eye may see
Symbols in one grand truth combine:
But in the book of books there lies
A key to read their mysteries.

SWEETS ONLY TO THE SWEET.

May never lady press his lips,
His proffer'd love returning,
Who makes a furnace of his mouth,
And keeps its chimney burning.

May each true woman shun his sight,
For fear his fumes might choke her;
And none but those who smoke themselves
Have kisses for a smoker.

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POETRY.

AUTUMN.

Spring I have seen with its wild-flower wreaths,
Wending towards the bright gay world;
I have met the cherishing air it breathes,
And plucked the rose by its breath unfurled:—
Bright were the eyes of the lovely then,
To welcome the wanderer back again.

Lit by its wand, the watch-light Hope
Shone through the night of the future years.
Bidding the lonely and wretched grope
Cheerily on through sighs and tears
And spreading before their ardent eyes
Lovelier suns and brighter skies.

Autumn, where are thy promised joys?
The blasted leaf, as it floats through air,
Drops to the earth with a rustling noise—
No promise of embryo bliss is there!
What says the blighted, withering flower,
Of fairy scenes in a future hour?

Autumn, I love thee! still thou art
The 'larum-bell of the loveliest things,
Thou speakest of the fall of the warmest heart,
Of the blighting which years on our best hope flings:
Lovely, yet sad, is the autumn hour,
Like the dew which adorns, yet blasts the flower.

HAROLD,

THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

[CONTINUED.]

THE LION KING.

Hessire Mallet de Graviue as becomes a man bred to arms, and snatching sleep with quick grasp (never that blessing was at his command) no sooner his head on the pallet to which he had been coned, than his eyes closed, and his senses were deaf to dreams. But at the dead of the midnight he awakened by sounds that might have roused the en Sleepers—shouts, cries, and yells, the blast of as, the tramp of feet, and the more distant roar of rying multitudes. He leaped from his bed, and whole chamber was filled with a lurid, blood-red His first thought was that the fort was on fire.

But springing upon the settle along the wall, and looking through the loophole of the tower, it seemed as if not the fort but the whole land was one flame, and through the glowing atmosphere he beheld all the ground, near and far, swarming with men. Hundreds were swimming the rivulet, clambering up the dyke mounds, rushing on the leveled spears of the defenders, breaking through line and palisade, pouring into the inclosures—some in half-armor of helm and corslet—others in linen tunics—many almost naked. Loud, sharp shrieks of "Alleluia!" blended with those of "Out! out! Holy cross!" He divined at once that the Welsh were storming the Saxon hold. Short time indeed sufficed for that active knight to case himself in his mail; and, sword in hand, he burst through the door, cleared the stairs, and gained the hall below, which was filled with men arming in haste.

"Where is Harold?" he exclaimed.

"On the trenches already," answered Sexwulf, buckling his corslet of hide. "This Welsh hell hath broken loose."

"And you are the beacon fires? Then the whole land is upon us!"

"Prate less," quoth Sexwulf; "those are the hills now held by the warders of Harold: our spies gave them notice, and the watch-fires prepared us ere the fiends came in sight, otherwise we had been lying here limbless or headless. Now, men, draw up, and march forth."

"Hold! hold!" cried the pious knight, crossing himself, "is there no priest here to bless us? first a prayer and a psalm!"

"Prayer and psalm!" cried Sexwulf, astounded, "an thou hadst said ale and mead I could have understood the. Out! Out! Holyrood, Holyrood!"

"The godless paynims!" muttered the Norman, borne away with the crowd.

Once in the open space, the scene was terrific. Brief as had been the onslaught, the carnage was unspeakable. By dint of sheer physical numbers, animated by a valor that seemed as the frenzy of madmen or the hunger of wolves, hosts of the Britons had crossed trench and stream, seizing with their hands the points of the spears opposed to them, bounding over the corpses of their countrymen, and with yells of wild joy rushing upon the close serried lines drawn up before the fort. The stream seemed literally to run gore; pierced by javelins and arrows, corpses floated and vanished, while numbers, undeterred by the havoc leaped into the waves from the opposite banks. Like bears that surround the ship of a sea-

king beneath the polar meteors or the midnight sun of the north, came the savage warriors through the glaring atmosphere.

Amidst all, two forms were pre-eminent: the one, tall and towering, stood by the trench, and behind a banner, that now drooped round the stave, now streamed wide and broad, stirred by the rush of men—for the night in itself was breezeless. With a vast Danish ax wielded by both hands, stood this man, confronting hundreds, and at each stroke, rapid as the levin, fell a foe. All round him was a wall of his own—the dead.

But in the center of the space, leading on a fresh troop of shouting Welshmen who had forced their way from another part, was a form which seemed charmed against arrow and spear. For the defensive arms of this chief were as slight as if worn but for ornament: a small corselet of gold covered only the center of his breast, a gold collar of twisted wires circled his throat, and a gold bracelet adorned his bare arm, dropping gore, not his own, from the wrist to the elbow. He was small and slight-shaped—below the common standard of men—but he seemed as one made a giant by the sublime inspiration of war. He wore no helmet, merely a golden circlet; and his hair, of deep red (longer than was usual with the Welsh,) hung like the mane of a lion over his shoulders, tossing loose at every stride. His eyes glared like the tiger's at night, and he leaped on the spears with a bound. Lost a moment amidst hostile ranks, save by the swift glitter of his short sword, he made, amidst all, a path for himself and his followers, and emerged from the heart of the steel unscathed and loud-breathing; while, round the line he had broken, wheeled and closed his wild men, striking, rushing, slaying, slain.

"*Pardex*, this war is worth sharing," said the knight. "And now, worthy Sexwulf, thou shalt see if the Norman is the vaunter thou deemest him. *Dieu nos aide! Notre Dame!* Take the foe in the rear." But turning round, he perceived that Sexwulf had already led his men toward the standard, which showed them where stood the earl almost alone in his peril. The knight, thus left to himself, did not hesitate a minute more, and he was in the midst of the Welsh force, headed by the chief with the golden panoply. Secure in his ring mail against the light weapons of the Welsh, the sweep of the Norman sword was as the scythe of death. Right and left he smote through the throng which he took in the flank, and had almost gained the small phalanx of Saxons that lay firm in the midst when the Cymrian chief's flashing eye was drawn to this new and strange foe, by the roar and the groan round the Norman's way; and with the half-naked breast against the shirt of mail, and the short Roman sword against the long Norman falchion, the Lion King of Wales fronted the knight.

Unequal as seems the encounter, so quick was the spring of the Briton, so pliant his arm, and so rapid his weapon, that the good knight (who, rather from skill and valor than brute physical strength, ranked among the prowtest of William's band of martial brothers) would willingly have preferred to see before him Fitzosborne or Motgommeri, all clad in steel and armed with mace and lance, than parried those dazzling strokes, and fronted the angry majesty of that helmetless brow. Already the strong rings of his mail had

been twice pierced, and his blood trickled fast, while his great sword had but smitten the air in its sweep at the foe; when the Saxon phalanx, taking advantage of the breach in the ring that girt them, caused by this diversion, and recognizing with fierce ire the gold torque and breastplate of the Welsh king, made the desperate charge. Then for some minutes the mêlée was confused and indistinct—blows blind and a random—death coming no man knew whence, or how till discipline and steadfast order (which the Saxons kept, as by mechanism, through the discord) and the safety of defensive arms against naked bosoms obstinately prevailed. The wedge forced its way and, though reduced in numbers and sore wounded, the Saxon troop cleared the ring, and joined the main force drawn up by the fort, and guarded in the rear by its wall.

Meanwhile Harold, supported by the band which Sexwulf had succeeded at length in repelling farther reinforcements of the Welsh at the more accessible part of the trenches; and casting now his practiced eye over the field, he issued orders for some of the men to regain the fort, and open from the battlements and from every loophole, the batteries of stone and javelin, which then (with the Saxons, unskilled in sieges,) formed the main artillery of forts. These orders given, he planted Sexwulf and most of his band to keep watch round the trenches, and shading his eye with his hand, and looking toward the moon, which waning and dimmed in the watchfires, he said calmly "Now patience fights for us. Ere the moon reaches yon hill-top, the troops at Aber and Caer-ben will be on the slopes of Penmaen, and cut off the retreat of the Walloons. Advance my flag to the thick of your strife."

But as the earl, with his ax swung over his shoulder, and followed but by some half-score or more with his banner, strode on where the wild war was now mainly concentrated, just midway between trench and fort, Gryffyth caught sight both of the banner at the earl, and left the press at the very moment when he had gained the greatest advantage; and when it was deed, but for the Norman, who, wounded as he was and unused to fight on foot, stood resolute in the van the Saxons, wearied out by numbers, and falling first beneath the javelins, would have fled into their wall and so sealed their fate—for the Welsh would have entered at their heels.

But it was the misfortune of the Welsh heroes never to learn that war was a science; and instead of concentrating all force on the point most weakened, the whole field vanished from the fierce eye of the Welsh king, when he saw the banner and form of Harold.

The earl beheld the coming foe, wheeling round, the hawk on the heron; halted, drew up his men in semi-circle, with their large shields as a rampart, and their levelled spears as a palisade; and before them all, as a tower, stood Harold with his ax. In a minute more he was surrounded; and through the rain of javelins that poured upon him, hissed and glittered the sword of Gryffyth. But Harold more practiced than the Sire de Graville in the sword-play of the Welsh, and unencumbered by other defensive arms (save only the helm, which was shaped like the Norman's,) than his light coat of hide, opposed quickness to quickness, and suddenly dropping his ax, sprang

pon his foe, and clasping him round with the left hand, and with the right hand griped at his throat—

“Yield, and quarter! yield, for thy life, son of Llewelyn!”

Strong was that embrace, and deathlike that gripe; as the snake from the hand of the dervise—as a host from the grasp of the dreamer, the lithe Cymru glided away, and the broken torque was all that remained in the clutch of Harold.

At this moment a mighty yell of despair broke from the Welsh near the fort; stones and javelins rained upon them from the walls, and the fierce Norman was in the midst, with his sword drinking blood; but not a javelin, stone and sword, shrank and shouted the Welshmen. On the other side of the trenches were marching against them their own countrymen, their valiant tribes that helped the stranger to rend the land; and far to the right were seen the spears of the Saxons and Aber, and to the left was heard the shout of the forces under Godrith from Caer-hen; and they who had sought the leopard in his lair were now themselves the prey caught in the toils. With new heart, as they beheld these reinforcements, the Saxons pressed in; tumult, and flight and indiscriminate slaughter, raged in the field. The Welsh rushed to the stream and the trenches; and in the bustle and hurlyburloo, Gryffyth was swept along, as a bull by a torrent; still facing the foe, now eluding, now smiting his own men, now rushing alone on the pursuers, and halting under onslaught, he gained, still unwounded, the stream, paused a moment laughed loud, and sprang into the wave. A hundred javelins hissed into the illen and bloody waters. “Hold!” cried Harold the earl, lifting his hand on high. “No dastard dart at the raven!”

The fugitive Britons, scarce one-tenth of the number that had first rushed to the attack—performed their flight with the same Parthian rapidity that characterized the assault; and escaping both Welsh and Saxon, though the former broke the ground to pursue them, they regained the steep of Penmaen.

There was no further thought of slumber that night within the walls. While the wounded were tended, and the dead were cleared from the soil, Harold, with three of his chiefs, and Mallet de Graville, whose ears rendered it more than ungracious to refuse his request that he might assist in the council, conferred upon the means of terminating the war with the next day. Two of the thegns, their blood hot with strife and revenge, proposed to scale the mountain with the whole force the reinforcements had brought them, and put all they found to the sword.

The third, old and prudent, and inured to Welsh warfare, thought otherwise.

“None of us,” said he, “know what is the true strength of the place which ye propose to storm. Not even one Welshman have we found who hath ever himself gained the summit, or examined the castle which is said to exist there.”

“Said!” echoed de Graville, who, relieved of his mail, and with his wounds bandaged, reclined on his furs upon the floor, “Said, noble sir! Can not our eyes perceive the towers?”

The old thegn shook his head. “At a distance, and through mists, stones loom large, and crags themself-

ves take strange shapes. It may be castle, may be rock, may be old roofless temples of heathenness that we see. But to repeat (and as I am slow, I pray no again to be put out in my speech,)—none of us know what, there, exists of defense, man-made or nature built. Not even thy Welsh spies, son of Godwin have gained to the heights. In the midst lie the scouts of the Welsh king, and those on the top can see the bird fly, the goat climb. Few of thy spies, indeed, have ever returned with life; their heads have been left at the foot of the hill, with the scroll on their lips—“Tell to the shades below what thou hast seen in the heights above.”

“And the Walloons know Latin!” muttered the knight; “I respect them!”

The slow thegn frowned, stammered, and renewed—

“One thing at least is clear, that the rock is well nigh insurmountable to those who know not the passes; that strict watch, baffling even Welsh spies, is kept night and day; that the men on the summit are desperate and fierce; that our own troops are awed and terrified by the belief of the Welsh, that the spot is haunted and the towers fiend-founded. One single defeat may lose us two years of victory. Gryffyth may break from the cyrc, regain what he hath lost, win back our Welsh allies, ever faithless and hollow. Wherefore, I say, go on as we have begun. Beset all the country round; cut off all supplies, and let the foe rot by famine—or waste, as he hath done this night, his strength by vain onslaught and sally.”

“Thy counsel is good,” said Harold; “but there is yet something to add to it, which may shorten the strife, and gain the end with less sacrifice of life. The defeat of to-night will have humbled the spirits of the Welsh; take them yet in the hour of despair and disaster. I wish, therefore, to send to their outposts a nuncios, with these terms—‘Life and pardon to all who lay down arms and surrender.’”

“What, after such havoc and gore?” cried one of the thegns.

“They defend their own soil,” replied the earl, simply; “had we not done the same?”

“But the rebel Gryffyth?” asked the old thegn, “thou canst not accept him again as crowned sub-king of Edward?”

“No,” said the earl; “I propose to exempt Gryffyth alone from the pardon, with promise, nevertheless, of life, if he gives himself up as a prisoner, and count, without further condition, on the king’s mercy.” There was a prolonged silence. None spoke against the earl’s proposal, though the two younger thegns disliked it much.

At last said the elder, “But hast thou thought who will carry this message? Fierce and wild are yon blood-dogs; and man must needs shiver soul and make will, if he go to their kennel.”

“I feel sure that my bode will be safe,” answered Harold; “for Gryffyth has all the pride of a king, and, sparing neither man nor child in the onslaught, will respect what the Roman taught his sires to respect—envoy from chief to chief—as a head scatheless and sacred.”

“Choose whom thou wilt, Harold,” said one of the young thegns, laughing, “but spare thy friends; and whosoever thou chooseth, pay his widow the were-geld.”

"Fair Sirs," then said De Graville, "if ye thin that I, though a stranger, could serve you as nuncios, it would be a pleasure to me to undertake this mission. First, because, being curious as concerns forts and castles, I would fain see if my eyes have deceived me in taking yon tower for a hold of great might. Secondly, because that wild cat of a king must have a court rare to visit. And the only reflection that withholds my pressing the offer as a personal suit is, that though I have some words of the Breton jargon at my tongue's need, I can not pretend to be a Tully in Welch; howbeit, since it seems that one, at least, among them knows something of Latin, I doubt not but what I shall get out my meaning."

"I accept your offer frankly," said Harold, "and all shall be prepared for you, as soon as you yourself will re-seek me here."

The knight rose, and though somewhat stiff and smarting from his wounds, left the room lightly, summoned his armorer and squire, and having dressed with all the care and pomp habitual to a Norman, his gold chain round his neck, and his vest stiff with broderie, he re-entered the apartment of Harold. The earl received him alone, and came up to him with a cordial face. "I thank thee more, brave Norman, than I ventured to say before my thegns, for I tell thee frankly, that my intent and aim are to save the life of this brave king; and thou canst well understand that every Saxon among us must have his blood warmed by contest, and his eyes blind with national hate. You alone, as a stranger, see the valiant warrior and hunted prince, and as such you can feel for him the noble pity of manly foes."

"That is true," said De Graville, a little surprised, "though we Normans are at least as fierce as you Saxons, when we have once tasted blood; and I own nothing would please me better than to dress that catamaran in mail, put a spear in its claws, and a horse under its legs, and thus fight out my disgrace at being so clawed and mauled by its *griffes*. And though I respect a brave knight in distress, I can scarce extend my compassion to a thing that fights against all rule, martial and kingly."

"The earl smiled gravely. "It is the mode in which his ancestors rushed on the spears of Cæsar. Pardon him."

"I pardon him, at your gracious request," quoth the knight, with a grand air, and waving his hand; "say on."

"You will proceed with a Welsh monk—whom, though not of the faction of Gryffyth, all Welshmen respect—to the mouth of a frightful pass, skirting the river; the monk will bear aloft the holy rood, in signal of peace. Arrived at that pass, you will doubtless be stopped. The monk here will be spokesman, and ask safe-conduct to Gryffyth to deliver my message; he will also bear certain tokens, which will no doubt win the way for you."

"Arrived before Gryffyth, the monk will accost him; mark and heed well his gestures, since thou wilt know not the Welsh tongue he employs. And when he raises the rood, thou—in the meanwhile, having artfully approached close to Gryffyth—wilt whisper in Saxon; which he well understands, and pressing the ring I now give thee into his hand, 'Obey, by this pledge; thou knowest Harold is true, and thy head is

sold by thine own people.' If he ask more thou knowest naught."

"I go," said the Norman, inclining his head low to his own great duke, and turning to the door; yet there he paused, and looking at the ring which he had placed upon his finger, he said, "But one word more if not indiscreet—your answer may help argument, argument be needed. What tale lies hid in this token?"

Harold colored and paused a moment then answered:

"Simply this: Gryffyth's wife, the lady Aldyth, a Saxon by birth, fell into my hands. We were storing Rhadlan, at the farther end of the isle. She was there. We war not against women; I feared the license of my own soldiers, and I sent the lady back to Gryffyth. Aldyth gave me this ring on parting, and I bade her tell Gryffyth that whenever, at the hour of his last peril and sorest need, I sent that ring back to him, he might hold it as the pledge of his life."

"Is this lady, think you, in the stronghold with her lord?"

"I am not sure, but I fear yes," answered Harold.

"Yet one word: And if Gryffyth refuse, despite a warning?"

Harold's eyes dropped;

"If so, he dies; but not by the Saxon sword. God and our lady speed you!"

WATER.

[From Bow Bella.]

What is water, and what are its properties? Pure water, at ordinary temperature, is a colorless, tasteless, inodorous liquid. Little did the philosopher of old dream that water could be manufactured at pleasure by simply combining two invisible and inodorous gases. Yet such is the truth. A modern chemist produces *aqua pura* ("pure water") at his convenience. A combination of eight parts of oxygen with one of hydrogen results in the formation of pure water. The heat disengaged by the combination of these gases is of the most intense degree; so great is the heat thus produced that platinum and pipe-clay, each formerly thought to be fire-proof, are quickly melted.

The renowned "Drummond light" is produced by the heat of the oxyhydrogen flame thrown upon a disk of lime. Thus does it seem that heat and light are strangely mixed with water.

Usually, when the thermometer indicates thirty-two degrees, water is converted into ice or snow. When perfectly tranquil, a body of water may be cooled down to a point far below a freezing point with the formation of ice. The tranquillity once destroyed, the water instantly begins to freeze, and the thermometer simultaneously begins to rise towards the freezing point. Heat applied to the bottom of a vessel containing water causes the water to rise as fast as it becomes warm, while the cold water on the surface sinks to take its place. Unlike all other fluids, water contracts after reaching a certain degree of coldness; and were it not for this wise provision of nature, all creeks, lakes, rivers, etc.,

would become solid masses of ice during the winter which would not be melted by the warmth of summer.

Let us explain. Suppose a body of water is exposed to the air which has a temperature at or below the freezing point; the upper layer of water is cold, and on this account sinks, while its place is supplied with warm water from below. This change is constantly going on until a certain temperature is attained, when it ceases, and soon a coating of ice is formed which protects the rest of the liquid from farther refrigeration.

At all times and at every degree of temperature water is being converted into vapour. Ice and snow in the coldest climates are constantly undergoing this change; hence, at all seasons of the year, an aqueous vapor is constantly ascending into the air from the earth's surface, which in the course of time, returns in the form of dew, rain, hail or snow.

On account of so many substances being dissolved by water, it is impossible to find it pure in nature. Rain-water is much the purest, yet even this is largely impregnated with nitrate and carbonate of ammonia. Spring-water is usually contaminated with lime, magnesia, sulphur, and other earthy salts held in solution.

When water contains much earthy impurities they are termed "hard;" while those waters free from impurities are termed "soft." Waters containing foreign matters in solution to such an extent as to acquire a peculiar taste or smell, or to acquire medicinal properties, are termed mineral waters. Of mineral waters there are many varieties, and as a general thing several distinct minerals can be discovered in the same water. Saline waters are those which contain a considerable amount of neutral salts in solution, such as Epsom salts, chloride of sodium, etc. Should the water hold a quantity of iron in solution, it is termed chalybeate, while waters containing hydrosulphuric acid, or free carbonic acid, are termed sulphurous or carbonated waters.

Waters collected and forming a river, present a few philosophical facts worth remembering; A very small inclination imparts to water a running motion; three inches per mile, in a smooth, straight, channel, will give velocity of about three miles per hour. Water will run when the fall is one foot in a million; while an inclination of three feet per mile will give birth to a mountain torrent. The waters of the Himalaya Mountains, the highest in the world, unite and form the River Ganges, some eighteen hundred miles from its mouth. At its source it is eight hundred feet above the level of the sea, and for its waters to fall this distance it requires more than a month's time;

the neatest looking wig, fine sharply cut features, a mouth firm enough for a general, and a bright steady eye which seemed to command the crowd. Uncle Henderson said, "It is John Wesley." His manner was very calm, not impassioned like Mr. Whitfield's, but the people seemed quite as much moved. Mr. Whitfield looked as though he were pleading with the people to escape from a danger he saw but they could not, and would draw them to heaven in spite of themselves. Mr. Wesley did not appear so much to plead as to speak with authority. Mr. Whitfield seemed to throw his whole soul into the peril of his hearers. Mr. Wesley seemed to rest with his whole soul on the truth he spoke, and by the force of his own calm conviction to make every one feel that what he said was true. If his hearers were moved, it was not with the passion of the preacher, it was the bare reality of the things he said. But they were moved indeed. No wandering eye was there. Many were weeping; some were sobbing as if their hearts would break, and many more were gazing as though they would not weep, nor stir, nor breathe, lest they should lose a word.

THE GUTTA-PERCHA TREE.

Sumatra, a large island in the Indian Ocean has large forests of the gutta-percha tree. "Gutta" is the native name for gum, and "percha" is the Maylayan name for a forest-tree. The virtues and uses of this tree have not been long known to us. Previous to 1844, its very name had scarcely been heard. About that time an English physician was walking through a forest when he saw a woodman at work. Observing that the handle of the ax was of quite an unknown substance to him, he inquired what it was made of, and was told that it was the juice or gum of a tree, which could be moulded into any shape by merely dipping it in hot water, after which, when cold again, it becomes quite hard. On examining the tree the physician found the gum lying in straight lines down the trunk, and that by cutting small holes in the trunk it freely flowed out, of a whitish color. On hardening it became darker in appearance. In the first instance, about two hundred pounds were sent to England as an experiment; its utility was soon discovered, and now several hundred tons are imported every year. Gutta-percha is largely used for soles of shoes, piping, bottles and other purposes where durability is required. It is also turned to account for finer and more ornamental work, some, indeed, of considerable beauty. But its highest use is the coating it forms to electric cable. Little did the worthy physician imagine that in a short time it would be well known throughout the world, and regarded as one of the most valuable substances possessed by man. Besides the juice, the tree yields a pleasant fruit, a valuable oil, and a drug for the chemist. Its flowers are used by the natives of the Indian peninsula as food, and its wood is good timber.

PORTRAIT GALLERY.

WESLEY AND WHITFIELD.

[Phrenological Journal.]

An English lady says: On our way home from the chapel to-day I saw where the poor people go. It was in a great open space called Moorefield. Thousands of dirty, ragged men and women were listening to a preacher in a clergyman's gown. We were obliged to stop while the crowd made way for us. At first I thought it must be the same I heard near Bristol, but when we came nearer I saw it was quite a different-looking man—a small man, rather thin, with

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THE WORLD'S EARNEST MEN.

When these earnest men are not, then is the world dead, there is no God in it, society is in its states of deep damnation.

All the cardinal virtues of this life are compounded in the supreme attribute—earnestness. Personified, it is the man palpitating with all the impulses of human duties. Without these impulses he is dross, absolutely without them, and he is all dross. Herein is the difference between the great man and the little man; not great or little by the standard of inches, but by the force and weight of our metaphysics; not great or little by the carpenter's foot rule or the tailor's measuring tape, that tell the gross bulk of his corporation, but great by the amount of the earnestness of nature—of all God that palpitates in every impulse of his being, or little in proportion to its destitution.

The great man then, is he who has most of the attribute of earnestness in his compound; the little man, he that has least of it. Nor is this abstract, for they will measure themselves in the duties and manifestations of every day life. He shall, with all his might, live in any of the duties and manifestations of his age, and he shall be ranked as great; because he, with all his might, thus lives up to his calling and his own nature's apostleship. If he live to God's service and humanity's advancement, then is he both great and good, because he is earnest, and earnestness is both might and right. If he is of his father the devil, and, with all the force of his nature, lives to evil—with all the subtle potency of a sovereign mind, dominates over his race and carries them along by his mighty intensities, then is he still great but not good.

Napoleon, with his sombre magnificence around him, comes up without an effort of the fancy here, the Christ-men rise with him as his counterparts of contrast. Of all created beings none, not even him we call the Lord, possessed this attribute of earnestness so potently as him we call Napoleon. And who, in a career so brief as his, aye, who in the broadest span of human life are allotted to the most favored, filled in that life-time so vast an empire among empires that were dominant, not decayed, and made the corpulent world so palpitate with the impulses of his metaphysics—so stagger beneath the grand earnestness of his genius as the man Napoleon? If the Christ is a name more potent in the human problem than that of the sinner Napoleon, it is not because he possessed the attribute earnestness, which makes the God omnipotent; but because he represented a holier principle—the principle of love; and because the Christ attribute has reigned a longer dispensation to leaven humanity with its divine yearnings of assimilation for man.

For good or, evil then, it is these earnest men who make their mark in life. They live with all their might in a certain direction, and, therefore, are they successful. There can be no failure with them. Success is certain, and its proportion according to the capacity and force of the individual character. But,

moreover, earnestness is another name for capacity; and he that has most of it has in his character the most capacity and force.

It was the conception of the matchless Talleyrand in his state policy of using men, not to ask if the man would be of use for this or that particular purpose of the state, but whether or not he could be used for *any* of its purposes. If so, then was that man of use; and if of use, then must that man be purchased for the ends of state policy. So we would ask not a man's speciality of talent, his idiosyncrasies of character, his views and aims in life, but is he an earnest man in what he is? If so then will he be a mark in the world, be he what he may. That man will not go to the grave unknown, if he be not untimely taken off. He *will* make his mark in life, there shall be his monument somewhere found among the works of man, for his very earnestness his *will* and *shall*, as well as capacity and force. Purchase him therefore, for you can find a use for him. He can be profitable to the world; therefore buy him. Aye and better than the world's good—more potent reason than society's profit—he will be profitable to you; therefore, buy him, use him, by all means *use* him, whether you pay for him or not.

As for genius, that is earnestness *par excellence*, it is nature's extreme intensities which make genius. The man is blessed, or cursed with its possession, moves through his sphere in life as though a mania from the gods had fallen upon him; and hence the divine frenzy of genius has become a phrase. This type of man is that of a nature—of a soul, of a brain, of a heart overwhelmed with itself—with its impulses, its forces, its capacities, its sums of earnestness.

But there is a class of earnest men, and a type of earnestness above all other. They are of the moral and religious class. In this class come these men of missions. But their subject is too vast a one for a mere passing thought. We must return to them on some other occasion but we will glance at the subject here.

Christ and his disciples are received as the divinest type of the world's earnest men. After them the world began to die and it was not till the "Morning Star" of the reformation, John Wickliffe came, that it began to be renewed and purged from its dross. This is the Protestant view, and it is near enough for a general acceptance. The point is, that it was the earnest men of the Protestant era that took the world out of its sepulchre, and tore off its rotten filthy winding-sheet, clothed it in the fine linen of an enlightened civilization, and brought it down to our own day. Mark them through their stages, as they carry along the mighty world upon mighty shoulders. Why they are the great revolutionizers of the ages. Society rests not on the shoulders of statesmen when it is passing through its grander stages of progress, for these earnest men of missions bear the Ark of the Lord; and without an affectation of cant, it is the Lord who goes in front of the congregation of Israel leading the chosen people—aye and in front of our great humanity leading it, for humanity is chosen as well as Israel. These Apostles, these Reformers, these Puritans of England and America, this Joseph Smith, this Brigham, this Heber Kimball and his apostolic brethren—these are the men who have carried the Ark of the Lord along and humanity has followed the

van. These are the brightest type of the world's earnest men, not because they have more character or capacity of intellect, much less splendor of genius, than many others, but because none will match their class in earnestness, even when a Napoleon equals them in his intensities and force, he is inferior to them for his impulses die out of the world; but theirs live and give new dispensations. In them the special application of our text is reached: "When these earnest men are not, then is the world dead; there is no God in it, society is in its states of deep damnation."

FOUL PLAY.

BY CHARLES READE AND DION BOUCAULT.

[CONTINUED]

CHAPTER XXIV.

Half an hour before sunset, Helen Rolleston, whose vision was very keen, said she saw something at the verge of the horizon, like a hair standing upright.

Hazel looked, but could not see anything.

In ten minutes more, Helen Rolleston pointed it out again; and then Hazel did see a vertical line, more like a ship's mast, than anything else one could expect to see there.

Their eyes were now strained to make it out, and, as the boat advanced, it became more and more palpable, though it was hard to say exactly what it was.

Five minutes before the sun set, the air being clearer than ever, it stood out clean against the sky.—A tree—a lofty, solitary tree; with a tall stem, like a column, and branches only at the top.

A palm-tree in the middle of the Pacific.

And but for the land-bird which rested on their mast, and for their own mercy in sparing it, they would have passed to the eastward, and never seen that giant palm-tree in mid-ocean.

"Ob, let us put up all our sails, and fly to it!" cried Helen.

Welch smiled, and said, "No, miss, ye musn't. Lord love ye, what'll run on to a land ye don't know, buppy go lucky, in the dark, like that! Lay her head for the tree, and welcome, but you must lower the mainsail, and treble reef the foresail, and so creep on a couple knots an hour, and, by day-break, you'll find the island under your lee. Then you can look out for a safe landing-place."

"The island, Mr. Welch!" said Helen.

"There is no island, or I should have seen it."

"Ob, the island was hull down. Why you don't think as palm-trees grow in the water? You do as I say, or you'll get wrecked on some thundering reef or other."

Upon this Mr. Hazel and Miss Rolleston set to work, and, with considerable difficulty lowered the mainsail, and treble reefed the foresail.

"That is right," said Welch. "To-morrow, you'll land in safety, and bury my messmate and me."

"Ob, no!" cried Helen Rolleston. "We must bury him, but we mean to cure you."

They obeyed Welch's instructions, and so crept on all night; and, so well had this able seaman calculated distance and rate of sailing, that, when the sun rose, sure enough there was an island under their lee, distant about a league, though it looked much less. But the palm-tree was more than twice that distance. By force of wind and current they had made leeway all night, and that tree stood on the most westerly point of the island.

Hazel and Miss Rolleston stood up and hurraed for joy; then fell on their knees in silent gratitude. Welch only smiled.

But though there was no broken water at sea, yet breakers, formidable to such a craft as theirs, were seen foaming over long disjointed reefs ahead, that grinned black and dangerous here and there.

They then consulted Welch, and he told them they must

tack directly, and make a circuit of the island to land; he had to show them how to tack; and, the sea rising, they got thoroughly wetted, and Miss Rolleston rather frightened; for here was a peril they had escaped hitherto.

However, before eleven o'clock, they had stood out to sea, and coasted the whole south side of the island; they then put the boat before the wind, and soon ran past the east coast, which was very narrow,—in fact, a sort of bluff-head,—and got on the north side of the island. Here the water was comparatively smooth, and the air warm and balmy.

They kept about a mile off the shore, and ranged along the north side, looking out for a good landing.

Here was no longer an unbroken line of cliffs, but, an undulating shore, with bulging rocks, and lines of reef. After a mile or two of that the coast ran out seaward, and they passed close to a most extraordinary phenomenon of vegetation. Great tangled woods crowned the shore and the landward slopes, and their grand foliage seemed to flow over into the sea; for here was a broad rocky flat, intersected with a thousand little channels of the sea; and the thousand little islets so formed, were crowded, covered, and hidden with luxuriant vegetation. Huge succulent leaves of the richest hue hung over the water, and one or two of the most adventurous of them showed, by the crystals that sparkled on their green surface, that the waves had actually been kissing them at high tide. This ceased and they passed right under a cliff, crowned with trees above.

This cliff was broad and irregular, and in one of its cavities a cascade of pure fresh water came sparkling, leaping, and tumbling down to the foot of the rock. There it had formed a great basin of water; cool, deep, transparent, which trickled over on to a tongue of pink sand, and went in two crystal gutters to the sea.

Great and keen was the rapture this sight caused our poor parched voyagers; and eager their desire to land at once, if possible, and plunge their burning lips, and swelling throats, and fevered hands into that heavenly liquid; but the next moment they were diverted from that purpose by the scene that burst on them.

This wooded cliff, with its wonderful cascade, was the very gate of Paradise. They passed it, and in one moment were in a bay—a sudden bay, wonderfully deep for its extent, and sheltered on three sides. Broad sands with rainbow tints, all sparkling and dotted with birds, some white as snow, some gorgeous. A peaceful sea of exquisite blue kissing these lovely sands with myriad dimples, and, from the land side, soft emerald slopes, embroidered with silver threads of water, came to the very edge of the sands; so that, from all those glorious hues, that flocked the prismatic and sparkling sands, the eye of the voyagers passed at once to the vivid, yet sweet and soothing, green of Nature, and over this paradise, the breeze they could no longer feel, wafted spicy but delicate odors from unseen trees.

Even Welch raised himself in the boat, and sniffed the heavenly air, and smiled at the heavenly spot. "Here's a blessed haven!" said he, "Down sail, and row her ashore."

CHAPTER XXV.

They rowed more than a mile, so deep was the glorious bay; and then their oars struck the ground. But Hazel with the boat-hook propelled the boat gently over the pellucid water, that now seemed too shallow to float a canoe, and at last looked like the mere varnish of that picture, the prismatic sands below. yet still the little craft glided over it, till it gently grazed the soft sand, and was stationary. So placidly ended that terrible voyage.

Mr. Hazel and Miss Rolleston were on shore in a moment, and it was all they could do not to fall upon the land kiss it.

Never had the sea disgorged upon that fairy isle such ghastly spectres. They looked, not like people about to die, but that had died, and been buried, and just come out of their graves to land on that blissful shore. We should have started back with horror; but the birds of that virgin isle merely stepped out of their way, and did not fly.

They had landed in paradise.

Even Welch yielded to that universal longing men have to embrace the land after perils at sea, and was putting his leg slowly over the gunwale, when Hazel came back to his assistance. He got ashore, but was contented to sit down with his eyes on the dimpled sea and the boat waiting quietly till the

tide should float his friend to his feet again.

The sea-birds walked quietly about him, and minded him not.

Miss Rolleston ascended a green slope very slowly, for her limbs were cramped; and was lost to view.

Hazel now went up the beach, and took a more minute survey of the neighborhood.

The west side of the bay was varied. Half of it presented the soft character that marked the bay in general; but a portion of it was rocky, though streaked with vegetation, and this part was intersected by narrow clefts, into which, in some rare tempests and high tides combined, tongues of the sea had entered, licking the sides of the gullies smooth; and those occasional visits were marked by the sand, and broken shells, and other debris the tempestuous and encroaching sea had left behind.

The true high water-mark was several feet lower than these debris, and was clearly marked. On the land above the cliffs he found a tangled jungle of tropical shrubs, into which he did not penetrate, but skirted it, and, walking eastward, came out upon a delicious down or grassy slope, that faced the centre of the bay. It was a gentleman's lawn of a thousand acres, with an extremely gentle slope from the centre of the island down to the sea.

A river flowing from some distant source ran eastward through this, down, but at its verge, and almost encircled it. Hazel traversed the lawn until this river, taking a sudden turn towards the sea, intercepted him at a spot which he immediately fixed on as Helen Rolleston's future residence.

Four short, thick, umbrageous trees stood close to the stream on this side, and, on the eastern side was a grove of gigantic palm trees, at whose very ankles the river ran. Indeed, it had undermined one of these palm trees, and that giant at this moment lay all across the stream, leaving a gap through which Hazel's eye could pierce to a great depth among those grand columns; for they stood wide apart, and there was not a vestige of brushwood, jungle, or even grass, below their enormous crowns.

He christened the place St Helen's on the spot.

He now dipped his bailer into the stream and found it pure and tolerably cool.

He followed the bend of the stream: it evaded the slope and took him by its own milder descent to the sands: over these it flowed smooth as glass into the sea.

Hazel ran to Welch to tell him all he had discovered, and to give him his first water from the island.

He found a roan colored pigeon, with a purplish neck perched on the sick man's foot. The bird shone like a rainbow, and cocked a saucy eye at Hazel, and flew up into the air a few yards, but it soon appeared that fear had little to do with this movement; for, after an airy circle or two, he fanned Hazel's cheeks with his fast flapping wings, and lighted on the very edge of the bailer, and was for sipping.

"Oh, look here, Welch!" cried Hazel, in an ecstasy of delight.

"Ay, sir," said he. "Poor things, they han't a found us out yet."

The talking puzzled the bird, if it did not alarm him, and he flew up to the nearest tree, and, perching there, inspected these new and noisy bipeds at his leisure.

Hazel now laid his hand on Welch's shoulder and reminded him gently they had a sad duty to perform, which could not be postponed.

"Right you are, sir," said Welch, "and very kind of you to let me have my way with him. Poor Sam!"

"I have found a place," said Hazel, in a low voice. "We can take the boat close to it! But where is Miss Rolleston?"

"Oh, she is not far off: she was here just now, and brought me this here little cocoa-nut, and patted me on the back, she did, then off again on a cruise. Bless her little heart!"

Hazel and Welch then got into the boat, and pushed off without much difficulty, and punted across the bay to one of those clefts we have indicated.

It was now nearly high water, and they moored the boat close under the cleft Hazel had selected.

Then they both got out and went up to the extremity of the cleft, and there, with the axe and with pieces of wood they found there, they scraped out a resting place for Cooper. This was no light work; for it was all stones, shells, fragments of coral and dried sea-weed lying loosely together. But now came a hard task in which Welch could not assist. Hazel unshipped a thwart, and laid the body on it: then by a great effort staggered with the burden up to the grave and deposited it. He was exhausted by the exertion, and had to sit down panting for

some time. As soon as he was recovered, he told Welch to stand at the head of the grave, and he stood at the foot, bare-headed, and then from memory he repeated the service of a Church, hardly missing or displacing a word.

This was no tame recital; the scene, the circumstances, the very absence of the book, made it tender and solemn. And then Welch repeated those beautiful words after Hazel, and Hazel let him. And how did he repeat them? In such a heartily loving tone, as became one who was about to follow, and all this but a short leave-taking. So uttered, for the living as well as the dead, those immortal words had a strange significance and beauty.

And presently a tender, silvery voice came down to mingle with the deep and solemn tones of the male mourners. It was Helen Rolleston. She had watched most of their movements unseen herself, and now, standing at the edge of the ravine, and looking down on them, uttered a soft but thrilling amen to every prayer. When it was over, and the men prepared to fill in the grave, she spoke to Welch in an undertone, and begged leave to pay her tribute first; and with this she detached her apron, and held it out to them. Hazel easily climbed up to her, and found her apron was full of sweet smelling bark and aromatic leaves, whose fragrance filled the air.

"I want you to strew these over his poor remains," she said, "Oh, not common earth! He saved our lives, and his last words were, 'I love you, Tom!' Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!" And with that she gave him the apron, and turned away her head to hide her tears.

Hazel blessed her for the thought, which, indeed, none but a lady would have had; and Welch and he, with the tears in their eyes, strewed the sunny leaves fast; and soon a ridge of shingle neatly bound with wood marked the sailor's grave.

Hazel's next care, and that a pressing one, was to provide shelter for the delicate girl and the sick man, whom circumstances had placed under his care. He told Miss Rolleston, Welch and he were going to cross the bay again, and would she be good enough to meet them at the bend of the river where she would find four trees? She nodded her head and took that road accordingly. Hazel rowed eastward across the bay, and it being now high water, he got the boat into the river itself near the edge of the shore, and, as this river had worn a channel, he contrived with the boat hook to propel the boat up the stream, to an angle in the bank within forty yards of the four trees. He could get no farther, the stream being now not only shallow but blocked here and there with great rough fragments of stone. Hazel pushed the boat into the angle out of the current, and moored her fast. He and Welch then got ashore, and Miss Rolleston was standing at the four trees. He went to her and said enthusiastically, "This is to be your house. Is it not a beautiful site?"

"Yes it is a beautiful site, but—forgive me—I really don't see the house," was her reply.

"But you see the framework."

Helen looked all about, and then said ruefully, "I suppose I am blind, sir, or else you are dreaming, for I see nothing at all."

"Why here's a roof ready made, and the frame of a wall. We have only to wattle a screen between these four uprights."

"Only to wattle a screen? But I don't know what wattle a screen is; Who does?"

"Why you get some of the canes that grow a little farther up the river, and a certain long wily grass I have marked down, and then you fix and weave till you make a screen from tree to tree; this could be patched with wet clay. I know where there is plenty of that. Meantime see what is done to our hands. The crown of this great palm tree lies at the Southern aperture of your house, and blocks it entirely up: that will keep off the only cold wind, the south wind, from you to-night. Then look at these long spiky leaves interlaced over your head. (These trees are screw pines.) There is a roof ready made. You must have another roof underneath that, but it will do for a day or two."

"But you will wattle the screen directly," said Helen. "Begin at once, please. I am anxious to see a screen watted."

"Well," said Welch, who had joined them, "handsmen are queer folk, the best of 'em. Why, now, it would take him a week to screen you with rushes and reeds, and then sort of weeds; and I'd do it in half an hour, if I was the Tom Welch I used to be. Why there's spare canvas enough in the boat to go between these four trees breast high, and then there's the forest beside: the mainland; all you and me shall want, sir."

"Oh, excuse me," said Miss Rolleston, "I will not be sheltered at the expense of friends."

"Welch, you are a trump," said Hazel, and ran off for the spare canvass. He brought it, and the carpenter's basket of tools. They went to work, and Miss Rolleston insisted on taking part in it. Finding her so disposed, Hazel said that they had better divide their labors since the time was short. Accordingly he took the axe and chopped off a great many scales of the palm tree and lighted a great fire between the trees, while the other two worked on the canvass.

"This is to dry the soil as well as cook our provisions," said he; "and now I must go and find food. Is there anything you fancy?" He turned his head from the fire he was lighting and addressed this question both to Welch and Miss Rolleston.

Miss Rolleston stared at this question, then smiled, and, in the true spirit of a lady, said, "I think I should like a good large cocconut, if you can find one." She felt sure there was no other eatable thing in the whole island.

"I want a cabbage," said Welch, in a loud voice.

"Oh, Mr. Welch, we are not at home," said Miss Rolleston, blushing at the preposterous demand.

"No, miss, in Capericorn. Whereby we shan't have to pay nothing for this here cabbage. I'll tell ye, miss: when a sailor comes ashore he always goes in for green vegetables; for why, he has eaten so much junk and biscuit, nature sings out for greens. Me and my shipmates was paid off at Ports-mouth last year, and six of us agreed to dine together and each order his dish. Blest if six boiled legs of mutton did not come up smoking hot; three was with cabbage, and three with turnmots. Mine was with turnmots. But them I don't ask so nigh the Line: don't ye go to think, because I'm sick, and the lady and you is so kind to me, and to him that is a-waiting outside them there shoals for me, as I'm unreasonable; turnmots I wish you both and plenty of 'em, when some whaler gets driven out her course and picks you up, and carries you into northern latitudes where turnmots grow, but Cabbage is my right, Cabbage is my due, being paid off in a manner, for the ship is foundered and I'm ashore: Cabbage I ask for, as a seaman that has done his duty, and a man that won't live to eat many more of 'em, and" (losing his temper), "if you are the man I take you for, you'll run and fetch me a cabbage fresh from the tree," (recovering his temper), "I know I didn't ought to ax a person to shin up a tree for me; but, Lord bless you, there ain't no sarcy little boys a-looking on, and here's a poor fellow mostly dying for it."

Miss Rolleston looked at Mr. Hazel with alarm in every feature: and whispered, "Cabbage from the tree. Is he wandering?"

Hazel smiled. "No," said he. "He has picked up a fable of these seas, that there is a tree which grows cabbages."

Welch heard him and said, with due warmth, "Of course there is a tree on all these islands, that grows cabbages; that was known a hundred years before you was born, and shipmates of mine have eaten them."

"Excuse me, what those old Admirals and Buccaneers, that set the legend afloat, were so absurd as to call a cabbage, and your shipmates may have eaten for one, is nothing on earth but the last year's growth of the palm tree."

"Palm-tree be —," said Welch: and thereupon ensued a hot argument, which Helen's good sense cut short.

"Mr. Hazel," said she, "can you by any possibility get our poor friend the thing he wants?"

"Oh, that is quite within the bounds of possibility," said Hazel, dryly.

"Well then suppose you begin by getting him the thing. Then I will boil the thing, and he will eat the thing: and after all that it will be time to argue about the name we shall give to the thing."

The good sense of this struck Mr. Hazel forcibly. He started off at once, armed with the axe, and a net bag Welch had made since he had become unfit for heavy labor; he called back to them as he went, to put the pots on.

Welch and Miss Rolleston complied; and then the sailor showed the lady how to sew sailer-wise, driving the large needle with the palm of the hand, guarded by a piece of leather. They had nailed two breadths of canvass to the trees on the north and west sides, and run the breadths rapidly together; and the water was bubbling in the balers, when Miss Rolleston uttered a scream, for Hazel came running over the prostrate palm-tree as if it was a proper bridge, and lighted in the midst of them.

"Got one," said he, cheerfully, and produced from his net some limes, two cocoa-nuts, and a land-turtle; from this last

esculent Miss Rolleston withdrew with undisguised horror, and it was in vain he assured her it was a great delicacy.

"No matter: it is a reptile. Oh, please, send it away."

"The Queen of the Island reproves you," said he, and put down the terrapin, which went off very leisurely for a reprieved reptile.

Then Hazel produced a fine bream, which he had found struggling in a rock-pool, the tide having turned, and three sea cray-fish, bigger than any lobster. He chopped their heads off outside, and threw their tails into the pots; he stuck a piece of pointed wood through the bream, and gave it to Welch to toast; but Welch waved it aside.

"I see no cabbage," said he, grimly.

"Oh, I forgot: but that is soon found," said Hazel. "Here, give me the fish, and you take the saw, and examine the head of his palm-tree, which lies at Miss Rolleston's door. Saw away the succulent part of last year's growth! and bring it here."

Welch got up slowly.

"I'll go with you, Mr. Welch," said Miss Rolleston.

She will not be alone with me for a moment, if she can help it, thought Hazel, and sat moody by the fire. But he shook off his sadness, and forced on a cheerful look the moment they came back. They brought with them a vegetable very like the heart of a cabbage, only longer and whiter.

"There," said Welch, "what d'ye call that?"

"The last year's growth of the palm," said Hazel, calmly.

This vegetable was cut in two and put into the pots.

"There, take the toasting-fork again," said Hazel to Welch, and drew out from his net three huge scallop-shells. "Soup-plates," said he, and washed them in the running-stream: then put them before the fire to dry.

While the fish and vegetable were cooking, he went and cut off some of the leafy, pinnated, branches of the palm-tree, and fastened them horizontally above the strips of canvass. Each palm-branch traversed a whole side of the bower. This closed the northern and western sides.

On the southern side, the prostrate palm-tree, on striking the ground, had so crushed its boughs and leaves together, as to make a thick wall of foliage.

Then he took to making forks; and primitive ones they were. He selected a bough the size of a thick walking stick, sawed it off the tree; sawed a piece six inches long off it, peeled that, split it in four, and with his knife, gave each piece three points by merely tapering off and serrating one end; and so he made a fork a minute. Then he brought all the rugs and things from the boat, and the ground being now thoroughly dried by the fire, placed them for seats; gave each person a large leaf for a plate, besides a scallop-shell; and served out supper. It was eaten with rare appetite; the palm-tree vegetable in particular was delicious, tasting between a cabbage and a cocoa-nut.

When they had supped, Hazel removed the plates and went to the boat. He returned, dragging the foremast and foresail, which were small, and called Welch out. They agreed to rig the mainsail tarpaulin-wise and sleep in the boat. Accordingly they made themselves very busy screening the east side of Miss Rolleston's new abode with the foresail, and fastened a loop and drew a nail into the tree, and looped the sail to it, then suddenly bade her good-night in cheerful tones, and were gone in a moment, leaving her to repose as they imagined. Hazel in particular, having used all his ingenuity to secure her personal comfort, was now too bent on showing her the most delicate respect, and forbearance, to think of anything else. But, justly counting on the delicacy, he had forgotten the timidity, of her sex, and her first night in the Island was a terribly trying one.

Thrice she opened her mouth to call Welch and Hazel back, but could not. Yet when their footsteps were out of hearing she would have given the world to have them between her and the perils with which she felt herself surrounded.

Tigers; Snakes; Scorpions; Savages! what would become of her during the long night?

She sat and covered before the hot embers. She listened to what seemed the angry roar of the sea. What with the stillness of the night and her sharpened senses she heard it all round the Island. She seemed environed with peril, and yet surrounded by desolation. No one at hand to save her in time from a wild beast. No one anywhere near except a sick sailor, and one she would almost rather die than call singly to her aid, for he had once told her he loved her.

"Oh, Papa! oh Arthur!" she cried, "are you praying for your poor Helen?" Then she had recourse to a stratagem that belongs to her sex. She covered herself, face and all, and so lay trembling, and longing for the day.

At the first streak of dawn she fled from her place of torture, and after plunging her face and hands in the river, which did her a world of good, she went off, and entered the jungle, and searched it closely, so far as she could penetrate it. Soon she heard "Miss Rolleston" called in anxious tones. But she tossed her little head, and revenged herself for her night of agony by not replying.

However, Nature took her in hand; imperious hunger drew her back to her late place of torture; and there she found a fire, and Hazel cooking cray-fish. She ate the cray-fish heartily, and drank cocoa-nut milk out of half a cocoa-nut, which the ingenious Hazel had already sawn, polished, and mounted for her.

After that, Hazel's whole day was occupied in stripping a tree that stood on the western promontory of the bay, and building up the materials of a bon-fire a few yards from it, that if any whaler should stray that way, they might not be at a loss for means to attract her attention.

Welch was very ill all day, and Miss Rolleston nursed him. He got about towards evening, and Miss Rolleston asked him rather timidly if he could put her up a bell-rope.

"Why, yes, miss," said Welch, "that is easy enough; but I don't see no bell."

Oh, she did not want a bell—she only wanted a bell-rope.

Hazel came up during this conversation, and she then gave her reason.

"Because, then, if Mr. Welch is ill in the night, and wants me, I could come to him. Or—" finding herself getting near the real reason she stopped short.

"Or what?" inquired Hazel, eagerly.

She replied to Welch. "When things and Things come to me, I can let you know, Mr. Welch—if you have any curiosity about the result of their visit."

"Tigers!" said Hazel, in answer to this side slap; "there are no tigers here; no large animals of prey exist in the Pacific."

"What makes you think that?"

"It is notorious: naturalists are agreed."

"But I am not. I heard noises all night."

And little I expected that anything of me would be left this morning, except, perhaps, my back hair. Mr. Welch you are clever at rigging things—that is what you call it—and so please rig me a bell-rope, then I shall not be eaten up alive, without creating some little disturbance."

"I'll do it, miss," said Welch, "this very night."

Hazel said nothing, but pondered. Accordingly, that very evening, a piece of stout twine, with a stone at the end of it, hung down from the roof of Helen's house; and this twine clove the air until it reached a ring upon the mainmast of the cutter; thence it descended, and was to be made fast to something or somebody. The young lady inquired no further. The very sight of this bell-rope was a great comfort to her; it reunited her to civilized life.

That night she lay down, and quaked considerably less. Yet she woke several times; and an hour before daylight she heard distinctly a noise that made her flesh creep. It was like the snoring of some great animals. This horrible sound was faint and distant; but she heard it between the roll of the waves, and that showed that it was not the sea roaring; she hid herself in her rugs, and cowered till day-break. A score of times she was minded to pull her bell-rope; but always a womanly feeling, strong as her love of life, withheld her. "Time to pull that bell-rope when the danger is present or imminent," she thought to herself. "The Thing will come smelling about before it attacks me, and then I will pull the bell;" and so she passed an hour of agony.

Next morning at daybreak, Hazel met her just issuing from her hut, and pointing to his net told her he was going to forage; and would she be good enough to make the fire and have boiling water ready: he was sorry to trouble her; but poor Welch was worse this morning. Miss Rolleston cut short his excuses. "Pray do not take me for a child; of course I will light the fire, and boil the water. Only I have no lucifer matches."

"Here are two," said he. "I carry the box, wrapped in oil-skin: for if anything happen to them, Heaven help us."

VALENTINE VOX, THE VENTRILOQUIST.

When Valentine arrived in London after his Gravesend excursion, and persecution of poor Mr. Beagle with the imaginary cats, he found his friend Goodman had mysteriously disappeared; and to complete the suspicious character of affairs, he discovered that Goodman's relatives were stealthily trying to dispose of his furniture and effects in his absence. They also showed a great anxiety to get rid of Valentine, himself, by stating that the old gentleman had left word that he had better return to his friends in the country. As Valentine believed that there was foul play of some sort in the case, he pretended to acquiesce, privately determined, however, to watch the movements of Mr. Walter Goodman and his wife, and that of their hopeful son Horace, and thwart their pious intentions if possible. As it afterwards turned out that with a view of securing old Goodman's property they had had him abducted and carried off to a private lunatic asylum, his determination was well made.

As he wandered down the street reviewing steadily all that he had seen, it occurred to him that in a window immediately opposite the house in which he and poor Goodman had resided he had noticed a card on which was printed "apartments for a single gentleman;" and as he strongly suspected foul play, and felt by engaging those apartments he should be able to watch the movements of Walter and his family unseen, he went at once to the house—came to terms with the widow by whom it was kept, and after stating the fact of his having lived opposite—a fact which appeared to be perfectly well known—took immediate possession.

He had not been seated long at his window, which commanded of course a full view of Goodman's house, when he saw Walter, Horace, his wife and her servant, with two workmen, enter. The moment they were in, the door closed, and soon after the workmen were seen in the drawing-room and then at the windows above, where they appeared to be receiving instructions from Walter, with reference to the removal of certain fixtures, and shortly afterwards quitted the house with him leaving in charge of it Horace and his wife.

As the evening drew on, the shutters were closed, and all seemed secured for the night, when Valentine, who had had but little sleep, the night previously in consequence of having persecuted Beagle with the cats, had a very early supper and retired.

In the morning the whole family were at work long before he was up, and throughout the entire day they were busily engaged with clerks, carpenters, and porters with green aprons, examining, tying up, and lotting the furniture. Valentine watched their actions narrowly, and towards the evening slipped out, took a coach, and called himself for his boxes, without apparently noticing the confusion that prevailed; and after driving right away that they might not know where he resided, came back to his lodgings unseen.

That night about ten a cart came to the door, and when a number of baskets which evidently contained plate, china and glass, had been deposited with care, it drove off, when Valentine watched it to the house of Walter, saw it emptied, and returned.

Nothing more was removed that night, but early the following morning three large vans were loaded with great facility. Walter appeared to be extremely anxious for them to start, and when they did start, Valentine followed and saw their contents deposited at the rooms of an auctioneer. He then knew of course that they were to be sold off at once, and as he saw by the papers that a sale of household furniture was to take place the following day at those rooms, he resolved to be there, in order to fathom the thing, if possible, to the bottom.

Accordingly, at twelve the next day he started off, and having arrived at the entrance, on either side of which were exhibited a variety of catalogues and placards—he proceeded up a long, narrow passage, and then ascended a small flight of steps, which led immediately into the sale room.

In the center of this room stood a circular table, round which certain children of Israel were seated, with a view of securing all bargains to themselves, while behind them stood small mobs of people of the same persuasion, conversing on the expediency of giving certain sums for certain lots, and of out-bidding any Christian person who might have a desire to purchase those lots "worth the money."

The moment Valentine entered he looked round for Walter and his amiable family, whom, in a short time, he saw in a state of great consternation, which had evidently been induced by his unexpected presence. He seemed, however, to take no

EXAMPLE AND PRECEPT. It is a great fault of parents and teachers to preach sobriety, and themselves to give a contrary example. The example is more effectual than the precept.

notice of them; but apparently directed the whole of his attention to the actions of those who by constantly attending salerooms raise fortunes upon fortunes' ruins.

Before he had concluded the minute survey he had commenced, a tall, white-faced personage entered the room, and having jumped upon the circular table, shut himself quietly in a juvenile pulpit, made a sort of speech touching the matter in hand, stuck an eye glass very dexterously between his cheek bone and his brow, and brought forth his professional hammer. He was a remarkably short-sighted person, and had to bring his head down within an inch of the catalogue in order to ascertain the exact number of the first lot; and when this had been accomplished to his entire satisfaction, he very delicately scratched his head, every whitey-brown hair upon which seemed to be too independent to stand upon any but its own bottom, when, after having slightly rubbed his nose, which albeit it was hooked like the majority of the noses present, was yet of a totally different caste, inasmuch as in his case the hook was inverted; he coughed twice with spirit, gave several a heins and then boldly commenced operations.

The first lot was put up and knocked down without even the slightest interruption from Valentine, for although he had made up this mind to stop the sale, he was compelled of course to wait until he had ascertained precisely how the thing was concluded; but when the second lot came—which happened to be poor Goodman's writing desk, worth about forty or fifty shillings—he felt himself sufficiently au fait to begin.

"A pound," said a Jew-looking gentleman.

"One pound is bid," said the auctioneer.

"Thirty shillings; a splendid rose-wood writing desk secret drawers, complete for thirty shillings."

"Two pounds," cried Valentine in a different voice.

"Two pounds bid—going for two pounds!"

"Five," said an Israelite.

"Five—two five—for two pounds five"—when as this was the highest legitimate offer, Valentine's voices had it all their own way—"Going for two five!"

"Two pounds ten," cried Valentine.

"Two ten—two pounds ten—any advance on two ten?"

"Three pounds"

"Three bid; three pounds—"

"Ten."

"Thank you—three ten! This elegant writing desk going for three ten."

"Four pounds."

"Four pounds bid: four pound. Any advance on four pound?"

"Four pounds ten."

"Four ten in two places; four ten. This most valuable writing desk going for four ten."

"Fifteen."

"Four fifteen—four fifteen—going for four fifteen!"

"Five pounds."

"Five pounds bid: no advance on five pound?"

"Five pounds ten."

"Five ten—for five ten—going for five pounds ten! I'm sure the value of it cannot be generally known. Any advance on five ten?"

"Six pounds."

"Six pounds—this is really a most valuable desk—six pound—going for only six pound."

"Ten!"

"Six ten—six pound—going for six ten."

"Seven bid—seven pounds—any advance on seven pounds?—going for seven!"—and down went the hammer.

The Israelites marvelled exceedingly, and began to reproach themselves for not bidding higher; feeling perfectly certain that in one of the drawers either notes, gold, or diamonds were secreted.

"What name for this writing desk?" inquired the auctioneer.

"Goodman!" cried Valentine, assuming Goodman's voice, at which Walter and his family started up amazed, and trembled violently as they looked round the room in the full expectation of seeing Goodman himself.

The clerk went to the spot from which the voice appeared to proceed, but no purchaser could be found.

"Who purchased this writing-desk?" demanded the auctioneer; but no answer was returned.

"Push to pargain up againsh," cried an Israelitish gentleman, "tatsht to fairesht vay ma tear, tatsht to fairesht vay!" and it was put up again, and as the Jews bid higher under the impression that it contained something valuable, Valentine easily ran it up again to seven pounds, when the auc-

tioneer, whose sight was not sufficiently strong to enable him to see who had bid, stopped to inquire the name of the bidder. "Who bid seven pounds?" said he.

"Goodman!" cried Valentine.

"Cootmansh againsh!" cried a Jew, "arl for Cootmansh!"

The clerk looked again for the purchaser, while the violence with which Walter and his family trembled had the effect of confirming the suspicion of foul play which Valentine had so deeply inspired. Had they murdered poor Goodman, thought he, they could not be more alarmed at the sound of his voice and the idea of their having murdered him absolutely seemed to be under the circumstances extremely reasonable.

"This is very extraordinary," observed the auctioneer, when he found that no purchaser came forward. "If there be any persons here who have come with the view of creating confusion, they had better leave before they are turned out!—on time cannot be wasted in this way. Put the desk aside" he added, addressing the porter; "and let's have the next lot. The next lot, gentlemen, is an elegant silver gilt tea service, milk jug, and finely-chased basin, complete. What shall we say for this elegant service?"

From thirty shillings the Jews ran it up to four pounds, and from four pounds Valentine ran it to ten, when of course, on its being knocked down, no purchaser was discoverable.

"What's the meaning of this?" demanded the auctioneer indignantly. "Who is the purchaser of this lot?"

"Goodman!" cried Valentine, and Mrs. Walter uttered a loud shriek and fainted.

"Cot plesh ma hart! Cootmansh! - veresh Cootmansh! Nothing put Cootmansh!" and the whole of the Israelites looked round amazed, as Mrs. Walter was borne insensible from the room.

Under any other circumstance Valentine would have rushed to her assistance, but the impression that she must have been a party to the execution of some dark design upon Goodman, caused him to regard whatever pain he might have inflicted as a measure of retributive justice. Indeed, so perfectly convinced did he feel that the absence of Goodman had been induced with a view to the promotion of some villainous object, that he absolutely saw with delight, Walter struggling with those feelings which his conscience had created.

"This is very extraordinary," observed the auctioneer. "If this course be pursued, it will be utterly impossible to go on with the sale."

"Veresh Cootmansh!" cried a Jew. "Vat ish he? Letsh know vat he ish, ma tear!—tatsht to properish vay, ma tear, to shettle arl tish!"

"Will Mr. Goodman step forward?" said the auctioneer; and at the same moment Walter being unable to stand, fell into the arms of Horace, who, with the assistance of a broker, carried him into an adjoining room.

"Te shentilmansh fainted arl away," cried an Israelite.

"Vatsht to pe tun wit tish lotsht?"

"Put it aside," said the bewildered auctioneer. "The next is a pier glass with richly carved frame. What shall we say for this lot?"

The Jews bid with their accustomed liberality, and then Valentine commenced, and when the thing had been knocked down for five times its value, the name of the purchaser was again, "Goodman."

"Sh'till Cootmansh!—arl Cootmansh!—he'll puy ush arl upsh," cried a Jew, whose bright sally was received with a loud burst of Israelitish merriment.

"It's of no use going on thus," said this auctioneer warmly. "I must ascertain the meaning of this," and he bounced out of his pulpit and proceeded to the room into which the trembling, conscience stricken Walter had been carried. During the whole of the time he was there, the Jews were laughing and joking with infinite glee. One of them, seizing the greasy hat of another, called out, "Mishter Cootmansh, ma tear!—vill you pid for tish lotsht?" This produced another loud burst of laughter, which lasted till the auctioneer returned.

"Well, gentlemen, let us proceed," said he, on remounting his pulpit, and the next lot was brought by the porter and put up, and bid for with precisely the same result, when the auctioneer really began to exhibit strong symptoms of pent up rage.

At length Valentine cried in a loud commanding voice, which apparently proceeded from the other end of the room.

"Who authorized this sale?"

"Mr. Goodman," replied the auctioneer.

"Cootmansh againsh! Vell, sh'triké ma!" exclaimed all the tribe in a breath.

"He has no authority," cried Valentine. The goods are not his."
 "Vell, vatsh tat mattersh, ma tear!" said several of the Israelites, looking towards the spot from which the voice had apparently proceeded. "Te shentelmansh responsible, ve shposh if he shetole 'em!"

"Will that gentleman accompany me into the other room?" said the auctioneer, who was really a respectable man, and who had inferred from the highly excited state of Walter's feelings that something was wrong. "Will he be kind enough to follow me?" he added, going again towards the room in which Walter was still trembling.

No one followed, but in he went, and the Jews became more and more lively. They still called for Goodman to bid for the various articles which they held in their hands. "Vill you puv ma stockinsh, Mishter Cootmansh?" cried one of them. "Vat vill you pid for ma shirtsh?" cried another. "Heresh a coot pair of beautiful pootsh," cried a third, as he forced the legs of his neighbor upon the table, and displayed a pair of bluchers, rather dropsical and airy, while a fourth cried; "Shelp mal I'll shell ma own shelf to Mishter Cootmansh!"

The auctioneer returned, and having mounted his desk, said, "Gentlemen, I'm sorry to inform you that this sale cannot proceed." This announcement was met with a burst of much Israelitish murmuring. "I am sorry," he continued, "as sorry as any of you can be, but I will not be a party to anything wrong.—(Cries of "Vy notsh? You're intennified, I shposh?")—"No indemnity, gentlemen, will do for me, unless I am satisfied that all is correct." An observation which was treated with marked contempt by the Israelites generally. "I therefore, gentlemen, will not detain you any longer, and can only express my sorrow that I have taken up so much of your valuable time."

The countenances of the tribe at this moment developed much dark indignation, and by degrees their murmurings swelled into a loud Jewish yell, which seemed to threaten extensive destruction. The fact of its being suspected that all was not right, appeared to possess the sharpest sting, for they looked at the loss of what they thereby might have gained. In vain the auctioneer endeavored to calm them. They would not be pacified, "I'll prenk arle te cootsh in te plash!" cried one. "Vatsh you mean by making foolish of us?" shouted another. "Vy don't you go on witte sale?" cried a third, and the auctioneer perceiving their rage likely to increase, left the room, followed by the indignant sons of Israel, who hooted, yelled, and pushed him about, until he had locked himself securely in an office below, when Valentine, who had then no desire to see Walter, or any part of his family, quitted the place with the angry Jewish stream.

SUNSHINE AND CLOUDS.

What could more beautiful be than the morn,
 Of that bright summer day as I gazed on the vale?
 For Nature had crowded with treasures her horn.
 Luxuriant as Paradise in the old tale.
 Fruit, flowers and rich verdure, magnificent there,
 In state more than regal our mother arrayed;
 And the birds carolled, high in the ambient air,
 To Him who in goodness the festive scene made!

But a cloud floated upward, and gathered at noon,
 Till the thunder pealed madly, and forked lightning flew;
 And the big drops of rain to a torrent swelled soon,
 While the hail drifted by, on the storm as it blew.
 Soon it passed, and the thirsty earth wafted on high,
 From its flowerets and fields, all the fragrance of life;
 Refreshed and more beautiful looked to the sky,
 To that God who brings blessings from sunshine or strife!

I paused to consider, that Providence guides
 All the issues of life, from its cradle till night;
 The sunshine is His, and the storm-cloud besides
 Which renders more beautiful all that is right.
 Then welcome to the future, life now, or to come;
 Thy will, "Oh, my Father;" for ever be done;
 Here, on earth, in our exile, and yonder, at home;
 Whether wrapped in the darkness, or glad in the sun.

N

LADIES' TABLE.

KNOTTING.

[From Mrs. Pullan's Manual of Fancy Work.]

This kind of work seems to have fallen, very undeservedly, into disuse. Still many of our readers may be glad to know how it is executed, especially as it is both pretty and easy. It used to be employed for the covering of reticles, sofa-cushions, fishing bags and purses; and probably was put to many other uses. The material is fine whip-cord string, or crochet cord. For purses, coarse crochet silk may be used.

Cut lengths of cord at least six times as long as the article you want to make. Take another piece, and at one end of it tie one of the long pieces exactly in the middle. Fasten another long piece, in like manner, about the sixth of an inch off, and continue so till you have tied in a line a sufficient length for what you want. If it is to be a round, tie the ends of the foundation string close together, so that the threads shall be all at equal distances. Round must be worked over a cushion, so that it can be shifted.

A flat piece must be pinned firmly on a pillow. Now take four threads, fold one from each pair, as center threads, and make of the left hand one a loop, on the right side of them. Take the right hand thread—pass it underneath through this loop, over the center threads, under both parts of the left-hand thread, again over the center, and down through the loop again. Holding the center ones steadily; draw up the others. Repeat with right-hand thread; continue alternately until say six stitches are done. Do every four threads so. Then reverse the threads, the right hand of one set, and left of the next, being the centers of the next line of knots. Work longer or shorter pieces to fancy. All knotted work must be lined

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE ARTIFICIAL LANDSCAPE.

Procure a box of about a foot long, eight inches wide, and six inches high; or any other dimensions you please: so they do not greatly vary from these proportions. At each of its opposite ends on the inside of this box; place a piece of looking-glass that shall exactly fit; but at that end there should be a slight hole at which scrape the quicksilver off the glass through which the eye can view the objects.

Cover the box with gauze, over which place a piece of transparent glass, which is to be well fastened in: Let there be two grooves at each of the sides to receive two printed scenes as follows: on two pieces of pasteboard let there be skillfully painted, on both sides any object you think proper, as woods, bowers, gardens, houses, etc. and on two other boards, the same subjects on one side only, and cut out all the white parts: observe also that there ought to be in one of them some object relative to the subject placed before the sight hole, that the mirror placed at the angle may not reflect the hole on the opposite side.

The boards painted on both sides are to slide in the grooves mentioned, and those painted on one side are to be placed against the opposite mirrors, and then cover the box with its transparent top. This box should be placed in a strong light, to have a good effect.

When it is viewed through the sight hole, it will give an unlimited prospect of rural scenery.

CHARADE.

My first is a preposition.
 "Second implies more than one."
 "Third is a pronoun."
 "Fourth some people do no pay.
 Whole is not consistent.

RIDDLE 3.

Three-fourths of a cross, and a circle complete,
 An upright where two semicircles meet.
 A rectangle triangle standing on feet,
 Two semicircles, and a circle complete.

CONUNDRUMS.

23. Why is a nail, fast in the wall, like an old man?
24. Why does a miller wear a white hat?
24. What is that which is invisible; but never out of sight?

ANSWERS TO NO. 29. PAGE 86.

CHARADE 7.—Salt-cellar.

CONUNDRUMS.

- No. 20. Because he has nothing to boot.
- No. 21. Because it often tolled (told.)
- No. 22. Your name.

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POETRY.

CHANGE.

Perchance in some far after-time,
When we to nobler stature grown,
Shall learn to make our lives sublime,
For Heaven's and Truth's dear sake alone—
The solemn use of grief shall die,
And Joy regain her ancient grace,
And 'neath a nearer, ampler sky,
With life's sad mysteries face to face—

With passionless wisdom we shall talk,
And learn of Sorrow's darkest lore—
And in the light of Knowledge walk
Forever and for evermore!
The sure result of Time is change,
And Change her endless gamut rings—
Things that to-day are new and strange
To-morrow are forgotten things.

The slow mutations of the years,
The growth of peace, the lapse of strife,
May solve the problem of our tears,
The dark and speechless sphynx of life!
The grief that walls not on the lips,
The keen, slow pang of spiritual pain,
Some angel of the Apocalypse
Shall make its solemn meaning plain!

HAROLD, THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

[CONTINUED.]

THE VANQUISHED KING.

On the height called Pen-y-Dinas (or "Head of the city") forming one of the summits of the Penmaen-mawr, and in the heart of that supposed fortress which no eye in the Saxon camp had surveyed, reclined Gryffyth, the hunted king.

Beside him a kind of a throne had been raised with stones, and over it was spread a tattered and faded velvet pall. On this throne sat Aldyth the queen; and about the royal pair was still that mockery of a court which the jealous pride of the Celt king retained amidst all the horrors of carnage and famine.

Within the enclosures either lay supine, or stalked restless, the withered remains of the wild army. A

sheep, and a horse, and a dog, were yet left them all to share for their day's meal. And the fire of flickering crackling brushwood burned bright from a hollow amidst the loose stones; but the animals were yet unslain, and the dog crept by the fire, winking at it with dim eyes.

But over the lower part of the wall nearest to the barrow, leaned three men. The wall there was so broken, that they could gaze over on that grotesque yet dismal court; and the eyes of the three men, with a fierce and wolfish glare, were bent on Gryffyth.

Three princes were they of the great old line; far as Gryffyth they traced the fabulous honors of their race to Hu-Gadarn and Prydain, and each thought it shame that Gryffyth should be lord over him. Each had had throne and court of his own; each his "white palace" of peeled willow wands—poor substitutes, O kings, for the palaces and towers the arts of Rome had bequeathed your fathers! And each had been subjugated by the son of Llewellyn, when, in his day of might, he re-united under his sole sway all the multiform principalities of Wales, and regained, for a moment's splendor, the throne of Roderic the Great.

"Is it," said Owain, in a hollow whisper "for you man, whom heaven hath deserted, who could not keep his very torque from the gripe of the Saxon, that we are to die on these hills, gnawing the flesh from our bones? Think ye not the hour is come?"

"The hour will come when the sheep, and the horse, and the dog are devoured," replied Modred, "and when the whole force, as one man, will cry to Gryffyth, 'Thou a king!—Give us bread!'"

"It is well," said the third, an old man, leaning on a wand of solid silver, while the mountain wind, sweeping between the walls played with the rags of his robe—"It is well that the night's sally, less of war than of hunger, was foiled even of forage and food. Had the saints been with Gryffyth, who had dared to keep faith with Tostig the Saxon?"

Owain laughed, a laugh hollow and false.

"Art thou Cymrian, and talkest of faith with a Saxon? Faith with the spoiler, the ravisher and butcher? But a Cymrian keeps faith with revenge; and Gryffyth's trunk should still be crownless and headless, though Tostig had never proffered the banner of safety and food. Hie! Gryffyth wakes from the black dream, and his eyes glow from under his hair."

And indeed, at this moment the king raised himself on his elbow, and looked round with a haggard and fierce despair in his glittering eyes.

"Play to us, harper; sing some song of the deeds of old!"

The bard mournfully strove to sweep the harp, but the chords were broken, and the notes came discordant and shrill as the sigh of a wailing fiend.

"O king!" said the harper, "the music hath left the harp."

"Ha!" murmured Gryffyth, "and Ho!" the earth! Bard, answer the son of Llewellyn. Oft in my halls hast thou sung the praise of men that have been. In the halls of the race to come, will bards yet unborn sweep their harps to the deeds of thy king? Shall they tell of the day of Torques, by Llyn-Afange, when the princes of Powys fled from his sword as the clouds from the blasts of the wind? Shall they sing as the Hirlas goes round, of his steeds of the sea when no flag came in sight of his prow, between the dark isle of the Druid and the green pastures of Huerdan? Or the towns that he fired on the lands of the Saxon, when Rolf and the Northmen ran fast from his javelin and spear? Or say, Child of Truth, if all that is told of Gryffyth thy king shall be his woe and his shame?"

"The bard swept his hand over his eyes, and answered—

"Bards unborn shall sing of Gryffyth the son of Llewellyn. But the song shall not dwell on the pomp of his power, when twenty sub-kings knelt at his throne, and his beacon was lighted in the holds of the Norman and Saxon. Bards shall sing of the hero, who fought every inch of crag and morass in the front of his men—and on the heights of Penmaen-mawr, Fame recovers thy crown!"

"Then have I lived as my fathers in life, and shall live with their glory in death!" said Gryffyth; "and so the shadow hath passed from my soul." Then turning round, still propped upon his elbow, he fixed his proud eye upon Aldyth, and said gravely, "Wife, pale is thy face and gloomy thy brow: mournest thou the throne of the man?"

Aldyth cast on her wild lord a look more of terror than compassion, a look without the grief that is gentle, or the love that is reverse, and answered—

"What matter to thee my thoughts or my sufferings? The sword or the famine is the doom thou hast chosen. Listening to vague dreams from thy bard, or thine own pride as idle, thou disdainest life for us both: be it so; let us die!"

A strange blending of fondness and wrath troubled the pride on Gryffyth's features, uncouth and half savage as they were, but still noble and kingly.

"And what terror of death if thou lovest me?" said he.

Aldyth shivered and turned aside. The unhappy king gazed hard on that face, which, despite sore trial and recent exposure to rough wind and weather, still retained the proverbial beauty of the Saxon women—but beauty without glow of the heart, as a landscape from which sunlight has vanished;—and as he gazed, the color went and came fitfully over his swarthy cheeks, whose hue contrasted the blue of his eye, and the red tawny gold of his shaggy hair.

"Thou wouldst have me," he said at length, "send to Harold thy countryman; thou wouldst have me, me—rightful lord of all Britain—beg for mercy, and sue for life. Ah, traitress, and child of robber-sires, fair as Rowena art thou, but no Vortimer am I! Thou

turnest in loathing from the lord whose marriage-gift was a crown; and the sleek form of the Saxon Harold rises up through the clouds of the carnage."

All the fierce and dangerous jealousy of man's most human passion—when man loves and hates in a breath—trembled in the Cymrian's voice, and fired his troubled eye; for Aldyth's pale cheek blushed like the rose, but she folded her arms haughtily on her breast, and made no reply.

"No," said Gryffyth grinding teeth white and strong as those of a young hound. "No, Harold in vain sent me the casket; the jewel was gone. In vain thy form returned to my side; thy heart was away with thy captor: and not to save my life (were I so base as to seek it,) but to see once more the face of him to whom this cold hand, in whose rein no pulse answers my own, had been given, if thy house had consulted its daughter, wouldst thou have me crouch like a whipped dog at the foot of my foe! Oh shame! shame! shame! Oh, worst perfidy of all! Oh sharp—sharper than Saxon sword or serpent's tooth is—is—"

Tears gushed to those fierce eyes, and the proud king dared not trust his voice.

Aldyth rose coldly. "Slay me if thou wilt—no insult me. I have said 'let us die.'"

With these words, and vouchsafing no look on her lord, she moved away toward the largest tower of the cell, in which the single and rude chamber it contained had been set apart for her.

Gryffyth's eye followed her, softening gradually as her form receded, till lost to his sight. And then that peculiar household love, which in uncultivated breasts often survives trust and esteem, rushed back on his rough heart, and weakened it, as a woman only can weaken the strong to whom death is a thought of scorn.

He signed to his bard, who during the conference between the wife and the lord had retired to a distance, and said, with a writhing attempt to smile—

"Was there truth, thinkest thou, in the legend that Guenever was false to King Arthur?"

"No," answered the bard, divining his lord's thought, "for Guenever survived not the king, and they were buried side by side in the vale of Avallonia."

"Thou art wise in the lore of the heart, and love hath been thy study from youth to gray hairs. Is it love, is it hate, that prefers death for the loved one, to the thought of her life as another's?"

A look of the tenderest compassion passed over the bard's wan face, but vanished in reverence, as he bowed his head and answered—

"O king, who shall say what note the wind call from the harp, or what impulse love wakes in the soul—now soft and now stern? But," he added, raising his form, and with a dread calm on his brow, "but the love of a king brooks no thought of dishonor; and she who hath laid her head on his breast should sleep in his grave."

"Thou wilt outlive me," said Gryffyth, abruptly. "This cairn be my tomb!"

"And if so," said the bard, "thou shalt sleep no alone. In this cairn what thou lovest best shall be buried by thy side; the bard shall raise his song over thy grave, the bosses of shields shall be placed at intervals, as rises and falls the sound of song. Over the grave of two shall a new mound arise, and with

will bid the mound speak to others in the far days to come. But distant yet be the hour when the mighty shall be laid low! and the tongue of thy bard shall yet chant the rush of the lion from the toils and the spear. Hope still!"

Gryffyth, for answer, leaned on the harper's shoulder, and pointed silently to the sea, that lay lake-like at the distance, dark studded with the Saxon fleet. Then turning, his hand stretched over the forms that, hollow-eyed and ghost-like, flitted between the walls, or lay dying, but mute, around the water-spring. The band then dropped, and rested on the hilt of his sword.

At this moment there was a sudden commotion at the outer entrance of the wall; the crowd gathered to one spot, and there was a loud hum of voices. In a few moments one of the Welsh scouts came into the inclosure, and the chiefs of the royal tribes followed him to the cairn on which the king stood.

"Of what tellest thou?" said Gryffyth, resuming on the instant all the royalty of his bearing.

"At the mouth of the pass," said the scout kneeling, "there are a monk bearing the holy rood, and a chief unarmed. And the Monk is Evan, the Cymrian of Gwentland; and the chief by his voice seemeth not to be Saxon. The monk bade me give thee these tokens" (and the scout displayed the broken torque which the king had left in the grasp of Harold, together with a live falcon bellied and blinded,) "and bade me say thus to the king—Harold the Earl greets Gryffyth son of Llewellyn, and sends him, in proof of goodwill, the richest prize he hath ever won from a foe; and a hawk, from Llandudug;—that bird which chief and equal give to equal and chief. And he prays Gryffyth, son of Llewellyn, for the sake of his realm and his people, to grant hearing to his nuncios."

A murmur broke from the chiefs—a murmur of joy and surprise from all, save the three conspirators, who interchanged anxious and fiery glances. Gryffyth's hand had already closed, while he uttered a cry that seemed of rapture, on the collar of gold; for the loss of that collar had stung him, perhaps, more than the loss of the crown of all Wales. And his heart so generous and large, amidst all its rude passions, was touched by the speech and the tokens that honored the fallen outlaw both as foe and as king. Yet in his face there was still seen a moody and proud struggle; he paused before he turned to the chiefs.

"What counsel ye—ye strong in battle, and wise in debate?" said he.

With one voice, all, save the fatal three exclaimed—

"Hear the monk, O king!"

"Shall we disuade?" whispered Modred to the old chief, his accomplice.

"No; for so doing, we shall offend all—and we must win all."

Then the bard stepped into the ring, and the ring was hushed, for wise is ever the counsel of him whose book is the human heart.

"Hear the Saxons," said he briefly, and with an air of command when addressing others, which strongly contrasted his tender respect to the king; "hear the Saxons but not in these walls. Let no man from the foe see our strength or our weakness. We are still mighty and impregnable, while our dwelling is in the realm of the Unknown. Let the king and his

officers of state, and his chieftains of battle; descend to the pass. And behind at the distance, let thy spearmen range from cliff to cliff, as a ladder of steel so will their numbers seem the greater."

"Thou speakest well," said the king.

NEW THEORY OF THE POLAR REGIONS.

Many are the theories that have been advanced concerning the interior structure of the globe upon which we live, yet none of them have been accepted with entire satisfaction. I therefore claim the right to present my ideas on the same subject, together with some views on certain other matters connected therewith.

In the first place, I contend that this planet is not a mere shell of earth filled with a mass of molten matter or liquid fire; nor is it a compact solid sphere of cold and rugged rocks enveloped in a soil and sea surface. I have already demonstrated as I think in an article concerning the Origin of the Gulf-Stream etc., published in the AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL (1864) that the internal fires of the earth do not make it a *caloric egg*; that they are not in one mass secured there by the outer shell, but that these subterranean fires (and waters also) traverse the *entire* earth in veins and cavities; like as the blood traverses the veins and arteries of a living body.

I do not wish to deny that fire was one of the chief agents in the original formation of the earth, but on the contrary, I positively hold that such was the fact. But the point I wish to establish is, that the earth (to a certain extent) is a *hollow cylindrical globe, said hollow or opening extending along its polar axis*.

That "heat expands and cold contracts" is a law as apparently as universal as that of gravitation itself. Therefore if only the crust or surface of the earth became cold and hard while the great body remained a mass of fire-matter, it becomes self-evident that the contraction or shrinking of this crust or surface would have to undergo in the process of cooling would have produced cracks, crevices, and rents of such magnitude as to seriously interfere with the earth's rotundity, and which that grand old leveler Time himself could scarce obliterate or reduce to the beautiful symmetry that now prevails.

But the more natural, and consequently the more reasonable conclusion is, that while the matter composing the world was yet in a plastic state, it commenced revolving around a given axis—and the centrifugal force slightly overbalancing the centripetal, on account of the attraction of cohesion being weak, as it is well known to be in fluids, the soft chaotic mass receded a certain distance from the axis—till it was hardened by the cooling and drying process. In this way was formed a great hollow or tubular aperture within the globe. The rings of Saturn are a sample on a magnificent scale, of the same process. The "cooling process" commencing within and without at nearly the same time, serious fractures of the surface were prevented. By way of illustration I would just mention that our foundry-men know of but one really successful mode of manufacturing very large metal castings, and that is to cast them hollow, with a stream of cool water running through them during the operation, at least such is the case in casting heavy pieces of ordnance. Would any one dare

to insinuate that God the Almighty, is less wise than his creaturo man?

If the foregoing hypothesis be correct, then we have the key to other mysteries of nature, and may venture to explore the IMMEDIATE POLAR REGIONS.

Assuming the earth to be a tubular globe, the hollow or opening extending from pole to pole, then as a natural consequence the oceanic waters of the polar regions would rush into those apertures with a terrible force, producing a pair of whirlpools in comparison with which the Norwegian Maelstrom would be perfectly insignificant. The thunder of this "rush of mighty waters" must reverberate far into the regions of immensity.

That the "waters of the great deep" would pour down those polar pits with an inconceivable force is indisputable, for as we approach the poles the centrifugal force becomes less and less, until at the poles it entirely ceases, while the attraction of gravitation or centrepetal force remains almost uniform around the surface of the entire earth; therefore this latter or inward force acting without opposition on the waters that tend polarwards, the result would be that the ice and water of the polar districts would be drawn towards and into those immense whirlpools with an incalculable velocity, whose influence would be felt over a circle of vast extent, whose centers would be the poles of the earth. And the "suctional" powers of those hyemal whirlpools extending to a great distance in every direction would be the means of breaking up the everlasting polar ice, and carrying them down into the bowels and laboratories of the earth, where the saline waters and rock-like icebergs are reduced and refined into pure spring water, which in turn will be projected to the surface of the globe, where it will again murmur in rills and sparkle in the sunlight, again make green valleys, and again quench the thirsty needy creatures, and again bear the commerce of the world upon its ample bosom.

This theory alone can account for the "open Polar sea" first discovered by the Esquimaux, and afterwards seen by Dr. Kano, the great Arctic explorer, and no other reason can be ascribed for the absence of ice in those very frigid regions. Experience and philosophy both prove that the cold increases as we approach the poles, and further, as cold can not disturb ice-bound waters, violent action of another sort is requisite to break that massive crystal coat of mail. Again, as the cold is too great to allow it to melt, what would become of the fragments of ice in the "open Polar sea," unless it were swallowed down into the aforementioned hydraulic funnels of the world? And could exploration be continued, I have no doubt it would reveal a state of things in accordance with the foregoing theory; but it is very unlikely that man will ever be able to traverse the immediate polar regions, for God in his wisdom has placed an impassable barrier between it and civilization and this truly dangerous locality.

The Maelstrom off the coast of Norway is a natural whirlpool in the Northern Ocean. To produce such a phenomenon there must be a large hole or crevice in the bottom of that section of the sea leading down into the deep chambers of the interior earth, and perhaps forming a junction with the grand sub-Arctic stream that exists there.

But what becomes of those engulfed waters? I answer; they have entered the great laboratory of nature, and are being refined before they shall once more seek the sunlight on the surface of the earth to quench thirst and give renewed life and vigor to vegetation. After the water enters those polar apertures, it finds a number of smaller channels radiating in varied directions, but inclining upward and towards the equator; these channels growing less and less in size as they proceed, but far more numerous, like the bronchial tubes of the lungs, until they finally approach the earth's surface in certain latitudes where springs and lakes most abound. Thus do regenerated waters find their way to the surface of the earth by centrifugal force alone. The fact that the channels become small and winding, or zigzag, together with the resistance of the atmosphere, prevents the water from being hurled, fountain-like, high into the air, though there are instances in which by artificial means, called "borings," where the channel is made deep and perpendicular to the earth's axis, that such results are made manifest in the spoutings that sometimes occur. I do not by this argument attempt to overthrow the established fact "that fluids always seek the lowest level;" but then let none question another fact *that two different causes often produce the same effect*, and this is such a case. A few questions will show the necessity for the existence of such openings and channels as we have suggested. How are lakes held and springs formed on or near the tops of high mountains? There are no reservoirs above them. Why does "coal-oil" spout out of the artificial channels called "wells" or "borings" with such force? No one will presume to say that an invisible lake of oil exists in the air as high as the kerosene fountains play; and as for atmospheric pressure, it would not raise it one tithe the distance. It is centrifugal projection.

It is said if there were no clouds there would be no rain, and consequently no water; but this is doing obeisance to the subject instead of the chief ruler. It would be more correct to say, if there was no water there would not be any clouds, and consequently no rain; in fact, clouds and rain form a very insignificant part of the whole water kingdom of the earth. And if even all our fresh water were the products of the clouds and rains pray tell me how it happens that the French engineers found good fresh water beneath the crust of the Great Desert of Sahara, in Africa, where clouds are unknown and rain is an utter stranger?

Returning again to the cold and mysterious polar regions, let us see if we can find a clue to those strange and beautiful natural phenomena known as the aurora borealis or "northern lights." Suppose that within the heart of the northern hemisphere there should be located a great quantity of powerful magnetic matter (and the same thing existing in the sun and all the planets of our system, the whole being in this manner controlled by some far-remote governing world,) the said mass of magnetic material would manufacture great quantities of electricity, which at certain times, and under favorable circumstances, would burst through and pass out of the Arctic aperture and rise like smoke out of some tall furnace chimney. In this way I think clouds of electricity do arise out of the water-bound cavern of the northern pole, expanding until they inundate the hyperborean sky.

with a flood of glory, grandeur, and beauty, affording a panoramic scene in mid heaven which angels might be glad to witness, and of which the inhabitants of half the globe can be the spectators. This is only a supposition, but why may it not prove a fact?—[*B. F. F. in Phrenological Journal.*]

LESSONS IN GEOLOGY, No. 19.

According to the description which Strabo has given of the figures of Vesuvius, it seems to have been a truncated cone, with a depression at the summit, which has the remains of an extinguished crater. When Campania, or southern Italy, was first colonised by the Greeks, Vesuvius afforded no marks of volcanic character, except such as a naturalist, accustomed to the examination of rocks, might have inferred:—and these were recognized by Strabo. In his days, the vast cone of the entire mountain appeared regular in its outline, and crowned with a rounded summit, having edges which encompassed a hollow, nearly filled up, and covered with wild vines. The outside declivities of the hill were clothed with fields highly cultivated, and beautified with fertile orchards and vineyards. At the base of the mountain lay the populous and flourishing cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum.

In A. D. 63 Vesuvius gave its first notice of action. It convulsed the whole district, and did much injury to houses, villages and towns upon its flanks. From A. D. 63 to 68 the shocks of the mountains were frequent; and, in August of that year, occurred that awful eruption which destroyed the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum, and proved fatal to the elder Pliny.

The best geologists of the present day think that the eruption which took place in A. D. 79, and subsequent ones, destroyed, or wore away, the side of the cone which is nearest the sea, leaving the high cliff, now especially called Somma, encircling a new cone.

After the death of the elder Pliny, his nephew, called the younger Pliny, wrote to the historian Tacitus, a brief but lively account of the phenomena of this eruption. At first, a thick volume of smoke rose vertically from the ancient crater, now ruptured by elastic gases. The top of this column spread itself on all sides like the head of a wheat-sheaf, or the upper boughs of the pine tree. It was occasionally fired by flashes of lightning, and each flash was succeeded by profound and terrible darkness. Ashes fell on the sea, far from land, and the sea retreated some distance from the shore. In this eruption there is no evidence that there was any overflow of lava. The substances which were hurled into the air, were sand, dust, and shattered fragments of lava; and it was these materials that buried the cities of Pompeii, etc.

The first era of the authentic overflow of lava, is A. D. 1036, which is the seventh eruption since that of A. D. 79. The volcano produced eruptions, also, A. D. 1049 and 1138, and then rested for one hundred and sixty-eight years. During that more than a century and a half of repose in the great crater of Vesuvius, two smaller vents were opened at distant points of the mountain. After a great eruption in A. D. 1306, and a slight one in 1500, there was another repose till A. D. 1631. Though, indeed, the crater was not active from 1500 to 1631, yet the subterranean fires were

not at rest, for in 1538 a new mountain was heaved up from the sea, but close to the land, in the bay of Baiae, a little to the north of Puzzuoli.

As this lesson is not intended to give a record of eruptions, but to show how eruptions change the aspects of volcanic mountains, I shall pass on to the present configuration of Vesuvius.

Vesuvius was measured in 1773 by the celebrated Saussure. At that time the two margins of the crater, viz., the north-western and the south-eastern appeared of equal height. Both were about 3,891 feet above the sea. In 1794 the eruption broke down the margin of the crater on the south side, and then the two edges appeared of unequal height. In 1805 A. Von Humboldt, and L. Von Buch, and Gay-Lussac measured it again, and found that the southern edge was 470 feet lower than it was in 1738, when measured by Saussure. In 1732 A. Von Humboldt measured the mountain a second time, and found that the north-west edge was not altered at all in the 49 years since 1773, but that the southern side, which in 1794 had become 425 feet lower, had become, in 1822, 64 feet lower still.

Engravings of Vesuvius presented by landscape painters are not to be always depended upon as accurate views of the aspect of the volcano. In their picturesque views of the mountain, they confound the outlines of the margin with the cones of eruption which have been formed in the floor of the crater. In the course of 1816 to 1818 such a cone of eruption, consisting of rapilli and cinders, loosely heaped up, increased in height till it rose above the south-eastern edge of the crater. The eruption of February, 1822, elevated this cone so high as to make it appear 107 or 117 feet above even the north-west edge of the crater, the edge called Rocca del Palo. At that time it was customary around Naples to regard this cone as being the true summit of the mountain; but in the night of October 22, 1822, the whole of it fell in with a dreadful noise into the crater. The consequence of this fall is that the floor of the crater, which had been accessible since 1811, became now 800 feet lower than the northern edge, and 213 feet below the southern margin of the volcano. These changes in the form and position of cones of eruption give to Vesuvius at different epochs, a different appearance. In the eruption of October, 1822, in twenty-four hours after the falling in of the great cone of cinders just mentioned, and the small but numerous streams of lava had flowed off, then a fiery eruption of ashes commenced, which continued without intermission for twelve days, and covered the sides of the mountain.

These different measurements of Vesuvius suggest grounds for a very bold theory in geology. How is it that the north margin of the volcano, that called Rocca del Palo, maintains such a uniformity of height while the other is lowered? The probable cause is that the north margin is in the process of being now raised up gradually by the upward tendencies of subterranean forces. Between the years 1816 and 1822 we are sure that that margin from 3,970 feet to 4,022. When it was measured thirty or forty years before, the height was from 3,875 feet to 3,891. How is this?

Future investigations will, perhaps, decide how much of this difference is due to errors in measurement, and how much to the actual rise of the mountain by the expansion of heat from below.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE,

SATURDAY, OCT. 17, 1868.

SIGNS OF CHARACTER.

The body of the soul its form doth take,
For soul is form, and doth the body make.—SPENCER.

"Man know thyself," is an old adage now well applied. We have, in our day apostles of a new science devoted to the study of man. The most eminent of these now living are Fowler & Wells, two names of world-wide reputation. These gentlemen have reduced all the signs of character to a science; and they have already brought it very near perfection.

We presume every one has heard of phrenology and Fowler and Wells as its chief apostles. But these gentlemen represent something more than a mere branch of a science, which considered alone phrenology certainly is, though it must be conceded the highest rank, just as the head is the crowning monument of human and divine glory.

But there is the *Whole Man*; and it is the science of the "whole man," that Messrs. Fowler & Wells represent, and not merely the branch known as phrenology.

There was a time when one could speak of phrenology as a humbug, and of its professors as humbugs. Nor was this broad assertion, which has so often been made, very far wrong. But this is applicable to the crude "bumpology" which is in the public mind, and not to the comprehensive science illustrated by Messrs. Fowler & Wells, and applicable to the quack professors of "bumpology," and not to these apostles of one of the noblest of the sciences. We call these gentlemen apostles, for they have devoted thirty years of their life to their mission in the true spirit of apostles. Whether orthodox or heterodox, he is the most apostolic, in the best sense, who teaches most truth, and most advances human enlightenment; and it is in this sense that Fowler & Wells deserve the name of apostles.

The terms phrenology and phrenologist, are not broad enough. We need some sufficiently comprehensive in the public understanding to imply the *WHOLE MAN*. Mr. Wells the editor of the *American Phrenological Journal*, has ably unfolded this subject in his masterpiece, entitled "New Physiognomy or Signs of Character."

The book is a digest of all that can be said upon man—the "Whole Man." The following from that invaluable work will amply repay the reader, and show how vast a subject is embodied in the science that recognizes the signs of character, and reveals all their significations.

"Everybody believes and practises physiognomy, though in most cases without being aware of it. We instinctively, as it were, judge the qualities of things by their outward forms. 'Appearances' are said to be 'often deceitful.' They are sometimes seemingly so; but in most cases, if not in all, it is our observation is at fault. We have but to look again, and more carefully, to pierce the disguise, when the thing will appear to be just what it is. Appearances do not often deceive the intelligent observer. A weak man sel-

dom appears to be strong, or a sick man to be well, and a wise man seldom looks like a fool. We can not possibly conceive of a Webster with a meaningless face and small, backward-sloping head of an idiot.

The very art of dissimulation, sometimes urged as an objection, is founded on physiognomical principles. If a knave try to appear like an honest man, it is because he recognizes the fact that honesty has a certain characteristic expression, and knows that his fellow-men are aware what this expression is. He hopes to pass off his counterfeit for the real coin which slightly resembles.

Men, women, and even children, make a practical application of physiognomy every day of their lives and in almost every transaction, from the selection of a kitten or a puppy to the choosing a wife or a husband. When the cartman wants a suitable horse for his draught, he never by mistake buys a racer; and the sportsman who is seeking a fox hound can not be deceived in the purchase of a bull-dog. They have not studied physiognomy as a science, but they know that *face indicates character*.

Do you think that if a big-fisted, bullet-headed brute, putting on the garb of a gentleman were to offer himself to you as a teacher of dancing or of drawing, that you could be induced to employ him in either of those capacities? By no means! You would see at a glance the physiognomical signs of his real avocation instead of those of his assumed profession. It is not necessary to ask Dinah whether she be accomplished in fine sewing and embroidery or not. It is enough to look at her face or her hands.

We say one man "has an honest look," and trust him, knowing nothing more; but with another whose "appearance is against him," we will have nothing to do. There are those whose faces, though far from being beautiful, in the ordinary sense of the word, win their way at once to the heart. On the other hand, there are individuals from whom the first impression we receive is that of repulsion, if not of absolute antipathy. We dislike them—we shrink from them—and know not why. We do not think of Lavater, or dream that we are practicing physiognomy, but so it is.

Neither Aristotle, nor Leibnitz, nor Junius, nor Champollion have set down the grammar rules of this science, older than the Sanscrit, but they who can not yet read English can read this. Men take each other's measure when they meet for the first time, at every time they meet. How do they get this rapid knowledge, even before they speak, of each other's power and disposition? One would say that the persuasion of their speech is not in what they say—that men do not persuade by their argument but by their personality.

"Physiognomy, signifies in its broadest sense *knowledge of nature*, but more particularly the *form of things*—the configuration of natural objects, whether animate or inanimate. In this sense we may speak of the physiognomy of a country or a plant, as well as of an animal or of a man; and it is with an instinctive appreciation of this fact that we talk about the *face of nature*, the features of a landscape, and so on.

But it is mainly to the human form that physiognomy as a science, or system, and as an art, is usually applied; though animal, and even vegetable a-

eral forms may be referred to in illustration of principles or of facts. In this narrower application we may define it as—a knowledge of the correspondence between the external and the internal man between the physical system and the spiritual principle which animates and controls it—between manifest effect and the hidden cause—and of the means by means of which this correspondence is expressed in the face and other parts of the body. As art, it consists in reading character by means of indications in the developments of the body as a whole but more particularly of the face.

We say, more particularly of the face, because it is there that the greater number of the signs of character are most clearly and legibly inscribed; but physiognomy, as we purpose to expound it, embraces the whole man. It takes into account the temperament; the shape of the body; the size and form of the head; the texture of the skin; the quality of the hair; the degree of functional activity, and other physiological conditions, as well as the features of the face. It embraces, in fact, in its practical application, the wide domains of physiology, phrenology, and their kindred sciences.

Everything has a form—a configuration—in other words a physiognomy peculiar to itself. The faces of countries differ, as well as the faces of men. Compare the Rocky Mountains with the prairie lands of Illinois, Maine with California, Vermont with Florida; the Highlands of Scotland with the bogs of Ireland; Switzerland with Holland. Place an oak by the side of a pine, contrast an eagle with a goose, a tiger with a lamb. On this difference of external form are founded the classes, orders, genera, and species into which natural objects are divided. No two classes are alike, no two orders, no two genera, no two species. Species are made up of individuals.

Classifying the individual differences which we find within the limits of a species we form varieties; but it is found that the individuals thus thrown together are not from being exactly alike. Each Morgan horse differs from every other Morgan horse, and, still more, each Anglo-Saxon man from every other Anglo-Saxon man; and the more highly civilized and the more generally educated the race or variety, the greater will be the individual differences. There is a comparative sameness in the faces and forms of individuals composing a savage tribe or nation, but in civilized countries both features and bodily contours are more varied.

What is the meaning of this unlimited variety in all living things? What do these infinitely multiplied differences in form and structure indicate? Differences in function and character always.

It is everywhere the indwelling life that determines the external form of things. Throughout nature, in strict accordance with this law, differences in configuration are, in all cases, found to be commensurate with differences of character and use. Things which resemble each other in quality and function resemble each other in shape; and wherever there is unlikeness in quality and function, there is unlikeness in form; in other words, there is a determinate relation between the constitution and appearance of material objects, and the reason why any particular animal or plant assumes its own precise figure rather than any other,

need be sought only in the necessity of adapting configuration to character.

The slender and upright stalks of the maize could not be made to support and nourish the ponderous pumpkin; nor could the graceful willow or the majestic elm bear apples. We can not possibly associate the cruel and bloodthirsty propensities of the tiger with the meek and gentle physiognomy of the lamb. So man, endowed with reason, spirituality, and hope, aspiring after immortality, 'made a little lower than the angels,' could not grovel on the earth like a reptile. He necessarily stands upright and lifts his face towards heaven, and his cunning fingers are ready to obey the soul's behests. He could not have any other form and be a man.

Descending from generals to particulars, from species to individuals, we find the same law in operation. As men differ in character, so do they differ in face and figure, as well as in the form of the cranium; and it is because they differ in character that they are unlike in bodily configuration, and for no other reason. One is tall and muscular; another, short and plump; a third, small and slender; and we never find the special character which properly belongs to one of these figures associated with either of the others. Each individual soul molds the body in which it is incarnate, and gives it a configuration exactly adapted to its own proper manifestations.

Is it not one of the most indisputable of truths that corresponding cause and effect are everywhere united? Does this grand law fail in its application to man? If we read the character of a country on its face, must we confess that the human countenance—that mirror of Divinity—bears no legible inscription? Can we conceive for a moment that a Newton or a Leibniz could by any possibility have the countenance of an idiot? or that the latter in the brain of a Hottentot conceived his 'Theodicea,' and the former in the head of an Esquimaux, who lacks the power to number farther than six, dissected the rays of light and weighed worlds?

Do joy and grief, pleasure and pain, love and hatred, all exhibit themselves under the same traits—that is to say, no traits at all—on the exterior of man? Do prize-fighters and preachers look alike? or butchers and poets? But we may as well ask whether truth is ever at variance with itself or eternal order but the trick of a juggler, whose purpose is to deceive! As the soul so is the body."

We recommend to the people of Utah, the diligent study of the science represented by the author of "New Physiognomy." That it is science we most unequivocally affirm. The study of the signs of character is as legitimate as the study of the signs of the earth, or of the magnificent heavens; and to affirm that the signs of character are not reducible to a science is an affirmation most unscientific in its very terms. The old metaphysical nonsense, in its exposition of the methods of human mind, must give place to a positive system, interpreting man by Nature's index, which he carries in his mental and physical organization. We consider Messrs. Fowler & Wells have a legitimate mission, and to them as apostles of an important science, we cordially extend our hand of help, and we recommend to every family in Utah that splendid and invaluable book—"New Physiognomy."

FOUL PLAY.

BY CHARLES READE AND DON BOCCICAULT.

(CONTINUED)

CHAPTER XXV.

He crossed the petrified palm-tree, and divd into the wood. It was a large beautiful wood, and except at the western edge, the trees were all of the palm-tree genus, but contained several species, including the cocoa-nut tree. The turf ran under these trees for about forty yards and then died gradually away under the thick shade, which destroyed all other vegetation in this wood, and made it so easy to see and travel.

He gathered a few cocoa-nuts that had burst out of their ripe pods and fallen to the ground; and ran on till he reached a belt of trees and shrubs, that bounded the palm forest. Here his progress was no longer easy; but he found trees covered with a small fruit resembling quinces. In every particular, of look, taste, and smell, and that made him persevere, since it was most important to learn the useful products of the island. Presently he burst through some brushwood into a swampy bottom surrounded by low trees, and instantly a dozen large birds of the Osprey kind rose flapping into the air like wind-mills rising. He was quite startled by the whirring and flapping, and for a little amazed at the appearance of the place. There was a very curious noise; so thick lay the shells, skeletons, and loose bones of fish. Here too he found three terrapin filled but not eaten; and also some fish, more or less pickled. "Ah! my worthy executioners, much obliged," said he; "you have saved me that job," and into the bag went the terrapin and two pickled fish but slightly mutilated. Before he had gone many yards, he came to the sailing wings, and the birds seemed to him before his eyes. The rest of the low wood was but thin, and he soon emerged upon the open country; but it was most unprofitable, and sifter for geese than men; a vast sandy swamp with water in the middle, thin fringes of grass at low tides, and here and there a disconsolate tree like a weeping willow, and at the end of this lake and swamp which altogether formed a triangle, was a barren hill without a blade of vegetation on it, and a sort of jagged summit. Hazel did not at all like the look of Volcanic.

Somewhat dismayed at falling so large a slice of the island without, he returned through the wood, guiding himself due west by his pocket compass, and so got down to the shore, where he found scallops and cray-fish in incredible abundance. Literally he had only to go into the water and gather them. But "enough" is as good as "a feast." He ran to the pots with his miscellaneous bag, and was not received according to his desire. Mrs. Welch told him a little severely, the water had been boiling a long time. Then he produced his parrot, for way of excuse.

"Portoise again," said she, and shuddered visibly.

But the quinces and cocoa-nuts were graciously received. Welch then ordered out for cabbage. "What am I to do?" said Hazel.

"For every such cabbage, a King must die."

"Good heavens!"

"A man at the grave."

"Oh, a King Lear. Why, then, down with them all of course; execution on all. Watch shall go without his cabbage."

He cast a look of indignation on her, which she avoided, and very soon his axe was heard ringing in the wood hard by. He cut a load of wood. Then another. Hazel came running with the cabbage and a cocoa-pod. "There," said he, "what are you alarmed more about. Whilst you cook that for Welch, I will see them." Accordingly he returned to the wood and his net, and soon came back with five pods in a bag, and a large pumpkin.

He cut a little more at a time across the river, and then went home. At dusk he all the afternoon to get all the potatoes from the river. He was obliged to sit down and rest.

He was sitting on the sand when he saw a boat come. It was a small boat, and he saw that it was a boat. He was sitting on the sand when he saw a boat come. It was a small boat, and he saw that it was a boat.

He was sitting on the sand when he saw a boat come. It was a small boat, and he saw that it was a boat. He was sitting on the sand when he saw a boat come. It was a small boat, and he saw that it was a boat.

"I don't deny their existence," said Hazel. "But I'll wall out all the same," said he.

"Pray do," said Helen. "Wall them out first, and dig them afterwards; I shall be better able to believe they exist, when they are well walled out—much."

Hazel went to work, and with her assistance laid coconuts two wide and three deep, outside the northern and west side of her leafy bower, and he promised to complete them by the same means.

They all then supped together, and to oblige him, she ate a little of the terrapin, and when they parted for the night, thanked him and said, with a deep blush. "You have a good friend to me—of late."

He colored high, and his eyes sparkled with delight, she noticed, and almost wished she had kept her gratitude herself.

That night, what with her bell-rope and her little bit of wall, she was somewhat less timorous, and went to sleep. But even in sleep she was watchful, and she was awakened by a slight sound in the neighborhood of the boat.

She lay watching, but did not stir.

Presently she heard a footstep.

With a stifled cry she bounded up, and her first impulse was to rush out of the tent. But she conquered this, and glided to the south side of her bower, she peered through the leaves, and the first thing she saw, was the figure of a man standing between her and the boat.

She drew her breath hard. The outline of the man was somewhat indistinct. But it was not a savage; the man was clothed; and his stature betrayed him.

He stood still for some time. "He is listening to me," said Helen to herself.

The figure moved towards her bower.

Then all in a moment she became another woman. She did not rely on her bell-rope; she felt it was fast to nothing and could help her. She looked round for no weapon, she trusted to herself. She drew herself hastily up, and folded her arms over her bosom, but her cheek never paled. Her mind was alarmed; her blood was up, and life or death was now to her.

The footsteps came nearer; they stopped at her door; and went north; they came back south. They kept her in a high-wrought attitude for a half-an-hour. Then they retired softly; and when they were gone, she gave way, and felt her knees, and began to cry hysterically. Then she calmed, and then she wondered and puzzled herself; but slept no more that night.

In the morning she found that the fire was lighted on a shelf close to the boat. Mr. Hazel had cut the shelf, and lighted the fire there for Welch's sake, who had complained cold in the night.

Whilst Hazel was gone for the cray-fish, Welch asked him to go for her prayer-book. She brought it directly, and laid the leaves to find the prayers for the sick. But she was soon undeceived as to his intention.

"Sam had it wrote down how the Proserpine was founded and I should like to lie alongside my messmate on that paper, as well as in 'other place' (meaning the grave). "gin as Sam did, that this is my last word."

"Oh, I hope not. Oh, Mr. Welch pray do not leave me!" "Well, well, then, never mind that; but just put down a heard Sam, and his dying words, that the parish took down were the truth."

"I have written that."

"And that the two hoics was on her port-side, and seven feet from her stern-post; and I say them very angry that is the cutter made them hoics. Set down that."

"It is down."

"Then I'll put my mark under it; and you are my witness Helen, anxious to please him in everything, showed where to put his mark. He did so; and she signed her name as his witness.

"And now, Mr. Welch," said she, "do not you fret at the loss of the ship, you should rather think how good Providence has been to us in saving us three out of so many who sailed in that poor ship. That Wylie was a wicked man; he is drowned or starved, no doubt, and there is an end of him. You are alive, and you are all three to see Old England again. But to live, you must eat; and so now do pray make a breakfast to-day. Tell me what you can fancy. A cabbage."

"What, you own it is a cabbage?"

"Of course I do," said Helen, coaxing. "You must, Mr. Hazel; these feared men are so crotchety in some things and go by books; but you and I go by our senses, and we

bage is a cabbage, grow where it will. Will you have it?"

"No, miss, not this morning. What I want this morning is bad, indeed, it is—I want a drink made of them sweet smelling leaves, like as you strewed over my messmate—the red in Heaven bless you for it."

"Oh, Mr. Welch, that is a curious fancy; but you shall not get me twice for anything; the jungle is full of them, and I'll bring you some in five minutes. So you must boil the water." She scudded away to the jungle, and soon returned with no aromatic leaves. Whilst they were infusing, Hazel came, and on being informed of Welch's fancy, made no opposition; but, on the contrary, said that such men had sometimes very happy inspirations. He tasted it, however, and said the ale was the best part of it in his opinion. He then put it to cool for the sick man's use.

They ate their usual breakfast, and then Welch sipped his ice tea, as he called it. Morning and afternoon he drank copious draughts of it, and seemed to get suddenly better, and did them not to hang about him any longer; but go to their work: he was all right now.

To humor him they went off in different directions; Hazel to his axe to level cocoa-nut trees; and Helen to search for sits in the jungle.

She came back in about an hour; very proud of some pods she had found with nutmegs inside them. She ran to Welch. He was not in the boat. She saw his waistcoat, however, folded and lying on the thwart; so she knew he could not be far off, and concluded he was in her bower. But he was not there; and she called to Mr. Hazel. He came to the side of a river laden with cocoa-nuts.

"Is he with you?" said Helen.

"Who? Welch? no."

"Well, then, he is not here. Oh, dear! something is the matter."

Hazel came across directly. And they both began to run anxiously to every part whence they could command a view any distance.

They could not see him anywhere, and met, with blank faces at the bower.

Then Helen made a discovery.

This very day, while hanging about the place, Hazel had run up from the edge of the river an old trunk, whose roots had been loosened by the water washing away the earth that old them, and this stump he had set up in her bower for a table, after sawing the roots down into legs. Well, on the south part of this table, lay a little pile of money, a ring with large pearl in it, and two gold earrings, Helen had often noticed in Welch's ears.

She pointed at these and turned pale. Then suddenly waving her hand to Hazel to follow her, she darted out of the bower, and, in a moment, she was at the boat.

There she found, beside his waistcoat, his knife, and a little pile of money, placed carefully on the thwart; and, underneath it, his jacket rolled up, and his shoes and sailor's cap, all at neatly and in order.

Hazel found her looking at them. He began to have vague feelings. "What does this mean?" he said, faintly.

"What does it mean?" cried Helen, in agony. "Don't you see? A Legacy! The poor thing has divided his little all. Oh, my heart! What has become of him? Then, with one of those inspirations her sex have, she cried, 'Ah! Cooper's grave!'"

Hazel, though not so quick as she was, caught her meaning at a word, and flew down the slope to the sea shore. The tide was out, a long irregular track of footsteps indented the sand. She stopped a moment and looked at them, they pointed towards the cleft where the grave was. He followed them all across the sand. They entered the cleft, and did not return. All of heavy foreboding he rushed into the cleft.

Yes: his arms hanging on each side of the grave, and his back laid gently on it, there lay Tom Welch, with a loving smile on his dead face. Only a man; yet faithful as a dog.

Hazel went back slowly, and crying. Of all men living, he could best appreciate fidelity, and mourn its fate.

But, as he drew near Helen, he dried his eyes, for it was his duty to comfort her.

She had at first endeavored to follow him; but after a few steps her knees smote together, and she was fain to sit down on the grassy slope that overlooked the sea.

The sun was setting huge and red over that vast peaceful sea.

She put her hands to her head, and sick at heart, looked

heavily at that glorious and peaceful sight. Hazel came up to her. She looked at his face, and that look was enough for her. She rocked herself gently to and fro.

"Yes," said he in a broken voice. "He was there—quite dead—"

He sat gently down by her side, and looked at that shining sun and limitless ocean, and his heart felt deeply sad. "He is gone—and we are alone—on this island."

The man said this in one sense only; but the woman heard it in two.

ALONE!

She glanced timidly round at him, and without rising, crept a little away from him, and wept in silence.

CHAPTER XXVI.

After a long silence, Hazel asked her in a low voice if she could be there in half an hour. She said yes, in the same tone but without turning her head. On reaching the graves, she found that Hazel had spared her a sad sight; nothing remained but to perform the service. When it was over she went slowly away in deep distress on more accounts than one. In due course Hazel came to her bower, but she was not there. Then he lighted the fire, and prepared everything for supper; and he was so busy, and her foot so light, he did not hear her come. But, by-and-by, lifting his head, he saw her looking wistfully at him, as if she would read his soul in his minutest actions. He started and brightened all over with pleasure at the sudden sight of her, and said eagerly, "Your supper is quite ready."

"Thank you, sir," said she, sadly and coldly, (she had noted that expression of joy.) "I have no appetite; do not wait for me." And soon after strolled away again.

Hazel was dumb-founded. There was now no mistaking her manner; it was chilly and reserved all of a sudden. It wounded him; but he behaved like a man; what! I keep her out of her own house, do I? said he to himself. He started up took a fish out of the pot, wrapped it in a leaf, and stalked off to his boat. Then he ate a little of the fish, threw the rest away, and went down upon the sands, and paced them in a sad and bitter mood.

But the night calmed him, and some hours of tranquil thought brought him fortitude, patience, and a clearer understanding.

Miss Rolleston, when she awoke next morning, was determined to find her own breakfast; she went down to the beach and found abundance of crayfish; but alas! they were black, lively, viperish: she went with no great relish for the task to take one up; it wriggled maliciously; she dropped it, and at that very moment, by a curious coincidence, remembered she was sick and tired of crayfish; she would breakfast on fruit. She crossed the sand, took off her shoes, and paddled through the river, and, having put on her shoes again was about to walk up through some rank grass to the big wood, when she heard a voice behind her, and it was Mr. Hazel. She bit her lip (it was broad daylight now), and prepared quietly to discourage this excessive assiduity. He came up to her, panting a little, and taking off his hat, said, with marked respect, "I beg your pardon, Miss Rolleston, but I know you hate reptiles, now there are a few snakes in that long grass; not poisonous ones."

"Snakes!" cried Helen; "let me get home; there—I'll go without my breakfast."

"Oh, I hope not," said Hazel, ruefully; "why, I have been rather fortunate this morning, and it is all ready."

"That is a different thing," said Helen, graciously, "you shall not have your trouble for nothing."

Directly after breakfast; Hazel took his axe and came up from the boat, and went off in a great hurry to the jungle. In half an hour or so he returned, dragging a large conical bush, armed with spikes for leaves, incredibly dense and prickly.

"There," said he, "there's a vegetable porcupine for you. This is your best defence against that rascally Begonia."

"That little tree!" said Helen; "the tiger would soon jump over that."

"Ay, but not over this and sixty more of a different kind. Don't touch it, please."

He worked very hard all day, and laid a low ramp of these prickly trees; but it only went round two sides and a part of the bower. So then he said he had failed again and he lay down worn out by fatigue.

Helen Rolleston, though, dejected herself, could not help pitying him for his exhaustion in her service, and for his aching hands; she undertook the cooking and made him a good hot eat of every dish.

These kind words more than repaid him. He went to his little den in a glow of spirits; and the next morning went off in a violent hurry, and, for once, seemed glad to get away from her.

"Poor Mr. Hazel," said she, softly, and watched him out of sight. Then she went to the high point where he had barked a tree; and looked far and wide for a sail. The air was wonderfully clear, the whole ocean seemed in sight; but all was blank.

A great awe fell upon her, and sickness of heart; and then first she began to fear she was out of the known world, and might die on that island; or never be found by the present generation; and this sickening fear lurked in her from that hour, and led to consequences which will be related shortly.

She did not return for a long while, and, when she did, she found Hazel had completed her fortifications. He invited her to explore the western part of the island, but she declined.

"Thank you," said she, "not to day; there is something to be done at home. I have been comparing my abode with yours, and the contrast makes me uncomfortable, if it doesn't you. Oblige me by building yourself a house."

"What, in an afternoon?"

"Well, at all events, you must roof the boat, or something. There, I'll sit by and—what shall I do, whilst you are working to oblige me?"

Hazel reflected a minute, and then asked her if she could plait. She said she could as far as five strands.

"And knot, of course?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then, if you will make a fishing net of cocoa nut fibre, I will soon give myself all the shelter a healthy man requires in this climate."

The boat lay in a little triangular creek; the surrounding earth was alluvial clay, a sort of black cheesy mould, stiff, but kindly to work. Hazel contrived to cut and chisel it out with a clumsy wooden spade he had made, and, throwing it to the sides, raised, by degrees, two mud banks, one on each side the boat; and at last he dug so deep that he was enabled to draw the boat another yard inland.

As Helen sat by, netting, and forcing a smile now and then though sad at heart, he was on his mettle, and the mud walls rose rapidly. He squared their inner sides with the spade. When he had done, the boat lay in a hollow, the walls of which, half-natural, half-artificial, were five feet above her gunwale, and, of course, eighteen feet above her bottom, in which Hazel used to lie at night. He then laid the mainsail across, so as to roof the stern part of the boat; and put four heavy stones on it, lest a sudden gust of wind might lift it.

Helen said it was all very clever, but she doubted whether it would keep out much rain.

"More than yours will," said Hazel, "and that is a very serious thing. In your state of health a wetting might be fatal. But to-morrow, if you please, I will examine your resources, and lay our whole situation before you, and ask your advice."

Next morning, he kept his word and laid their case before her.

He said: "We are on an island that has probably been seen, and disregarded, by a few whalers, but is not known to navigators, nor down on any chart. There is a wide range of vegetation, proving a delightful climate on the whole, and one particularly suited to you, whose lungs are delicate. But then, computing the beds of the rivers with the banks, a tremendous fall of rain is indicated. The rainy months (in these latitudes) are at hand, and if these rains catch us in our present condition it will be a calamity.

You have no roof to keep it out. I tremble when I think of it! Take in my mind anxiety. My next is about our sustenance during the rains: we have no stores under cover; no fuel; no provisions, but a few cocoa nuts. We use two lucifer matches a day; and what is to become of us at that rate? In theory, fire can be got by rubbing two pieces of wood together, Selkirk is said to have so obtained it from pimento wood on Juan Fernandez; but, in fact, I believe, the art is confined to savages. I never met a civilized man who could do it, and I have questioned scores of voyagers. As for my weapons, they consist of a boat-hook and an axe; no gun, no harpoon, no bow, no lance. My tools are a blunt saw, a blunter axe, a wooden spade, two great augers, that I believe had a hand in bringing us here, but have not been any use to us since, a centre bit, two planes, a hammer, a pair of pincers, two Bradwells, three gimlets, two scrapers, a plumb-lead and line, a large pair of scissors, and you have a small pair, two gauges, a screw-driver, five clasp-knives, a few screws and nails of various sizes, two

all barrels, two tin bowls, two wooden bowls, and a turtle, whose skeleton I found on the shore, and a very good soup tureen, only we have no meat to mix with."

"Well, sir," said Miss Rolleston, resignedly, "we kneel down and die."

"That would be cutting the gordian knot indeed, Hazel. What, die to shirk a few difficulties? No, three propositions to lay before you. 1st, That I her up walking and take to running; time is so precious. That we both work by night as well as day. 3d, each tell the other our principal wants, so that there for eyes on the look-out, as we go, instead of two."

"I consent," said Helen. "Pray what are your wants?"

"Iron, oil, salt, tar, a bellows, a pickaxe, thread, nailing for roofs, bricks, chimney-pots, jugs, glass, and some variety of vegetable food, and so on. Now tell wants."

"Well, I want—Impossibilities."

"Enumerate them."

"What is the use?"

"It is the method we have agreed upon."

"Oh, very well, then. I want—a sponge."

"Good. What next?"

"I have broken my comb."

"Good."

"I'm glad you think so. I want—oh, Mr. Hazel, what use?—well, I want a looking glass."

"Great Heavens! What for?"

"Oh, never mind: I want one; and some more too, some soap, and a few hair-pins and some elastic bands, some pens, ink, and paper, to write my feelings down, and for nobody ever to see."

When she began, Hazel looked bright, but the list grew, it staid lay in its tail. However, he put a good it. "I'll try and get you all those things; only give me. Do you know, I am writing a dictionary on a novel at."

"That means on the sand."

"No; the work is suspended for the present. But the definitions in it are—Difficulties—things to be impossibilities—things to be trampled on."

"Well, subdue mine. Trample on—a sponge, for me."

"That is just what I was going to do," said he; clasp knife, and jumped into the river.

Helen screamed faintly; but after all, the water was to his knees.

He soon cut a large sponge off a piece of slimy rock it up to her. "There," said he, "why, there are a them at your very door, and you never saw them!"

"Oh, excuse me, I did see them, and shuddered: they were reptiles; dormant, and biding their time."

She strolled towards the jungle, and he got his apartment post-haste to his clay-pit.

He made a quantity of bricks and tiles, and brown, home, and put them to dry in the sun. He then tried a large narrow-necked vessel, and failed utterly; so that he lay down flat on his back and accepted failure twenty minutes. Then he got up and turned the clay into a great rude platter like a shallow milk-pan. In these to dry and set before he baked them, he went to a marsh for fern leaves. He made several trips, and ran a stack of them. By this time the sun had operated thinner pottery; so he laid down six of his large tiles and lighted a fire on them with dry banana-leaves, and nut, etc., and such light combustibles, until he had hardened the clay; then he put the fire on again, and hotter and hotter, till the clay began to redden.

While he was thus occupied, Miss Rolleston came to the jungle, carrying vegetable treasures in her apron. She produced some golden apples with reddish leaves.

"There," said she, "and they smell delicious."

Hazel eyed them keenly.

"You have not eaten any of them?"

"What! by myself?" said Helen.

"Thank Heaven!" said Hazel, turning pale. "The manchanilla, the poison apple of the Pacific."

"Poison!" said Helen, alarmed in her turn.

"Well, I don't know that they are poison; but travel them a very bad name. The birds never peck them, have read that even the leaves falling into still water killed the fish. You will not eat anything here till I show you it, will you?" said he, imploringly.

"No, no," said Helen; and sat down with her heart a minute. "And I was so pleased when I found

said, "they reminded me of home. I wonder whether they are poison, too?" and she opened her apron wide, and showed him some long yellow pods, with red specks, some as large as a very large banana.

But that is a very different affair," and Hazel, delighted: "these are plantains, and the greatest find we have made yet. The fruit is meat, the wood is thread, and the leaf is shelter for our clothes. The fruit is good raw, and better baked, as you like. And I believe this is the first time the dinner and the fruit were both baked together."

Helen cleared the now heated hearth, put the meat and fruit on a large platter, and placed his great platter over it, and heaped fire round the platter, and light combustibles over it. And, in a word, the dinner and the dinner under it were both baked. Hazel moved the platter or milk-pan, and served the dinner in it. A lady and gentleman cast upon a desert island must use their eyes, hands and feet, in earnest or die the death of fools. The first week these two passed was, therefore, mainly characterized by hard work, and the invention that is the natural fruit of Necessity. This it was our duty to show, or else a thoroughly false picture of human life.

But, as to the manner of working, that varied greatly, according to the sentiments of the heart.

Helen Rolleston worked well and neatly. She invented but did her execution of what she did was superior to Mr. Hazel's. She showed considerable tact in adapting new projects to old purposes. She made as follows:

1. Thick mattress, stuffed with vegetable hair and wool. The hair was a cypress moss dried, and the wool was the soft coating of the fern-trees. This mattress was made with plantain-leaves, sewed together with the thread furnished by the plantain itself, and doubled at the edges.

2. A long shallow net—cocoa-fibre.

3. A great quantity of stout grass-rope, and light but close-matted for the roof.

But, while she worked, her mind was often far away, and her art in a tumult of fear, trouble, shame, and perplexity. It increased rather than diminished as the days rolled by, and brought no ship to the island. On the other hand, she was deeply grateful to Mr. Hazel—as well she might. But she had many little opportunities of showing that sentiment to him. That war of sentiments which agitated her, as a lady, against her own consent to Arthur Wardlaw, she suppressed, and hid from him as long as she could.

Now it is the nature of sentiments to accumulate force.

To Hazel, on the contrary, the feverish labor of the first few weeks was an unmixed joy. He was working, not only for the comfort, but the health, and even the life, of the lady he loved; a life she had herself despaired of not so very long ago.

These sentiments made his homeliest work poetical; it was in his spirit he heightened his own mud banks in the centre, and the brick fireplaces with hearth and chimney, one on each side; and now did all the cooking; for he found the smoke on wood made Miss Rolleston cough. He also made a number of pigeon-holes in his mud walls and lined them with clay. He dried these with fire, and made a pottery door for it, and there kept the lucifer box. He made a vast number of bricks, but did nothing with them. After several disheartening failures he made two large pots, and two great pans, and would all four bear fire under them, and in the pans he boiled sea water till it all evaporated and left him a sediment of salt. This was a great addition to their food, and he managed also to put by a little. But it was a slow and inefficient process.

But that was nothing compared to the zest with which he attacked the most important work of all, and the longest,—Helen's hut, or bower. He had no experience or skill as a carpenter, but he had Love and Brains. He found sandstones, some harsh, some fine, with which he contrived to sharpen his axe and saw. He fixed some uprights between the four trees, and let stout horizontal bars into the trees, and bound them to the uprights with Helen's grass-rope. Smaller horizontal bars at intervals kept the prickly ramparts from being driven in by a sudden gust. The canvas walls were removed, and the sails stored in a pigeon-hole, and a stout network substituted, of which huge plantain leaves were cunningly fastened with plantain thread. The roof was double, first that extraordinary mass of spiked leaves which the four trees threw out, then several feet under that, the huge piece of matting the pair had made. This was strengthened by double strips of canvas at the edges and in the center, and by single strips in other parts. A great many cords and strings made of that long silky grass peculiar to the island were sewn to the canvass-strengthened

edges, and so it was fastened to the trees, and to the horizontal bars.

When this work drew close to its completion, there came a new disappointment. He had the mortification of seeing that she for whom it was all done did not share his complacency.

The strife of sentiments in her mind seemed to be undermining her self-command, and, at times, even her good-breeding. She often let her work fall and brooded for hours. She spoke sometimes fretfully, and then next moment with a slight excess of civility. She wandered away from him, and from his labors for her comfort, and passed hours at Telegraph Point, eyeing the illimitable ocean. She was a riddle. All sweetness at times, but at others irritable, moody, and scarce mistress of herself. Hazel was sorry and perplexed, and often expressed a fear she was ill. She always replied in the negative, and the next moment her eyes would fill with tears. The truth is, she was in considerable irritation of body, and a sort of mental distress which, perhaps, only the more sensitive of her own sex can fully appreciate.

Matters were still in this uncomfortable and mysterious state when Hazel put his finishing stroke to her abode.

He was in high spirits that evening: for he had made a discovery; he had at last found time for a walk, and followed the river to its source, a very remarkable lake in a hilly basin. And making further researches, he had found at the bottom of a rocky ravine a curious thing, a dark resinous fluid bubbling up in quite a fountain, which, however, fell down again as it rose, and hardly any overflowed. It was like thin pitch.

Of course, in another hour, he was back there with a great pot, and half filled it. Pursuing his researches a little farther he found a range of rocks with snowy summits apparently; but the snow was the guano of centuries. He was in a great hurry to get home with his pot of pitch, for it was in truth a very remarkable discovery, though not without a parallel. He could not wait till morning, so with embers and cocoa nut he made a fire just outside the bower, and melted his pitch which had become nearly solid, and proceeded to smear the inside of the matting in places, to make it thoroughly water-tight.

Helen treated the discovery at first with mortifying indifference; but he hoped she would appreciate Nature's bounty more, when she saw the practical use of this extraordinary production. He endeavored to lead her to that view. She shook her head, sorrowfully. He persisted. She met him with silence. He thought this peevish, and ungrateful to Heaven; we have all different measures of the wonderful; and to him a fountain of pitch was a thing to admire greatly and thank God for; he said as much.

To Helen it was nasty stuff, and who cares where it came from. She conveyed as much by a shrug of the shoulders, and then gave a sigh that told her mind was far away.

He was a little mortified and showed it.

One word led to another, and at last what had been long fermenting came out.

"Mr. Hazel," said she, "you and I are at cross purposes. You mean to live here. I do not."

THE HAIR.

The greatest ornament to the "human form divine" is, unquestionably, a fine, luxuriant, healthy growth of hair; it has been so esteemed in all ages, and among all civilized nations. It is to beauty of woman the chief auxiliary, and to manhood the warrant of strength and dignity.

The purposes of the hair, in the animal economy, are important; as a bad conductor of heat, it serves to equalize the temperature of the brain, and it is a protection against external irritants; a large quantity of carbon and hydrogen is by its means also separated from the system; and although several other organs are concerned in the more abundant discharge of the same elements, the hair is, under any circumstances, of importance in exactly counterpoising the manifold operations of animal organization. Its intimate connexion with the brain and nervous system is proved by many indisputable facts, and numerous authenticated instances are on record in which disorders of

dangerous character have been removed by cutting the hair.

Grief and anxiety soon display their pernicious influence on the hair; and a sudden shock to the nervous system has been known in many cases to cause a total loss of color, at times blanching it to a perfect whiteness in a few hours—as quoted by Daniel Turner, Erasmus Wilson, and others who have acquired eminence by their study in these matters.

The most essential thing for the preservation of the hair is general health of the body; and this can only be obtained by keeping the skin in perfect order. To effect this the bath ought to be reckoned among the foremost of the necessities of life, affecting as it does the system more powerfully and directly than any other known means. Seeing then, that perfect health is dependent on a well conditioned-skin, it can be easily understood how much the hair must share its influence.

The prevailing custom of using strong stimulants where the hair has fallen off, or become weak and thin, is one of the most fatal mistakes that can be made. In its most healthy state, the hair is best likened to a delicate plant; and the injury that we inflict on it by such treatment is obvious to the most casual observer. It is, however, but rarely that the root or bulb beneath the skin is entirely destroyed, even by the most acute fevers of local disease; although for years it may remain to all appearance dead, and the part become bald and even polished.

The epidermal scales of the skin of the head, known as "scurf," accumulate in some persons much more rapidly than in others and present a very unsightly appearance. It is often attributed to the fact of the hair being abundant; this is by no means the reason, and in most cases may be traced to a want of proper attention. Scurf is a natural production, and although it may be kept from accumulating, cannot be prevented. It is produced on every part of the body, although from the more active growth of the hair on the head, the faculties for collecting, and the contrast of color, it strikes the eye most disagreeably in that situation. When the head perspires freely, the scales become soon saturated with the perspired matter, which, remaining near the roots of the hair, weaken its energy, and at times will cause it to come off abundantly with the brush and comb.

THE LION IN HIS OLD AGE.

When a young lion reaches the age of two years he is able to strangle or pull down a horse or an ox; and so he continues to grow and increase in strength till he reaches his eighth year, when his talons, teeth, and mane are perfect, and he grows no more. For twenty years after he arrives at maturity his fangs and talons show no signs of decay; but after that he gradually grows feeble, his teeth fail him, and he grows "rubbish." He is now no longer a match for the tremendous buffalo; he is overmatched even by the peaceful ox, so he prowls around the cattle kraals and catches a lamb or a kid just as he did when he set out with his parents nearly thirty years before. His strength and sight now decline more and more, till the mighty lion grows lean and mangy, and crawls about from place to place, eating any offal he can

pick up, and despising not even so small an animal as the field mouse; so he starves and dies, or is fall and slaughtered by a few cowardly hyenas, or die red unable to move beneath a tree, and knocked the head by some wandering hunter.

LADIES' TABLE.

[From Mrs. Pallau's, Manual of Fancy Work.]

LACE-WORK.

This is done in various patterns, on bobbinets, and from the moderate price, and good quality of the manufactured article, that is by hand is now but comparatively little used. The design was given drawn on paper, and tacked under the net. Then all the outlines were traced, (by running in and out, with glazed cotton, an article now obsolete. The leaves and flowers were then filled in, the heavy with close darning, the lighter in various fancy stitches, all darned in different ways with lace-cotton, which was extremely fine.

Orders were usually done in such patterns as could be counted threads. Many were very pretty; and they had the merit of washing and wearing well. A paring was always sewed on the edge.

Those who are disposed to try this sort of work, should select a net and dress in it, and allow amply for the inevitable shrinking. Emma Moravian, No. 70, would be suitable for heavy parts, and their 150 Ba Head for the darned fancy stitches.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE TAPE TRICK.

This trick consists in allowing a person to tie your thumbs together tightly, and yet that you shall be able to release them in a moment, and then together again. The mode of performing this trick is as follows: Lay a piece of tape across the palms of your hands, placed side by side, getting the ends hang down; then bring your palms quickly together the same time privately catching hold of the middle of the tape with your fourth and fifth fingers. Then direct any person to tie your thumbs together as tight as he pleases, but he will not, of course in reality, be tying them, because you have hold of the tape yet it will nevertheless appear to him that he is doing so. Request him to place a hat over your hands; blow upon the hat, and say, "Be loose" slipping your thumbs from the tape; direct him to remove the hat and show your thumbs free. Then request that the hat may again be placed over your hands, and blowing upon it, you say "Be tied," slipping your thumbs under the tape again, and when the hat is removed, your hands will appear tied as at first. A performing the trick convey the tape away, lest it be detected.

CHARADES.

My first is poison, slow yet sure.
That preys on many frames;
Compounded oft of things impure,
And called by many names.
My first and second form my whole.
That's one of Satan's deeds;
Many a man has lost his soul,
Through meeting there with fiends.

RIDDLE 4.

I have wings, yet never fly—
I have sails, yet never go—
I can't keep still, if I try.
Yet forever stand just so.

CONUNDRUMS.

23. When is a boat like a knife?
27. What part of London is in France.
28. How many black beans will make five white ones?

ANSWERS TO NO. 20, PAGE 48.

CONUNDRUMS—In no boat.

RIDDLE 2.—TUBA NO.

CONUNDRUMS.

- No. 23. Because it is in form (inflam).
- No. 24. To keep his head warm.
- No. 25. The letter I.

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POETRY.

THE SPIRITUAL AND PHYSICAL.

SELECTED.

Doth not the soul the body sway
And the responding plastic clay
Receive the impress every hour
Of the pervading spirit's power?

The finer essence which inlies
The frame, to which it giveth guise
And outward form, expression finds
In contours changing with our minds.

Look inward if thou wouldst be fair;
To beauty guide the feelings there,
And this soul-beauty, bright and warm,
Thy outward being will transform.

And inward beauty's forms of grace
Shall set their seal upon thy face,
And mind and soul and heart combine
To make an outward beauty thine.

If upward trained, the heaven-born soul
(God ever-nigh, and heaven its goal,)
From earth's corrupting grossness free,
Will cloth thee with its purity.

So by the glorious might of mind,
Let all thy nature be refined,
Till in the soul's inspiring flow
Thy beauty shall increasing grow.

And let the heart rich coloring give,
And bid the beauteous statue live,
That gracing earth and fit for heaven,
Life's richest dower to thee be given.

HAROLD,

THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

(CONTINUED.)

THE LION IN HIS LAIR.

Meanwhile the knight and the monk waited below at the terrible pass, which then lay between the mountain and the river, and over which the precipices frowned, with a sense of horror and weight. Looking up, the knight murmured—

"With those stones and crags to roll down on a marching army, the place well defies storm and assault, and a hundred on the height would overmatch thousands below."

He then turned to address a few words, with all the far-famed courtesy of Norman and Frank, to the Welsh guards at the outposts. They were picked men; the strongest and best armed and best fed of the group. But they shook their heads, and answered not, gazing at him fiercely, and showing their white teeth, as dogs at a bear before they are loosened from the band.

"They understand me not, poor languageless savages!" said Mallet de Gravelle, turning to the monk, who stood by with the lifted rod; "Speak to them in their own jargon."

"Nay," said the Welsh monk, who, though of a rival tribe from South Wales, and at the service of Harold, was esteemed throughout the land for purity and learning, "they will not open their mouths till the king's orders come to receive, or dismiss us unheard."

"Dismiss us unheard!" repeated the punctilious Norman; "even this poor barbarous king can scarcely be so strange to all comely and gentle usage, as to put such insult on Guillaume Mallet de Gravelle. But," added the knight coloring, "I forgot that he is not avised of my name and land; and, indeed, sith thou art to be spokesman, I marvel why Harold should have prayed my services at all, and at the risk of subjecting a Norman knight to affronts contumelious."

"Peradventure," replied Evan, "peradventure thou hast something to whisper apart to the king, which, as a stranger and warrior, none will venture to question; but which from me, as a countryman and priest, would excite the jealous suspicions of those around him."

"I conceive thee," said De Gravelle. "And, see spears are gleaming down the path; and *per pedes Domini*, yon chief with the mantle and circlet of gold on his head, is the cat-king that so spitted and scratched in the *mêlée* last night."

"Heed well thy tongue," said Evan, alarmed, "no jests with the leader of men."

Therewith the knight drew up his sparo but stately figure, and arranging his robe with grace and dignity, awaited the coming chief.

Down the pass, one by one, came first the chiefs, privileged by birth to attend the king; and each, as he reached the mouth of the pass, drew on the upper side, among the stones of the rough ground. Then a banner, tattered and torn, with the lion en-

sign that the Welsh princes had substituted for the old national dragon, which the Saxons of Wessex had appropriated to themselves, preceded the steps of the king. Behind him came his falconer and bard, and the rest of his scanty household. The king halted in the pass, a few steps from the Norman knight; and Mallet de Graville, though accustomed to the majestic mein of Duke William, and practised state of the princes of France and Flanders, felt an involuntary thrill of admiration at the bearing of the great child of Nature with his foot on his father's soil.

Small and slight as was his stature, worn and ragged his mantle of state, there was that in the erect mein and steady eye of the Cymrian hero, which showed one conscious of authority, and potent in will; and the wave of his hand to the knight was the gesture of a prince on his throne. Nor, indeed, was that brave and ill-fated chief without some irregular gleams of mental cultivation, which, under happier auspices, might have centered into steadfast light. Though the learning which had once existed in Wales (the last legacy of Rome) had long since expired in broil and blood, and youths no longer flocked to the colleges of Caerleon, and priests no longer adorned the casuistical theology of the age, Gryffyth himself, the son of a wise and famous father, had received an education beyond the average of Saxon kings. But, intensely national, his mind had turned from the literature of Rome, to the legends, and songs, and chronicles of his land; and if he is the best scholar who best understands his own tongue and its treasures, Gryffyth was the most erudite prince of his age. His natural talents, for war especially, were considerable; and judged fairly—not as mated with an empty treasury, without other army than the capricious will of his subjects afforded, and amidst his bitterest foes in the jealous chiefs of his own country, against the disciplined force, and comparative civilization of the Saxon—but as compared with all the other princes of Wales, in warfare, to which he was habituated, and in which chances were even, the fallen son of Llewellyn had been the most renowned leader that Cymry had known since the death of the great Roderic.

So there he stood, his attendants ghastly with famine, drawn up on the unequal ground; above, on the heights, and rising from the stone crags, long lines of spears artfully placed; and, watching him with deathful eyes, somewhat in his rear, the Traitor Three.

"Speak, father, or chief," said the Welsh king in his native tongue; "what would Harold, the earl, with Gryffyth, the king?"

"Then the monk took up the word and spoke.

"Health to Gryffyth-ap-Llewellyn, his chiefs, and his people! Thus saith Harold, King Edward's thegn: 'By land all the passes are watched, by sea all the waves are our own. Our swords rest in our sheaths, but famine marches each hour to gride and slay. Instead of sure death from hunger, take sure life from the foe. Free pardon to all, chiefs and people, and safe return to their homes, save Gryffyth alone. Let him come forth, not as a victim and outlaw, not with bent form and clasped hands, but as chief meeting chief, with his household of state. Harold will meet him in honor at the gates of the fort. Let Gryffyth submit to King Edward, and ride with Harold to the court of Basileus. Harold promises him life, and will

plead for his pardon. And, though the peace of the realm, and the fortune of war, forbid Harold to say, 'Thou shalt yet be a king,' yet thy crown, son Llewellyn, shall at least be assured in the line of thy fathers, and the race of Cadwallader shall still reign in Cymry."

The monk paused, and hope and joy were in the faces of the chiefs, while two of the traitor three suddenly left their post, and sped to tell the message to the spearmen and multitudes above. Modred, the third conspirator, laid his hand on his hilt, and stood near to see the face of the king;—the face of the king was dark and angry, as a midnight of storm.

Then, raising the cross on high, Evan resumed.

"And I, though of the people of Gwentland, who the arms of Gryffyth have wasted, and whose prince fell beneath Gryffyth's sword on the hearth of the hall—I, as God's servant, the brother of all I behold, and as son of the soil, mourning over the slaughter of its latest defenders—I, by this symbol of love and command, which I raise to the heaven, adjure thee, king, to give ear to the mission of peace, to cast down the grim pride of earth. And instead of the crown a day fix thy hopes on a crown everlasting. Much shall be forgiven thee in thine hour of penitence, and of conquest, if now thou savest from doom from death the last lives over which thou art lord."

It was during this solemn appeal that the knight, marking the sign announced to him, and drawing close to Gryffyth, pressed the ring into the king's hand, and whispered—"Obey by this pledge. Thou knowest Harold is true, and thine head is sold by thine people."

The king cast a haggard eye at the speaker, then at the ring, over which his hand closed with convulsive spasm. And at that dread instant the king prevailed over the king; and far away from the monk and monk, from adjuration and duty, fled his heart on the wings of the storm—fled to the cold wife he trusted; and the pledge that should assure him of safety seemed as a love-token insulting his fall. Amid the roar of roused passions, loudest of all was the hiss of the jealous fiend.

As the monk ceased, the thrill of the audience was perceptible, and a deep silence was followed by a general murmur, as if to constrain the king.

The pride of the despot chief rose up as if to defy the wrath of the suspecting man. The red flushed the dark cheek, and he tossed the neglected hair from his brow.

He made one stride towards the monk, and said a voice loud, and deep, and slow, rolling far up the hill—

"Monk, thou hast said; and now hear the reply: 'The son of Llewellyn, the true heir of Roderic the Great, who from the heights of Eryri, saw all the lands of the Cymrian sleeping under the drag of Uther. King was I born, and king will I die. I will not ride by the side of the Saxon to the feet of Edward, the son of the spoiler. I will not, to chase base life, surrender the claim, vain before the hour, but solemn before God and posterity, the claim of my line and my people. All Britons—our—all the Island of Pines. And the children of Hengist are traitors and rebels—not the heathen Ambrosius and Uther. Say to Harold the Saxon: 'You have left us but the tomb of the Druid and

hills of the eagle; but freedom and royalty are ours, in life and in death—not for you to demand them, not for us to betray? Nor fear ye, O my chiefs, few, but unmatched in glory and truth; fear not ye to perish by the hunger thus denounced as our doom, on these heights that command the fruits of our own fields! No, die we may, but not mute and revengeless. Go back, whispering warrior; go back, false son of Cymry—and tell Harold to look well to his walls and his trenches. We will vouchsafe him grace for his grace—we will not take him by surprise, nor under cloud of the night. With the gleam of our spears and the clash of our shields, we will come from the hill; and, famine-worn as he deems us, hold a feast in his walls which the vultures of Snowdon plume their pinions to share!”

“Rash man and unhappy!” cried the monk, “what curse drawest thou down on thy head! Wilt thou be the murderer of thy men in strife unavailing and vain? Heaven holds thee guilty of all the blood thou shalt cause to be shed.”

“Be dumb!—hush thy screech, lying raven!” exclaimed Gryffyth, his eyes darting fire, and his slight form dilating. “Once, priest and monk went before us to inspire, not to daunt; and our cry, Alleluia! was taught us by the saints of the Church, on the day when Saxons fierce and many as Harold’s, fell on the field of Maes-Garmen. No, the curse is on the head of the invader, not on those who defend hearth and altar. Yea, as the song to the bard, the curse leaps through my veins, and rushes forth from my lips. By the land they have ravaged; by the gore they have spilt; on these crags, our last refuge; below the cairn on yon heights, where the dead stir to hear me—I launch the curse of the wronged and the doomed on the children of Hengist! They in turn shall know the steel of the stronger—their crown shall be shivered as glass, and their nobles be as slaves in the land. And the line of Hengist and Cerdic shall be raised from the roll of empire. And the ghosts of our fathers shall glide, appeased, over the grave of their nation. But we—we, though weak in the body, in the soul shall be strong to the last! The plowshare may pass over our cities, but the soil shall be trod by our steps, and our deeds keep our language alive in the songs of our bards. Nor, in the great judgment day, shall any race but the race of Cymry rise from their graves in this corner of earth, to answer for the sins of the brave!”

So impressive the voice, so good the brow, and sublime the wild gesture of the king, as he thus spoke, that not only the monk himself was awed; not only, though he understood not the words, did the Norman knight bow his head, as a child, when the lightning he fears as by instinct, flashes out from the cloud—but even the sullen and wide-spreading discontent at work among most of the chiefs was arrested for a moment. But the spearmen and multitude above, excited by the tidings of safety to life, and worn out by repeated defeat, and the dread fear of famine, too remote to hear the king, were listening eagerly to the insidious addresses of the two stealthy conspirators, creeping from rank to rank; and already they began to sway and move, and sweep slowly down toward the king.

Recovering his surprise, the Norman again neared Gryffyth, and began to re-urge his mission of peace. But the chief waved him back sternly, and said aloud, though in Saxon:—

“No secrets can pass between Harold and me. This much alone, take thou back as answer:—I thank the earl, for myself, my queen, and my people. Noble have been his courtesies as foe; as foe I thank him—as king, defy. The torque he hath returned to my hand, he shall see again ere the sun shall set. Messengers, ye are answered; withdraw and speed fast, that we may pass not your steps on the road.”

The monk sighed, and cast a look of holy compassion over the circle; and a pleased man was he to see in the faces of most there, that the king was alone in his fierce defiance. Then lifting again the rod, he turned away, and with him went the Norman.

The retirement of the messengers was the signal for one burst of remonstrance from the chiefs—the signal for the voice and the deeds of the Fatal Three. Down from the heights sprang and rushed the angry and turbulent multitudes; round the king came the bard and the falconer, and some faithful few.

The great uproar of many voices caused the monk and the knight to pause abruptly in their descent, and turn to look behind: They could see the crowd rushing down from the higher steep; but on the spot itself which they had so lately left, the nature of the ground only permitted a confused view of spear points, lifted swords, and heads crowned with shaggy locks, swaying to and fro.

“What means all this commotion?” asked the knight, with his hand on his sword.

“Hist!” said the monk, pale as ashes, and leaning for support upon the cross.

Suddenly, above the hubbub, was heard the voice of the king, in accents of menace and wrath, singularly distinct and clear; it was followed by a moment’s silence—a moment’s silence followed by the clatter of arms, a yell, and a howl, and the indescribable shock of men.

And suddenly again was heard a voice that seemed that of the king, but no longer distinct and clear!—was it laugh?—was it groan?

All was hushed; the monk was on his knees in prayer; the knight’s sword was bare in his hand. All was hushed—and the spears stood still in the air: when there was again a cry, as multitudinous but less savage than before. And the Welsh come down the pass, and down the crags.

The knight placed his back to a rock. “They have orders to murder us,” he murmured: “but woe to the first who come within reach of my sword!”

Down swarmed the Welshmen, nearer and nearer; and in the midst of them three chiefs—the fatal three. And the old chief bore in his hand a pole or spear, and on the top of that spear, trickling gore step by step, was the trunkless head of Gryffyth the king.

“This,” said the old chief, as he drew near, “this is our answer to Harold the earl. We will go with ye.”

“Food! food!” cried the multitude.

And the three chiefs (one on either side the trunkless head that the third bore aloft), whispered, “We are avenged!”

PORTRAIT GALLERY.

MRS. LE VERT AND HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

(From Phrenological Journal.)

As the physiological laws of different latitudes are becoming better understood, our philosophers and thinkers incline more and more strongly to the belief, that climate exercises as potent an influence upon the formation and development of character as even race itself. Without stopping to illustrate this idea by examples, we may say that the wide contrast between the two representative women whose names stand at the head of this article, is, to a great extent, the result of the contrast between the climate of Florida and that of Massachusetts.

This result of zone is probably more marked in woman than in man. It is his prerogative and glory to brave and conquer every variation of temperature from the equator to the pole. It is her destiny to adjust herself to the skies under which she is born. If these are mellow and warm, she will unconsciously and instinctively open her heart to all the gentle impulses and balmy breath of nature. She will enjoy the beauty and fragrance of flowers, the melodies of song, the gushing life of tropical exuberance, and become in her being and character at once a type and a reflection of the gorgeous fullness and pervasive fragrance amid which her days pass.

What but a life of social brightness, mellow sympathies, and unclouded joyousness could we expect as a sequel to childhood passed on the coast of Florida, where, in her own vivid words, Mrs. Le Vert says her first memories were "of the orange and live-oak trees shading the broad veranda; of the fragrant acacia, oleander, and cape-jasminu'trees which filled the parterre sloping down to the sea-beach; of merry races with my brother along the white sands, while the creamy waves broke over my feet and the delicious breeze from the gulf played in my hair, of the pet mocking-birds in the giant oak by my window, whose songs called me each morning from dream-land."

Turn from such a childhood to the household of a New England minister in Massachusetts forty years ago. For nearly half the year the streams are scaled with frost; the trees are leafless apparently dead; the air is cold; nature is forbidding; and however man may breast the severities of the climate, woman must seek her enjoyment by the fireside in the amenities of household life. In addition to this the limited income of a Congregational minister in those times made industry and economy prime laws in such a family. While the daughter of the governor of Florida was frolicking with her brother on the sea-beach, and romping through the orange groves, or playing hide-and-seek among the roses in January, or picnicking with army officers beneath the magnolia groves, the child of the New England divine—the great champion of orthodoxy—was carefully economizing her time, so that between the making of beds, the sweeping of the floors, and the washing of dishes, she might eke out time for the mastery of her lessons at school. Be sure her dress pocket was ample and ever filled with some interesting book to be read in every moment of leisure, and the stores of knowledge thus at all times and everywhere laid away in the cells of memory were kept fresh and ready for immediate and constant use. A mind like Mrs. Stowe's,

naturally active and vivid, living at the very focus of controversial theology, must have been rapidly developed by the stimulus of the fireside discussions and the public ministrations to which she was a constant listener. Accustomed to hear the abstract principles of right and justice laid bare and analyzed by the master-hand of her reverend father and his competent she would naturally inquire with respect to all social and moral questions into their respective merits, and consider, not what was agreeable or pleasant or profitable to one's-self, but only what is in accordance with truth, justice, and the highest reason. Such a brain with a heart inclined to love virtue, and inheriting benevolence and faith from a pious parentage, could find pleasure only in intense intellectual activity, and the activity in the direction of beneficence and moral improvement. A childhood and girlhood thus passed must have resulted in giving ideas, activity, effectiveness, and humanitarian convictions, which are, as we think, the distinguishing characteristics of representative Northern women.

Harriet Beecher Stowe must be pronounced, on the whole, the most brilliant and most famous of American female prose writers now living. Though a constant contributor to various magazines and author of several books, her fame will rest upon the work which immediately after its publication gave her national reputation. Her brain teems with all sorts of valuable social ideas, and the range of her activities takes in alike the delicate fireside problems and the of larger import and wider scope.

In society Mrs. Stowe has never been, and never be, the burning and shining light that has so many years illuminated Southern salons; but her body carries into society an eye keener to detect offenses, and her pencil more facile to portray the various characteristics and the different phases of life there represented. Receiving and retaining every impression which social life is capable of making upon a finely organized intellect, she retires to her composing-room, and with brilliant grouping and artistic coloring weaves her conclusions, her convictions, and her lessons in stories which fascinate by their natural grace, delight by their beauty of language, and tend to elevate society by their high moral tone.

How many thousands have wept over the death of Eva! How many thousands, as they lingered over the fascinating page, have found their teeth clenched as their eyes ran down the lines which recite the fearful story of Uncle Tom's torture! And ten years ago how many hundred voters, who had up to that time been conservative, rose from the perusal of that thoroughly radical in their political convictions. While the giant wrong was being smitten by a hundred sledge-hammers wielded by brawny arms, the wit of this one woman dealt it a home-thrust which proved to be like the word of the Lord, a "dividing between the joints and the marrow." Her delicate bodkin reached the heart of the monster and slave, never recovered from that stab.

In person the authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is slender but agile, compact and highly organized. Her faculties are so harmonized as to work with the utmost smoothness. No one of her mental powers is so wonderful as the memory of Mrs. Le Vert; but the poise and effective vigor of mind Mrs. Stowe has probably no superior among the writers of her school.

Her mental concentration and endurance are very great. She can carry on her trains of thought and weave one of her charming narratives while engaged in domestic duties. Michelet speaks of the manner of her labor as follows: "Some one asked the charming and illustrious Mrs. Stowe under what circumstances she had written 'Uncle Tom's cabin?' 'While I was keeping the pot boiling,' she replied."

When the future literary historian of this country sums up the performances of the first half of this century, the names of Prescott and of Bancroft will stand first in their departments. In fiction he must pronounce "Uncle Tom" as the most charming, at the same time the most effective novel which the times produced. Mrs. Le Vert is also an authoress, but her style is as different from that of Mrs. Stowe's as the splendor of a Brussels carpet from the beauty of a parterre of roses.

One records her convictions, the other dashes off her impressions; one tells us of countless pleasant things she saw and innumerable kind people she met; while the other gives us the lesson and wisdom of foreign travel—tells us what Europe is, and what it is not; delights us with little cabinet pen-and-ink painting; and trenchant outlines of character.

The difference between these two women is, to a great extent, a sectional difference. One is a good type of the Northern woman, the other a fair specimen of the Southern lady. The contrast is a radical one. The Northerner regards life a failure if it is not effective, and his ideal of a woman is of a person fitted to aid and advance all the prime interests of society. The Southerner, on the other hand, regarding life mainly as a scene of enjoyment, looks upon woman as a creature of delight; and woman in that society rarely rises above the standard there fixed for her. Hence a person like Mrs. Le Vert, formed to captivate Southern hearts and to be the delight of Southern society, appears to us of the Northern clime more splendid than useful, more ornamental than valuable.

On the other hand a person like Mrs. Stowe, diffident and retiring in general society and somewhat eccentric, must seem to a Southerner far more strenuous and earnest than is consistent with his ideal of the loveliness and the repose he seeks in the society of woman.

NATURAL CAUSES OF DEATH.

From the commencement of life to the moment of death there are mechanical and chemical changes, constant and uninterrupted, going on in our bodies. For example, we eat and drink for the express purpose of providing materials for repairing the waste of matter resulting from the working of the machinery. A soft, oily fluid is poured into the joints, to prevent friction, just as oil is poured into the axle-box of a coach wheel to prevent it wearing away the metal. Our bones are all frequently renewed, as well as our flesh, from infancy to age; but not in a day, or an hour. Nature acts persistently, but accomplishes nothing by spasmodic efforts.

As soon as a particle of lime which was held in solution in food is placed in the stomach, it is carried to the heart by appropriate vessels, and from thence conveyed to an artery, to be distributed to a part most

needed in some bone. There the little particle is deposited, and becomes incorporated with the substance of the hard structure where it was left. It becomes vitalized in its new connexion. An old particle, or as it were, an old brick, is detached from the wall to give place to a new one. It is carried out of the body as useless matter, as its vitality has been expended. So particles are perpetually changing places. This is vigorous life and health so long as the process is regularly performed.

In the lapse of time the vital artisans, such as the liver, spleen, kidneys, heart, stomach, &c., are weary of years of incessant toil, and fail to act with that systematic activity of younger days. By this relaxing, new particles are not sent forward often enough, nor the effete ones removed quickly, and consequently there is mechanical irregularity, and a chemical one also. Thus we wear-away, and finally die of old age. When disease sets in, it is a sudden clog to the wheels as it were. The vital action by which life and consciousness are maintained cannot be suspended but a moment at furthest without hazard of death. When a man is drowned, the machine stops. If however certain measures are adopted, provided respiration has been suspended but a few minutes, life may possibly be recalled. That is, the heart may be urged into contraction, and the lungs once more commence filling and relapsing.

When there are no violations of the vital laws, great longevity is attainable. Few, however, are so careful and discreet as not to trespass upon themselves in some form, the penalty of which is sickness, suffering and a premature death.

Wales, sharks, and some few of the land animals whose food is invariably easy of digestion, and whose habits, regulated by instinct, are unchangeable as nature herself, live to immense long periods. It is the opinion of some naturalists that the balaena, or white whale of the Arctic regions, may reach the patriarchal age of a thousand years. Sharks whose skeletons are not bones, but flexible cartilaginous levers, are also supposed to continue several centuries, if not destroyed by enemies.

Notwithstanding the universal desire for life, which is instinctive, we thoughtlessly hasten the approach of the very calamity we so much dread. With all the light of modern science, in an age, too, remarkable for intelligence, we pursue practices daily which we know to be destructive to life. Each thinks himself removed from the dangers which threaten others; and acting upon the idea that all others are mortal but ourselves, we at last fall, as generations have before us, to be remembered no more for ever.

Youth may reach three score and ten by simply conforming to those natural laws which give health and happiness. A deviation is perilous; hence it behoves those who love life to shun every influence which interferes with the enjoyment of the most valuable of all blessings—a sound body and a clear mind.

EVERY man, no matter how lowly he may appear to himself, might still endeavor to produce something for the benefit or use of society; remembering, that an insect furnishes by its labor materials wherewith to form the regal robes of kings.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE,

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BRIGHAM AND HIS PROBLEM.

BY E. W. TULLIDGE.

We have just struck upon one of the most important problems of the age. Our social and political *necessities* have driven Brigham upon it and those necessities will drive the people after him. But it makes no difference what is the cause, we are, be it repeated, upon one of the most important problems of the times. In reality, that problem is the great commonwealth in its social and commercial forms.

Of old times the Commonwealth was made to signify the religious and national rights of a people in a very general sense, but after the Cromwellian struggle, followed by England's greatest revolution under the reign of that illustrious hero and Statesman William of Orange, the Commonwealth took in a larger conception of political rights; and in the American revolution there was the consummation of all the struggles of nationalities for the inalienable rights of man.

This is of the problems of the past; but the philosophers of the present age have been conceiving with a new idea: it is that of a *SOCIAL SYSTEM* embracing Commercial combinations and Co-operative activities and interests all blended into the great commonwealth of a nation. Social philosophers and advanced statesmen became conscious of a cardinal lacking in the constitutions of the world: it was the lacking of *social systems*. Even England was without a social system; England, which had been a thousand years the foremost nation in everything where social and commercial interests were concerned. Her commonwealth she could date back to Alfred the Great; but where was her social system? Her commerce was the world's commerce, but where some grand national institution taking it all in? her manufactures and trade were almost like the life-blood of the world; but where the system that returned that life to the social body that gave its source? where, in fact, a social realization of a commonwealth?

It is true that it was such men as Robert Owen and the Idealistic class of statesmen who at first began to entertain the conception of a grand social and commercial scheme to be incorporated with the commonwealth of a nation, and very justly they deemed the old miserable functions of politics unworthy national legislation. Why should not statesmen in the Congresses and Parliaments of the nations legislate for the social and commercial life and the weal of the great people instead of babbling over their politics and leaving the most cardinal interests of a nation in the hands of masters, capitalists, and speculators.

These were questions for consideration, and they afforded movements for public agitation. But at length the problem passed from the circle of mere idealists and the world saw born a Social Science Congress.

Russell and Brougham were its Presidents, Shaftsbury and Carlisle were its types of commoners—all the intellect of England formed the grand assembly; Robert Owen, the venerable apostle of the conception of a social science and legislation, was there to sanctify

the birth of that Congress with his dying blessing. It was a grand sight! I saw the birth of that congress and that sight at Liverpool. Never shall I forget for it represents the final conception of our age and the world's good time coming.

But who shall solve this problem, was my question as I sat in that Social Science Congress on the night of the *People's* session, with one of the people's voices—who shall solve this problem? Robert Owen, English apostle, had lived to see it in the hands of England's most advanced statesmen, and from that congress he was carried away to gather up his bones and sleep with his forefathers. His friend Brougham had supported the illustrious social apostle while he made his tiny speech very suggestive of the grand second childhood which then spoke to the world of the amen of a giant life. It was a glorious triumph for the man, but who, I asked myself, can *practically* solve his vast problem, spite of the fact that it is now in the hands of this galaxy of English statesmen, in spite of the fact that there is connected with this "Upper House" a "Commons" of the greatest minds of the realm, in spite of the fact that the *People* have been called in to make the congress worthy of a national acceptance?—yet *who shall* who can solve this problem? I answered then as now: there is one man, that man is Brigham Young!—one people and one are the Mormons.

We are now thrown upon the solution of this problem. Brigham Young has taken it upon himself, *must* carry it through. It is now his mission, and in line of the special mission of his life. A society built on the type of his ministry, social systems are his springs. He is no father of political systems, no prophet of new dispensations, but he is the parent of social constitutions; he shall rank in history among founders of empires. He *must* then take up this grand problem of the age—the crowning problem of the ages! He *must* work out in his lifetime a grand Commonwealth for Israel that will take in our social and commercial activities and international Politics!—throw politics to the dogs! Brigham and his people will have none of them. But the world has no social system no *commercial nationality*. Statesmen of England strikingly affirmed this when they left the halls of Parliament to set in the Amphitheatre of Liverpool to hold their people's session of their "Social Science Congress" of the advanced minds of the world. And in our age that world must have given to it at least one commercial nationality at least one completed commonwealth. I say Brigham Young must do it or he will die with an unaccomplished mission. That was his mission from the beginning—his special mission, all his past works pointed to it. He has been the father of social institutions, father of a state, and he must complete his work. There is no playing with that work either on his part or on ours—the people's part. He has risen up to part now our *must* comes uppermost, we must rise to make it ours. We must have a commercial nationality, a combination of interests, a commonwealth that will take us all in, and exacting from all in turn give multiplied good to all, we must have the strictest of all bonds—self interest.

The world is rushing against us with all its might the future is coming to break us into pieces, but if the world be conquered and the future won, it is not

who shall miscary. The antagonistic problem has been confessed. General Connor all the day long boldly confessed it, the old *Vedette* every morning did the same and the *Reporter* has defined it in as strong and plain terms as the English language will permit; and moreover, editors, railroad directors, and statesmen abroad freely confess their programme of the future. And this in the majority cases is without much ill-feeling. The exceptions are more amongst those in our midst than among honorable gentlemen abroad. There are two problems, and very legitimate ones too. Ours is one, the other is the opposite of ours. Outside pressure will break up "this people," as the *Vedette* used to satirically style us, unless "this people" refuse to be broken up. Good!—in the elegant phrase of Young America "Bully!" Let the issue come. I pray God that Brigham Young may have his masterpiece forced from him. If it master him and overmatch his strength, then let it, but let it also master us and overmatch us the people, ere we give one inch of ground.

Let the issues then come up; for sooner or later they must come. The benevolent policy of the present is to break us up by social and commercial forces. When the Pacific Railroad reaches us ten years of its era will solve our problem. Such is the universal judgement. Undoubtedly it will solve the problem now in hand, though doubtless another will succeed in turn. We must meet the opposite issues with our social and commercial forces and combinations.

Brigham has his new problem and he is leading out with it and we *must* follow. I say not this because I am much in the habit of following, I take all to witness that I generally go where I please, as far as any individual man as the legitimate right to pleasure himself at his own cost. I must have my own individual way I can't help it though I ran against a universe and then of course I should be smashed up for the will of the universe is stronger than mine.

Now if the will of any of the merchants or tradesmen of Utah is in opposition to the will of the times as it stands upon our side, if it is stronger than they are they must bear the smashing up; but they have the consolation that the future is hastening on the Pacific Railroad to smash us up in turn. Good then, let us meet it and test our will; but better then that our problem.

Our absolute necessities force us out just as Brigham's absolute necessities in the case force him out. Unless grappled with it can only be a question of time. Let that time be now; and let no man or woman buy or sell unless in the interest of our Commonwealth. He that will not go with Brigham and the people in this great issue shall be left out of doors; though that should come against myself I amen it with all my heart, for this is a world important problem we have before us now. It is the rock upon which we shall build or split. The matter is therefore no playing matter.

I have said that we have before us the crowning problem, not only of this age, but of all the ages to solve. As in many a case besides, a Providence has thrown us upon it, by the force of our necessities. It was this might of necessities coming too, be it marked, not from our side, but from the opposite side, that made our leaders the pioneers to the Pacific, and out of a sect made us a state; for, notwithstanding

cavelling upon that point, still are we virtually a state even now, and more perchance might come of us in the multiplication sums of our future.

Providence then forces upon us for solution the world's greatest temporal problem: it is also our own, and that Providence comes in our necessities from the opposite side. If Brigham, with God above him and the people at his back, be equal to the task of solving it, the eyes of nations will be upon the issue. Our religion has never been understood but our social and commercial weight has been felt on this continent and respected in spite of every censure of objectionable peculiarities. Here we have now a problem in which this community can make itself felt a hundred fold more than ever in the eventful past.

The Great East India Company has been instanced and its marvelous results from small beginnings brought up as an example suggestive of the proposed commercial combination. Brigham Young the parent of a vast co-operative union of the Mormons in all the world,—Brigham Young the Chief Director of that union! Is not that as suggestive as the East India Company? Ask Lord John Russell, the first president of the Social Science Congress, who in his speech has already, to his colleagues, pointed out Brigham Young and his social administration, as an example marked upon the age. If the thrice prime minister of England has thus cast him, surely it is not far fetched to strike off Brigham Young as the head of a commercial company that will bear comparison with that of East India in its beginning and may be one that shall bear comparison with it in its consummations.

Depend upon it, this problem can be made to grow into vast proportions, and wonderful results will come from its solution. More, very likely will come of the movement than is now designed. Know you not that the millions have been piled upon the pence, and how insatiable becomes the desire to pile up as the bulk increases? It has been thus in the laying up of all immense fortunes, and in the working out of every gigantic enterprise. The first penny gained gave not much zest; the first efforts of giant undertakings have made but little mark even in the projector's own mind unless it has been a railroad kind of scheme with a George Stephenson blending the idealistic and practical in one great conception. Material wealth is an impulse almost like that of fanaticism. Now we have the one, so it is generally affirmed. Let us next be put into the way to get the mighty impulse of accumulating material resources and there will be vast results indeed. But will it result in the material good of all who take up with their means and efforts Brigham's great commercial problem? Most certainly it will, or the whole of the movement will fall to the ground a failure. Now Brigham is no failure, but a successful man in everything, and in this matter his very success will consist in the amount of individual good disbursed. His work and mission hitherto has been to make the Mormons collectively. Has he not made out of a gathered mass of poor people a little nation in their social potency. His future work then seems to be a commercial commonwealth, and the very nature of that is individual as well as collective growth and good. The problem of his future will be as successful as that of his past and Lord John Russell will have the opportunity to point the man Brigham and his policies out to Europe again.

FOUL PLAY.

BY CHARLES READE AND DION BOUTICAULT.

(CONTINUED)

CHAPTER XXVI.

Hazel left off working and looked greatly perplexed; the attack was so sudden in its form, though it had been a long time threatening. He found nothing to say; and she was impatient to speak her mind, so she replied to his look.

"You are making yourself at home here. You are Contented? You are happy in this horrible prison."

"And why not?" said Hazel.—But he looked rather guilty.—"Here are no traitors; no murderers. The animals are my friends, and the one human being I see makes me better to look at her."

"Mr. Hazel, I am in a state of mind that romance jars on me. Be honest with me, and talk to me like a man. I say that you are all over with happiness and content, and that you—now answer me one question; why have you never lighted the bonfire on Telegraph Point?"

"Indeed I don't know," said he, submissively. "I have been so occupied."

"You have: and how? Not in trying to deliver us both from this dreadful situation, but to reconcile me to it. Yes, sir under pretence (that is a hard word, but I can't help it) of keeping out the rain. Your rain is a bugbear. It never will rain. You are killing yourself almost, to make me comfortable in this place. Comfortable?" She began to writhe, and pant, with excitement long restrained. And do you really suppose you can make me live on like this; by building me a nice hut? Do you think I am all body and no soul, that shelter and warmth and enough to eat can keep my heart from breaking, and my cheeks from blushing night and day? When I wake in the morning I find myself blushing to my fingers' ends." Then she writhed away from him. "Oh, my dear father, why did I ever leave you!" Then she writhed back. "Keep me here! make me live months and years on this island. Have you sisters? Have you a mother? Ask yourself, is it likely? No; if you will not help me; and they don't love me enough to come and find me and take me home, I'll go to another home without your help or any man's." She rose suddenly to her feet. "I'll tie my clothes tight around me, and fling myself down from that point on the sharp rocks below. I'll find a way from this place to Heaven, if there's no way from it to those I love on earth."

Then she sank down and rocked herself and sobbed hard.

The strong passion of this hitherto gentle creature quite frightened her unhappy friend, who knew more of books than woman. He longed to soothe her and comfort her; but what could he say. He cried out in despair, "My God, can I do nothing for her."

She turned on him like lightning. "You can do anything; everything. You can restore us both to our friends. You can save my life, my reason. For that will go first, I think. What had I done? what had I ever done since I was born, to be so brought down? Was ever an English lady—? And then I have such an irritation on my skin, all over me; I sometimes wish the tiger would come and tear me all to pieces; yes all to pieces!" And with that her white teeth clicked together convulsively. "Do!" said she, darting back to the point as swiftly as she had rushed away from it. "Why put down that, and leave off inventing fifty little trumpery things for me, and do one great thing instead. Oh, do not fritter that great mind of yours away in painting and patching my prison; but bring it all to bear on getting me out of my prison. Call sea and land to our rescue. Let them know a poor girl is here in unheard-of, unfathomable misery; here, in the middle of this awful ocean."

Hazel sighed deeply. "No ships seem to pass within sight of us," he muttered.

"What does that matter to you? You are no common man; you are an inventor. Rouse all the powers of your mind. There must be some way. Think for me. THINK! THINK!—or my blood will be on your head."

Hazel turned pale and put his head in his hands, and tried to think.

She leaned towards him with great flashing eyes of purest hazel.

The problem dropped from his lips a syllable at a time. diffuse—intelligence—a hundred leagues from a fixed point—an island?"

She leaned towards him with flashing, expectant eyes.

But he groaned, and said; "That seems impossible."

"Then trample on it," said she, bringing his own weight against him; for she used to remember all he said to her in the day, and ponder it at night. "Trample on it, subdue it. I never speak to me again. Ah, I am an ungrateful wretch! speak harshly to you. It is my misery, not Me. Good, k Mr. Hazel, O pray, pray, bring all the powers of your great mind to bear on this one thing, and save a poor girl, whom you have been so kind, so considerate, so noble, so disinterested, so forbearing; now save me from despair!"

Hysterical sobs cut her short here, and Hazel, whose low heart she had almost torn out of his body, could only gasp out in a broken voice, that he would obey her. "I'll work more for you at present," said he, "sweet as it has been. I think instead. I will go this moment beneath the stars and think all night."

The young woman was now leaning her head languidly against one of the trees, weak as water after her passion. She cast a look of ineffable love and pity on her, and waited slowly to think beneath the tranquil stars.

Love has set men hard tasks in his time. Whether this is a light one, our readers shall decide.

To diffuse intelligence from a fixed island, over a hundred leagues of ocean.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The perplexity into which Hazel was thrown by the outbreak of his companion, rendered him unable to reduce her demand at once to an intelligible form. For some moments he successfully employed his mind on the problem until it assumed shape.

Firstly: I do not know where this island is, having no means of ascertaining either its latitude or longitude.

Secondly: If I had such a description of its locality, I might the news be conveyed beyond the limits of the place.

As the wildness of Helen's demand broke upon his mind, he smiled sadly, and sat down upon the bank of the little river near his boat-house, and buried his head in his hands. A deep groan burst from him, and the tears at last came through his fingers, as in despair he thought how vain must be any effort to content or to conciliate her. Impatient with his own weakness he started to his feet, when a hand was laid gently upon his arm. She stood beside him.

"Mr. Hazel," she said, hurriedly,—"her voice was husky—" "do not mind what I have said. I am unreasonable; and I am sure I ought to feel obliged to you for all this."

Hazel turned his face towards her, and the moon glistened on the tears that still flowed down his cheeks. He tried to check the utterance of her apology; but ere he could master his voice, the girl's cold and constrained features seemed to melt. She turned away, wrung her hands, and with a sharp quivering cry, she broke forth—

"O, sir! O, Mr. Hazel! do forgive me. I am not ungrateful; indeed, indeed, I am not; but I am mad with despair. Just now, with compassion. At this moment, those who are dear to me are awaiting my arrival in London; and when I learn the loss of the Proserpine, how great will be their misery. Well, that misery is added to mine. Then my poor papa will never know how much he loved me until this news reaches him. And to think that I am dead to them, yet living! I am here helplessly, helplessly. Dear, dear, Arthur, how will I suffer for my sake. O papa, papa! shall I never see you again?" and she wept bitterly.

"I am helpless either to aid or to console you, Miss Eton. By the act of a Divine Providence you were cast upon this desolate shore, and by the same will I was appointed to serve and to provide for your welfare. I pray God that He will give me health and strength to assist you. Good night."

She looked timidly at him for a moment, then slowly regained her hut. He had spoken coldly, and with dignity. She was humbled, the more so, that he had only bowed his acknowledgments to apology.

For more than an hour she watched him, as he paced up and down between the boat-house and the shore; then he advanced a little towards her shelter, and she shrank into her bed, and gently closing the door. In a few moments she crept again peep forth, and to see if he were still there, but he had disappeared.

The following morning Helen was surprised to see the b

riding at anchor in the surf, and Hazel busily engaged on her trim. He was soon on shore, and by her side.

"I am afraid I must leave you for a day, Miss Rolleston," he said. "I wish to make a circuit of the island; indeed, I ought to have done so many days ago."

"Is such an expedition necessary? Surely you have had enough of the sea."

"It is very necessary. You have urged me to undertake this enterprise. You see, it is the first step towards announcing to all passing vessels our presence in this place. I have commenced operations already. See on yonder bluff, which I have called Telegraph Point, I have mounted the boat's ensign, and now it floats from the top of the tree beside the bonfire. I carried it there at sunrise. Do you see that pole I have shipped on board the boat? that is intended as a signal, which shall be exhibited on your great palm-tree. The flag will then stand as a signal on the northern coast, and the palm-tree thus accoutred, will serve for a similar purpose on the western extremity of the island. As I pass along the southern and eastern shores, I propose to select spots where some mark can be erected, such as may be visible to ships at sea."

"But will they remark such signals?"

"Be assured they will, if they come within sight of the place."

Hazel knew that there was little chance of such an event; but it was something not to be neglected. He also explained that it was necessary he should arrive at a knowledge of the island, the character of its shores; and from the sea he could rapidly obtain a plan of the place; ascertain what small rivers there might be, and, indeed, see much of its interior: for he judged it to be not more than ten miles in length, and scarce three in width.

Helen felt rather disappointed that no trace of the emotion he displayed on the previous night remained in his manner, or in the expression of his face. She bowed her permission to him rather haughtily, and sat down to breakfast on some baked yams, and some rough oysters, which he had raked up from the bay while bathing that morning. The young man had regained an elasticity of bearing, an independence of tone, to which she was not at all accustomed; his manners were always soft and deferential; but his expression was more firm, and she felt that the reins had been gently removed from her possession, and there was a will to guide her which she was bound to acknowledge and obey.

She did not argue in this wise, for it is not human to reason and to feel at the same moment. She felt then instinctively that the man was quietly asserting his superiority, and the child pouted.

Hazel went about his work briskly: the boat was soon laden with every requisite. Helen watched these preparations askance, vexed with the expedition which she had urged him to make. Then she fell to reflecting on the change that seemed to have taken place in her character, she, who was once so womanly, so firm, so reasonable, — why had she become so petulant, and capricious?

The sail was set, and all ready to run the cutter into the surf of the rising tide, when, taking a sudden resolution, as it were, Helen came rapidly down, and said, "I will go with you, if you please," half in command and half in doubt. Hazel looked a little surprised, but very pleased; and then she added, "I hope I shall not be in your way."

He assured on the contrary, that she might be of great assistance to him; and now with doubled alacrity, he ran out the little vessel and leaped into the prow as she danced over the waves. He taught her how to bring the boat's head round with the help of an oar, and when all was snug, left her at the helm. On reaching the mouth of the bay, if it could so be called, he made her remark that it was closed by reefs, except to the north and to the west. The wind being southerly, he had decided to pass to the west, and so they opened the sea about half a mile from the shore.

For about three miles they perceived it consisted of a line of bluffs, cleft at intervals by small narrow bays, the precipitous sides of which were lined with dense foliage. Into these fissures the sea entered with a mournful sound, that died away as it crept up the yellow sands with which these nooks were carpeted. An exclamation from Helen attracted his attention to the horizon on the northwest, where a long line of breakers glittered in the sun. A reef or low sandy bay appeared to exist in that direction, about fifteen miles away, and something more than a mile in length. As they proceeded, he marked roughly on the side of his tin baler, with the point of a pin

borrowed from Helen, the form of a coast line.

An hour and half brought them to the north-western extremity of the island. As they cleared the shelter of the land, the southerly breeze coming with some force across the open sea, caught the cutter, and she lay over in a way to inspire Helen with alarm, she was about to let go the tiller, when Hazel seized it, accidentally enclosing her hand under the grasp of his own, as he pressed the tiller hard to port.

"Steady, please; don't relinquish your hold; it is all right, — no fear," he cried, as he kept his eye on their sail.

He held this course for a mile or more, and then judging with a long tack he could weather the southerly side of the island, he put the boat about. He took occasion to explain how necessary it was, and she learned the alphabet of navigation. The western end of their little land now lay before them. It was about three miles in breadth. For two miles the bluff coast line continued unbroken; then a deep bay, a mile in width and two miles in depth, was made by a long tongue of sand projecting westerly; on its extremity grew the gigantic palm, well recognized as Helen's land mark. Hazel stood up in the boat to reconnoitre the coast. He perceived the sandy shore was dotted with multitudes of dark objects. Ere long, these objects were seen to be in motion, and, pointing them out to Helen, with a smile, he said, —

"Beware, Miss Rolleston, yonder are your bug-bears, — and in some force, too. Those dark masses, moving upon the billows of sand, or rolling on the surf, are sea-lions, — the phoca leonina, or lion-seal."

Helen strained her eyes to distinguish the forms, but only desoried the dingy objects. While thus engaged, she allowed the cutter to fall off a little, and, ere Hazel had resumed his hold upon the tiller, they were fairly in the bay; the great palm-tree on their starboard-bow.

"You seem determined to make the acquaintance of your nightmares," he remarked; "you perceive that we are embayed."

Her consternation amused him; she saw that if they held their present course, the cutter would take the beach about a mile ahead, were these animals were densely crowded.

At this moment, something dark bulged up close beside her in the sea, and the rounded back of a monster rolled over and disappeared. Hazel let drop the sail, for they were now fairly in the smooth water of the bay, and close to the sandy spit, the gigantic stem of the palm-tree was in their quarter, about half a mile off.

He took to the oars, and rowed slowly towards the shore. A small seal rose behind the boat and followed them, playing with the blade, its gambols resembling that of a kitten. He pointed out to Helen the mild expression of the creature's face, and assured her that all this tribe were harmless animals, and susceptible of domestication. The cub swam up to the boat quite fearlessly, and he touched its head gently; he encouraged her to do the like, but she shrank from his contact. They were now close ashore, and Hazel, throwing out his anchor in two feet of water, prepared to land the beam of wood he had brought to decorate the palm-tree as a signal.

The huge stick was soon heaved overboard, and he leaped after it. He towed it to the nearest landing to the tree, and dragged it high up on shore. Scarcely had he disposed it conveniently, intending to return in a day or two, with the means of affixing it in a prominent and remarkable manner, in the form of a spar across the trunk of the palm, when a cry from Helen recalled him. A large number of the sea-lions were coasting quietly down the surf towards the boat; indeed, a dozen of them had made their appearance around it.

Hazel shouted to her not to fear, and desiring that her alarm should not spread to the swarm, he passed back quietly, but rapidly. When he reached the water, three or four of the animals were already floundering between him and the boat. He waded slowly towards one of them, and stood beside it. The man and the creature looked quietly at each other, and then the seal rolled over, with a snuffing, self-satisfied air, winking its soft eyes with immense complacency.

Helen, in her alarm, could not resist a smile at this conclusion of so terrible a demonstration; for, with all their gentle expression, the tusks of the brute looked formidable. But when she saw Hazel pushing them aside, and patting a very small cub on the back, she recovered her courage completely.

Then he took to his oars again; and, aided by the tide which was now on the ebb, he rowed round the south-western extremity of the island. He found the water here, as he anticipated, very shallow.

It was midday when they were fairly on the southern coast; and now, sailing with the wind aft, the cutter ran through the water at racing speed. Fearing that some reefs or rocky formations might exist in their course, he reduced sail, and kept away from the shore, about a mile. At this distance he was better able to see inland, and mark down the accident of its formation.

The southern coast was uniform, and Helen said it resembled the cliffs of the Kentish or Sussex coast of England, only the English white was here replaced by the pale volcanic gray. By one o'clock they came abreast the very spot where they had first made land; and, as they judged, due south of their residence. Had they landed here, a walk of three miles across the centre of the island would have brought them home.

For about a similar distance the coast exhibited monotonous cliffs unbroken even by a rill. It was plain that the watershed of the island was all northward. They now approached the eastern end, where rose the circular mountain of which mention has been already made. This eminence had evidently, at one time been detached from the rest of the land to which it was now joined by a neck of swamp about a mile and a half in breadth, and two miles in length.

Hazel proposed to reconnoitre this part of the shore nearly, and ran the boat close in to land. The reeds or canes with which this bog was densely clothed, grew in a dark spongy soil. Here and there this waste was dotted with ragged trees which he recognized as the cypress; from its gnarled branches hung a black, funeral kind of weeper, a kind of moss resembling iron gray horsehair both in texture and uses, though not so long in the staple. This, Hazel explained to Helen, was very common in such marshy ground, and was the death-flag hung out by Nature to warn man that malaria and fever were the invisible and inalienable inhabitants of that fatal neighborhood.

Looking narrowly along the low shore for some good landing, where, under shelter of a tree they might repose for an hour, and spread their mid-day repast, they discovered an opening in the reeds, a kind of lagoon or bayou, extending into the morass between the highlands of the island and the circular mountain, but close under the base of the latter. This inlet he proposed to explore, and accordingly the sail was taken down and the cutter was poled into the narrow creek. The water here was so shallow that the keel slid over the quicksand into which the oar sank freely. The creek soon became narrow, the water deeper, and of a blacker color, and the banks more densely covered with canes. These grew to the height of ten and twelve feet, and as close as wheat in a thick crop. The air felt dank and heavy, and hummed with myriads of insects. The black water became so deep and the bottom so sticky that Hazel took to the oars again. The creek narrowed as they proceeded, until it proved scarcely wide enough to admit of his working the boat. The height of the reeds hindered the view on either side. Suddenly, however, and after proceeding very slowly through the bends of the canal, they decreased in height and density, and they emerged into an open space of about five acres in extent, a kind of oasis in this reedy desert, created by a mossy mound which arose amidst the morass, and afforded firm footing, of which a grove of trees and innumerable shrubs availed themselves. Helen uttered an exclamation of delight as this island of foliage in a sea of reeds met her eyes, that had been famished with the arid monotony of the brake.

They soon landed.

Helen insisted on the preparations for their meal being left to her, and having selected a sheltered spot she was soon busy with their frugal food. Hazel surveyed the spot, and selecting a red cedar, was soon seated forty feet above her head; making a topographical survey of the neighborhood. He found that the bayou by which they had entered continued its course to the northern shore, thus cutting off the mountain or easterly end, and forming of it a separate island. He saw that a quarter of a mile further on the bayou or canal parted, forming two streams, of which that to the left seemed the main channel. This he determined to follow. Turning to the west, that is towards their home he saw at a distance of two miles a crest of hills broken into cliffs, which defined the limit of the mainland. The sea had at one time occupied the site where the morass now stood. These cliffs formed a range, extending from north to south; their precipitous sides clothed here and there with trees, marked where the descent was broken by platforms. Between him and this range the morass extended. Hazel took note of three places where the descent from these hills into the marsh could, he believed, most readily be made.

On the eastern side, and close above him arose the peculiar

mountain. Its form was that of a truncated cone, and its sides densely covered with trees of some size.

The voice of Helen called him from his perch, and he descended quickly, leaping into a mass of brushwood growing at the foot of his tree. Helen stood a few yards from him, in admiration, before a large shrub.

"Look, Mr. Hazel, what a singular production," said the girl, as she stooped to examine the plant. It bore a number of red flowers, each growing out of a fruit like a prickly pear. These flowers were in various stages: some were just opening like tulips; others, more advanced, had expanded like umbrellas, and quite overlapped the fruit, keeping it from sun and dew; others had served their turn that way, and been withered by the sun's rays. But, wherever this was the case, the fruit had also burst open and displayed or discharged its contents, which looked like seeds; but on narrower inspection proved to be little insects with pink transparent wings, and bodies of incredibly vivid crimson.

Hazel examined the fruit and flowers very carefully, and stood rapt, transfixed.

"It must be!—and it is!" said he, at last. "Well, I'm glad I've not died without seeing it."

"What is it?" said she.

"One of the most valuable productions of the earth. It is cochineal. This is the Tunal-tree."

"O! indeed," said Helen, indifferently: "cochineal is used as a dye; but as it is not probable we shall require to dye anything, the discovery seems to me more curious than useful."

"You wanted some ink. This pigment, mixed with linseed juice, will form a beautiful red ink. Will you lend me your handkerchief and permit me to try if I have forgotten the method by which these little insects are obtained." He asked her to hold her handkerchief under a bough of the Tunal-tree where the fruit was ripe. He then shook the bough. Some insects fell at once into the cloth. A great number rose and buzzed a little in the sun not a yard from where they were but the sun dried their blood so promptly that they soon lay dead in the handkerchief. These that the sun so killed went through three phases of color before their eyes. They turned down black or nearly. They whitened on the cloth; and at that came gradually to their final color, a flaming crimson. The insect thus treated, appeared the most vivid of all.

They soon secured about a half a tea-cup full; they wrapped it up and put away, then they sat down and made a hearty meal, for it was now past two o'clock. They re-entered the boat, and passing once more into the morass they found a channel of the bayou as it approached the northern shore, difficult of navigation. The bottom became sandy and bare, and the presence of trees in the swamp proved that spots of terra firma were more frequent. But the water shallowed, as they opened the shore, he saw with great vexation that the tide in receding had left the bar at the mouth of the canal visible in some parts. He pushed on, however, until the boat grounded. This was a sad affair. There lay the sea not ten yards ahead. Hazel leaped out, and examined and forded the channel, which at this place was about two hundred feet wide. He found a narrow passage near the eastern side, and to that he towed the boat. Then he begged Miss Rolleston to land and relieved the boat of the mast, sail and oars. Thus lightened, he dragged her into the passage; but the time occupied in these preparations had been also occupied by Nature,—the tide had receded, and the cutter stuck immovably in the way, about six fathoms short of deeper water.

"What is to be done now?" inquired Helen, when Hazel turned to her side, panting, but cheerful.

"We must await the rising of the tide, I fear we are imprisoned here for three hours at least."

There was no help for it. Helen made light of the misfortune. The spot where they landed was enclosed between two issues of the lagoon. They walked along the shore to the more easterly, and the narrower canal, and, on arriving, Hazel found to his great annoyance that there was ample water. He floated the cutter had he selected that, the least promising road. He suggested a return by the road they came, and, singing into the other canal, by that to reach the sea. They tried back, but found by this time the tide had left the cut high and dry on the sand. So they had no choice but to wait.

Having three hours to spare, Hazel asked Miss Rolleston permission to ascend the mountain. She assented to remain near the boat while he was engaged in this expedition. The ascent was too rugged and steep for her powers, and the shore and adjacent groves would find her ample amusement during his absence. She accompanied him to the bank of

smaller lagoon, which he forded, and waving an adieu to her he plunged into the dense wood with which the sides of the mountain were clothed.

She waited some time, and then she heard his voice shouting to her from the heights above. The mountain top was about three quarters of a mile from where she stood, and seemed much nearer. She turned back towards the boat, walking slowly, but paused as a faint and distant cry again reached her ear. It was not repeated, and then she entered the grove.

The ground beneath her feet was soft with velvety moss, and the dark foliage of the trees rendered the air cool and deliciously fragrant. After wandering for some time, she regained the edge of the grove near the boat, and selecting a spot at the foot of an aged cypress, she sat down with her back against its trunk. Then she took out Arthur's letter, and began to read those impassioned sentences; as she read she sighed deeply, as earnestly she found herself pitying Arthur's condition more than she regretted her own. She fell into a reverie, and from reverie into a drowsy languor. How long she remained in this state she could not remember, but a slight rustle overhead recalled her senses. Believing it to be a bird moving in the branches she was resigning herself again to rest when she became sensible of a strange emotion, a conviction that something was watching her with a fixed gaze. She cast her eyes around, but saw nothing. She looked upwards. From the tree immediately above her lap depended a snake, its tail coiled around a dead branch. The reptile hung straight, its eyes fixed like two rubies upon Helen's, as very slowly it let itself down by its uncoiling tail. Now its head was on a level with hers; in another moment it must drop into her lap.

She was paralyzed.

THE TRIAL OF BARDELL VERSUS PICKWICK.

THE SPEECH FOR THE PLAINTIFF.

On the morning of the trial of the great action for breach of promise of marriage—Bardell against Pickwick—the defendant, Mr. Pickwick, being escorted into court, stood up in a state of agitation, and took a glance around him. There were already a pretty large sprinkling of spectators in the gallery, and a numerous muster of gentlemen in wigs in the barrister's seat, who, presented, as a body, all that pleasing and extensive variety of nose and whisker for which the bar of England is justly celebrated. Such of the gentlemen as had a brief to carry carried it in as conspicuous a manner as possible, and occasionally scratched their noses with it, to impress it more strongly on the observation of the spectators; other gentlemen, who had no briefs, carried under their arms goodly octavos, with a red label behind, and that under-done-pie-crust-colored cover which is technically known as "law-calf." Others, who had neither briefs nor books, thrust their hands into their pockets, and looked as wise as they could. The whole, to the great wonderment of Mr. Pickwick, were divided into little groups, who were chatting and discussing the news of the day in the most unfeeling manner possible, just as if no trial at all were coming on.

A loud, cry of "Silence!" announced the entrance of the judge, who was most particularly short; and so fat that he seemed all face and waistcoat. He rolled in upon two little turned legs; and having bobbed to the bar, who bobbed to him, put his little legs underneath his table, and his little three-cornered hat upon it; a sensation was then perceptible in the body the court; and immediately afterwards Mrs. Bardell, the plaintiff, supported by Mrs. Cluppings, her bosom friend number one, was led in, in a drooping state. An extra-sized umbrella was then handed in by Mr. Dodson, and a pair of patens by Mr. Fogg (Dodson and Fogg being the plaintiff's attorneys), each of whom had prepared a sympathizing and melancholy face for the occasion. Mrs. Sanders, bosom friend number two, then appeared, leading in Master Bardell, whom she placed on the floor of the court in front of his hysterical mother—a commanding position, in which he could not fail to awaken the sympathy of both judge and jury. This was, not done without considerable opposition on the part of the young gentleman himself, who had misgivings that his being placed in the full glare of the judge's eyes was only a formal prelude to his being immediately ordered away for instant execution.

"I am for the plaintiff, my Lord," said Mr. Sergeant Buzfuz.

Court.—"Who is with you, brother Buzfuz?"

Mr. Shimpin bowed, to intimate that he was,

"I appear for the defendant, my Lord," said Mr. Sergeant Snubbin.

Court.—"Anybody with you, brother Snubbin?"

"Mr. Phunky, my Lord,"

Court.—"Go on."

Mr. Simpkin proceeded to "open the case;" and the case appeared to have very little inside it when he had opened it, for he kept such particulars as he knew completely to himself.

Sergeant Buzfuz then rose with all the majesty and dignity which the grave nature of the proceedings demanded, and having whispered to Dodson, and conferred briefly with Fogg, pulled his gown over his shoulders, settled his wig, and addressed the jury.

Sergeant Buzfuz began by saying that never, in the whole course of his professional experience,—never, from the very first moment of his applying himself to the study and practice of the law, had he approached a case with such a heavy sense of the responsibility imposed upon him,—a responsibility he could never have supported, were he not buoyed up and sustained by a conviction, so strong that it amounted to positive certainty, that the cause of truth and justice, or, in other words, the cause of his much-injured and most oppressed client, must prevail with the high-minded and intelligent dozen of men whom he now saw in that box before him.

Counsels always begin in this way, because it puts the jury on the best terms with themselves, and makes them think what sharp fellows they must be. A visible effect was produced immediately: several jurymen beginning to take voluminous notes.

"You have heard from my learned friend, gentlemen," continued Sergeant Buzfuz, well knowing that from the learned friend alluded to the gentlemen of the jury had heard nothing at all,—"you have heard from my learned friend, gentlemen, that this is an action for a breach of promise of marriage, in which the damages are laid at £1,500. But you have not heard from my learned friend, inasmuch as it did not come within my learned friend's province to tell you, what are the facts and circumstances of this case. Those facts and circumstances, gentlemen, you shall hear detailed by me, and proved by the unimpeachable female whom I will place in that box before you.

"The plaintiff is a widow; yes, gentlemen, a widow. The late Mr. Bardell, after enjoying, for many years, the esteem and confidence of his sovereign, as one of his royal revenues, glided almost imperceptibly from the world, to seek elsewhere for that repose and peace which a custom-house can never afford."

This was a pathetic description of the decease of Mr. Bardell, who had been knocked on the head with a quart-pot in a public-house cellar.

"Some time before Mr. Bardell's death, he had stamped his likeness upon a little boy. With this little boy, the only pledge of her departed exciseman, Mrs. Bardell shrunk from the world and courted the retirement and tranquillity of Goswell street; and she placed in her front parlor window a written placard, bearing this inscription: "Apartments furnished for a single gentleman. Inquire within." Here Sergeant Buzfuz paused, while several gentlemen of the jury took a note of the document.

"There is no date to that, is there, sir?" inquired a juror.

"There is no date, gentlemen; but I am instructed to say that it was put in the plaintiff's parlor window just this time three years. Now I entreat the attention of the jury to the wording of this document,—'Apartments furnished for a single gentleman!' 'Mr. Bardell,' said the widow,—'Mr. Bardell was a man of honor, Mr. Bardell was a man of his word, Mr. Bardell was no deceiver, Mr. Bardell was once a single gentleman himself: in single gentlemen I shall perpetually see something to remind me of what Mr. Bardell was when he first won my young and untried affections; to a single gentleman shall my longings be let.' Actuated by this beautiful and touching impulse, (among the best impulses of our imperfect nature, gentlemen,) the desolate widow dried her tears, furnished her first floor; caught her innocent boy to her maternal bosom, and put the bill up in her parlor window. Did it remain there long? No. Before the bill had been in the parlor window three days—three days, gentlemen—a Being, erect upon two legs, and bearing all the outward semblance of a man, and not of a monster, knocked at Mrs. Bardell's door. He inquired within; he took the lodgings, and on the very next day he entered into possession of them. This man was Pickwick,—Pickwick, the defendant."

Sergeant Buzfuz here paused for breath. The silence awoke Mr. Justice Stareleigh, who immediately wrote down something with a pen without any ink in it, and looked unusually pro-

found, to impress the jury with the belief that he always thought most deeply with his eyes shut.

"Of this man Pickwick I will say little; the subject presents but few attractions; and I gentlemen, am not the man, nor are you, gentlemen, the men, to delight in the contemplation of revolting heartlessness of systematic villainy.

Here Mr. Pickwick, who had been writhing in silence, gave a violent start, as if some vague idea of assaulting Sergeant Buzfuz, in the august presence of justice and law, suggested itself to his mind.

"I say systematic villainy, gentlemen," said Sergeant Buzfuz, looking through Mr. Pickwick, and talking at him; "and when I say systematic villainy, let me tell the defendant, Pickwick,—if he be in court, as I am informed he is,—that it would have been more decent in him, more becoming, in better judgment, and in better taste, if he had stopped away.

"I shall show you, gentlemen, that for two years Pickwick continued to reside without interruption or intermission at Mrs. Bardell's house. I shall show you that, on many occasions, he gave half-pence, and on some occasions even sixpences, to her little boy; and I shall prove to you, by a witness whose testimony it will be impossible for my learned friend to weaken or controvert, that on one occasion he patted the boy on the head, and, after inquiring whether he had won any alloy tors or commonys lately (both of which I understand to be a particular species of marbles much prized by the youth of this town) made use of this remarkable expression: 'How should you like to have another father?' I shall prove to you, gentlemen, on the testimony of three of his own friends,—most unwilling witnesses, gentlemen,—most unwilling witnesses,—that on that morning he was discovered by them holding the plaintiff in his arms, and soothing her agitation by his caresses and endearments.

"And now, gentlemen, but one word more. Two letters have passed between these parties,—letters which are admitted to be in the handwriting of the defendant? Let me read the first:—'Garraway's, twelve o'clock. Dear Mrs. B—Chops and Tomato sauce. Yours, Pickwick.' Gentlemen, what does this mean? Chops! Gracious heavens! and Tomato sauce! Gentlemen, is the happiness of a sensitive and confiding female to be trifled away by such shallow artifices as these? The next has no date whatever, which is in itself suspicious. 'Dear Mrs. B., I shall not be at home till to-morrow. Slow coach.' And then follows this very remarkable expression. 'Don't trouble yourself about the warming-pan.' Why, gentlemen, who does trouble himself about a warming-pan? Why is Mrs. Bardell so earnestly entreated not to agitate herself about this warming-pan, unless it is, as I assert it to be, a mere cover for hidden fire,—a mere substitute for some endearing word or promise, agreeably to a preconcerted system of correspondence, artfully contrived by Pickwick with a view to his contemplated desertion, and which I am not in a condition to explain.

"Enough of this. My client's hopes and prospects are ruined. But Pickwick, gentlemen,—Pickwick, the ruthless destroyer of this domestic oasis in the desert of Goswell Street—Pickwick, who has choked up the well, and thrown ashes on the sward,—Pickwick, who comes before you to-day with his heartless Tomato sauce and warming pans,—Pickwick still rears his head with unblushing effrontery, and gazes without a sigh on the ruin he has made. Damages, gentlemen, heavy damages, are the only punishment with which you can visit him, the only recompense you can award to my client. And for those damages she now appeals to an enlightened, a high-minded, a right-feeling, a conscientious, a dispassionate, a sympathizing, a co-templative jury of her civilized countrymen."

With this beautiful peroration, Mr. Sergeant Buzfuz sat down, and Mr. Justice Stareleigh woke up.

THE MAMMOTH CAVE.—This natural wonder of North America is situated near the Green River, about midway between Nashville and Louisville. It consists of a series of immense chambers, connected by a very long and narrow passages, somewhat like the Peak Cavern in Derbyshire, but on a vastly greater scale. It is said that the cavern has been explored to a distance of upwards of ten miles without reaching its termination; while the aggregate width of all the branches is above forty miles. One of the principal chambers is 200 feet long by 160 feet wide, and fifty feet high, and has two passages, each above 100 feet wide, opening into it. Mammoth Cave is greatly resorted to by visitors, being by far the most remarkable place of the kind in America. In one of the chambers is a row of cabins, constructed for consumptive patients, who are attracted by the temperateness and purity of the atmosphere.

LADIES' TABLE.

QUIPURE EDGING IN TATTING.

Materials.—If for edging children's clothing, a small shuttle, a large ring-pin, and W. Evans and Co.'s Boar's Head Crochet Cotton, Nos. 20; but if for dresses or aprons, use Nos. 2 or 10 Boar's Head.

Commence by filling the shuttle, and without separating the cotton from the spool, form with the shuttle a loop for the small flower, and work double, and 1 pearl, and 1 double 11 times, 3 double and draw close. Turn the work, and holding the small flower upside down between the finger and thumb of the left hand; work with the shuttle on the cotton as directed to the spool 5 double; 1 pearl and 5 double. Then draw the cotton belonging to the shuttle slightly, which will curve the stitches formed by the cotton on the spool into a slight arch. Then turn the work so as to form a loop close to the arch for the next curve or arch, with the shuttle belonging to the spool for the next curve or arch, with the shuttle forming a loop close to the arch for the 1st. division of the small leaf; work 3 double; join to the last pearl loop of the small flower 3 double draw close. 2nd. division: Commence a loop close to the last, and work 7 double, and draw close. 3rd. division: Commence a loop close to the last, and work 3 double, 1 pearl, and 3 double; draw close. Turn the work upside down, and on the cotton belonging to the spool work with the shuttle 5 double, 1 pearl, and 5 double. Then draw the cotton attached to the shuttle to curve it, and turning it as before, form a loop with the shuttle close to the arch for the 2nd small flower, and work 3 double; then the pearl loop of the last division of the leaf, then 1 double and 1 10 times, 3 double, and draw close, and repeat from " " at the end of the 1st small flower to the length required and fasten off. When completed, work a row along the top as a heading:—1 double through the pearl loop of the 1st arch; then 5 chain and 1 double through the pearl loop of each arch to the end, and fasten off.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

A POWDER WHICH CATCHES FIRE WHEN EXPOSED TO THE AIR.

Put three ounces of rock alum, and one ounce of honey or sugar, in a new earthen dish, glazed, and which is capable of bearing a strong fire. Keep the mixture over the fire, stirring it continually till it becomes dry and hard; then remove it from the fire, and pound it to a coarse powder. Put this powder into a long-necked bottle, leaving a part of the bottle empty; and having placed it in a crucible fill up the crucible with sand, and surround it with burning coals. When the bottle has been at red heat for seven or eight minutes, and no more vapour issues from the neck, remove it from the fire, then stop it with a piece of cork; and sufficient to cool, preserve the mixture in small bottles well corked.

If you uncork one of these bottles, and let fall a few grains of this powder on a bit of paper; or any other very dry substance it will first come blue, then brown, and will at last burn the paper or other substance on which it has fallen.

RIDDLE 5.

Four letters form me quite complete,
As all who breathe do show;
Reversed, you'll find I am the seat
Of infamy and woe.
Transposed, you'll see I'm base and mean,
Again of Jewish race;
Transposed once more, I oft am seen
To hide a lovely face.

CONUNDRUMS.

29. Why is a dandy like a haunch of venison?
30. What kin is that child to his father who is not his father's own son?
31. Why is a rose-bud like a promissory note?
32. What biblical name is there which expresses a father calling his son by name, and his son replying?
33. Why is an orange like a church bell?

ANSWERS TO NO. 31, PAGE 60.

CHARADE 9—Grog-shop.
RIDDLE 4—Windmill.

CONUNDRUMS.

- No. 26—When it is a cutter.
- No. 27—The letter N.
- No. 28—Five peeled.

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POETRY.

SIELLA IN HEAVEN.

I have seen thee in my dreaming,
I have thought of thee by day,
And an eye on me is beaming
In the distance far away.
The cloud that floats above me
Takes the likeness of thy form,
Oh? say, dost thou still love me
In a realm that knows not storm?

Where the crystal streams are rolling
Through amaranthine bowers—
Unheard the death-bell tolling,
As in this world of ours;
Where the form, divinely moulded,
Is never laid to rest,
With the pale hands meekly folded,
On the frozen, pulseless breast.

Oh! say dost thou remember
When first I called the mine;
Or quenched is love's bright ember
In the home that now is thine?
The cloud that floats above me
Takes the likeness of thy form,
Oh! say, dost thou still love me
In a realm that knows not storm?

HAROLD,

THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

[CONTINUED.]

FATE.

Some days after the tragical events which were related in our last number, the ships of the Saxons were assembled in the wide waters of Conway; and, the small fore-deck of the statliest vessel, stood bold, bare-headed, before Aldyth the widowed queen. A chair of state, with dossel and canopy, was for the daughter of Algar. And behind stood dozens of Wales selected in haste for her attendants.

But Aldyth had not seated herself; and, side by side with her dead lord's great victor, thus she sat:—

Woe worth the day and the hour when Aldyth

left the halls of her fathers, and the land of her birth! The crown she hath worn hath been a crown of thorns, and the air she has breathed has reeked with blood. I go forth widowed, and homeless, and lonely, but my feet shall press the soil of my sires, and my lips draw the breath which came sweet and pure to my childhood. And thou, O Harold standest beside me like the shape of my own youth, and the dreams of old come back at the sound of thy voice. Fare thee well, noble heart, and true Saxon. Thou hast twice saved the child of thy foe—first from shame, and then from famine. Thou wouldst have saved my dread lord from open force, and dark murder, but the saints were wroth, and the blood of my kinsfolk, shed by his hand, called for vengeance, and the shrines he had pillaged and burned murmured doom from their desolate altars. Peace be with the dead, and peace with the living! I shall go back to my father and brethren, and if the fame and life of child and sister be dear to them, their swords will nevermore leave their sheaths against Harold. So thy hand, and God guard thee!"

Harold gave the right hand of faith, which the queen pressed to her lips; and to Aldyth now seemed restored the rare beauty of her youth; as pride and sorrow gave her the charm of emotion, which love and duty had failed to bestow.

"Life and health to thee, noble lady," said the earl. "Tell thy kindred from me, that for thy sake, and thy grandsire's, I would fain be their brother and friend; were they but united with me, all England were now safe against every foe, and each peril. Thy daughter already awaits thee in the halls of Mocar; and when time has scarred the wounds of the past, may thy joy rebloom in the face of thy child. Farewell, noble Aldyth!"

He dropped the hand he had held till then, turned slowly to the side of the vessel, and re-entered his boat. As he was rowed back to the shore, the horn gave the signal for raising anchor, and the ship, righting itself, moved majestically through the midst of the fleet. But Aldyth still stood erect, and her eyes followed the boat that bore away the secret love of her youth.

As Harold reached the shore, Tostig and the Norman, who had been conversing amicably together on the beach, advanced towards the earl.

"Brother," said Tostig smiling, "it were easy for thee to console the fair widow, and bring to our House all the force of East Anglia and Mercia."

Harold's face slightly changed, but he made no answer.

"A marvelous fair dame," said the Norman, "notwithstanding her cheek be somewhat pinched, and the hue sunburnt. And I wonder not that the poor catkin kept her so close to his side."

"Sir Norman," said the earl, hastening to change the subject, "the war is now over, and, for long years, Wales will leave our Marches in peace. This eve I propose to ride hence toward London, and we will converse by the way."

"Go you so soon?" cried the knight surprised. "Shall you not take means utterly to subjugate this troublesome race, parcel out the lands among your thegns, to hold as martial fiefs at need, build towers and forts on the heights, and at the river-mouths?—where a site, like this, for some fair castle and wawmure? In a word, do you Saxons merely overrun, and neglect to hold what you win?"

"We fight in self-defense, not for conquest, Sir Norman. We have no skill in building castles; and I pray you not to hint to my thogns the conceit of dividing a land, as thieves would their pluder. King Gryf-fyth is dead, and his brothers will reign in his stead. England has guarded her realm, and chastised her aggressors. What need England do more? We are not like our first barbarous fathers, carving out homes with the scythes of their sæxes. The wave settles after the flood, and the races of men after lawless convulsions."

Tostig smiled, in disdain, at the knight, who mused a little over the strange words he had heard, and then silently followed the earl to the fort.

But when Harold gained his chamber, he found an express, arrived there in hast from Chester, with the news, that Algar, the sole enemy and single rival of his power, was no more. Fever, occasioned by neglected wounds, had stretched him impotent on a bed of sickness, and fierce passions had aided the march of the disease—the restless and profitless race was run.

The first emotion which these tidings called forth, was that of pain. The bold sympathize with the bold; and in great hearts, there is always a certain friendship for a gallant foe. But recovering from the shock of that first impression, Harold could not but feel that England was freed from its most dangerous subject—himself from the only obstacle apparent to the fulfilment of his luminous career.

"Now then to London," whispered the voice of his ambition. "Not a foe rests to trouble the peace of that empire which thy conquests, O Harold, have made more secure and compact than ever yet has been the realm of the Saxon kings. Thy way through the country that thou hast henceforth delivered from the fire and sword of the mountain ravager, will be one march of triumph, like a Roman's of old; and the voices of the people will echo in the hearts of the army; those hearts are thine own. Verily Hilda is a prophetess; and when Edward rests with the saints, from what English heart will not burst the cry, 'LONG LIVE HAROLD THE KING.'"

The Norman rode by the side of Harold, in the rear of the armament. The ships sailed to their havens, and Tostig departed to his northern earldom.

"And now," said Harold, "I am at leisure to thank

thee, brave Norman, for more than aid in council and war;—at leisure now to turn to the last prayer of Sweyn, and the often shed tears of Githa my mother for Wolnoth the exile. Thou seest with thine own eyes that there is neither pretext or plea for thy count to detain these hostages. Thou shalt hear from Edward himself that he no longer asks surities for the faith of the House of Godwin; and I can not think that Duke William would have suffered thee to bring me over this news from the dead if he were not prepared to do justice to the living."

"Your speech, Earl of Wessex, goes near to the truth. But to speak plainly and frankly, I think William, my lord, hath a keen desire to welcome person a chief so illustrious as Harold, and I guess that he keeps the hostages to make thee come and claim them." The knight, as he spoke, smiled gaily, but the cunning of the Norman gleamed in the quick glance of his clear hazel eye.

"Fain must I feel pride at such wish, if you flatter me not," said Harold; "and I would gladly myself now the land is in peace, and my presence not needful, visit a court of such fame. I hear praise for cheapman and pilgrim of Count William's wise can for barter and trade, and might learn much from the reports of the Seine that would profit the marts of the Thames. Much, too, I hear of Count William's zeal to revive the learning of the Church, aided by Lanfranc the Lombard; much I hear of the pomp of his buildings, of the grace of his court. All this would I cheerfully cross the ocean to see; but all this would but sadden my heart if I returned without Haco and Wodenoth."

"I dare not speak so as to plight faith for the duke," said the Norman, who though sharp to deceive had that rein on his conscience that did not let him openly lie; "but this I do know, that there are few things in his countdom which my lord would not give to clasp the right hand of Harold, and feel assured of his friendship."

Though wise and farseeing, Harold was not suspicious; no Englishman, unless it were Edward himself, knew the secret pretensions of William to the English throne; and he answered simply:—

"It were well, indeed; both for Normandy and England, both against foes and for trade, to be allied and well-liking. I will think over your words, Sire of Graville, and it shall not be my fault if old feud are not forgotten, and those now in thy court be the last hostages ever kept by the Norman for the faith of the Saxon."

With that he turned the discourse; and the aspiring and, able envoy, exhilarated by the hope of a successful mission, animated the way by remarks—alternately lively and shrewd—which drew the brooding earl from these musings which had now grown habitual to a mind once clear and open as the day.

Harold had not miscalculated the enthusiasm his victories had excited. Where he passed, all the towns poured forth their populations to see and hail him; and when on arriving at the metropolis, the rejoicings in his honor seemed to equal those which had greeted the accession of Edward, the restoration of the line of Cerdic.

According to the barbarous custom of the age the head of the unfortunate sub-king, and the prow of his special war-ship had been sent to Edward as the

trophies of conquest; but Harold's uniform moderation respected the living. The race of Gryffith were re-established on the tributary throne of that hero, in the persons of his brothers, Blethgent, and Bigwalte, "and they swore oaths," says the graphic chronicler, "and delivered hostages to the king and the earl that they would be faithful to him in all things, and be every where ready for him, by water, and by land, and make such renders from the land as had been done before to any other king."

Not long after this Mallet de Graville returned to Normandy, with gifts for William from king Edward, and special requests from that prince, as well as from the earl, to restore the hostages. But Mallet's niceness readily perceived, that, in much Edward's mind had been alienated from William. Still, as no subject of the house of Cerdic had ever yet been elected to the Saxon throne, there was no apprehension on Mallet's mind that in Harold was the true rival to William's cherished aspirations. Though Edward the Atheling was dead; his son Edgar lived; the natural heir to the throne; and the Norman (whose tiege had succeeded to the dukedom at the age of eight,) was not cognizant of the invariable custom of the Anglo-Saxons, to set aside whether for kingdoms or for earldoms, all claimants unfitted for rule by their tender years. He could indeed perceive that the young Atheling's minority was in favor of his Norman liege, and would render him but a weak defender of the realm, and that there was no popular attachment to the infant orphan of the Germanized exile: his name was never mentioned at the court, nor had Edward acknowledged him as heir—a circumstance which he interpreted auspiciously for William. Nevertheless it was clear, both at court and among the people, the Norman influence was at its lowest ebb; and that the only man who could restore it, and realize the cherished dreams of his grasping lord, was Harold the all-powerful.

Trusting, for the time, to the success of Edward's urgent demand for the release of his kinsmen, as well as his own, Harold was now detained at court by all those arrears of business which had accumulated fast under the inert hand of the monk-king during the prolonged campaigns against the Welsh; but he had leisure at least for frequent visits to the old Roman house; and those visits were not more grateful to his love than to the harder and more engrossing passion which divided his heart.

The nearer he drew to the dazzling object, to the possession of which fate seemed to shape all circumstances, the more he felt the charm of those mystic influences which his colder reason had disdained. He who is ambitious of things afar, and uncertain, passes at once into the poet land of the imagination; to aspire and to imagine are yearnings twin-born.

But Edith, rejoicing in the fair fame of her betrothed, and in the pure rapture of beholding him again, reposed in the divine credulity of the happy hour; she marked not, in Harold's visits, that, on entrance, the earl's eye sought first the stern face of the Vala—she wondered not why those two conversed in whispers together, or stood so often at moonlight by the Runic grave. Alone, of all woman-kind she felt that Harold loved her—that that love had braved time, absence, change, and hope deferred; and she knew not that

what love has most to dread in the wild heart of an aspiring man, is not persons but things—is not things, but their symbols.

So weeks and months rolled on, and Duke William returned no answer to the demands for his hostages. And Harold's heart smote him, that he neglected his brother's prayer and his mother's accusing tears.

Now Githa, since the death of her husband, had lived in seclusion and apart from towns; and one day Harold was surprised at her unexpected arrival at the old timbered house in London, which had passed to his possession. As she abruptly entered the room in which he sat, he sprang forward to welcome and embrace her; but she waved him back with a grave and mournful gesture, and, sinking on one knee, she said thus—

"See, the mother is a suppliant to the son for the son. No, Harold, no—I will not rise till thou hast heard me. For years long and lonely, have I lingered and pined—long years! Will my boy know his mother again? Thou hast said to me 'Wait till the messenger returns.' I have waited. Thou hast said 'This time the count can not resist the demand of the king.' I bowed my head and submitted to thee as I had done to Godwin my lord. And I have not till now claimed thy promise; for I allowed thy country, thy king, and thy fame, to have claims more strong than a mother. Now I tarry no more; now no more will I be amused and deceived. Thine hours are thine own—free thy coming and thy going." Harold I claim thine oath. Harold, I touch thy right hand. Harold I remind thee of thy troth and thy plight, to cross the seas thyself and restore the child to the mother."

"Oh, rise, rise," exclaimed Harold, deeply moved. "Patient hast thou been, O my mother, and now I will linger no more, nor hearken to other voice than your own. I will seek the king this day and ask his leave to cross the sea to Duke William."

Then Githa rose and fell on the earl's neck weeping.

LESSONS IN GEOLOGY, No. 19.

The quantity of matter which volcanic fires abstract from the bowels of the earth, and throw up to the surface is enormous. It has been scientifically calculated that a volcano has, in some instances, thrown up, even at a single eruption, more matter than if the entire mountain had been melted down to yield the supply. The question which must interest every geologist is, where does all this mass of matter come from?

Among the various productions of volcanoes may be enumerated, gases, aqueous vapors, lava, minerals, scorie, stones, ashes, sand, water and mud.

It is well known that volcanoes emit different kinds of gases, such as muriatic gas, sulphur combined with oxygen or with hydrogen, carbonic acid gas, and nitrogen, besides aqueous vapors.

Several of the simple minerals, and some metals are found in the melted materials ejected by volcanoes, such as common salt, chloride of iron, sulphate of soda, muriate and sulphate of potassa, iron, copper, lead, arsenic, and selenium.

The examination of these gases and minerals belongs rather to chemistry than to geology. They are related to geology only as they give aid in the study of the mineral character of rocks. From the very nature of such mineral productions it was to be expected that volcanic substances should greatly vary in lithological character, from that of light ashes, to that of compact and heavy crystalline rock. Nor is it a wonder that the quantity of mineral matter ejected is so great as it is, especially when you consider what a multiplicity of elementary substances are acted upon by the fires below, and how these elements in their fused state, strive to combine with each other in different ways and proportions. It has been ascertained that, within three miles around Vesuvius, more specimens of simple minerals have been found than on any other spot of the same dimensions. Of the 380 different species of minerals known to the celebrated Haüy, 82 had been found on Vesuvius alone.

Lava is a name given to any mineral matter melted in a volcano, and ejected in stream over the edge of the crater. When lava is consolidated by cooling, it receives fresh names, partly according to the slowness or rapidity of its refrigeration. Hence such names as scoriae, cinders, pumice, basalt, trachyte, obsidian, etc.

The melted lava may be boiling years within the walls or cliffs of a crater without flowing over its edges. When lava rises above the edges of a crater, and flows down the declivities of the hill, it does not spread itself on all sides, as a flood of water would, but it moves in a tall half-rounded mass, not very unlike the engravings you may have seen of a tubular bridge. The sides of this moving body of lava harden so as to form something like two walls; and its upper surface also hardens, so as, with the two sides, to form a kind of tunnel through which the burning or incandescent matter flows.

This peculiarity of the walls of a lava current is well known in Italy, and by this knowledge men are able to deflect the burning stream and to turn it aside from its intended course. The people make a gash in one of the hardened sides of the current. At this gash the lava will issue out and discontinue the course which it threatened to take. By this method many villages and towns have been saved from the destruction which menaced them. An instance of this took place in Italy a few years ago. The people of Campania saw a current of lava descending from Mount Vesuvius which threatened to overwhelm their hamlet. They immediately went up to meet the fiery stream, attacked it on the side farthest from their direction, and turned the current towards Paterno. When the people of Paterno heard of this manoeuvre, they took up arms, arrested the operation, and caused the burning stream to take its own course.

As such a hardened crust is a good non-conductor of heat, the melted matter in it takes a long time to cool. The lava which flowed from Mount Etna in 1819, was nine months after the eruption, in a state sufficiently fluid or molten, to move at the rate of a yard a day. There is an instance, in the same mountain, of lava being in perceptible motion even ten years after the eruption. This deserves your notice, on account of a very remarkable fact, and a fact which may help to resolve some difficult problems in the examination of ancient rocks.

In 1828 a large mass of ice, several hundred square yards in extent, was found in Mount Etna lying under a bed of lava, which had covered it while flowing in a melted state. How could this be? You can imagine that rain water or drifted snow, might freeze into a glacier at the elevation of ten thousand feet, the height at which this ice, was found. This bed of ice was formed in a large hollow, while the volcano was in a state of rest. But when the burning lava flowed over the ice, how was it that the ice did not melt? It is probable that the bed of ice had previously been covered by a thick shower of volcanic ashes. As such a layer of ashes is also a good non-conductor of heat, it prevented the ice from melting: and after the bed of lava had cooled over it, it preserved the ice in an unmelted state. The truth of this theory is established by facts which occur about Etna in the present day. In the higher regions of that mountain, the shepherds in order to provide a supply of water for their flocks during summer, are in the habit of sprinkling beds of snow with a layer of volcanic sand, a few inches thick, and this is found to be an effectual way of preventing the sun from melting it until it is wanted.

CUSTOMS OF THE JAPANESE.

A JAPANESE BELLE.

Every Japanese girl, of no matter what class in society, appears inspired with an innate love of coquetry. The daughter of the humblest tradesman loves to pass whole days in shopping, and takes the greatest delight in preparing, long before it is needed, the dress she intends to display for the first time at the next *fete*. The day arrived, the happy girl rises early in the morning, and while her fresh new dress lies in some corner of the room, impatiently submits to the dilatory labors of her hairdresser, in whose profession there are some artists so celebrated that they devote whole hours to the study and toil requisite for the composition of some graceful and fashionable style, where the hair, carefully dressed with the brush and pomade, half hides a piece of crape coquettishly chosen, and fastened by heavy pins of tortoise shell or coral. The chignon, it must confessed, is not wholly of nature's growth, and if, after the hair, we examine the face, we shall see that Madame Rachel herself could not teach the Japanese much in the art of making up. On the dressing-table stands a perfect collection of little boxes just drawn from some hiding-place; there are whites for the neck and the arms: reds for the mouth and the cheeks; black for the eyes, sometimes gold for the lips; and yet with all these aids from art, age is unable to conceal its decrepitude, while, strangely enough, the children are most laden with paint.

Putting aside this coquetry, universal in spite of its bad taste, the dress is very simple and invariably well chosen. A silk robe, generally of dark hue, covers a *chemise en crepe* made of a number of small patches of every color, a perfect harlequin's mantle where bright green is placed beside a lively red. In winter the costume is completed by a short mantle doubled and thickened according to the season. The dress is long, without any shape, and open from top to bottom; the upper part is confined by a belt broad enough to cover the breast and the lower part of the

form, and terminating behind in an enormous knot; to tie which with more or less elegance demands a careful examination and many retouches. The sleeves hang like large pockets. To the belt are fastened a pipe in a velvet case and a pocket book containing two chopsticks of silver, if it is intended to do honor to the host who may offer refreshments. In one corner of the pocket-book sparkles a little mirror, a European innovation, for our civilization has made this slight breach in Japanese manners. During the greater portion of the year the feet are bare; in winter they are clad in white cotton, and rest upon sandals of varnished wood, kept by woollen supports high enough above the ground to escape the mud and the damp. The sandal is ornamented with braids of straw, or sometimes of velvet, and held to the foot by a strip of cloth passed between the toes. Occasionally it is covered with leather or paper, but is never honored by being worn in the house.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE IN JAPAN.

The Japanese youth marries early; but to marry beneath his rank is held to be utterly disgraceful. Persons of the middle classes of society are commonly reduced to the necessity of espousing those who they have never seen. The children of the Governor of Negasaki—who have no equals in the place—must get wives and husbands out of the families of the men of the Governor's rank in the distant cities and provinces. When no such obstacle prevents "the course of true love" from running "smooth," and a youth has fixed his affections upon a maiden of suitable condition, he declares his passion by affixing a branch of a certain shrub to the house of the damsel's parents. If the branch be neglected, the suit is rejected; but if it is accepted, so is the lover; and if the young lady wishes to express reciprocal tenderness, she forthwith blackens her teeth: but she must not pluck out her eyebrows until the wedding shall have been actually celebrated. When the branch is accepted in the one case, or the parents have agreed to unite their children in the other, a certain number of male friends of the bridegroom, and as many female friends of the bride, are appointed as marriage-brothers. These persons discuss and arrange the terms of the marriage-contract: and when they have agreed upon these, they carefully select two auspicious days; the first for an interview between the affianced pair, the second for the wedding. At this stage of the proceedings the bridegroom sends presents, as costly as his means will allow, to the bride, which she immediately offers to her parents, in acknowledgment of their kindness in her infancy, and of the pains bestowed upon her education. Thus, although a Japanese lady is not subjected to the usual Oriental degradation of being purchased of her father by her husband, a handsome daughter is still considered as rather an addition than otherwise to the fortune of the family. The bride is not, however, transferred quite empty handed to her future home. Besides sending a few trifles to the bridegroom, in return for his magnificent gifts, the parents of the bride, after ceremoniously burning their daughter's childish toys, in token of her change of condition; provide her a handsome *rouseau*, and bestow upon her many articles of household furniture, where the handsomely-matted floors answers the purpose of chairs, tables, sofas, and

bedsteads. Those given on the occasion in question always include a spinning-wheel, a loom, and the culinary implements requisite in a Japanese kitchen. The whole of this bridal equipment is conveyed in great state to the bridegroom's house on the wedding-day, and there exhibited.

The bride is attired in white to typify her purity, and covered from head to foot with a white veil. This veil is her destined shroud, which is assumed at the moment of exchanging a paternal for a conjugal home, in token that the bride is thenceforward dead to her own family, belonging wholly to the husband to whom she is about to be delivered up. In this garb she is seated in a palanquin of the higher class, and carried forth, escorted by the marriage-brokers, by her family, and by the friends bidden to the wedding-feast; the men all in their dress of ceremony, the women in their gayest, gold-bordered robes. The procession parades through the greater part of the town, affording an exceedingly pretty spectacle. Upon reaching the bridegroom's house, the bride, still in her future shroud, is accompanied by two playfellows of her girlhood into the state-room, where, in the post of honour, sits the bridegroom, with his parents and nearest relations. In the center of the apartment stands a beautiful wrought table, with miniature representations of a fir tree, a plum tree in blossom, cranes, and tortoises, the emblems, respectively, of man's strength, of woman's beauty, and of long and happy life. Upon another table stands all the apparatus for "saki" drinking. Beside this last table the bride takes her stand; and now begins a pouring out, presenting and drinking of "saki," amidst formalities, numerous and minute beyond description or conception, in which the bridesmaids, (as they may be called,) under the titles, for the nonce, of male and female butterflies, bear an important part, which it must require many a school rehearsal to perfect. This drinking finished in due form, the ceremonial is completed. The wedding guests now appear, and the evening now is spent in drinking "saki."

The wedding feast, however, is said to usually consist of very simple fare, in deference to the frugality and simplicity of the early Japanese, which many of the customs still prevalent are designed to commemorate. Three days afterwards the bride and bridegroom pay their respects to the lady's family, and the wedding forms are over. Whether the house in which the young wife is thus domiciliated be her husband's or his father's, if yet living, depends upon whether that father has or has not been yet induced, by the vexations, burthens, and restrictions attached to the condition of head of a family, to resign that dignity to his son. These annoyances, increasing with the rank of the parties, are said to be such, that almost every father in Japan, of the high orders at least, looks impatiently for the day when he shall have a son of age to take his place, he himself, together with his wife and younger children, becoming thenceforth dependants upon that son.

Even among the commonest people, brawlers, braggarts, loud-tongued disputants, dirty slovens, or men with coarse repulsive manners, are very seldom met with. The poorest laborer, toiling by the wayside for his daily bread, expects a civil question, and is always ready with a civil answer.

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CAPITAL AND LABOR.

BY E. W. TULLIDGE.

Capital and labor are most essential to each other's service. There is naturally the closest relationship between them, but in societies hitherto there has existed between them a radical antagonism. This, however, is not because there is any fundamental disagreement in the abstract conceptions of capital and labor, but for the reason that they have not been practically harmonized to any general extent.

Mens' social interests are not in concord, and no national legislation has yet attempted as a part of the legitimate functions of government to put capital and labor into a bond of union. Indeed the commercial enterprise and interests of nations, the social activities and circumstances of peoples have been left to take care of themselves and get along as best they may. Perhaps on the whole this has been for the good of the world, seeing that history abundantly proves that governments and ecclesiastical corporations have mismanaged nearly everything they have touched.

Great capitalists, men with restless instincts of acquisitiveness, gigantic minds for enterprise, and social leaders endowed with vast commercial abilities, have raised themselves up and carried society and the commerce of the world along. All this has been upon the principle that the strongest will makes the strongest mark; men of executive characters will step out and lead their fellows and shrewd men of even ordinary ability will gather others around them and set them to work.

There is a keen policy in this practise of setting others to work for you and then putting your hands in your pockets and directing them with a clear head. The man of ability can do more when his hands are unemployed, excepting in grasping the gains, for then the head brings forth all its schemes and a hundred hands efficiently employed produces more than one pair of hands possibly could. There is always a vast amount of labor in the market needing employment—aye oftentimes pining, starving, dying for employment. Nine out of ten are virtually in a begging attitude to let them work for you—in fact to work for anybody who can and will use them. They cannot use themselves, for they know not how; they cannot set themselves to work for the work must be found for them to do; they cannot supply themselves though the people have ever within themselves all the creative sources: they have all the elements of wealth but the chaos must be organized and the energies of labor directed to the best account.

Labor, therefore, demands the association of capital to be of any great service to society at large or even to the operative classes who have so abundantly that labor to sell. And with capital comes that class of men more or less eminent for their executive ability, their commercial tact and their source-finding capacity. We call these men capitalists in general terms, but this is their second degree. They are the employers of the unemployed the creators of enterprise the

social and commercial legislators: and, indeed, in very much they are public benefactors: yet we must not hide the fact that their self-interest is chiefly the basis of all their undertakings. Hence there is the necessity of a better relationship existing between capital and labor, and a more just reciprocity of good and profits to be worked out between the employer and employed,

I remember a passage in a speech of President Young delivered years ago, very pertinent upon the subject of capital and labor. He said "I have grown rich by feeding and employing the poor." This expresses in terse form the proper functions of capital. To feed the operative classes is its legitimate service; its results on its own side are an accumulation and an extended field of enterprise. The policy of the President has also been variously defined. Not to give charity to the needy but to put them into the way of providing for themselves, to teach his people how to take care of themselves and to direct all their energies and creative abilities to their own and the public good constitute another form of his policy.

Now all this which has been at various times defined as the special policy of our leader in his administration of social government, is properly involved in the strict duties of capital. Granted that every capitalist feels not the sacred obligations of a mission as does Brigham Young, yet the majority of men with truly great capacities feel themselves responsible for society and obligated to direct the various classes of the operative people, not alone for selfish ends, but also for the support of the workers and the commonwealth of mankind. The lawless hordes who have conquered nations by the might of the sword and subdued peoples into passive slaves by an iron despotism are back on the old tracks of barbarism, and they are not the representatives of civilization. As soon as we come to the true era of civilization we enter the age and field of commerce; commercial men with their capital rise up from the people to represent them, to protect them, to employ them, to care for them, to lift them up in the scale of society even as they have lifted themselves up from the serfdom of the past. Hence in modern times we have a new class of nobles called the moneyocracy, rivals of the hereditary descendants of the robber Barons of old. Commerce then, in its very nature and mission, represents the people and the peoples good; but we must have broad and more general views of commerce for another occasion and deal here particularly with the branch subject of capital and labor.

Now very often, be it observed, the wording is rendered Capital *versus* Labor. But this is not the true rendering, though it must be confessed that masters and capitalists too often give it that turn, and, in the popular prejudice, there is great jealousy and great distrust manifested towards capital. Labor too on its side, too often deems that it has a legitimate mission to war against capital, and unite for protection against it just as commerce once fought for ages against barbarism, and united against despotism for the liberties of nations. Out of this antagonism and mutual distrust between the employer and the employed,—between capital and labor have grown trades unions on one hand, and an irreconcilable hatred to the combinations of the people on the other. But in olden times in our Londons and our Amsterdams the masters and their "apprentices" and men were of a

lass and a family who, united, won revolutions, and ever together struck for the liberties and progress of peoples. Capital and labor then, should go hand-in-hand, as they did of old, for the individual and public good. And this brings us to a view and application of the subject touching Utah and its present affairs.

It is the fact that what this people most need at the present state of their social progress and for their future state of social enlargement is capital. They have possessed all the time abundance of the element labor, and at least twice as much talent and productive ability as that brought into requisition. Indeed, both have languished to death, been broken-hearted, seen in poverty, gone into apostacy for the lack of its own legitimate employment, and because of the most terrible of all hells, to a man of independent spirit and ambition—the lack of the opportunity to be useful either to himself or others. I speak with authority on this point, and speak God's truth of many a sterling man who has gone astray and who is now no longer numbered with Israel, and I do believe with all my soul the Latter Day Saints are the Israel of God.

Go into the cañon; go to the plow; go make a farm! Well, I believe there are but few of us who have not done all we could even in these and similar lines. All that men could do in usefulness and industry and every enterprise within reach I believe the people of Utah have done and I hope God and his servants approve them. But we have been hitherto passing through the first stages of society and doing the work of pioneers and settlers of a new and very uninviting country, and our leaders have marvelously directed us both for individual and collective good. They have made us like into a little nation and it is indeed a marvel. I am proud of the community, from our great executive head to the least of the faithful of Israel, and have ever boasted of them at home and abroad; radical, though I may be in my views.

But we have a present, there will be for us a future, but not the one our enemies look for—our dissolution. There are at least one half of this community who are manufacturers. They come from the great manufacturing nations and the largest portion of their lives has been spent in the operative spheres. Now we have not been engaged in the past, with all our might in the manufacturing activities, and largely in home enterprises, growing therefrom, and even commerce has been very limited, it has hitherto simply been importations and sales. Most of the higher functions of commerce and the nobler efforts of home enterprise have been outside of our reach. All importation, no exportation, chiefly consumption of manufactures, and not manufacturing life and vast manufacturing firms scattered throughout the Territory employing tens of thousands, such has been in the chapter of the past.

We need now capital and the combinations of capital, and, better than both, wise executive public-spirited men for commercial and manufacturing enterprise and growth. This is what President Brigham Young is aiming for, this is what our brethren the merchants are uniting with him and the people to bring about.

It is truly a great social work this community has now in hand. If Brigham accomplishes for Israel in this all that he has in his heart, then will he bless us with the greatest temporal blessing yet bestowed.

FOUL PLAY.

BY CHARLES READE AND DION BOUCAULT.

[CONTINUED]

CHAPTER XXVIII.

After toiling up a rugged and steep ascent, encumbered with blocks of gray stone, of which the island seemed to be formed, forcing his way over fallen trees and through the tangled undergrowth of a species of wild vine, which abounded on the mountain-side, Hazel stopped to breathe and peer around, as well as the dense foliage permitted. He was up to his waist in scrub, and the stiff leaves of the bayonet-plant which rendered caution necessary in walking. At moments, through the dense foliage, he caught a glimpse of the sea. The sun was in the north behind him, and by this alone he guided his road due southerly and upward. Once only he found a small cleared space about an acre in extent, and here it was he uttered the cry Helen heard. He waited a few moments in the hope to hear her voice in reply, but it did not reach him. Again he plunged upward, and now the ascent became at times so arduous that more than once he almost resolved to relinquish, or, at least, to defer his task; but a moment's rest recalled him to himself, and he was one not easily baffled by difficulty or labor, so he toiled on until he judged the summit ought to have been reached. After pausing to take breath and counsel, he fancied that he had borne too much to the left, the ground to his right appeared to rise more than the path that he was pursuing, which had become level, and he concluded, that, instead of ascending, he was circling the mountain-top. He turned aside, therefore, and after ten minutes' hard climbing he was pushing through a thick and high scrub, when the earth seemed to give way beneath him, and he fell—into an abyss.

He was engulfed. He fell from bush to bush—down—down scratch—rip—plump! until he lodged in a prickly bush more winded than hurt. Out of this he crawled, only to discover himself thus landed in a great and perfectly circular plain of about thirty acres in extent, or about 350 yards in diameter. In the center was a lake, also circular, the broad belt of shore around this lake was covered with rich grass, level as a bowling-green, and all this again was surrounded by a nearly perpendicular cliff, down which indeed he had fallen: this cliff was thickly clothed with shrubs and trees.

Hazel recognized the crater of an extinct volcano.

On examining the lake he found the waters impregnated with volcanic products. Its bottom was formed of asphaltum. Having made a circuit of the shores, he perceived on the westerly side—that next the island—a break in the cliff; and on a narrow examination he discovered an outlet. It appeared to him that the lake at one time had emptied its waters through this ancient water-course. The descent here was not only gradual, but the old river-bed was tolerably free from obstructions, especially of the vegetable kind.

He made his way rapidly downwards, and in half an hour reached marshy ground. The cane-brake now lay before him. On his left he saw the sea on the south, about a third of a mile. He knew that to the right must be the sea on the north, about half a mile or so. He bent his way thither. The edge of the swamp was very clear, and though somewhat spongy, afforded good walking unimpeded. As he approached the spot where he judged the boat to be, the underwood thickened, the trees again interlaced their arms, and he had to struggle through the foliage. At length he struck the smaller lagoon, and, as he was not certain whether it was fordable, he followed its course to the shore, where he had previously crossed. In a few moments he reached the boat, and was pleased to find her afloat. The rising tide had even moved her a few feet back into the canal.

Hazel shouted to apprise Miss Rolleston of his return, and then proceeded to restore the mast to its place, and replace the rigging and the oars. This occupied some little time. He felt surprised that she had not appeared. He shouted again. No reply.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Hazel advanced hurriedly into the grove, which he hunted thoroughly, but without effect. He satisfied himself that she could not have quitted the spot, since the marsh enclosed it on

one side, the canals on the second and third, the sea on the fourth. He returned to the boat more surprised than anxious. He waited awhile, and again shouted her name—stopped—listened—no answer.

Yet surely Helen could not have been more than a hundred yards from where he stood. His heart beat with a strange sense of apprehension. He heard nothing but the rustling of the foliage and the sop of the waves on the shore, as the tide crept up the shingle. As his eyes roved in every direction, he caught sight of something white near the foot of a withered cypress tree, not fifty yards from where he stood. He approached the bush in which the tree was partially concealed on that side, and quickly recognized a portion of Helen's dress. He ran towards her—bared through the underwood, and gained the enclosure. She was sitting there, asleep, as he conjectured, her back leaning against the trunk. He contemplated her thus for one moment, and then he advanced, about to awaken her; but was struck speechless. Her face was ashy pale, her eyes open and widely distended; her bosom heaved slowly. Hazel approached rapidly, and called to her.

Her eyes never moved, not a limb stirred. She sat glaring forward. On her lap was coiled a snake—grey—mottled with muddy green.

Hazel looked round and selected a branch of the dead tree, about three feet in length. Armed with this, he advanced slowly to the reptile. It was very quiet, thanks to the warmth of her lap. He pointed the stick at it, the vermin lifted its head, and it then began to quiver; then it darted at the stick, throwing itself its entire length. Hazel retreated, the snake coiled again, and again darted.

By repeating this process four or five times, he enticed the creature away; and then availing himself of a moment before it could recoil, he struck it a smart blow on the neck.

When Hazel turned to Miss Rolleston, he found her still fixed in the attitude into which terror had transfixed her. The poor girl had remained motionless for an hour, under the terrible fascination of the reptile, comatized. He spoke to her, but a quick spasmodic action of her throat and a quivering of her hands, alone responded. The sight of her suffering agonized him beyond expression, but he took her hands—he pressed them, for they were icy cold; he called piteously on her name. But she remained incapable of effort. Then stooping he raised her tenderly in his arms, and carried her to the boat, where he laid her, still unresponsive and incapable.

With trembling limbs and weak hands, he launched the cutter, and they were once more afloat and bound homeward.

He dipped the biter into the fresh water he had brought with him for their daily supply, and dashed it on her forehead. This he repeated until he perceived her breathing became less painful and more rapid. Then he raised her a little, and her head rested upon his arm.

When they reached the entrance of the bay he was obliged to pause, for the wind being still southerly, he could not enter by the north gate, but came round and ran in by the western passage, the same by which they had left the same morning.

Hazel bent over Helen, and whispered tenderly that they were home. She answered by a sob. In half an hour the patient opened her eyes, and sat up near the boat-house. Then he asked her if she were strong enough to reach her hut. She raised her head, but she felt dizzy; he helped her to land, all power had forsaken her limbs; her head sunk on his shoulder, and his arm, wound round her little figure, alone prevented her falling helplessly at his feet. Again he raised her in his arms and bore her to the hut. Here he laid her down on her bed, and stood for a moment beside her, unable to restrain his tears.

CHAPTER XXX.

It was a wretched and anxious night for Hazel. He watched the hut, without the courage to approach it.

That one moment of weakness which occurred to him on board the *Proserpine* when he had allowed Helen to perceive the nature of his feelings towards her, had rendered all his actions open to suspicion. He dared not exhibit towards her any sympathy. He might not extend to her the most ordinary civility. If she fell ill, if fever supervened! how could he nurse her, attend upon her? His touch must have a significance, he knew that; for, as he bore her insensible form, he embraced rather than carried the precious burthen. Could he look upon her in suffering without betraying his forbidden love? And then would not his attentions afflict more than console?

Chewing the end of such bitter thoughts, he passed the night, without noticing the change which was taking place over the

island. The sun rose, and this awakened him from his reverie which had replaced sleep; he looked around, and then became sensible of the warnings in the air.

The sea-birds flew about vaguely and absurdly, and sported in currents of wind; yet there was but little down below. Presently clouds came flying over the sky, blacker masses gathered on the horizon. The sea changed color.

Hazel knew the weather was breaking. The wet season at hand—the moment when fever, if such an invisible instant there was on that island, would visit them. In a few the rain would be upon them, and he reproached himself want of care in the construction of the hut. For some hours hovered around it, before he ventured to approach the hut and call to Helen. He thought he heard her voice faintly as he entered. She lay there as he had placed her. He knelt beside her, and was appalled at the change in her appearance.

The poor girl's system had received a shock for which it was unprepared.

Her severe sufferings at sea had, strange to say, reduced in appearance less than could have been believed; for her physical endurance proved greater than that of the strongest around her. But the food which the island supplied was suited to restore her strength, and the nervous shock to which she had been subjected was followed by complete prostration.

Hazel took her unresisting hand, which he would have been a world to press. He felt her pulse; it was weak, but not hopeless. Her cheeks were hollow, her eyes sunken; her hand dropped helplessly when he released it.

Leaving the hut quietly, but hastily, he descended the rivulet, which he crossed. About half a mile above the boat-house the stream forked, one of its branches coming from the west, the other from the east. Between this latter branch and Terrapin Wood, was a stony hill; to this spot Hazel went, and fell to gathering a handful of poppies. When he had obtained a sufficient quantity he returned to the boat-house, a small fire of chips, and filling his tin brazier with water, he set down the poppies to boil. When the liquor was cool, he poured out a portion and drank it. In about twenty minutes temples began to throb, a sensation which was rapidly followed by nausea.

It was mid-day before he recovered from the effects of the experiment sufficiently to take food. Then he waited for several hours, and felt much restored. He stole to the hut, and looked in. Helen lay there as he had left her. He stooped over her; her eyes were half closed, and she turned them feebly upon him; her lips moved a little—that was all. He felt her pulse again; it was still weaker and slower. He rose and went away, and regaining the boat-house, he measured out a portion of the poppy liquor, one-third of the dose he had previously taken, and drank it. No headache or nausea succeeded; he felt his pulse; it became quick and violent, while a sense of numbness overcame him, and he slept. It was but for a few minutes. He awoke with a throbbing brow, and some sickness, but with a sense of delight at the heart, for he had found the opiate, and prescribed its quantity.

He drained the liquor away from the poppy leaves, and added it to the hut. Measuring with great care a small quantity, he lifted the girl's head and placed it to her lips, drank it mechanically. Then he watched beside her, her breathing and her pulse changed in character. She slept, turned aside then, and buried his face in his hands and prayed fervently for her life—prayed as we pray for the daily bread of the heart. He prayed and waited.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The next morning, when Helen awoke, she was very weak, her head ached, but she was herself. Hazel had made a great deal for her from the fleshy part of a turtle; this greatly refreshed her, and by mid-day, she was able to sit up. Having seen that her wants were within her reach; he left her; but in a few moments, she heard him busily engaged on the roof of her hut.

On his return, he explained to her his fears that the strait was scarcely as weather-proof as he desired; and he anticipated hourly the commencement of the rainy season. Helen smiled and pointed to the sky, which here was clear and bright. Hazel shook his head doubtfully. The wet season would commence probably with an atmospheric convulsion, and settle down to uninterrupted rain. Helen refused obstinately to believe in more rain than they had experienced on the boat—a genial shower.

"You will see," replied Hazel. "If you do not change your

within the next three days, then call me a false prophet" following day passed, and Helen recovered more strength, still was too weak to walk, but she employed herself, at his request, in making a rope of cocoa-nut fibre, some forty long. This he required to fish up the spar to a sufficient on the great palm-tree, and bind it firmly in its place. She worked nimbly, he employed himself in gathering a of such things as they would require during the coming y season. She watched him with a smile, but he perse- ed. So that day passed. The next morning the rope was ed. Helen was not so well, and was about to help her- the poppy liquor, when Hazel happily stopped her hand- ed; he showed her the exact dose necessary, and explain- nately the effects of a larger draught. Then he shoulder- the rope, and set out for Palm-tree Point.

was absent about six hours, of which Helen slept four. For two, which seemed very long, she ruminated. What he thinking of that made her smile and weep at the same nt? and she looked so impatiently towards the door. entered at last, very fatigued. It was eleven miles to nt and back. While eating his frugal supper, he gave detail of his day's adventures. Strange to say, he had n a single seal on the sands. He described how he had ne end of her rope to the middle of the spar, and with her between his teeth, he climbed the great palm. For than an hour he toiled; he gained its top, passed the rope one of its branches, and hauled up the spar to about y feet above the ground; then descending with the other he wound the rope spirally round and round the tree, thus ng to its trunk the first twenty feet by which the spar from the branch.

listened very carelessly, he thought, and betrayed little st in this enterprise which had cost him so much labor atigue.

then he had concluded, she was silent awhile, and then, ng up quickly, said, to his great surprise,—

"I think I may increase the dose of your medicine there- are mistaken in its power. I am sure I can take four what you gave me."

"Indeed you are mistaken," he answered, quickly. "I gave the extreme measure you can take with safety."

"How do you know that? you can only guess at its effects- ize rate, I shall try it."

Helen hesitated, and then confessed that he had made a little ziment on himself, before risking its effects upon her.

Then looked up at him he said this so simply and quietly great eyes filled with an angelic light. Was it admiration? t thankfulness? Her bosom heaved, and her lips quiver- It was but a moment, and she felt glad that Hazel had away from her and saw nothing.

Long silence followed this little episode, when she was ed from her reverie.

ter—pat—pat—patter.

looked up.

—patter—patter.

Her eyes met. It was the rain. Hazel only smiled a little, n down to his boat-house, to see that all was right there. n returned with a large bundle of chips, with which he a fire, for the sky had darkened overhead. Gusts of ran along the water; it had become suddenly chilly. had almost forgotten the feel of wet weather.

The fire had kindled, the rain came down in torrents, and atted roof being resonant, they heard it strike here and above their heads.

Then sat down on her little stool and reflected.

That hat were two persons. One had foretold this, and it it, and provided against it. The other had said petulant- was a bugbear.

And now the rain was patterfing, and the Prophet was on his making her as comfortable as he could in spite of all, and ot the man to remind her he had foretold it,

He pondered his character while she watched his move- s. He put down his embers, then he took a cocoa-pod out the wall, cut it in slices with his knife, and made a fine fire; then he ran out again, in spite of Helen's remon- e, and brought a dozen large scales of the palm-tree. It all the more cheering for the dismal scene without and the ring of the rain on the resounding roof.

But thanks to Hazel's precaution, the hut proved weather tight; of which fact having satisfied himself, he bade her good night. He was at the door when her voice recalled him.

"Mr. Hazel I cannot rest this night without asking your par- don for all the unkind things I may have done and said; with- out thanking you humbly for your great forbearance and your —respect for the unhap—I mean the unfortunate girl thus cast upon your mercy."

She held out her hand; he took it between his own, and faintly expressed his gratitude for her kindness; and so she sent him away brimful of happiness.

The rain was descending in torrents. She heard it, but he did not feel it; for she had spread her angel's wings over his existence, and he regained his sheltered boat-house he knew not how.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The next day was Sunday. Hazel had kept a calendar of the week, and every seventh day was laid aside with jealousy, to be devoted to such simple religious exercises as he could in- vent. The rain still continued, with less violence indeed, but without an hour's intermission. After breakfast he read to her the exodus of the Israelites, and their sufferings during that desert life. He compared those hardships with their own troubles, and pointed out to her how their condition presented many things to be thankful for. The island was fruitful, the climate healthy. They might have been cast away on a sandy key or reef, where they would have perished slowly and miser- ably of hunger and exposure. Then they were spared to each other. Had she been alone there, she could not have provided for herself; had he been cast away a solitary man, the island would have been to him an intolerable prison.

In all these reflexions Hazel was very guarded that no ex- pression should escape him to arouse her apprehension. He was so careful of this, that she observed his caution and watched his restraint. And Helen was thinking more of this than of the holy subject on which he was discoursing. The disguise he threw over his heart was penetrable to the girl's eye. She saw his love in every careful word, and em- ployed herself in detecting it under his rigid manner. Secure in her own position, she could examine him from the loop-holes of her soul, and take a pleasure in witnessing the suppressed happiness she could bestow with a word. She did not wonder at her power. The best of women have the natural vanity to take for granted the sway they assume over the existence which submits to them.

A week passed thus, and Hazel blessed the rain that drove them to this sociability. He had prepared the bladder of a young seal which had drifted ashore dead. This membrane dried in the sun formed a piece of excellent parchment, and he desired to draw upon it a map of the island. To accomplish this, the first thing was to obtain a good red ink from the coch- ineal, which is crimson. He did according to his means. He got one of the tin vessels, and filled it till he had obtained a considerable quantity of the metal. This he subjected for forty hours to the action of lime-juice. He then added the cochineal and mixed till he obtained a fine scarlet. In using it he added a small quantity of a hard and pure gum—he had found gum abounded on the island. His pen was made from an os- prey's feather, hundreds of which were strewn about the cliffs, and some of these he had already secured and dried.

Placing his tin baler before him, on which he had scratched his notes, he drew a map of the island.

"What shall we call it?" said he.

Helen paused, and then replied, "Call it 'God-send island.'"

"So I will," he said, and wrote it down.

Then they named the places they had seen. The reef Helen had discovered off the north-west coast they called "White Water Island," because of the breakers. Then came "Seal Bay," "Palm-tree Point," "Mount Lookout," (this was the hill due south of where they lived). They called the cane brake "Wild Duck Swamp," and the spoty where they fished "Cochineal Clearing. The mountain was named "Mount Cavity."

But what shall we call the capital of the kingdom—this hat?" said Miss Rolleston, as she leaned over him and pointed to the spot.

"Saint Helen's," said Hazel, looking up, and he wrote it down ere she could object.

Then there was a little awkward pause, while he was busy occupied in filling up some topographical details. She turned it off gaily.

"What are those caterpillars that you have drawn there, sprawling over my kingdom?" she asked.

"Caterpillars! you are complimentary, Miss Rolleston. Those are mountains."

"Oh, indeed; and those lines you are now drawing are rivers, I presume."

"Yes: let us call this branch of our solitary estuary, which runs westward, the River Lee, and this, to the east, the River Medway. Is such your majesty's pleasure?"

"La Reine le veut," replied Helen, smiling. "But, Master Geographer, it seems to me, that you are putting in mountains and rivers which you have never explored: how do you know that these turns and twists in the stream exist as you represent them? and those spurs, which look so real, have you not added them only to disguise the caterpillar character of your range of hills?"

Hazel laughed as he confessed to drawing on his fancy for some little details. But pleaded that all geographers, when they drew maps, were licensed to fill in a few such touches, where discovery had failed to supply particulars.

Helen had always believed religiously in maps, and was amused when she reflected on her former credulity.

THE TRIAL OF BARDELL VERSUS PICKWICK.

(CONCLUDED.)

THE EXAMINATION.

"Call Elizabeth Cluppins," said Sergeant Buzfuz, rising a minute afterwards, with renewed vigor.

"Do you recollect, Mrs. Cluppins,—do you recollect being in Mrs. Bardell's back one pair of stairs, on one particular morning in July last, when she was dusting Pickwick's apartment?"

"Yes, my Lord and jury, I do."

"Mr. Pickwick's sitting-room was the first floor front, I believe?"

"Yes, it were, sir."

Court.—"What were you doing in the back room, ma'am?"

"My Lord and jury, I will not deceive you."

Court.—"You had better not, ma'am."

"I was there, unbeknown to Mrs. Bardell; I had been out with a little basket, gentlemen, to buy three pound of red kidney purtatics, which was three pound tuppence ha'penny, when I see Mrs. Bardell's street door on the jar."

Court.—"On the what?"

"Partly open, my Lord."

Court.—"She said on the jar."

"It's all the same, my Lord."

The little judge looked doubtful, and said he'd make a note of it.

"I walked in, gentlemen, just to say good mornin' and went, in a permiscuous manner, up stairs, and into the back room. Gentlemen, there was the sound of voices in the front room, and—"

"And you listened, I believe, Mrs. Cluppins?"

"Beggin' your pardon, sir, I would scorn the haction. The voices was very loud, sir, and forced themselves upon my ear."

"Well, Mrs. Cluppins, you were not listening, but you heard the voices. Was one of those voices Pickwick's?"

"Yes, it were, sir."

And Mrs. Cluppins, after distinctly stating that Mr. Pickwick addressed himself to Mrs. Bardell, repeated, by slow degrees, and by diff of many questions, the conversation she had heard. Which, like many other conversations repeated under such circumstances, or, indeed, like many other conversations repeated under any circumstances, was of the smallest possible importance in itself, but looked big now.

Mrs. Cluppins, having broken the ice, thought it a favorable opportunity for entering into a short dissertation on her own domestic affairs; so she straightway proceeded to inform the court that she was the mother of eight children at that present speaking, and that she entertained confident expectations of presenting Mr. Cluppins with a ninth somewhere about that day six months. At this interesting point, the little judge interposed most inascibly; and the worthy lady was taken out of court.

"Nathaniel Winkle!" said Mr. Simpkin.

"Here!" "Mr. Winkle entered the witness-box, and, having been duly sworn, bowed to the judge, who acknowledged the compliment by saying:—

Court.—"Don't look at me, sir; look at the jury."

Mr. Winkle obeyed the mandate, and looked at the place where he thought the jury might be.

Mr. Winkle was then examined by Mr. Simpkin.

"Now, sir, have the goodness to let his Lordship and the jury know what your name is, will you?" Mr. Simpkin declined his head on one side, and listened with great sharpness for the answer, as if to imply that he rather thought Mr. Winkle's natural taste for perjury would induce him to give some name which did not belong to him.

"Winkle."

Court.—"Have you any Christian name, sir?"

"Nathaniel, sir."

Court.—"Daniel,—any other name?"

"Nathaniel, sir,—my Lord, I mean."

Court.—"Nathaniel Daniel, or Daniel Nathaniel?"

"No, my Lord, only Nathaniel; not Daniel at all."

Court.—"What did you tell me it was Daniel for, then, sir?"

"I didn't my Lord."

Court.—"You did, sir. How could I have got Daniel on my notes, unless you told me so, sir?"

"Mr. Winkle has rather a short memory my Lord; we shall find means to refresh it before we have quite done with him, dare say. Now, Mr. Winkle; attend to me, if you please, sir, and let me recommend you be careful. I believe you are a particular friend of Pickwick, the defendant, are you not?"

"I have known Mr. Pickwick now, as well as I recollect at this moment, nearly—"

"Pray, Mr. Winkle, do not evade the question. Are you, or are you not a particular friend of the defendant's?"

"I was just about to say, that—"

"Will you, or will you not, answer my question, sir?"

Court.—"If you don't answer the question, you'll be committed to prison, sir."

"Yes, I am."

"Yes, you are. And couldn't you say that at once, sir? Perhaps you know the plaintiff; too? Eh, Mr. Winkle?"

"I don't know her, but I've seen her? Now have the goodness to tell the gentlemen of the jury what you mean by that, Mr. Winkle."

"I mean that I am not intimate with her, but that I have seen her when I went to call on Mr. Pickwick in Goswell Street."

"How often have you seen her, sir?"

"How often?"

"Yes, Mr. Winkle, how often! I'll repeat the question for you a dozen times, if you require it, sir."

On this question arose the edifying brow-beating custom on such points. First of all, Mr. Winkle said it was quite impossible for him to say how many times he had seen Mrs. Bardell. Then he was asked if he had seen her twenty times, to which he replied, "Certainly,—more than that." Then he was asked whether he hadn't seen her a hundred times,—whether he couldn't swear that he had seen her more than fifty times, whether he didn't know that he had seen her at least seventy five times,—and so forth.

"Pray, Mr. Winkle, do you remember calling on the defendant, Pickwick, at these apartments in the plaintiff's house in Goswell Street, on one particular morning, in the month of July last?"

"Yes, I do."

"Were you accompanied on that occasion by a friend of the name of Tupman, and another by the name of Snodgrass?"

"Yes, I was."

"Are they here?"

"Yes, they are," looking very earnestly towards the spot where his friends were stationed.

"Pray attend to me, Mr. Winkle, and never mind your friends," with an expressive look at the jury. "They must tell their stories without any previous consultation with you, none has yet taken place" (another look at the jury). "Now, sir, tell the gentlemen of the jury what you saw on entering the defendant's room, on this particular morning. Come; out with it, sir; we must have it, sooner or later."

"The defendant, Mr. Pickwick, was holding the plaintiff in his arms, with his hands clasping her waist, and the plaintiff appeared to have fainted away."

"Did you hear the defendant say anything?"

"I heard him call Mrs. Bardell a good creature, and I hear him ask her to compose herself, for what a situation it was, anybody should come, or words to that effect."

Now, Mr. Winkle, I have only one more question to ask. Will you undertake to swear that Pickwick, the defendant, did not say, on the occasion in question, 'My dear Mrs. Bardell, you're a good creature; compose yourself to this situation, for to this situation you must come,' or words to that effect?"

"I didn't understand him so, certainly. I was on the stairs, and couldn't hear distinctly; the impression on my mind

the gentlemen of the jury want none of the impressions on my mind, Mr. Winkle, which I fear would be of little service to me, straight-forward men. You were on the staircase, didn't distinctly hear; but you will not swear that Pickwick did not make use of the expressions I have quoted? So I understand that?"

"No, I will not."

"You may leave the box, sir."

Tracy Tupman and Augustus Snodgrass were severally called into the box; both corroborated the testimony of their unhappy friend; and each was driven to the verge of desperation by excessive badgering.

Sarah Sanders was then called, and examined by Sergeant Buzfuz, and cross-examined by Sergeant Snubbin. Had she said and believed that Pickwick would marry Mrs. Bardell, knew that Mrs. Bardell's being engaged to Pickwick was the current topic of conversation in the neighborhood after the wedding in July. Had heard Pickwick ask the little boy how he should like to have another father. Did not know that Mrs. Bardell was at that time keeping company with the baker, but knew that the baker was then a single man and is now married. Thought Mrs. Bardell fainted away on the morning of the wedding, because Pickwick asked her to name the day; knew she (the witness) fainted away stone dead when Mr. Sanders asked her to name the day, and believed that anybody as callous as a lady would do the same, under similar circumstances.

During the period of her keeping company with Mr. Sanders, she had received love-letters, like other ladies. In the course of their correspondence Mr. Sanders had often called her a "duck," but he had never called her "chops," nor yet "matto sauce."

Sergeant Buzfuz now rose with more importance than he had exhibited, if that were possible, and said: "Call Samuel Weller."

It was quite necessary to call Samuel Weller; for Samuel Weller stepped into the box the instant his name was pronounced; and placing his hat on the floor, and his arms on the table, took a bird's-eye view of the bar, and a comprehensive survey of the bench, with a remarkably cheerful and lively aspect.

Court.—"What's your name, sir?"

Sam Weller, my Lord."

Court.—"Do you spell it with a 'V' or with a 'W'?"

That depends upon the taste and fancy of the speller, my Lord. I never had occasion to spell it more than once or twice in my life, but I spell it with a 'V.'"

There a voice in the gallery exclaimed, "Quite right too, Sam, quite right. Put it down a we, my Lord, put it down a we."

Court.—"Who is that, who dares to address the court? Usher."

Yes, my Lord."

Court.—"Bring that person here instantly."

Yes, my Lord."

But as the usher didn't find the person, he didn't bring him; and, after a great commotion, all the people who had got up to see for the culprit sat down again. The little judge turned to the witness as soon as his indignation would allow him to speak, and said:—

Court.—"Do you know who that was, sir?"

I rather suspect it was my father, my Lord."

Court.—"Do you see him here now?"

Sam stared up into the lantern in the roof of the court, and said: "Wy, no, my Lord, I can't say that I do see him at the present moment."

Court.—"If you could have pointed him out, I would have sent him to jail instantly."

Sam bowed his acknowledgments.

Now, sir."

I believe you are in the service of Mr. Pickwick, the defendant in this case. Speak up, if you please, Mr. Weller."

I mean to speak up, sir; I am in the service o' that 'ere 'ol' man, and a werry good service it is."

Little to do, and plenty to get, I suppose?"

"O, quite enough to get, sir, as the soldier said ven they ordered him three hundred and fifty lashes."

Court.—"You must not tell us what the soldier said, unless the soldier is in court, and is examined in the usual way; it's not evidence."

"Werry good, my Lord."

"Do you recollect anything particular happening on the morning when you were first engaged by the defendant; eh, Mr. Weller?"

"Yes, I do, sir."

"Have the goodness to tell the jury what it was."

"I had a reg'lar new fit-out o' clothes that mornin', gentlemen of the jury, and that was a werry particler and uncommon circumstance with me in those days."

The judge looked sternly at Sam, but Sam's features were so perfectly serene that the judge said nothing.

"Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Weller, that you saw nothing of this fainting on the part of the plaintiff in the arms of the defendant, which you have heard described by the witnesses?"

"Certainly not, sir. I was in the passage till they called me up, and then the old lady as you call the plaintiff, she warn't there sir."

"You were in the passage, and yet saw nothing of what was going forward. Have you a pair of eyes Mr. Weller."

"Yes, I have a pair of eyes, and that's just it. If they was a pair o' patent double million magnifyin' glass microscopes of hextra power, p'raps I might be able to see through two flights o' stairs and a deal door; but bein' only eyes, you see, my vision's limited."

"Now, Mr. Weller, I'll ask you a question on another point, if you please."

"If you please, sir."

"Do you remember going up to Mrs. Bardell's house, one night in November?"

"O, yes, very well."

"O, you do remember that, Mr. Weller, I thought we should get at something at last."

"I rayther thought that, too, sir."

"Well; I suppose you went up to have a little talk about the trial,—eh, Mr. Weller?"

I went up to pay the rent; but we did get a talkin' about the trial."

"O, you did get a talking about the trial. Now what passed about the trial? will you have the goodness to tell us, Mr. Weller?"

"With all the pleasure in life, sir. Arter a few unimportant observations from the two virtuous females as has been examined here to-day, the ladies gets into a very great state o' admiration at the honorable conduct of Mr. Dodson and Mr. Fogg,—them two gen'l'men as is settin' near you now."

"The attorneys for the plaintiff. Well! They spoke in high praise of the honorable conduct of Messrs. Dodson and Fogg, the attorneys for the plaintiff, did they?"

"Yes; they said what a werry gen'rous thing it was o' them to have taken up the case on spec, and not to charge nothin' at all for costs, unless they got 'em out of Mr. Pickwick."

"It's perfectly useless, my Lord, attempting to get any evidence through the impenetrable stupidity of this witness. I will not trouble the court by asking him any more questions. Stand down, sir. That's my case, my Lord."

Sergeant Snubbin then addressed the jury on behalf of the defendant; and did the best he could for Mr. Pickwick; and the best, as everybody knows, could do no more.

Mr. Justice Starleigh summed up, in the old-established form. He read as much of his notes to the jury as he could decipher on so short a notice; he didn't read as much of them as he couldn't make out; and he made running comments on the evidence as he went along. If Mrs. Bardell were right; it was perfectly clear Mr. Pickwick was wrong, and if they thought the evidence of Mrs. Cluppins worthy of credence, they would believe it; and if they didn't, why, they wouldn't.

The jury then retired to their private room to talk the matter over, and the judge retired to his private room, to refresh himself with a mutton-chop and a glass of sherry.

An anxious quarter of an hour elapsed; the jury came back; and the judge was fetched in. Mr. Pickwick put on his spectacles, and gazed at the foreman.

"Gentlemen, are you all agreed upon your verdict?"

"We are."

"Do you find for the plaintiff, gentlemen, or for the defendant?"

For the plaintiff."

"With what damages, gentlemen?"

"Seven hundred and fifty pounds."

Mr. Pickwick, having drawn on his gloves with great nicety, and stared at the foreman all the while, allowed himself to be assisted into a hackney-coach which had been fetched for the purpose by the ever watchful Sam Weller.

Sam had put up the steps, and was preparing to jump on the box, when he felt himself gently touched on the shoulder; and his father stood before him.

"Samivell the gov'nor ought to have been got off with a alleybi. Ve got Tom Vildspark-off o' that 'ere manslaughter (that come of hard driving), with a alleybi, ven all the big vigs to a man said as nothing couldn't save him. I know'd what 'ud come o' this here way o' doin' bisness. O Sammy, Sammy, vy won't there a alleybi!"

PORTRAIT GALLERY.

MEYERBEER.

This eminent German composer was born in Berlin, on the 5th of September, 1791, therefore at the time of his death was nearly seventy years old. As a child, he was very precocious, and his musical talent came to him so early, that when he was seven years old he was celebrated; and at nine, a German critic spoke of him as one of the best pianists in Berlin. Under less favorable circumstances, the lad would, doubtless, have been prematurely brought before the public as a prodigy, to contradict, perhaps, in manhood the promises of his youth. But his father, James Beer, a Jew banker, was very wealthy, and Giacomo Meyerbeer, as the composer afterwards called himself, Italianising his name, only appeared occasionally, principally at amateur concerts, and had plenty of opportunities afforded him for study. With what results he availed himself of them is well known throughout the world. Meyerbeer did not, however, at once obtain a high position in music. His first opera, "Jeptha's Daughter," was presented at Munich, in 1812, with but indifferent success; but the numerous works he afterwards produced, and which extended over nearly the whole range of musical compositions, secured for him a wide reputation, and proved that his talents were of no common order. Of these productions, the "Crociato in Egitto," produced in Venice, in 1825, may be said to have laid the foundation of his European fame. In 1831, he produced his grand work, "Robert the Devil," and henceforth Meyerbeer was recognized as a master. The "Huguenots" followed in 1836, and the "Prophete" in 1849, both operas at once taking that commanding position on the lyric stage which they have ever since maintained. "L'Etoile du Nord," a work in a different style, but distinguished by the same charms of genius, followed in 1854, and the "Pardon de Bloemmel," still more recently. It has long been known that the deceased composer had finished another work, "L'Africaine," and that his scrupulous and perhaps fastidious anxiety to secure for it a satisfactory interpretation has alone kept it from the public. Its production may now, it is to be presumed, be looked for at no distant date.

The Crown Princess of Prussia, Princess Royal of England, has sent Madame Meyerbeer an autograph letter of condolence.

PUNCTUATION POINTS. The points now used in punctuation, were introduced in writing gradually, some time after the invention of printing. The Greeks had none, and there was no space between their words. The Romans put a kind of division between their words, thus, Publico.Scipio.Africanus. Up to the end of the fifteenth century, only the period, comma, and colon had been introduced. The comma came into use latest, and was only a line or perpendicular figure proportionate to the size of the letter.

To Aldus Manutius, an eminent printer in 1790, we are indebted for the semi-colon, and also for the present form of the comma. He also laid down the rules now observed in regard to their use. The notes of interrogation and exclamation were not added till some years later, and it is not known by whom.

Inverted commas (") were first used by by, Monsieur Gillemeant, a French printer, and were intended by him to supersede the use of Italics, and the French printers now call them by his name.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

TO MAKE A PYRAMID OF ALUMN

Put a lump of alumn into a tumbler of water, and as the alumn dissolves it will assume the shape of a pyramid. The cause of the alumn decreasing in this peculiar form is briefly as follows: at first, the water dissolves the alumn very fast, but as the alumn becomes united with the water, the solvent power of the latter diminishes. The water, which combines first with the alumn, becomes heavier by the union, and falls to the bottom of the glass, where it ceases to dissolve any more, although the water which it has displaced from the bottom has risen to the top of the glass and is there acting upon the alumn. When the solution has nearly terminated, if you closely examine the lump, you will find it covered with geometrical figures, cut out, as it were, in relief upon the mass, showing not only that the cohesion of the atoms of the alumn resists the power of solution in the water, but that, in the present instance, it resists it more in some directions than in others. Indeed this experiment beautifully illustrates the opposite action of cohesion and solution.

CHARADE 10.

My first is a negative greatly in use:
By which people begin when they mean to refuse;
My second is Fashion, or so called in France,
But, like other whims, is the servant of chance.

An article always in use is my whole,
With texture and form under fashion's control:
But alas! not a thing can it see which goes by,
Altho' many have four sights, and all have one eye.

RIDDLE 6.

My tongue is long, my breath is strong.
And yet I breed no strife:
My voice you hear both far and near,
And yet I have no life.

CONUNDRUMS.

34. Why is the largest city in Ireland likely to be the largest city in the world?
35. What smells most of a drug shop?
35. Why should doctors attend to window-sashers?

ANSWERS TO NO. 32, PAGE 72.

RIDDLE 5—Live, evil, vile, Levi, veil.

CONUNDRUMS.

- No. 29—He is a bit of a buck.
- No. 30—His daughter.
- No. 31—It matures by falling dew [dew].
- No. 32—Ben—ha—dad.
- No. 43—Because it is never peeled (pealed), but once.

THERE'S SOMETHING I'M DYING TO SAY.

There's something I'm dying to say.
Though I hardly know how to begin:
But to lose an occasion like this,
Would be foolish as well as a sin:
So, now then for better or worse,
I must surely proceed on my way:
But, dear me, how dreadful it is
To have something you're dying to say!

You choose a nice spot in the wood,
And your handkerchief spread on the ground,
The fair one invite with a blush
To partake of the seat you have found:
And then if the smiling consent,
You awkwardly stand in the way,
"Cough"—"that's as far as you get
In the something you're dying to say.

Or then perhaps with courage renewed,
You tremblingly sit yourself down.
She inquiringly looks in your face—
You carefully look all around;
And now with an effort so great,
As you think of the chance that you've got,
Say under your breath, "Dearest girl,
I—I—I—Don't you think the weather is hot."

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VOL. 2

POETRY.

NOT IN VAIN.

Never in vain we toil—ah! blessed thought
That these faint efforts, held by us as nought,
Are something worth. Against the stream we swim,
Despite the covert sneer, the taunt of him
Who stays to right no wrong, nor aid distress,
But bows before earth's idol shrine, success;
He hears th' applauding voices of the crowd,
The echo of Fame's brazen trumpet loud,
His once free fancy held enchained there,
Forbade to soar to higher, purer air.

Far better live and die to Fame unknown
With faith and friendship, sense of duty done,
By few esteem'd, by fewer understood,
Our highest end and aim the greatest good.
Nay, God be thank'd, our life is not in vain,
If we o'er sin and self the victory gain.
Right onward, then! and Truth's fair beacon light
Shall, as we upward gaze, make all things bright,
And, strong in faith and patience, wait to see
The dawning of a blest eternity.

HAROLD,

THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

[CONTINUED.]

HAROLD AND THE HOSTAGES.

It so chanced while this interview took place between Githa and the earl, that Gurth, hawking in the woodlands round Hilda's house, turned aside to visit his Danish kinswoman. The prophetess was absent, but he was told that Edith was within; and Gurth, about to be united to a maiden who had long won his noble affections, cherished a brother's love for his brother's fair betrothed. He entered the gynecium, and there still, as when we were first made present in that chamber, sate the maidens employed on a work more brilliant to the eye, and more pleasing to the labor, than that which had then tasked their active hands. They were broidering into a tissue of the purest gold the effigy of a fighting warrior designed by Hilda for the banner of Earl Harold; and, removed from the awe of their mistress, as they worked, their

tongues sang gaily, and it was in the midst of song and laughter that the fair young Saxon lord entered the chamber. The babble and the mirth ceased at his entrance, each voice was stilled, and each eye cast down demurely. Edith was not among them, and in answer to his inquiry, the eldest of the maidens pointed towards the peristyle without the house.

The winning and kindly thegn paused a few moments, to admire the tissue and commend the work, and then sought the peristyle.

Near the water spring that gushed free and bright through the Roman fountain, he found Edith seated in attitude of deep thought and gloomy dejection. She started as he approached, and, springing forward to meet him, exclaimed—

"O Gurth, heaven hath thee to me, I know well, though I cannot tell thee why, for I cannot explain it to myself; but know I do, by the mysterious bode-ments of my own soul, that some great danger is at this moment encircling thy brother Harold. Go to him, I pray, I implore thee, forthwith; and let thy clear sense and warm heart be by his side."

"I will go instantly," said Gurth startled. "But do not suffer, I adjure thee, sweet kinswoman, the superstitions that wrap this place, as a mist wraps a marsh, to infect thy pure spirit. In my early youth I submitted to the influence of Hilda; I became man, and outgrew it. Much, secretly, has it grieved me of late to see that our kinswoman's Danish lore has brought even the strong heart of Harold under its spell; and where once he only spoke of *duty*, I now hear him speak of *fate*."

"Alas! alas!" answered Edith, wringing her hands; "when the bird hides its head in the brake, doth it shut out the track of the hound? Can we baffle fate by refusing to heed its approaches? But we waste precious moments. Go Gurth, dear Gurth! Heavier and darker, while we speak, gathers the cloud on my heart."

Gurth said no more, but hastened to remount his steed; and Edith remained alone by the Roman fountain, motionless and sad, as if the Nymph of the old Religion stood there to see the lessening stream well away from the shattered stone, and know that the life of the nymph was measured by the ebb of the stream.

Gurth arrived at London just as Harold was taking boat for the palace of Westminster, to seek the king; and after interchanging a hurried embrace with his mother, he accompanied his brother to the palace, and learned his errand by the way. While Harold spoke he did not foresee the danger to be incurred by a friend-

ly visit to the Norman court; and interval that elapsed between Harold's communication and their entrance into the king's chamber, allowed no time for mature and careful reflection.

Edward on whom years and infirmities had increased of late with rapid ravage, heard Harold's request with a grave and deep attention, which he seldom vouchsafed to earthly affairs. And he remained long silent after his brother-in-law had finished—so long silent, that the earl, at first, deemed that he was absorbed in one of those abstracted reveries, in which more and more as he drew nearer to the borders of the World Unseen, Edward so strangely indulged. But, looking more close, both he and Gurth were struck by the evident dismay on the king's face, while the collected light of Edward's cold eye showed that his mind was awake to the human world. In truth it is probable that Edward, at that moment, was recalling rash hints, if not promises to his rapacious cousin of Normandy, made during his exile. And sensible of his declining health, and the tender years of the young Edgar, he might be musing over the terrible pretender to the English throne, whose claims his earlier indiscretion might seem to sanction. Whatever his thoughts, they were dark and sinister, as at length he said, slowly—

"Is thine oath indeed given to thy mother, and doth she keep thee to it?"

"Both, O king," answered Harold briefly.

"Then I can gainsay thee not. And thou, Harold, art a man of this living world; and playest here the part of a centurion; thou sayest 'Come,' and men come—'Go,' and men move at thy will. Therefore thou mayest well judge for thyself. I gainsay thee not, nor interfere between man and his vow. But think not," continued the king, in a more solemn voice, and with increasing emotion, "think not that I will charge my soul that I counseled or encouraged this errand. Yea, I foresee that thy journey will lead but to great evil to England, and sore grief or dire loss to thee."

"How so, dear lord and king?" said Harold, startled by Edward's unwonted earnestness, though deeming it but one of the visionary chimeras habitual to the saint. "How so? William, thy cousin, hath ever borne the name of one fair to friend, though fierce to foe. And foul, indeed, his dishonor, if he could meditate harm to a man trusting his faith, and sheltered by his own roof-tree."

"Harold, Harold," said Edward impatiently, "I know William of old. Nor is he so simple of mind, that he will cede aught for thy simple pleasure, or even to thy will, unless it bring some gain to himself. I say no more. Thou art cautioned, and I leave the rest to heaven."

It is the misfortune of men little famous for worldly lore, that in those few occasions when, in that sagacity caused by their very freedom from the strife and passion of those around, they seem almost prophetically inspired—it is their misfortune to lack the power of conveying to others their own convictions; They may divine, but they cannot reason: and Harold could detect nothing to deter his purpose, in a vague fear, based on no other argument than as vague a perception of the duke's general character. But Gurth, listening less to his reason than his devoted love for his brother, took alarm, and said, after a pause—

"Thickest thou, good my king, that the same dangers were incurred if Gurth, instead of Harold, crossed seas to demand the hostages?"

"No," said Edward, eagerly, "and so would I counsel. William would not have the same objects to gain in practising his worldly guile upon thee. No; nor thinks that were the prudent course."

"And the ignoble one for Harold," said the elder brother, almost indignantly. Howbeit, I thank thee gratefully, for thy affectionate heed and care. And the saints guard thee!"

On leaving the king, a warm discussion between the brothers took place. But Gurth's arguments were stronger than those of Harold, and the earl was driven to rest his persistance on his own special pledge to Githa. As soon, however, as they had gained their home, that plea was taken from him; for the moment Gurth related to his mother Edward's fears and calculations, she, ever mindful of Godwin's preference for the earl, and his last commands to her, hastened to release Harold from his pledge; and to implore him at least to suffer Gurth to be his substitute at the Norman court.

"Be ruled, O my son," cried Githa, clasping the earl's knees, "and do not let me dread in the depth of the night to see the shade of Godwin and hear his voice say, 'Woman, where is Harold?'"

It was impossible for the earl's strong understanding to resist the arguments addressed to it; and, saying the truth, he had been more disturbed than he liked to confess by Edward's sinister forewarnings. Yet, on the other hand, there were reasons against acquiescence in Gurth's proposal. The primary, and to do him justice, the strongest, was his native courage and his generous pride. Should he, for the first time in his life, shrink from a peril in the discharge of duty; a peril too so uncertain and vague. Should he suffer Gurth to fulfill the pledge he himself had taken? And granting even that Gurth were safe from whatever danger he individually might incur, did it become him to accept the proxy? Would Gurth's voice be as potent as his own in effecting the return of the hostages?

The next reasons that swayed him were those he could not avow. It clearing his way to the English throne, it would be of no mean importance to secure the friendship of the Norman duke, and the Norman acquiescence in his pretensions.

All these considerations, therefore, urged the earl to persist in his original purpose; but a warning voice in his heart, more powerful than all, sided with the prayer of Githa and the arguments of Gurth. In this state of irresolution, Gurth said seasonably—

"Bethink thee, Harold, if menaced but with peril thyself, thou wouldst have a brave man's right to resist us; but it was of 'great evil to England' that Edward spoke, and thy reflections must tell thee that in this crisis of our country, danger to thee is evil to England—evil to England thou hast no right to incur."

"Dear mother, and generous Gurth," said Harold, and then joining the two in one embrace, "ye have well nigh conquered. Give but two days to ponder well, and be assured that I will not decide from rash promptings of an ill-considered judgment."

Farther than this they could not then move the earl, but Gurth was pleased shortly afterwards to

him depart to Edith, whose fears, from whatever source they sprang, would, he was certain, come in aid of his own pleadings.

But as the earl rode alone towards the once stately home of the perished Roman, and entered at twilight the darkening forest land, his thoughts were less on Edith than on the Vala, with whom his ambition had more and more connected his soul. Perplexed by his doubts, and left dim in the waning light of human reason, never more involuntarily did he fly to some guide to interpret the future, and decide his path.

As if fate responded to the cry of his heart, he suddenly came in sight of Hilda herself, gathering leaves from elm and ash amidst the woodland.

He sprang from his horse and approached her.

"Hilda," said he, in a low but firm voice, "thou hast often told me that the dead can advise the living. Raise thou the Scin-lacca of the hero of old—raise the Ghost, which mine eye, or my fancy, beheld before, vast and dim by the silent baustastien, and I will stand by thy side. Fain would I know if thou hast deceived me and thyself; or if, in truth, to man's guidance Heaven doth vouchsafe saga and rede from those who have passed into the secret shores of eternity."

"The dead," answered Hilda, "will not reveal themselves to eyes uninitiate save at their own will, uncompelled by charm or rune. To me their forms can appear distinct through the airy flame; to me, duly prepared by spells that purge the eyes of the spirit, and loosen the walls of the flesh. I cannot say what I see in the trance and the travail of my soul, thou also wilt behold: for even when the vision hath passed from my sight, and the voice from my ear, only memories, confused and dim, of what I saw and heard, remain to guide the waking and common life. But thou shalt stand by my side while I invoke the phantom, and hear and interpret the words which rush from my lips, and the runes that take meaning from the sparks of the charmed fire. I knew ere thou camest, by the darkness and trouble of Edith's soul, that some shade from the ash-tree of life had fallen upon thine."

With a strange satisfaction at the thought that he should, at least, test personally the reality of those assumptions of perternatural power which had of late colored his resolves and oppressed his heart. Harold then took leave of the Vala, who returned mechanically to her employment; and leading his horse by the rein, slowly continued his musing way toward the green knoll and its heathen ruins. But ere he gained the hillock, and while his thoughtful eyes were bent on the ground, he felt his arm seized tenderly—turned—and beheld Edith's face full of unutterable and anxious love.

With that love, indeed, there was blended so much wistfulness, so much fear, that Harold exclaimed—

"Soul of my soul, what hath chanced? what affects thee thus?"

"Hath no danger befallen thee?" asked Edith falteringly and gazing on his face with wistful, searching eyes.

"Danger! none, sweet trembler," answered the earl evasively.

Edith dropped her eager looks, and clinging to his arm, drew him on silently into the forest land. She paused at last where the old fantastic trees shut out

the view of the ancient ruins; and when, looking round she saw not those gray gigantic shafts which mortal hand seemed never to have piled together she breathed more freely.

"Speak to me," then said Harold, bending his face to hers; "why this silence?"

"Ah Harold," answered his betrothed, "thou knowest ever since we have loved one another, my existence hath been but a shadow of thine; by some weird and strange mysteries, which Hilda would explain by the stars and the fates, that have made me a part of thee, I know by the lightness or gloom of my own spirit when good or ill shall befall thee. How often, in thine absence hath a joy suddenly broke upon me; and I felt by that joy, as by the smile of a good angel that thou hadst passed safe through some peril, or triumphed over some foe! And now thou askest me why I am so sad; I can only answer thee by saying, that the sadness is cast upon me by some thunder gloom on thine own destiny."

Harold had sought Edith to speak of his meditated journey, but seeing her dejection he did not dare; so he drew her to his breast and chid her soothingly for her vain apprehensions. But Edith would not be comforted; there seemed something weighing on her mind and struggling to her lips, not accounted for merely by sympathetic forebodings; and at length, as he pressed her to tell all, she gathered courage and spoke—

"Do not mock me," she said, "but what secret, whether of vain folly or of meaning fate, should I hold from thee? All this day I struggled in vain against the heaviness of my forebodings. How I hailed the sight of Gurth thy brother! I besought him to seek thee—thou hast seen him?"

"I have!" said Harold. "But thou wert about to tell me of something more than this dejection."

"Well," resumed Edith, "after Gurth left me, my feet sought involuntarily the hill on which we have met so often. I sat down near the old tomb, a strange weariness crept on my eyes, and a sleep that seemed not wholly sleep fell over me. I struggled against it, as if conscious of some coming terror; and as I struggled, and ere I slept, Harold—yes, ere I slept—I saw distinctly a pale and glimmering figure rise from the Saxon's grave, I saw—I see it still! Oh, that livid front, those glassy eyes!"

"The figure of a warrior?" said Harold, startled.

"Of a warrior, armed as in the ancient days, armed like the warrior that Hilda's maids are working for thy banner. I saw it; and in one hand it held a spear, and in the other a crown."

"A crown? Say on, say on!"

"I saw no more; sleep, in spite of myself, fell on me, a sleep full of confused and painful—rapid and shapeless images, till at last this dream rose clear. I beheld a bright and starry shape, that seemed as a spirit, yet wore thine aspect, standing on a rock; and an angry torrent rolled between the rock and the dry, safe land. The waves began to invade the rock, and the spirit unfurled its wing as to flee. And then foul things climbed up from the slime of the rock, and descended from the mists of the troubled skies, and they coiled round the wings and clogged them."

"Then a voice cried in my ear, 'Seest thou not on the perilous rock the soul of Harold the Brave?—sees

thou not that the waters engulf it, if the wings fail to flee? Up Truth, whose strength is in purity, whose image is woman, and aid the soul of the brave.' I sought to spring to thy side; but I was powerless, and behold, close beside me, through my sleep as through a veil, appeared the shafts of the ruined temple in which I lay reclined. And, methought, I saw Hilda sitting alone by the Saxon's grave, and pouring from a crystal vessel black drops into a human heart which she held in her hands; and out of that heart grew a child and out of that child a youth with a dark and mournful brow. And the youth stood by thy side and whispered to thee; and from his lips there came a reeking smoke, and in that smoke as in a blight the wings withered up. And I heard a voice say, 'Hilda it is thou who hast destroyed the good angel, and reared from the poisoned heart the loathsome tempter!' And I cried aloud, but it was too late; the waves swept over thee, and above the waves there floated an iron helmet, and on the helmet was a golden crown—the crown I had seen in the hand of the specter!"

"But this is no evil dream, my Edith," said Harold gayly.

Edith, unheeding him, continued:

"I started from my sleep. The sun was still high—the air lulled and windless. Then through the shafts and down the hill there glided in that clear, waking daylight, a grisly shape like that which I have heard our maidens say the witch-hags, sometimes seen in the forest assume; yet, in truth; it seemed neither of man nor of woman. It turned its face once toward me, and on that hideous face were glee and hate of a triumphant fiend. Oh Harold what should all this portend?"

"Hast thou not asked thy kinswoman, the diviner of dreams?"

"I asked Hilda, and she, like thee, only murmured, 'The Saxon crown!' But if there be any faith in those airy children of the night, surely, O adored one, the vision forebodes danger not to life, but to soul; and the words I heard seemed to say that thy wings were thy valor, and the Fylgia thou hadst lost was—no, *that* were impossible—"

"That my Fylgia was TRUTH, which losing, I were indeed lost to thee. Thou dost well," said Harold loftily, "to hold *that* among the lies of fancy. All else may perchance, desert me, but never mine own free soul. Self-reliant hath Hilda called me in mine earlier days, and, wherever fate casts me, in my truth, and my love, and my dauntless heart, I dare both man and the fiend."

Edith gazed a moment in devout admiration on the mien of her hero-lover, then she drew close and closer to his breast, consoled and believing.

NARROW ESCAPES.

BY A TRAVELER.

A number of years ago, I was traveling through a wild portion of Upper India. At a small village I lost every attendant with whom I had left Delhi—two being struck down with the cholera, and the others run away with my horses, thus leaving me on foot and alone in a region which had the reputation of being infested with Thugs, robbers, and cut-throats. I complained to the chief magistrate of the place, and he

promised of course, that the rascals should be caught and punished; but it is my private opinion he was as great a scoundrel as any about him, and that he contrived at their escape, and got the lion's share of spoils.

My money and some valuable jewels were fortunately secured about my person; and being armed with a double-barrelled rifle, a brace of pistols, and a large Spanish dirk-knife, I thought I might venture to find my way, alone and without a guide, to the English station about thirty miles distant.

With making my design known to the daroga, I placed all my baggage under his charge, telling him I should hold him responsible for any loss.

"And why not your honour watch it yourself?" asked.

"Because the thieves have proved too many fools already," I answered.

He inquired if I were going to leave, which was now intended to travel, if he should procure me some able guides and escort, and so forth, and so on; but I answered evasively, determined to keep my design to myself till certain of being among men worthy of trust. Having by different enquiries of different persons learnt the best route to the place I wished to reach, I slipped out of the village after dark, and went into a neighboring forest, where I climbed a tree and passed the night in its branches. The next morning, after a slight repast on such food and fruit as I had procured for the journey, I set forward through the wood, following a travelled path, and guiding myself by a small pocket compass.

The route, lying through forest and jungle, up and down, was lonely and dreary enough to make me more than once wish for a companion. More than once I fancied I heard the growl of some wild beast, and stopped and stood upon the defensive; and several times the whirr of some large bird flying up near me, or the sudden scream and rush of a frightened monkey, gave me a start that was anything but pleasant; but, with these exceptions, I got along very well about mid-day, when, as I was about descending a dark, gloomy hollow, where the trees, and luxuriant vegetation so interfered as to make it a matter of risk and trouble to pick my way through, I was suddenly brought to a stand by a noise resembling a rifle in the path before me, accompanied by what appeared to be human groans.

From where I stopped I could not see the continuing parties, though the sounds told me they were quite near. There were evidently not more than a few of them, and I thought it would be quite safe for me to venture forward, especially as I was well armed. What could it be? Perhaps some Thug had fallen upon a traveller, like myself, and was now strangling him, according to the highest code of his religion. That the peculiar sounds I heard proceeded from something but human strife and human misery, I had the remotest idea; and therefore my surprise and astonishment may be imagined when, on gliding through a sort of vegetable tunnel, I beheld, upon a narrow open and lighter space, a large monkey in the coils of a venomous serpent.

I was just in time to witness, not the struggle, but the death of the poor quadruped. His last groans passed his lips, his eyes, half out of his head, were already glazed; and with a single convulsive qu-

through his crushed body, his life went out at the moment my gaze fell upon him. The snake, perhaps hearing my approach, raised its huge, misshapen, hooded head, turned its fiery eyes full upon me, ran out its red, forked tongue, hissed out a malignant defiance, and then, as if knowing its victim was dead, and that it now had a formidable foe to contend with uncoiled itself like lightning, and appeared standing up straight before me.

I had advanced with my rifle upon my shoulder, prepared for the necessity of a quick shot; and now, impulsively taking a hurried aim, I fired one barrel at the broad ugly head of the monster. Fortunately, I hit him somewhere about the neck, and he dropped, but threw himself about with the wildest contortions, and in a single moment was at my very feet. I jumped back with a wild cry, and, scarcely conscious of what I was doing, thrust down the muzzle of my piece, and fired the other barrel just as he was in the act of seizing it with a venomous snap, blowing his head to atoms.

I was secretly returning heartfelt thanks for my deliverance, when I was again startled by a slight rustling in the bushes to the left; and by the time I could draw a pistol, not knowing what I might next have to encounter, I found myself confronted by a man.

"Ah, well met, fellow-traveler!" he said in very good English, as if he had divined my nativity at a glance. "I heard your two shots, and felt glad to know that I was not alone in this wilderness. You have had a narrow escape," he added, looking down at the dead snake.

He was a fine-looking fellow, being tall, straight, and graceful, with black hair and eyes, and dark classical features. He was lightly dressed, after the fashion of the country, and apparently armed only with a knife, the sheath of which was secured to the girdle at his waist. Without replying in the familiar manner in which he had addressed me, I drew myself up with a somewhat haughty reserve, and coldly demanded who he was, and how he came to be secreted in the thicket, if his purpose was honest,

"Why to tell the truth," he replied in an open straightforward manner, "I am, like yourself perhaps, on my way to the English fort; and not liking the appearance of this lonely path, which I feared might lead into an ambuscade of Thugs, I turned out to go round the hill yonder, where the route again becomes more open, but being hot and weary I stopped to rest, and there heard the crack of a rifle, that assured me a fellow traveler that I might join with safety."

"And how did you know that I was not one of the party you feared?"

"Because they do not use fire-arms. But I see you are suspicious, and perhaps would prefer to go on alone, though I think two would be safer than one."

"You shall go with me," I quietly replied, as I stepped back a pace or two, placed my pistol convenient to my hand, and coolly proceeded to re-load my rifle. "Where did you learn English? and how did you know I was a native of Great Britain?"

"I learnt the language of your countrymen, with whom I have had many pleasant dealings as a trader," he answered without hesitation; "and I knew you were an Englishman by your appearance."

Having finished loading my rifle, I felt more at ease;

and then I quietly informed my new acquaintance that we could not part company again on the route, but I would accord him the privilege of—*walking in advance*.

"You see, I take you at your word," said I; and if you are what you profess to be, you will not feel hurt at my caution. You shall go before me, and shall walk with safety so long as you do nothing to confirm my suspicions: but I warn you at the same time that, if I perceive any sign of treachery, I will shoot you down as I would a wild beast."

"Why, what do you take me for?" he demanded.

"A Thug!" returned I; "a highway murderer, and robber!—neither more or less! I have heard of your tricks upon travelers, away off in my native Isle; but I, at least, am upon my guard, and this time your wicked scheme has failed."

He laughed, but merely said, "Have it your own way. I am satisfied to humour your suspicion, knowing you really mean me no harm, and that when we reach the fort, and I prove to you I am an honest man, you will do me justice."

"Most assuredly," I answered.

He then set forward with an air of careless indifference, and I kept close behind him, and my eye upon every motion. Thus we passed through the dark jungle, and ascended to the more open paths of the higher lands, without meeting with any new adventure. In an open spot, beside a clear spring, I stopped and made him sit beside me, while I rested and ate my noonday meal, which I shared with him. Then we resumed our journey, he going before, as usual; and so fast did he travel, for I was determined not to spend another night in the forest, that, when the sun went down, I saw, from a neighboring hill, the cross of St. George waving over the station where my day's journey was to end. While crossing the valley to reach it, however, night came upon us; and, favored by the darkness, my suspicious acquaintance suddenly disappeared, I got through safely, though, and received a warm welcome from my countrymen.

Two years after, being at Bereilly while a notorious Thug was on trial for his life, curiosity led me to the court-room, when, to my surprise, I recognised in the prisoner at the bar the identical individual whom I had compelled to perform a weary journey in front of me. He was convicted of murder, and condemned to death; but previous to his execution I managed to obtain an interview with him, when he frankly confessed that the incident of the monkey and the snake, by inducing him, as the leader of his party, to change his plan, was the principal cause of my life being preserved, my shrewd suspicion and bold determination doing the rest. Being on the watch for travelers, he and his companions had seen me on the road early in the day, and five of them had secreted themselves in that dark, lonely jungle, intending to spring upon me and do their murderous work, according as their religion teaches, by strangulation; it not being lawful for them to kill in any other manner. The discharge of both barrels at the snake, taken in connexion with my supposed natural fright and excitement, led him to suppose that he could accomplish his purpose in a different way; and so he appeared, to talk and cajole, and catch me off my guard—but, as the matter turned out, caught a Tartar instead.

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TO OUR HOME MANUFACTURERS.

BY E. W. TULLIDGE.

The merchants have their problem, now let ours come. Without ours—brothers in the home manufacturing interest—theirs will be of comparatively little value, for any great social progress, or to the increase of the material wealth of the people.

It is not they who sell, nor they who import, nor they who send the millions of money out of the community to purchase goods and fabrics which other communities make, who really enrich a people, or give to them the solid basis of wealth. What they give is but the tinsel of comfort, and the elegance and refinement of social life. We need not despise the blessings which the merchants bring us from the East and the West; but we need not, on the other hand, fall down and worship them as deities. We have in fact ever given them too much weight among us, and to the home manufacturers—who are the operative people—too little.

This must be reversed, if ever our community makes a strong mark in the world for its social importance. The home manufacturers and the operative people, must be brought uppermost, and given their proper place; and the merchants must be invited to co-operate with them.

Commerce that grows out of all importations is no legitimate, but exhaustive; and the policy of supporting such a commerce is suicidal. Legitimate commerce is that which principally grows out of home manufactures, and the productive operations of the people generally. First comes all the industrial and creative enterprise of the farmer, and every tiller of the land, who calls together by cultivation the elements of nature for the use and sustenance of man. Then follow the home manufacturers, with their tens of thousands of the operative classes: tens of thousands there might be even in a small community like our own; for women are also brought into the manufacturing activities and interest as well as men.

It is out of the well directed enterprise and creative activities of a nation, both in its agricultural and manufacturing interests that *legitimate* commerce grows; and it is very questionable whether any other kind of commerce is a blessing at all to a people—whether it is not rather a curse. The only set off to the direct assertion that it is a curse and not a blessing to a community is that it cannot permanently stand—that it must be reversed—that the merchants will themselves sooner or later help to overturn what they first established, and that, in the meantime, the commerce of *all importations* is useful as a help to a better state of things, and to the supply of social comforts and refinements.

There must be in Utah from twenty-five to fifty thousand who have before now, in other countries, been engaged in the manufacturing interests in some of its branches. But mark further, and mark too how much significance there is in the fact touching profits to be reaped, not hitherto reached. There must be consumed

in this Territory enough of manufactured goods to employ fifty thousand hands, and therefore to employ all that can be brought into service of our people.

Now it so happens that in this industrial department, women as well as men are brought in to enrich the community; and that however much they can be dispensed with in agriculture, manufacturing enterprises women are absolutely necessary. Not only so, we should make operative slaves of women: God forbid. Labor is honorable, and it gives an independence and social elevation to women as much as it does to men; and we cannot get along without our sisters working out and conducting the manufacturing interests.

There are then, say, fifty thousand hands in this community, who could, in five years, be fully engaged in every branch of manufactures, as effectively as in the States or in Great Britain. Hitherto they have not been employed. Excepting in such as leather-making, shoe-making, saddle-making, tailoring and cloth-making by family looms, all the goods and fabrics which those hands ought to produce have been supplied to the merchants from foreign markets.

Oh cavil as much as it might please you of the cheapness of States' goods, and say that the home manufacturers of Utah can neither compete with the States for price or quality. That is very much like reasoning in a circle. There is no fundamental argument or point in the silly talk. It is like telling you that in the time of ox teams it took longer to send merchandise from the frontiers to Utah than it did from New York to St. Louis a much greater distance. This community will most certainly break through that circle and dispense with the nonsense which even merchants could talk of the cheapness and quality of States' goods above home manufactures will be done away with, "because no longer needed" as our sectarian friends used to say. Inform us upon another matter. The Pacific Railroad will reverse much of our commercial affairs; and something more than that which concerns home manufactures. It will put the resources and facilities within our reach, and tend very much to give the opportunities for the employment of those fifty thousand hands, male and female, which can be set to work in Utah in the manufacturing interest, thus augmenting the material wealth and greatness of our community.

Now each branch of the operative classes must manage their several affairs in their own hands and legislate for their specialities in trade and commerce. No man can do it for them. Each must do it for its own sake. Practical men whose energies, experience and talents are designed especially for the service of each particular movement must rise up to take hold of President Young's problem of co-operative enterprises for the development of our material resources and the social independence of our people. We owe it to him, and all who feel themselves identified in the problem, that the home manufactures should vigorously take hold of the subject to carry out his purposes; and more than owing it to him we owe it to ourselves. It is a solid fact of the case in their practical bearings to our own personal good that needs urging for practical results. It is well to perceive what we owe to the past and well to perceive what we owe to our great leaders, but for any matter touching commerce and trade we must take a radical and lasting hold of the operative classes; they must realize something what they owe to themselves.

Home manufacturers and the operative classes owe to themselves then, that they rise up and combine their means their abilities and their labor to carry out in each branch of home enterprise the matter which is urged upon them by President Young, and which their own necessities and the necessities of the community imperatively demand should be attended to and attended to forthwith. If there be a failure in the great movement now started it will throw the issues back for many years and destroy public confidence. It is no use to attempt to deny that fact. Not, however, that it would destroy public confidence in our religion or in the authorities of our Church, but a failure would incline the community to believe that none but merchants can deal with commerce and trade. Why, is not that the very position which the opposite side have already assumed and avowed through their organ—the *Reporter*? There are none but the able and enterprising who have made themselves rulers in the commercial world who can grapple with this merchant problem, and experience, we are told, has invariably found failure in every attempt at co-operation in commercial enterprises devoted merely to buying and selling; on the other hand, we are told, experience as a rule has invariably proved that well directed manufacturing combinations are successful. Now this is most undoubtedly true in the history of all such movements, and there can be no question that unless the movement be largely extended to the development of home manufacturing enterprises it will neither benefit the community much, nor very greatly increase our material wealth. On this point the *Reporter* has been preaching on our side. The sermon is sound and it might be further urged, and further than desired by those who preach against our co-operative design namely—let us, as a people, be independent of Jew, Gentile, or Mormon merchants as far as this commerce of mere importations is concerned and respectfully demand of the latter that they should direct their capital towards home manufactures and home enterprises generally, even when they go to the States with their hundreds of thousands to purchase for this market.

Out of the fifty thousand operatives male and female which I have affirmed can in five years be engaged in home manufacturing pursuits in this Territory as effectually as in the States or in Great Britain, at least two thousand, male and female, could be organized in co-operative societies in the boot and shoe department. The operatives of this class always form a large proportion of every community, and their problem is so easy of solution and so very come-at-able. Their commodities form one of the chief staple articles of consumption. Already there are vast numbers engaged in this Territory making of boots and shoes; but they are uncombined, and non-co-operative even in the most objectionable sense. They have not reached, even, the advantages and potency as a class, which the combinations of Capital gives in the establishment of large manufactories, and the employment of organized labor. Yet, I say, our problem—for I place myself in this class—is one easy of solution. We have nearly all that is needed in our own hands; for we have ourselves. With the President's impulse and blessing to the movement, and that he has already given, and we can organize at once and carry our branch of home manufacture to a successful issue.

FOUL PLAY.

BY CHARLES READE AND DION BOUCAULT.

[CONTINUED]

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Helen's strength was coming back to her but slowly; she complained of great lassitude and want of appetite. But the following day having cleared up, the sun shone out with great power and brilliancy. She gladly welcomed the return of the fine weather, but Hazel shook his head: ten day's rain was not their portion—the bad weather would return, and complete the month or six weeks' winter to which nature was entitled. The next evening the appearance of the sky confirmed his opinion. The sun set like a crimson shield; gory, and double its usual size. It entered into a thick bank of dark violet cloud that lay on the horizon, and seemed to split the vapor into rays, but of a dusky kind; immediately above this crimson, the clouds were of a brilliant gold, but higher they were the color of rubies, and went gradually off to grey.

But, as the orb dipped to the horizon, a solid pile of unearthly clouds came up from the south-east, their bodies were singularly and unnaturally black, and mottled with copper color, and hemmed with a fiery yellow; and these infernal clouds towered up their heads, pressing forward as if they all strove for precedence; it was like Milton's fiends attacking the sky. The rate at which they climbed was wonderful. The sun set and the moon rose full, and showed those angry masses surging upwards and jostling each other as they flew.

Yet below it was dead calm.

Having admired the sublimity of the scene, and seen the full moon rise, but speedily lose her light in a brassy halo, they entered the hut, which was now the head-quarters, and they supped together there.

While they were eating their little meal, the tops of the trees were heard to sigh, so still was everything else. None the less did those strange clouds fly northward, eighty miles an hour. After supper Helen sat busy over the fire, where some gum, collected by Hazel, resembling india-rubber, was boiling; she was preparing to cover a pair of poor Welch's shoes, inside and out, with a coat of this material, which Hazel believed to be waterproof. She sat in such a position that he could watch her. It was a happy evening. She seemed content. She had got over her fear of him; they were good comrades if they were nothing more. It was happiness to him to be by her side even on those terms. He thought of it all as he looked at her. How distant she had seemed once to him: what an unapproachable goddess. Yet there she was by his side in a hut he had made for her.

He could not help slipping the soft intoxicating draught her mere presence offered him. But by-and-by he felt his heart was dissolving within him, and he was trifling with danger. He must not look on her too long, seated by the fire like a wife. The much-enduring man rose, and turned his back upon the sight he loved so dearly; he went out at the open door intending to close it and bid her good-night. But he did not do so, just then; for his attention as an observer of nature was arrested by the unusual conduct of certain animals. Gannets and other sea-birds were running about the opposite wood and craning their necks in a strange way. He had never seen one enter that wood before.

Seals and sea-lions were surrounding the slope, and crawling about, and now and then plunging into the river, which they crossed with infinite difficulty, for it was running very high and strong. The trees also sighed louder than ever. Hazel turned back to tell Miss Rolleston something extraordinary was going on. She sat in sight from the river, and, as he came towards the hut, he saw her sitting by the fire reading.

He stopped short. Her work lay at her feet: she had taken out a letter and she was reading it by the fire.

As she read it her face was a puzzle. But Hazel saw the act alone; and a dart of ice seemed to go through and through him.

This, then, was her true source of consolation. He thought it was so before. He had even reason to think so. But, never seeing any palpable proofs, he had almost been happy. He turned sick with jealous misery, and stood there rooted and frozen.

Then came a fierce impulse to shut the sight out that caused this pain.

He almost flung her portcullis to, and made his hands bleed. But a bleeding heart does not feel scratches.

"Good-night," said he hoarsely.

"Good-night," said she, kindly.

And why should she not read his letter? She was his affianced bride, bound to him by honor as well as inclination. This was the reflection, to which, after a sore battle with his loving heart, the much-enduring man had to come at last; and he had come to it, and was getting back his peace of mind, though not his late complacency, and about to seek repose in sleep, when suddenly a clap of wind came down like thunder, and thrashed the island and everything in it.

All things animate and inanimate seemed to cry out as the blow passed.

Another soon followed, and another,—intermittent gusts at present, but of such severity that not one came without making its mark.

Birds were driven away like paper; the sea-lions whimpered, and crouched into corners, and huddled together, and held each other, whinnying.

Hazel saw but one thing; the frail edifice he had built for the creature he adored. He looked out of his boat and fixed his horror-stricken eyes on it; he saw it waving to and fro, yet still firm. But he could not stay there. If not in danger she must be terrified. He must go and support her. He left his shelter, and ran towards her hut. With a whoop and a scream another blast tore through the wood, and caught him. He fell, dug his hands into the soil, and clutched the earth. While he was in that position, he heard a sharp crack; he looked up in dismay, and saw that one of Helen's trees had broken like a carrot, and the head was on the ground leaping about; while a succession of horrible sounds of crushing, and rending, and tearing, showed the frail hut was giving way on every side; racked and riven, and torn to pieces. Hazel though a stout man, uttered cries of terror death would not have drawn from him; and with a desperate headlong rush, he got to the place where the bower had been; now it was a prostrate skeleton, with the mat roof flapping like a loose sail above it, and Helen below.

As he reached the hut, the wind got hold of the last of the shrubs, that did duty as a door, and tore it from the cord, and whirled it into the air; it went past Hazel's face like a bird flying.

Though staggered himself by the same blow of wind, he clutched the tree and got into the hut.

He found her directly. She was kneeling beneath the mat that a few minutes ago had been her roof. He extricated her in a moment, uttering inarticulate cries of pity and fear.

"Don't be frightened," said she "I am not hurt."

But he felt her quiver from head to foot. He wrapped her in all her rugs, and thinking of nothing but her safety, lifted her in his strong arms to take her to his own place, which was safe from wind at least.

But this was no light work. To go there erect was impossible.

Holding tight by the tree, he got her to the lee of the tent and waited for a lull. He went rapidly down the hill, but, ere he reached the river, a gust came careering furiously. A sturdy young tree was near him. He placed her against it, and wound his arms round her and its trunk. The blast came; the tree bent down almost to the ground, then whirled round, recovered, shivered; but he held firmly. It passed. Again he lifted her, and bore her to the boat-house. When he turned a moment to enter it, the wind almost choked her, and her long hair lashed his face like a whip. But he got her in, and they sat panting and crouching, but safe. They were none too soon; the tempest increased in violence, and became more continuous. No clouds, but a ghastly glare all over the sky. No rebellious waves, but a sea hissing and foaming under its master's lash. The river ran roaring and foaming by, and made the boat heave even in its little creek. The wind, though it could no longer shake them, went screaming terribly close over their heads,—no longer like air in motion, but solid and keen, it seemed the Almighty's scythe mowing down nature; and soon it became, like turbid water, blackened with the leaves, branches, and fragments of all kinds it whirled along with it. Trees fell crashing on all sides, and the remains of the hut passed over their heads into the sea.

Helen behaved admirably. Speech was impossible, but she thanked him without it—eloquently; she nestled her little hand into Hazel's, and, to Hazel, that night, with all its awful

sights and sounds, was a blissful one. She had been in danger but now was safe by his side. She had pressed his hand to thank him, and now she was cowering a little towards him in a way that claimed him as her protector. Her glorious hair blew over him and seemed to net him; and now and then, as they heard some crash nearer and more awful than another, she clutched him quickly though lightly; for, in danger, her love to feel a friend; it is not enough to see him near; and once, when a great dusky form of a sea-lion came crawling over the mound, and, whimpering, peeped into the boat-house, she even fled to his shoulder with both hands for a moment, and was there light as a feather, till the creature had passed on. And his soul was full of peace, and a great tranquillity overcame him. He heard nothing of the wrack, knew nothing of the danger.

Oh, mighty Love! The tempest might blow, and fill air and earth with ruin, so that it spared her. The wind was kind and gentle the night, which brought that hair round his face, and that head so near his shoulder, and gave him the holy joy of protecting under his wing the soft creature he adored.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

On the morning that followed this memorable night, on personages seemed to change characters. Hazel sat down before the relics of the hut—three of four strings dangling, and a piece of network waving—and eyed them with shame, regret, and humiliation. He was so absorbed in his self-reproaches that he did not hear a light footstep, and Helen Rolleston stood near him a moment or two, and watched the play of his countenance with a very inquisitive and kind light in her own eyes.

"Never mind," said she, soothingly.

Hazel started at the music.

"Never mind your house being blown to atoms, and mine being stood?" said he, half reproachfully.

"You took too much pains with mine."

"I will take a great deal more with the next."

"I hope not. But I want you to come and look at the harbor. It is terrible, and yet so grand." And thus she drew him away from the sight that caused his pain.

They entered the wood by a path Hazel had cut from the sea-shore, and viewed the devastation in Terrapin wood. Prostrate trees lay across one another in astonishing number and in the strangest positions; and their glorious plumes swept the earth. "Come," said she, "it is a bad thing for the poor trees, but not for us. See, the place is strewn with treasure. Here is a tree full of fans all ready made. And what is that? A horse's tail growing on a cocoa-tree! and a long one too! the will make ropes for you, and thread for me. Ah, and here is cabbage. Poor Mr. Welch! Well, for one thing, you need never saw or climb any more. See the advantages of a hurricane."

From the wood she took him to the shore, and there the found many birds lying dead; and Hazel picked up several that he had read of as good to eat. For certain signs had convinced him his fair and delicate companion was carnivora, and must be nourished accordingly. Seeing him so employed, she asked him archly whether he was beginning to see the comfort of a hurricane. "Not yet," said he: "the account is far from even."

"Then come to where the rock was blown down." She led the way gaily across the sands to a point where an overhanging crag had fallen, with two trees and a quantity of earth and plants that grew above it. But when they got nearer, she became suddenly grave, and stood still. The mass had fallen upon a sheltered place, where seals were hiding from the wind and had buried several; for two or three limbs were sticking out, of victims overwhelmed in the ruin; and a magnificent sea-lion lay clear of the small rubbish, but quite dead. The cause was not far to seek: a ton of hard rock had struck him, at then plowed up the sand in a deep furrow, and now rested within a yard or two of the animal whose back it had broke. Hazel went up to the creature and looked at it: then he came to Helen; she was standing aloof. "Poor bugbear," said he. "Come away: it is an ugly sight for you."

"Oh, yes," said Helen. Then, as they returned, "Does that reconcile you to the loss of a hut? We are not blown away nor crushed."

"That is true," said Hazel; "but suppose your health should suffer from the exposure to such fearful weather. So unkind, so cruel! just as you were beginning to get stronger."

"I am all the better for it. Shall I tell you? Excitement

good thing; not too often, of course; but now and then; and then we are in the humor for it, it is meat and drink and medicine to us."

"What! to a delicate young lady?"

"Ay, to a delicate young lady." Last night has done me a world of good. It has shaken me out of myself. I am in better health and spirits. Of course I am very sorry the hut is down down—because you took so much trouble to build it: but on my own account, I really don't care a straw. Find me some corner to nestle in at night, and all day I mean to be about, and busy as a bee, helping you, and—Breakfast! Breakfast! Oh, how hungry I am." And this spirited girl led the way to the boat with a briskness and a vigor that charmed and astonished him.

Sovent femme varie.

This gracious behavior did not blind Hazel to the serious character of the situation, and all breakfast time he was thinking, and often kept a morsel in his mouth, and forgot to eat it for several seconds, he was so anxious and puzzled. At last, he said, "I know a large hollow tree with apertures. If I were to close them all but one, and keep that for the door? No; bees have betrayed me; I'll never trust another tree with you. Stay: I know—I know—a cavern."

He uttered the verb rather loudly, but the substantive with a sudden feebleness of intonation that was amusing. His timidity was superfluous; if he had said he knew "a bank whereon the wild thyme grows," the suggestion would have been well received that morning.

"A cavern!" cried Helen. "It has always been the dream of my life to live in a cavern."

Hazel brightened up. But the next moment he clouded again.

"But I forgot. It will not do; there is a spring running right through it; it comes down nearly perpendicular, through a channel it has bored, or enlarged; and splashes on the floor."

"How convenient!" said Helen; "now I shall have a bath in my room, instead of having to go miles for it. By-the-by, now you have invented the shower-bath, please discover Soap. But that one really wants any in this island; for there is no dust, and the very air seems purifying. But who can shake off the prejudices of early education?"

Hazel said, "Now I'll laugh as much as you like, when once my care is off my mind."

He ran off to the cavern, and found it spacious and safe; but the spring was falling in great force, and the roof of the cave listening with moisture. It looked a hopeless case. But if necessity is the mother of invention, surely Love is the father. He mounted to the rock above, and found the spot where the spring suddenly descended into the earth with the loudest gurgle he had ever heard; a gurgle of defiance. Nothing was to be done there. But he traced it upwards a little way, and found a place where it ran beside a deep decline. "Aha, my friend!" said he. He got his spade, and with some hours' hard work dug it a fresh channel, and carried it away entirely from its source. He returned to the cavern. Water was dripping very fast; but on looking up, he could see the light of day twinkling at the top of the spiral watercourse he had robbed of its supply. Then he conceived a truly original idea: why not turn his empty watercourse into a chimney, and to give to one element that he had taken from another? He had no time to execute his just then, for the tide was coming in and he could not afford to lose any one of those dead animals. So he left the tunnel to drip, that being a process which he had no means of expediting, and moored the sea-lion to the very rock that had killed him, and was proceeding to dig out the seals, when a voice he never could hear without a thrill summoned him to dinner.

It was a plentiful repast, and included roast pintado and cabbage palm. Helen Rolleston informed him during dinner that she would no longer be allowed to monopolize the labor attendant upon their position.

"No," said she "you are always working for me, and I shall work for you. Cooking and washing are a woman's work, not man's; and so are plaiting and netting."

This healthy resolution once formed was adhered to with a constancy that belonged to the girl's character. The roof of the ruined hut came ashore in the bay that evening, and was fastened over the boat. Hazel lighted a bonfire in the cavern, and had the satisfaction of seeing some of the smoke issue above. But he would not let Miss Rolleston occupy it yet. He shifted

her things to the boat, and slept in the cave himself. However he lost no time in laying down a great hearth, and built a fireplace and chimney in the cave. The chimney went up to the hole in the arch of the cave, then came the stone funnel, and above, on the upper surface of the cliff, came the chimney-pot. Thus the chimney acted like a German stove, it stood in the center, and soon made the cavern very dry and warm, and a fine retreat during the rains. When it was ready for occupation Helen said she would sail to it: she would not go by land; that was too tame for her, Hazel had only to comply with her humor, and at high water they got into the boat, and went down the river into the sea with a rush that made Helen wince. He soon rowed her across the bay to a point distant not more than fifty yards from the cavern, and installed her. But he never returned to the river; it was an inconvenient place to make excursions from; and, besides, all his work was now either in or about the cavern; and that convenient hurricane, as Helen called it, not only made him a builder again; it also made him a currier; a soap-boiler, and a salter. So they drew the boat just above high-water mark in a sheltered nook, and he set up his arsenal ashore.

In this situation, day glided by after day, and week after week, in vigorous occupations, brightened by social intercourse and in some degree by the beauty and the friendship of the animals. Of all this industry we can only afford a brief summary. Hazel fixed two uprights at the cavern's mouth, and connected each pair by a beam; a netting laid on these, and covered with gigantic leaves from the prostrate palms, made a sufficient roof in this sheltered spot. On this terrace they could sit even in the rain, and view the sea. Helen cooked in the cave, but served dinner up on this beautiful terrace. So now she had a But and a Ben, as the Scotch say. He got a hoghead of oil from the sea-lion; and so the cave was always lighted now, and that was a great comfort, and gave them more hours of indoors employment and conversation. The poor bugbear really brightened their existence. Of the same oil, boiled down and mixed with wood-ashes, he made soap, to Helen's great delight. The hide of this animal was so thick he could do nothing with it but cut off pieces to make the soles of shoes if required. But the seals were miscellaneous treasures; he contrived with guano and aromatics to curry their skins; of their bladders he made vile parchment and of their entrails gut, catgut, and twine, beyond compare. He salted two cubs, and laid the rest in store, by enclosing large pieces in clay. When these were to be used, the clay was just put into hot embers for some hours; then broken, and the meat eaten with all its juices preserved.

Helen cooked and washed and manufactured salt; and collected quite a store of wild cotton, though it grew sparingly, and it cost her hours to find a few pods. But in hunting for it she found other things,—health for one. After sunset she was generally employed a couple of hours on matters which occupy the fair in every situation of life. She made herself a sealskin jacket and a pork-pie hat. She made Mr. Hazel a man's cap of sealskin, with a point. But her great work was with the cotton, which will be described hereafter.

However, for two hours after sunset, no more (they rose at daybreak,) her physician allowed her to sit and work; which she did, and often smiled, while he sat by and discoursed to her of all the things he had read, and surprised himself by the strength and activity of his memory. He attributed it partly to the air of the island. Nor were his fingers idle even at night. He had tools to sharpen for the morrow, glass to make and polish out of a laminated crystal he had found. And then the hurricane had blown away, amongst many other properties his map, so he had to make another with similar materials. He completed the map in due course, and gave it to Helen. It was open to the same strictures she had passed on the other. Hazel was no cartographer. Yet this time she had nothing but praise for it. How was this?

Relieved of other immediate cares, Hazel's mind had time to dwell upon the problem Helen had set him; and one fine day a conviction struck him that he had taken a narrow puerile view of it, and that, after all, there must be in the nature of things some way to attract ships from a distance. Possessed with this thought, he went up to Telegraph Point, abstracted his mind from all external objects, and fixed it on this idea,—but came down as he went. He descended by some steps he had cut zig-zag for Helen's use, and as he put his foot on the fifth step,—whoa!—whirr!—whizz!—came nine ducks, cooling his head, they whizzed so close; and made right for the lagoons.

"Hum!" thought Hazel; "I never see you ducks fly in any direction but that."

This speculation rankled in him all night, and he told Helen he should reconnoitre at day-break, but should not take her as there might be snakes. He made the boat ready at day-break, and certain gannets, pintadoes, boobies and noddies, and divers with eyes in their heads like fiery jewels—birds whose greedy maws he had often gratified—chose to fancy he must be going a fishing, and were on the alert, and rather troublesome. However, he got adrift, and ran out through North Gate, with a light westerly breeze, followed by a whole fleet of birds. These were joined in due course by another of his satellites, a young seal he called Tommy, also fond of fishing.

The feathered convoy soon tailed off; but Tommy stuck to him for about eight miles. He ran that distance to have a nearer look at a small island which lay due north of Telegraph Point. He satisfied himself it was little more than a very long, large reef, the neighborhood of which ought to be avoided by ships of burden; and resolving to set some beacon or other on it ere long, he christened it White Water Island, on account of the surf; he came about and headed for the East Bluff.

Then Tommy gave him up in disgust; perhaps thought his conduct vacillating. Animals all despise that.

He soon landed almost under the volcano, and moored his boat not far from a cliff that seemed peaked with snow; but the snow was the guano of a thousand years. Exercising due caution this time, he got up to the lagoons, and found a great many ducks swimming about. He approached little parties to examine their varieties. They all swam out of his way; some of them flew a few yards, and then settled. Not one would let him come within forty yards. This convinced Hazel the ducks were not natives of the island, but strangers, who were not much afraid, because they had been molested on this particular island; but still distrusted man.

While he pondered thus, there was a great noise of wings, and about a dozen ducks flew over his head on the rise, and passed eastward, still rising till they got into the high currents; and away upon the wings of the wind for distant lands.

The grand rush of their wings and the off-hand way in which they spurned, abandoned, and disappeared from, an island that held him tight, made Hazel feel very small. His thoughts took the form of Satire. "Lords of the creation, are we? We sink in water; in air we tumble; on earth we slaughter."

These pleasing reflections did not prevent his taking their exact line of flight, and barking a tree to mark it. He was about to leave the place, when he heard a splashing not far from him, and there was a duck jumping about on the water in a strange way. Hazel thought a snake had got hold of her, and ran to her assistance. He took her out of the water and soon found what was the matter; her bill was open and a fish's tail sticking out. Hazel inserted his finger and dragged out a small fish which had crept the spines on its back so opportunely as nearly to kill its destroyer. The duck recovered enough to quack in a feeble and dubious manner. Hazel kept her for Helen, because she was a plain brown duck. With some little reluctance he slightly shortened one wing, and stowed away his captive in the hold of the boat.

He happened to have a great stock of pitch in the boat, so he employed a few hours in writing upon the guano rocks. On one he wrote in huge letters:

AN ENGLISH LADY WRECKED HERE.
HASTE TO HER RESCUE

On another he wrote in smaller letters:

BEWARE THE REEFS ON THE NORTH SIDE.
LIE OFF FOR SIGNALS.

Then he came home and beached the boat, and brought Helen his captive.

"Why, it is an English duck!" she cried, and was enraptured. By this visit to the lagoons, Hazel gathered that this island was a half-way house for migrating birds, especially ducks, and he inferred that the line those vagrants had taken was the shortest way from this island to the nearest land. This was worth knowing, and set his brain working. He begged Helen to watch for the return of the turtle doves (they had all left the island just before the rain) and learn, if possible, from what point of the compass they arrived.

The next expedition was undertaken to please Helen; she wished to examine the beautiful creeks and caves on the north side, which they had seen from a distance when they sailed round the island.

They started on foot one delightful day, and walked briskly for the air, though balmy, was exhilarating. They followed the course of the river till they came to the lake that fed it; it was fed itself by hundreds of little natural gutters down the hills discharged the rains. This was new to Helen, though not to Hazel; she produced the map, and told the lake that it was incorrect, a little too big. She took some water in her hand, sprinkled the lake with it, and called Hazelmere. They bore a little to the right and proceeded; they found a creek-shaped like a wedge, at whose broad shone an arch of foliage studded with flowers, and the sly blue water peeped behind. This was tempting, but descent was rather hazardous at first; great square blocks of rock, one below another, and these rude steps were covered with mosses of rich hue, but wet and slippery, Hazel began to be alarmed for his companion. However, after one or two difficulties, the fissure opened wider to the sun, and they descended from the slimy rocks into a sloping hot-bed of exotic ferns, and those huge succulent leaves that are the glory of the tropics. The ground was carpeted a yard deep with their verdure, and others, more aspiring, climbed the warm sides of the diverging cliffs, just as creepers go up a wall, lining a crevice as they rose. In this blessed spot, warmed, yet scorched, by the tropical sun, and fed with trickling water, was seen what marvels boon Nature can do. Here, our table dwarfs were giants, and our flowers were trees. lovely giantess of the jasmine tribe, but with flowers still like a marigold, and scented like a tube rose, had a stem thick as a poplar, and carried its thousand buds and colored flowers up eighty-feet of broken rock, and planted every ledge suckers, that flowered again, and filled the air with perfume. Another tree about half as high was covered with a cascade of snow-white tulips, each as big as a small flower, and scented like honeysuckle. An aloe, ten feet high, stood in a corner, unheeded among loftier beauties. At the very mouth of the fissure a huge banana leaned across, flung out its vast leaves, that seemed translucent gold as the sun; under it shone a monstrous cactus in all her crimson glory, and through the maze of color streamed deep blue of the peaceful ocean, laughing, and catching the beams.

Helen leaned against the cliff and quivered with delight at that deep sense of flowers that belongs to your true woman.

Hazel feared she was ill.

"Ill!" said she. "Who could be ill here? It is heaven on earth. Oh, you dears! oh, you loves! And they all growing on the sea, and floating in the sun."

"And it is only one of a dozen such," said Hazel. "I would like to inspect them at your leisure. I'll just run to Palm-tree Point; for my signal is all askew. I saw that came along."

Helen assented readily, and he ran off; but left her the visions. She was not to wait dinner for him.

Helen examined two or three of the flowery fissures found fresh beauties in each, and also some English ones that gave her pleasure of another kind; and, after she had delved in the flowers, she examined the shore, and soon discovered that the rocks, which abounded here (though there also large patches of clear sand), were nearly all pure coral of great variety. Red coral was abundant; and even the coral, to which fashion was just then giving a fictitious value, was there by the ton. This interested her, and so did the beautiful shells that lay sparkling. The time passed sweetly, and she was still in her researches, when suddenly it darkened a little, and, looking back, she saw a white vapor stream over the cliff, and curling down. Upon this she thought prudent to return to the place where Hazel had left her more so as it was near sunset.

The vapor descended and spread, and covered sea and land. Then the sun set; and it was darkness visible. Coming to the south, the sea-fret caught Hazel sooner and in a less favorable situation. Returning from the palm-tree, he had the shortest cut through a small jungle, and been so impeded by the scrub, that when he got clear, the fog was upon him. Between that and the river; he lost his way several times; did not hit the river till near midnight. He followed the shore to the lake, and coasted the lake, and then groped his way towards the creek. But, after awhile, every step he took was fraught with danger; and the night was far advanced when at last he hit off the creek, as he thought. He hallooded there was no reply; hallooded again, and to his joy, her voice replied; but at a distance. He had come to the wrong creek. She was further westward. He groped his way westward, and came to another creek. He hallooded to her, and she answered.

an. But to attempt the descent would have been mere suicide. She felt that herself and almost ordered him to stay where he was.

"Why, we can talk all the same," said she; "and it is not so long."

It was a curious position, and one typical of the relation between them. So near together, yet the barrier so strong.

"I am afraid you must be very cold," said he.

"Oh, no; I have my seal-skin jacket on; and it is so sheltered here. I wish you were as well off."

"You are not afraid to be alone down there?"

"I am not alone when your voice is near me. Now don't youidget yourself, dear friend. I like these little excitements. I have told you so before. Listen: how calm and silent it all is; the place; the night! The mind seems to fill with great ideas, and to feel its immortality."

She spoke with solemnity, and he heard in silence.

Indeed it was a reverend time and place; the sea, whose loud and penetrating tongue had, in some former age, created the gully where they both sat apart, had of late years receded, and kissed the sands gently that calm night; so gently that its long low murmur seemed but the echo of tranquility.

The voices of that pair sounded supernatural, one speaking up, and the other down, the speakers quite invisible.

"Mr. Hazel," said Helen, in a low, earnest voice; "they say that Night gives wisdom even to the wise; think now, and tell me your true thoughts. Has the foot of man ever trodden on this island before?"

There was a silence due to a question so grave, and put with solemnity, at a solemn time, in a solemn place.

At last Hazel's thoughtful voice came down, "The world is very, very, very old. So old, that the words, Ancient History are a falsehood, and Moses wrote but as yesterday. And man is a very odd animal upon this old, old planet, and has been everywhere. I cannot doubt he has been here."

Her voice went up. "But have you seen any signs?"

His voice came down. "I have not looked for them. The bones and the weapons of primeval man are all below earth's surface at this time of day."

There was a dead silence. Then Helen's voice went up again. "But in modern times? Has no man landed here from far-off places, since ships were built?"

The voice came sadly down. "I do not know."

The voice went up. "But think?"

The voice came down. "What calamity can be new in a world so old as this? Everything we can do, and suffer, others of our race have done, and suffered."

The voice went up. "Hush! there's something moving on the sand."

CURIOSITIES OF SOUND.

To our limited understandings it sometimes seems that Nature delights in curious freaks; but when we come to analyze her apparent vagaries they resolve themselves into mere instances of the working of simple laws. Imagine the whispered secrets of a confessional being proclaimed to an unwilling hearer in a distant part of a cathedral of Girgenti, in Sicily. A visitor to the edifice accidentally came upon a spot where he heard every word that a fair penitent was uttering to a closeted priest, in a remote corner of the building. Here was a seeming freak; but when it came to be examined it was clear that the whispers were scattered over the curved roof, which, acting like a concave reflector in the case of light, converged the sounds to a focus; and so the mystery revealed itself as an instance of convergence of sound. The eaves-dropper used to delight in taking his friends to hear the revelations of the penitents; but one day he and they heard too much, for—unfortunate coincidence!—his own wife knelt upon the penitential stool, and the betraying roof made him acquainted with secrets anything but amusing: the scandal that ensued brought about the removal of the confessional to a more secret spot. This was not a case of mere echo; the sound was actually brought to a focus at one particular spot, just as the image of a candle is projected upon a wall by a concave reflector or by a lens.

Echoes are reflections of sounds; a flat surface like a blank wall is to sound what a looking-glass is to light. A sounding-board placed over a speaker's head catches the sounds that would otherwise be dispersed in the space above him, and reflects them down upon the audience beneath. The voice is echoed, but we do not hear both the direct and reflected sound because the interval between them is too short. The reflecting

surface must be at some distance to allow an appreciable time to elapse for the sound to travel to it and come back again to the ear. The traveling rate of sound in air is about 1,100 feet a second, and reflected sound travels at the same speed as direct; hence by noticing the time which elapses between a sound and its echo we may estimate how far off the echoing surface is situated. Of remarkable echoes many are known. There is the celebrated one in the Gap of Dunloe, where the sounds are reflected again and again, so that when a trumpet is blown at the proper place the return notes reach the ear in succession after one, two, three, or more reflections from the adjacent cliffs, and thus die away in the sweetest cadences. Alpine travelers, too, tell of wonderful warblings of echoes in the Swiss mountains. The rolling and pealing of thunder is due to echoes of the primary clap, which are generated in the clouds. A curious echo occurs at the London Colosseum. Mr. Wheatstone found that a syllable pronounced close to the upper part of the wall of this structure was repeated a great many times. A single exclamation sounded like a peal of laughter, and the tearing of a sheet of paper like the patter of hail.

We have said that sound travels at the rate of about 1,100 feet a second; but this speed depends upon the elasticity and density of the air; and as the elasticity depends upon temperature, it follows that sound travels differently, according as the weather is warm or cold. At freezing temperature its rate is 1,090 feet a second; at 80° Fahrenheit, it is 1,140 feet. So that sound travels slower in winter than in summer. Its velocity through other substances than air is also very different. Through hydrogen gas it is 4,160 feet a second, and through water a little greater than this. Iron conveys it at nearly four times this speed.

Sound is produced by certain vibrations or pulsations communicated to the atmosphere. When we pluck a harp-string we set it quivering and cause it to give to the adjacent air a rapid succession of blows; the number of these blows in a second depending upon the length and tension of the string. If the string only gave one push to the air we should hear but one noise or blow; but as in vibrating it gives a rapid succession of pushes, we experience a rapid succession of noises, and these resolve themselves into a continuous sound. Noises may become musical if only they succeed each other at equal intervals of time, and with sufficient rapidity. If a watch could be caused to tick a hundred times in a second, the ticks would lose their individuality and blend into a musical tone. If the flapping of a pigeon's wings could be accomplished at the same rate, the bird would make music in its flight. The humming-bird does this, and so do thousands of insects whose wings vibrate with great rapidity. The highness or lowness, what we call the pitch, of a sound, depends upon the rapidity with which these pulses fall upon the air. When they come at the rate of fifty or sixty a second we have a deep growing bass sound; when at the rate of from twenty to thirty thousand in the same interval, the sound is a piercing treble. The human ear becomes deaf to such high sounds as result from these extremely rapid pulsations. It seems that the tympanic membrane is incapable of receiving and communicating more than about 20,000 blows in a second. But the limit varies with different persons; the squeak of a bat, the chirrup of the house-sparrow, the sound of a cricket are unheard by some people who possess a sensitive hear for lower sounds. The ascent of a single note is sometimes sufficient to produce the change from sound to silence.

Since the pitch of a sound depends upon the number of pulsations reaching the ear in a given time—suppose that we run towards a source of sound, what is the consequence? Evidently the vibrations are crowded upon the ear more quickly than they would be if we stood still, and, conversely, if we run away from a sound they come upon us more slowly. Hence arises the curious phenomenon that in the first case the sound is sharpened, and in the second case flattened by our motion. This may be observed at any railway station during the passage of a rapid train. As the engine approaches, the sonorous wares emitted by the whistle are virtually shortened, a greater number of them being crowded into the ear in a given time. As it retreats the sonorous wares are virtually lengthened. The consequence is, that in approaching the whistle sounds a higher note, and in retreating a lower note, than if the train were stationary.

Although a plucked string, or a string otherwise made to vibrate, produces sound by beating the air, it must be observed that a string is too small a thing of itself to set in motion such a mass of air as is necessary to fill a room with sound. Hence to make strings available for musical instruments they

have to be so connected with larger surfaces as to set them in vibratory motion. These surfaces we call sound-boards, and in every stringed instrument the most important feature is this sonorous medium. The quality of this part of a piano, harp, violin, or lute, determines the entire goodness of an instrument. The sound-board must be able to take-up and give out to perfection every vibration that every string offers to it, or it will not do its duty properly, and the instrument of which it is almost body and soul will be a bad one.

The high value set upon venerable violins is not entirely fanciful? The molecular changes that age works in the nature of the wood they are made of have an important influence over their sounding qualities. The very act of playing has a beneficial effect; apparently constraining the molecules of the wood, which in the first instance were refractory, to conform at last to the requirements of the vibrating strings.

Vibrations imparted to the air are frequently taken up by solid bodies at a distance. When music is being played, it is not uncommon to hear the lamp-glasses or other sounding bodies in the room join in the concert. In those cases the glass picks out from the general clamor that particular set of vibrations which it is capable of taking up, and rings in harmony with the note producing them whenever that note is sounded. A sounding tuning-fork will thus excite a silent one to play with it. Two pendulum-clocks fixed to the same wall, or two watches lying on the same table, will take the same rate of going, through this sympathetic communication of vibrations; and what is more remarkable, if one clock be set going and the other not; the ticks of the moving clock, transmitted through the wall, will start its neighbor. It is in consequence of this property that the sound of a particular organ-pipe will sometimes break a particular window-pane, and that a powerful voice can crack a window-glass by singing near it. The story goes that the Swiss muleteers tie up their bells at certain places lest the tinkle should bring an avalanche down. Professor Tyndall, however, who, from his Alpine experience, ought to know, does not believe the dreaded catastrophe ever actually occurred.

But the most beautiful instances of sympathy in sound are afforded by the phenomena of musical or sensitive flames. To Professor Leconte, of the United States, belongs the honor of first calling attention to these curiosities. The professor was assisting at a musical party one evening, and he says: "Soon after the music commenced, I observed that the flames of a fish tail gas-burner exhibited pulsations which were exactly synchronous with the audible beats. This phenomenon was very striking to every one in the room, and especially so, when the strong notes of the violoncello came in. It was exceedingly interesting to observe how perfectly even the trills of this instrument were reflected on the sheet of flame. A deaf man might have seen the harmony." By experiment, he found that the vibrations were not due to the shaking of the walls and floor of the room, but were communicated directly from the music to the flame. This interesting subject has been followed up extensively by Professor Tyndall and Mr. Barrett. It has been found that those flames only are sensitive which are on the point of flaring, or roaring, as some would term it. A common fish-tail burner, just at the point of fluttering, but still giving out a clear sheet of flame, is thrown into a state of commotion, spurring out quivering tongues, when a whistle is blown in its neighborhood. A bat's-wing jet behaves in a similar manner; throwing forth its tongues whenever an anvil is struck with a hammer. Professor Tyndall makes flames almost dance to music. He places a long-like flame and a short one side by side: upon blowing a whistle, the long flame becomes short; forked, and brilliant, and the short one long and smoky. The most marvellous flame exhibited at his lecture on this subject was a long thin one, twenty-four inches high. The slightest tap on a distant anvil reduced the height of this flame to seven inches. At the shaking of a bunch of keys it became violently agitated, and emitted a loud roar. The creaking of a boot set it in commotion; so did the crumpling of a piece of paper, or the rustle of a silk dress. The patter of a rain drop startled it. At every tick of a watch held near it, down it fell. The twitter of a distant sparrow, or the chirp of a cricket, produced the same effect. Professor Tyndall recited Spenser's verse commencing, "Her ivory forehead full of bounty beams," the flames seemed to show its appreciation of the language; it noticed some sounds with a slight nod, to others, again, it made profound obeisance. To the performance of a musical box, the flame behaved like a sentiment being. Jets of smoke are acted upon like flames, and so are jets of water, under certain conditions.

HOW THE ST. PETERSBURG AND MOSCOW RAILROAD WAS BUILT.

The Emperor Nicholas had in his court a certain general, Kleimichel, a disagreeable person, exceedingly unpopular, and of equivocal fidelity, but who pleased by his reticence and promptness in executing orders. When the road was decided upon by a council of ministers, and its erection considered urgent, a map of Russia was brought to the Czar, who was asked to look over the course designated by the different engineers, and give his preference. Nicholas, without saying a word, took the map, marked a straight line from Moscow to St. Petersburg, and said to the stupefied engineers:—

"This is the line of the railroad."

"But," they all cried, "impossible. Your majesty will find no one to undertake such a work. It would be to hide treasures in the desert."

"No one undertake it when I command it to be done?" said Nicholas. "We shall see." And signaling Kleimichel to a corner:—

"Kleimichel," said he, "you see this line?"

"Yes, sire."

"This is a new railroad I propose constructing in my empire."

"Sire, it is magnificent."

"You think so? Will you charge yourself, then, with the execution of my orders?"

"With the greatest pleasure, sire, if your majesty orders it. But the funds, the funds?"

"Don't be troubled about them. Ask for all the money you want." And turning to the engineers:—

"You see," said Nicholas to them, "I can get along without you. I will build my own railroad."

And the construction of this road lasted ten years. It did not deviate an inch from the line marked out by the imperial finger; and leaving on one side, at about a distance of ten leagues, the villages of Novgorod, Twer, and a host of others equally rich and important, it traversed, in the midst of marshes and woods, nothing but immense solitudes; 706 kilometers of iron rail cost Russia four hundred million francs—a little more than a half a million a kilometer—of which the devoted Kleimichel (but that is a matter of course) took a good share. Nicholas, however, was right in saying nothing could resist him.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE VANISHED HALF-DIME.

Put a little wax on the nail of the middle finger of the right hand, and take a half-dime into the palm of the same hand. Close the hand, pressing the wax on the coin. Then rapidly open it, and the silver piece will adhere to the wax, and be quite concealed behind your finger when you hold your hand up.

CHARADE 11.

In every hedge my second is,
As well as every tree,
And when poor school-boys act amiss;
It often is their fee.
My first likewise is always wicked,
Yet ne'er committed sin,
My total for my first is fitted,
Composed of brass or tin.

CONUNDRUMS.

37. What is that which every one can divide, but no one can see where it has been divided?

38. Spell hard water with three letters.

39. What letters of the alphabet come too late for supper?

ANSWERS TO NO. 38, PAGE 84.

CHARADE 10.—But-ton.

RIDDLE 6.—A bell.

CONUNDRUMS,

No. 34.—Because it is every year doubling (Dublin).

No. 36.—Tobacco.

No. 37.—Because they have so many pains (paine).

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POETRY.

A SONG OF WINTER.

Winter, art thou come?—
With all thy savage blasts and shortened hours,
With nothing in thine eyes but starved gloom,
And sad forgetfulness of Summer flowers,
With little on thy lips but moanings drear,
Sadder than thou art, least loved of all the year?

Now that through and through
Thy bitter piercing winds will search and leave
Green upon the boughs, but quite undo
The web that Summer had such toil to weave,
Thou freeze her songs to silence, till no bird
In any passing stream along the woods be heard.

Now thy breath and face,
Thy wasted features and devouring tongue,
Thou fairer than young spring in all her grace,
Thou Summer wantoning the fields among,
Thou eater than king-cups crushed with foot of kine,
Thou balmy winds that kiss dark crowns of purple pine.

What can Summer bring
That should not make man's heart more sad than gay,
What avails the awakening voice of Spring
To boughs long cumbered with the old year's decay;
What know we of Death, that we should borrow
Comfort of earth's new joy re-risen from winter's sorrow?

Think—if only we
Might lay our hearts, even as the branches, bare,
To our old burdens off like them, and be
All night abandoned to thy scourging air—
Why would our lightened hearts not droop, as now,
To watch the year's young fire in every bursting bough.

HAROLD,

THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

[CONTINUED.]

THE INVOCATION OF THE DEAD.

With all her persuasion of her own powers in penetrating the future, we have seen that Hilda had never doubted her oracles on the fate of Harold, without a cold and awful sense of the ambiguity of their revelations. That fate, involving the mightiest interests

of a great race, and connected with events operating on the farthest times and remotest lands, lost itself to her prophetic ken amidst omens the most contradictory, shadows and lights the most conflicting, meshes the most entangled. Her human heart, devotedly attached to the earl through her love for Edith—her pride obstinately bent on securing to the last daughter of her princely race that throne, which all her vaticinations, even when most gloomy, assured her was destined to the man with whom Edith's doom was interwoven, combined to induce her to the most favorable interpretation of all that seemed sinister and doubtful. But according to the tenets of that peculiar form of magic cultivated by Hilda, the comprehensive became obscured by whatever partook of human sympathy. It was a magic wholly distinct from the malignant witchcraft more popularly known to us, which was equally common to the Germanic and Scandinavian heathens.

All the night that succeeded her last brief conference with Harold, the Vala wandered through the wild forest land, seeking haunts, or employed in collecting herbs, hallowed to her dubious yet solemn lore; and the last stars were receding into the cold grey skies, when, returning homeward, she beheld within the circle of the Druid temple a motionless object, stretched on the ground near the Teuton's grave; she approached, and perceived what seemed a corpse, it was so still and stiff in its repose, and the face upturned to the skies was so haggard and death-like—a face horrible to behold; the evidence of extreme age was written on the shriveled livid skin and the deep furrows, but the expression retained that intense malignity which belongs to a power of life that extreme age rarely knows. The garb which belonged to a remote fashion, was foul and ragged, and neither by the garb, nor by the face, was it easy to guess what was the sex of this seeming corpse. But by a strange and peculiar odor that rose from the form, and a certain glistening on the face, and the lean folded hands, Hilda knew that the creature was one of those witches, esteemed of all the most deadly and abhorred, who, by the application of certain ointments, were supposed to possess the power of separating soul from body, and, leaving the last as dead, to dismiss the first to the dismal orgies of the Sabbath. It was the frequent custom to select for the place of such trances, heathen temples and ancient graves. And Hilda seated herself beside the witch to await the waking. The cock crowed thrice, heavy mists began to arise from the glades, covering the gnarled roots of the forest trees, when

the dread face on which Hilda calmly gazed, showed symptoms of returning life; a strong convulsion shook the vague indefinite form under its huddled garments, the eyes opened and closed—opened again; and what had a few moments before seemed a dead thing, sat up and looked round.

"Wicca," said the Danish prophetess, with an accent between contempt and curiosity, "for what mischief to beast or man hast thou followed the noiseless path of the dreams through the airs of night?"

The creature gazed hard upon the questioner, from its bleared but fiery eyes, and replied slowly, "Hail, Hilda, the Morthwythra! why art thou not of us, why comest thou not to our revels? Gay sport have we had to-night with Faul and Zabulus; but gayer far shall our sport be in the wassail hall of Senlac, when thy grandchild shall come in the torchlight to the bridal bed of her lord. A buxom bride is Edith the Fair, and fair looked her face in her sleep on yesterday noon when I sate by her side, and breathed on her brow, and murmured the verse that blackens the dream; but fairer still shall she look in her sleep by her lord. Hal ha! Hol we shall be there, with Zabulus and Faul; we shall be there!"

"How!" said Hilda, thrilled to learn that the secret ambition she cherished was known to this loathed sister in the art. "How dost thou pretend to that mystery of the future which is dim and clouded even to me? Canst thou tell when and where the daughter of the Norse kings shall sleep on the breast of her lord?"

A sound that partook of laughter, but so unearthly in its malignant glee that it seemed not to come from a human lip, answered the Vala; and as the laugh died away, the witch rose and said—

"Go and question thy dead, O Morthwythra! Thou deemest thyself wiser than we are; we wretched hags whom the corse seeks when his herd has the murrain, or the girl when her false love forsakes her; we, who have no dwelling known to man, but are found at need in the wold, or the cave, on the side of dull slimy streams where the murderess mother hath drowned her babe. Askest thou, O Hilda, the rich and the learned, askest thou counsel and lore from the daughter of Faul?"

"No," answered the Vala haughtily, "not to such as thou do the great Nornas unfold the future. What knowest thou of the runes of old, whispered by the trunkless skull of the mighty Odin? runes that control the elements, and conjure up the shining shadows of the grave. Not with thee will the stars confer; and thy dreams are foul with revelries obscene, not solemn and haunted with the bodements of things to come! Only I marveled when I beheld thee on the Saxon's grave, what joy such as thou canst find in that life above life, which draws upward the soul of the true Vala."

"The joy," replied the witch, "the joy which comes from wisdom and power, higher than you ever won with your spell from the rune or the star. Wrath gives the venom to the slaver of the dog, and death to the curse of the witch. When wilt thou be as wise as the hag thou despisest? When will all the clouds that beset thee roll away from thy ken? When thy hopes are all crushed, when thy passions lie dead, when thy pride is abashed, when thou art but a wreck, like the shafts of this temple, through which the star-

light can shine. Then only, thy soul will see clear the sense of the runes, and then, thou and I will be on the verge of the black, shoreless sea!"

So, despite all her haughtiness and disdain these words startle the lofty prophetess, that she remained gazing into space long after that fearful rition had vanished, and up from the grass, those obscene steps had profaned, sprang the carolling.

But ere the sun had dispelled the dews on the wet sward, Hilda had recovered her wonted calm, locked within her own secret chamber, prepared to read the runes for the invocation of the dead.

Resolving, should the auguries consulted him to depart, to intrust Gurth with the charge of forming Edith, Harold parted from his betrothed, out a hint of his suspended designs; and he passed the day in making all preparations for his absence on his journey, promising Gurth to give his final answer on the morrow—when either himself or his brother should depart for Rouen. But more and more pressed with the arguments of Gurth, and his sober reason, and somewhat perhaps influenced by forebodings of Edith (for that mind, once so conditionally firm, had become tremulously alive to airy influences,) he had almost predetermined to assent to his brother's prayer, when he departed to keep his dismal appointment with the Morthwythra. The night was dim, but not dark; no moon showed the stars, wan though frequent, gleamed pale, at the farthest deeps of the heavens; clouds gray and rolled slowly across the welkin, veiling and disclosing the melancholy orbs.

The Morthwythra, in her dark dress, stood in the circle of stones. She had already kindled a fire at the foot of the bantastien, and its glare shone red in the gray shafts; playing through their forlorn openings upon the sward. By her side was a vessel, seen of pure water, filled from the old Roman fountain; its clear surface flashed blood-red in the beams of the fire, and behind them, in a circle round both fire and water, lay fragments of bark, cut in a peculiar form, like the shaft of an arrow, and inscribed with the mystic letters which were the fragments, and on each fragment were the runes. In her right hand the Morthwythra held her seid-staff, her feet were bare, and her loins were girt with the Hunnish belt inscribed by the mystic letters; the belt hung a pouch, or gipsire of bear-skin, and plates silver. Her face, as Harold entered the circle, had lost its usual calm—it was wild and troubled.

She seemed unconscious of Harold's presence; her eye fixed and rigid, was as that of one in a trance. Slowly, as if constrained by some power not her own, she began to move round the ring with a measured pace, and at last her voice broke low, hollow, and solemn, into a rugged chant, which may be thus faintly translated—

"By the Udar-fount dwelling,
Day by day from the rill.
The Nornas besprinkle
The ash Ygg-drassil.*
The hart bites the buds,
And the snake gnaws the root.
But the eagle all-seeing
Keeps watch on the fruit.

* Ygg-drassil, the mystic Ash-tree of Life, or symbol of the fate, governed by the Fates.

"These drops on thy tomb
From the fountain I pour;
With the rune I invoke thee,
With flame I restore.

"Dread Father of men
In the land of thy grave,
Give voice to the Vala,
And light to the brave."

As she thus chanted, the Northwyrtha now sprinkled the drops from the vessel over the bautastein— one by one, cast the bark scrawled with runes the fire. Then, whether or not some glutinous or chemical material had been mingled in the er, a pale gleam broke from the grave-stone thus sprinkled, and the whole tomb glistened in the light the leaping fire. From this light a mist or thin ke gradually rose, and then took, though vaguely, outline of a vast human form. But so indefinite the outline to Harold's eye, that gazing on it dily, and stilling with strong effort his loud heart, new not whether it was a phantom or a vapor he eld.

The Vala paused, leaning on her staff, and gazing we on the glowing stone, while the earl, with his s folded on his broad breast, stood hushed and onless. The sorceress recommenced—

"Mighty dead I revere thee,
Dim-shaped from the cloud,
With the light of thy deeds
For the web of thy shroud!

"As Odin consulted
Mimir's skull hollow-eyed,
Odin's heir comes to seek
In the Phantom a guide."

As the Northwyrtha ceased, the fire crackled loud, from its flame flew one of the fragments of bark to feet of the sorceress: the runic letters all indented a sparks.

The sorceress uttered a loud cry, which, despite his rage and natural strong sense, thrilled through earl's heart to his marrow and bones, so appalling s it with wrath and terror; and while she gazed ant on the blazing letters, she burst forth—

"No warrior art thou,
And no child of the tomb;
I know thee and shudder,
Great Ase of Doom.

"Thou constrainest my lips,
And thou crushest my spell:
Bright Son of the Giant—
Dark Father of Hell!"

The whole form of the Northwyrtha then became vulsed and agitated, as if with the tempest of ozy; the foam gathered to her lips, and her voice g forth like a shriek—

"In the Iron Wood rages
The Weaver of Harin,
The giant Blood-drinker
Hagg-born MANAGARM.

"A keel nears the shoal:
Where the dreamer beheld thee,
O, soul spread thy wings,
Ere the glamours hath spell'd thee.

"Oh, dread is the tempter,

And strong the control;
But conquered the tempter,
If firm be the soul!"

The Vala paused; and though it was evident that in her frenzy she was still unconscious of Harold's presence, and seemed but to be the compelled and passive voice to some power, real or imaginary, beyond her own existence, the proud man approached, and said—

"Firm shall be my soul; nor of the dangers which beset it would I ask the dead or the living. If plain answers to mortal sense can come from these airy shadows or these mystic charms, reply, O, interpreter of fate; reply but to the questions I demand. If I go to the court of the Norman, shall I return unscathed?"

The Vala stood rigid as a shape of stone while Harold thus spoke; and her voice came so low and strange as if forced from her scarce-moving lips—

"Thou shalt return unscathed."

"Shall the hostages of Godwin, my father, be released?"

"The hostages of Godwin shall be released," answered the same voice; "the hostage of Harold shall be retained."

"Wherefore hostage from me?"

"In pledge of alliance with the Norman."

"Ha! then the Norman and Harold shall plight friendship and troth?"

"Yes!" answered the Vala; but this time a visible shudder passed over frame.

"Two questions more, and I have done. The Norman priests have the ear of the Roman Pontiff. Shall my league with William the Norman avail to win me my bride?"

"It will win thee the bride thou wouldst never have wedded but for thy league with William the Norman. Peace with thy questions, peace!" continued the voice, trembling as with some fearful struggle; "for it is the voice of the Demon that forces my words, and they wither my soul to speak them."

"But one question more remains; shall I live to wear the crown of England; and if so, when shall I be a king?"

At these words the face of the prophetess kindled, the fire suddenly leaped up higher and brighter; again, vivid sparks lighted up the runes on the fragments of bark that were shot from the flame; over these last the Northwyrtha bowed her head, and then, lifting it, triumphantly, burst forth once more into song.

"When the Wolf-Month, grim and still,
Heaps the snow-mass on the hill;
When, through white air sharp and bitter,
Mocking sunbeams freeze and glitter;
When the ice-gems bright and barbed
Decked the boughs the leaves had garbed:
And the circle be completed.
Then the measure shall be meted,
Cerdic's race the Thor-descended,
In the Monk-king's tomb be ended;
And no Saxon brow but thine
Wear the crown of Woden's shrine.

"Where thou wendest, wend nufearing.
Every step thy throne is nearing.
Fraud may plot, and force assail the—
Shall the soul thou trustest fall thee?
If it fail thee, scornful hearer,
Still the throne shines near and nearer.
Guile with guile oppose, and never

Crown and brow shall Force disseyer;
Till the dead men unforgiving
Loose the war-steeds on the living;
Till a sun whose race is ending
Sees the rival stars contending;
Where the dead men unforgiving,
Wheel the war-steeds round the living.

"Where thou wendest, wend unfearing;
Every step thy throne is nearing.
Never shall thy house decay,
Nor thy scepter pass away,
While the Saxon name endureth
In the land thy throne secureth;
Saxon name and throne together.
Leaf and root, shall wax and wither;
So the measure shall be meted,
And the circle close completed.

"Art thou answered, dauntless seeker?
Go, thy bark shall ride the breaker,
Every billow high and higher,
Waft thee up to thy desire;
And a force beyond thine own;
Drift and strand thee on the throne.

"When the Wolf Month, grim and still,
Piles the snow-mass on the hill,
In the white air sharp and bitter,
Shall thy kingly scepter glitter;
When the ice-gems barb the bough
Shall the jewels clasp thy brow:
Winter wind, the oak unpronding,
With the altar-anthem blending;
Wind shall howl, and none shall sing.
Hail to Harold! HAIL THE KING!"

An exultation that seemed more than human, so intense it was, and so solemn,—thrilled, in the voice that thus closed predictions that seemed signally to belie the more vague and menacing warnings with which the dreary incantation had commenced. The North-wyrtha stood erect and stately, still gazing on the pale blue flame that rose from the burial stone, till slowly the flame waned and paled, and at last died with a sudden flicker, leaving the gray tomb standing forth all weather worn, and desolate, while a wind rose from the north, and sighed through the roofless columns. Then as the light over the grave expired, Hilda gave a deep sigh; and fell to the ground senseless.

Harold lifted his eyes towards the stars and murmured—

"If it be a sin, as the priests say, to pierce the dark walls that surround us here, and read the future in the dim world beyond; why gavest thou, O heaven, the reason, never resting, save when it explores? Why hast thou set in the heart the mystic Law of Desire, ever toiling at the High, ever grasping at the Far?"

Heaven answered not the unquiet soul. The clouds passed to and fro in their wanderings, the wind still sighed through the hollow stones, the fire still shot with vain sparks toward the distant stars. In the cloud and the wind and the fire couldst thou read no answer from Heaven, unquiet soul?

The next day, with a gallant company, the falcon on his wrist, the sprightly hound gambolling before his steed, blithe of heart and high in hope, Earl Harold took his way to the Norman court.

LESSONS IN GEOLOGY NO. 20.

The term SCORIA or cinders, is applied to the fragmentary slags of lava which are ejected into the air and then settle around the volcano. The structure of these cinders is owing entirely to the influence of the external air, and not to any special difference of material in composition. Whether lava flows like a stream, or is thrown up in jets, it cracks, and becomes porous, as soon as it is acted upon by the atmospheric gases. The result is, that the pieces of fragments become cellular vesicular,—that is, a mass full of small rounded holes, as may be seen in a specimen of pumice and lava. If lava is cooled under great pressure, it becomes compact, and even crystalline as in trap, trachyte, etc.

During an eruption, masses of stone are often thrown up into the air. Where do these stones come from, and come unmelted? When the little islet, called Graham's Island, rose in the Mediterranean, on the coast of Sicily, in 1831, its crater ejected pieces of dolomite rock, and fragments of limestone; and a mass of some pounds weight of Silurian rock. The awful eruption of Tomboro, in Sumbawa, an island in the Molucca group, which took place in 1812, stones fell very thick—some of them as large as a man's fist, but most of them only of the size of a walnut. In a museum at Naples, are exhibited specimens of the various stones which have been ejected from the crater of Vesuvius. Several of these specimens are fragments of the limestone which prevails in the district, and these limestone specimens contain organic matter in them. These specimens prove that the vent of the volcano goes lower down than the limestone bed, and that the melted matter thrown up runs against the sides of this rock, rends and tears portions of it off, and throws them up into the surface. The limestone specimens are found to be impregnated with magnesia, an element which entered it while it was being heated in this volcanic crucible.

Besides stones, it is found that volcanoes discharge a vast quantity of ASHES, which darken the air for hours, and sometimes for many days, and which on their fall occasion great damage to agriculture, and to villages and towns. These dry and hot ashes are probably only lava pulverised or turned into powder by friction. It has been conjectured by some that they originate in the kind of bladdered froth which may have once rested on the surface of the incandescent matter while cooling under diminished pressure.

These ashes are sometimes like impalpable powder, but, in other instances, very heavy as a mass. During the eruption of Tomboro, in Sumbawa, in 1812, the ashes which fell, were so heavy as to crush and destroy several houses even at forty miles distant from the crater. Also at sea, to the west of Sumatra, some thousand miles off from Tomboro, the ashes and cinders fell so thick as to float two feet deep on the surface of the sea, and render the passage of ships extremely difficult. In other instances, the ashes were so light and subtle as that, notwithstanding an awning made to cover the deck, they lay in heaps of a foot in depth on many parts of the vessel, and several tons were thrown overboard.

The quantity of ashes discharged by volcanoes must be immense. In 1835 there was an eruption of Cosiguiana, a volcano in the gulf of Fonseca, on the

shores of the Pacific. During that eruption, ashes fell at Truxillo, on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico. Portions of this shower of ashes fell on board a ship twelve hundred miles westward of the volcano, and four days later at Kingston, in Jamaica, 700 miles eastward of it, having traveled in the air by an upper current of west wind, at the rate of 170 miles a day. For about 30 miles to the south of this volcano, ashes covered the ground three yards and a half deep. Thousands of cattle, wild animals, and birds perished under the ashes. This fact assists the geologist in accounting for the bones and skeletons of extinct species of animals which are found in the ashes of ancient volcanoes, such as are found in Avergne, in France.

Some remarkable facts connected with the structure of these ashes deserve to be noticed. When Graham Island rose in the Mediterranean, in 1831, Dr. Davy, mentioned a shower of ashes which fell. In the substance of these ashes, he found fibres like vegetable fibre, and which had the smell of a burning sea weed. This has led to the conjecture that as sea-water entered the submarine volcano, fibres of weeds were sucked in with it. There is another fact more remarkable still. On Sept. 2, 1845, a Danish vessel was sailing in 61° north latitude, a thick cloud was seen to approach the vessel from the N. W. in the direction of Iceland. The sails and the deck were immediately covered with ashes. These ashes had come from the volcano Mount Hecla, which was in a state of eruption on that day. This volcano was 533 miles from the ship, so that the ashes must have traveled at the rate of 46 miles per hour. The famous Professor Ehrenberg examined this dust under a powerful microscope, and discovered that it abounded in well known siliceous organic bodies, and in well preserved shells or cases of infusoria. This is a fact of great importance, as it helps us to account for certain volcanic dust found near extinct volcanoes such as the Eifel, on the Rhine.

FAMILY LITERATURE.

THE WORKS OF HARPER BROS.

BY E. W. TULLIDGE.

The tens of thousands of Utah have been gathered from a reading public. Those abroad who imagined that we are neither readers nor thinkers forget that the majority of our community are originally from Great Britain and the United States, that our Elders at least, are acquainted with the magazines and quarterlies of England and Scotland, as well as the best literature of America.

It is true that during the first stages of settling of the Valleys of the Rocky Mountains our people have been from necessity, forced to grapple with the hard duties of life, and have neither possessed the time for mental culture nor the surroundings of social ease and refinement. But we have now fairly passed through the first phases of society, and they will never return to us again, nor will this people ever again be driven from their homes. I predicate this upon the just sense of the age which could not possibly allow a territory with its hundred and twenty-five cities and settlements to be rooted up, or its peaceful inhabitants to be sent to the slaughterhouse. Our people have now, therefore, the opportunity (for they possess both time and affluence,) to fill the land with one of the greatest

luxuries of civilized life—namely Family Libraries, and this brings us directly to a recommendation of Harper's Family Literature.

An elaborate critical review of the works of these famous publishers is not needed for all know that they edit as well as publish the best family literature in the country. I merely design now, when the Pacific Railroad offers a cheap transportation of books, and these enterprising gentlemen seek the patronage of this people by their advertisement in the *UTAH MAGAZINE*, to recommend and speak in general terms of the excellent quality of the periodicals which they present to the reading public.

First in the list comes *Harper's Magazine*. This, as the *New York Observer* has justly pronounced, is "the most popular Monthly in the world." It is made up of matter and subjects not so heavy in style and quality, as the essays, reviews, and philosophical biographies of the Quarterlies, and Monthlies of England, nor of the Atlantic Monthlies of this country; while it is the first in rank of its own kind in America. The *Galaxy*, it is true, is a first class Monthly, and has obtained a fair circulation in Utah. Several years ago when the writer of this notice, was in New York, the liberal Editors of the *Galaxy*, engaged him to supply their Magazine; with a series of articles on the Mormons and their Commonwealth, designed as taking novelties in the opening numbers of their then Semi-Monthly. Those articles, brought the *Galaxy* into circulation in this Territory, and I would recommend it to be continued by our people as one of their family magazines; but that of Harper Brothers' is the family magazine of the nation, and decidedly deserves the first place in our household libraries.

Harper's Weekly which is advertised as "a Complete Pictorial History of the Times," also deserves the favor of this people as well as the country at large. It published at about the period of the first issues of the *Galaxy* a full set of portraits of Brigham Young and the Mormon leaders. It was this that made the subject of Mormonism and the Mormons popular, and, therefore, marketable at the time in New York. I was repeatedly struck, on the week of that issue, with the groups at the book stalls looking at the bold placard announcing "A Splendid Portrait of Brigham Young and the Mormon Temple." This suggested to me that the subject had been made marketable by Harper Brothers, and I, forthwith, offered a series of articles to the *Galaxy* for which I received as much as fifty dollars per article, the whole of which obtained extensive notice in the States, I confess rather for their novelty than their quality. But this was not the end of Harper's publication of those plates. The *Phrenological Journal* next engaged me to supply the biographies and phrenological analysis of character of the Mormon Leaders, and I purchased the plates in question of Harper Brothers to accompany the biographies, those gentlemen letting me have them for one-third less than asked of Mr Wells himself in consideration that I had supplied the reading matter introducing those illustrations, of the Mormon leaders and the view of Salt Lake City in *Harper's Weekly*. I know of no Magazines or Weeklies so suitable for family instruction, blended with interesting entertainment nor any so valuable for a deposit in our family libraries as the *Phrenological Journal*, the *Galaxy*, and the Magazine and Illustrated Paper of Harper Bros.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE,

SATURDAY, NOV. 14, 1868

THE ERA OF ISOLATION.

BY E. W. TULLIDGE.

Seven years ago I was standing in the Main Street of Great Salt Lake City, watching a man running up the poles putting up telegraph wires. A brother Seventy was by my side. We were both contemplating an event in our history, for surely that which has been an event in the history of a world cannot be less than an event when it has come round to us.

"Thank God, Edward, for that," I said to my brother of the Seventies. "Thank God, Edward, we are going into the days of telegraphs and railroads."

"I am sorry," my friend replied. "The Gentiles will be upon us, and the Government will have the means to destroy us."

"But the Government will not destroy us," was my rejoinder. "Let the Gentiles come, they cannot hurt us, but will do us good. We shall be safer when the railroad is here, not in more danger. Edward that which brings Washington nearer to us will bring us nearer to Washington. We cannot fulfil our destiny in isolation. We must be brought into the heart of the nation and mixed up in her best interests. We cannot grow much farther. We need all the facilities and resources of civilization. Our enterprise is crippled, our avenues blocked up, by our growth, our ambition has no scope equal to its aims, our energies have no field large enough for their manifestations, our labor only a limited market, all is importation, there is no exportation. The reign of isolation must pass away, a new era will dawn: it will be the era of telegraphs and railroads. That era will be the type of our future."

We had just passed through the days of isolation, and that phrase was better understood than the new era of the Pacific Railroad. It must be confessed, I was not in accord with the majority; and it would have been unwise to have said to many, what all would say to me to day. They would have thought I wanted ten thousand Gentiles here to hurt us; no rather let ten thousand gentlemen come up to do us good. Let the nation come up; let the railroad come up; let all the agencies of civilization and social growth come up. Let the enlightened men of Europe come up, and read the philosophy of human nature, and intense religious manifestations compounded in that wonderful problem—Mormonism. They would believe that they had found the illustration of the ideal of the metaphysical Shakespear—"There is a soul of Goodness in things evil," and realize that our very faults had grown of our wild virtues. Into our heart, they would enter, and we should understand them; into their heart we should enter, and they would understand us, and explain us to the world. Can you master the subtilities of a spiritual consciousness, or legislate for the forms of a religious faith? You must enter into the heart of humanity, and not into its head. Win its love, and you will bless and redeem it. "We love Him, because He first loved us," is the cardinal doctrine of Christianity. Herein is the might of Christ. Enter into the door of our heart, and win our love. If

you would regenerate us, and if we need regeneration, Coerce us, extract our faith, as a dentist would extract teeth, and make us a persecuted people, and you might send us to the block, to the stake, to the slaughter house, but you will not bend us, much less convert us.

Mr. Bowles in his book, "Across the Continent," anticipates a revolution among the Mormons, through the Pacific Railroad, and that through its agencies the ideas of the people will be enlarged. So it will bring about a revolution, and enlarge everything in Mormonism, but that revolution will be very different to that of the general anticipation. If there come a transformation, after we have passed through the era of isolation, and been brought into fellowship with the great and good outside of ourselves, then it will be Mormonism transformed altogether, with Brigham Young at its head more potent than ever. We cannot apostatize from ourselves, but we shall progress, grow within and without, in our own nature, in our aims in life, in our love for everything outside of ourselves worthy of love and admiration. We shall pattern after the good and absorb all the influences of civilization in our social and material growth. We shall transmigrate ourselves into higher states of our peculiar sociology, evolve ourselves in more advanced forms of our own genius; but the Mormons can never apostatize from themselves. Intercourse with the great and good of America will benefit us in many ways. It will make us better acquainted with their excellent qualities and aims, and make them better acquainted with the earnestness and genuineness of the Mormon people, and reveal how large their hearts, how large their heads. Enter into those hearts if you have aught of good to do, but let those heads alone, for nature has made them large enough, and their own missionary experience all the world has crowded them with their own ideas and views. Why there is not one of us Seventies with our twenty years' missionary experience, who would condescend to listen to the ministers of the day. Such is a Mormon elder's arrogance. He has solved them years ago, and the polished clergy of England feared no man so much as they did the Mormon elder, not even feared the infidels as much.

There has been a wonderful misconception of the Mormons. Even Mr. Bowles, who has been to Salt Lake City, and devoted much of his book to that people speaks of them as though they had always been in isolation, geographically speaking, for we have always been isolated religiously, ever since we fell through a great chasm from that others are. He thinks the Pacific Railroad will give us ideas, and let daylight into human skylight, who has never looked into heaven outside of Salt Lake City. This is true, of course of many of those born in Utah. But the majority of this people have come from the land of railroads. "Ten thousand of the Mormon priesthood have been preachers, thousands of them have traveled as missionary, through America, Europe, Africa and Asia, and have seen more than the author of "Across the Continent" ever will see, and they made the trip across the continent first. How little are we known! Why in Utah there are the men who organized and built up a little Mormon kingdom in Great Britain, men who have traveled on railroads and mastered the polished clergy of England, who also traveled on railroads, and took from there over a hundred thousand souls and brought them to America. They wrought their works out of them-

FOUL PLAY.

BY CHARLES READE AND DION BOUCCICAULT.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XXXV.

Hazel waited and listened. So did Helen, and her breath came fast; for in the still night she heard light but mysterious sounds. Something was moving on the sand very slowly, and softly, but nearer and nearer. Her heart began to leap. She put out her hand instinctively to clench Mr. Hazel; but he was too far off. She had the presence of mind and the self-denial to disguise her fears: for she knew he would come headlong to her assistance.

She said in a quavering whisper, "I'm not frightened: only very curious."

And now she became conscious that not only one but several things were creeping about.

Presently the creeping ceased, and was followed by a louder and more mysterious noise. In that silent night it sounded like raking and digging. Three or four mysterious visitants seemed to be making graves.

This was too much; especially coming as it did after talk about the primeval dead. Her desire to scream was so strong, and she was so afraid Hazel would break his neck, if she relieved her mind in that way, that she actually took her handkerchief and bit it hard.

But this situation was cut short by a beneficent luminary. The sun rose with a magnificent bound—it was his way in that latitude—and everything unpleasant winced that moment; the fog shivered in its turn, and appeared to open in furrows, as great javelins of golden light shot through it from the swiftly rising orb. Soon, those golden darts increased to streams of potable fire, that burst the fog and illumined the wet sands; and Helen burst out laughing like chanticleer, for this first break of day revealed the sextons that had scared her—three ponderous turtles, crawling, slow and clumsy, back to the sea. Hazel joined her, and they soon found what these evil spirits of the island had been at, poor wretches. They had each buried a dozen eggs in the sand: one dozen of which were very soon set boiling. At first indeed, Helen objected that they had no shells, but Hazel told her she might as well complain of a rose without a thorn. He assured her turtles' eggs were a known delicacy, and very superior to birds' eggs; and so she found them; they were eaten with the keenest relish.

"And now," said Helen, "for my discoveries. First, here are my English leaves, only bigger. I found them on a large tree."

"English leaves?" cried Hazel with rapture. "Why it is the caoutchouc."

"Oh, dear," said Helen, disappointed: "I took it for the india-rubber tree."

"It is the india-rubber tree; and I have been hunting for it all over the island in vain, and using wretchedly inferior gums for want of it."

"I'm so glad," said Helen. "And now I have something else to show you: something that curdled my blood. But I dare say I was very foolish." She then took him half across the sand and pointed out to him a number of stones dotted over the sand in a sort of oval. These stones, streaked with sea grass, and encrusted with small shells, were not at equal distances, but yet, allowing for gaps, they formed a decided figure. Their outline resembled a great fish wanting the tail.

"Can this be chance?" asked Helen; "oh, if it should be what I fear, and that is—Savages!"

Hazel considered it attentively a long time. "Too far at sea for living savages," said he. "And yet it cannot be chance. What on earth is it! It looks Druidical. But how can that be? The island was smaller when these were placed here than it is now." He went nearer and examined one of the stones; then he scraped away the sand from its base, and found it was not shaped like a stone, but more like a whale's rib. He became excited, went on his knees, and tore the sand up with his hands. Then he rose up agitated, and traced the outline again. "Great Heaven!" said he, "why it is a ship!"

"A ship!"

"Ay," said he, standing in the middle of it, "here, beneath

lives, without purse or scrip. They understood and systematically brought into their ministry those physiological agencies of nature, by which, during the cholera in England, they preserved a mission of forty thousand, by the power of faith and the laying on of hands. Scarcely one died under our hands, for we mastered mind through faith and mastered the destroyer. We matched the doctors as well as the divines. We have read the deist and the atheist, and fell through fidelity into faith again, illustrating that he who ever doubted never half believed. We have read Emerson and Carlyle and believe with the latter that labor is worship and believing it have made the wilderness to blossom as the rose." We preached to the human strongly, and to the divine strongly, and made theology palpitate with soul; and our sermons were embodied with life.

Two years ago, Mr. Bowles, of the Colfax party, reviewing in the *Springfield Republican* an article of the writer's published in the *Galaxy*, said—

"A clever and curious paper, on the Mormons, possessed by a Mormon Elder. The point of the last article, which is exceedingly well written, is that the Mormons are the most representative of Americans, being boldest in emigration and State creation, and besides, have such faith in their ideas and men, and future, that they do not fear our railroads and telegraphs, but they rather welcome them, as the helps to their complete sway in the nation. We doubt if any Mormon could write this article, and we are sure no sincere one would. It seems more like a bold romance and travesty, than the solemn, earnest, simple truth, as the Saints understand it."

I have given this, because there will follow such a strong illustration of how little we are understood, and how much we do not fear civilizing agencies; how desirous we are for their helps, having such a faith in our "ideas and men, and future."

How does the opinion of Mr. Bowles, that we fear the agencies of civilization, agree with the words of Brigham Young, but a few months later:

"Speaking of the completion of this railroad," said the President, "I am anxious to see it; and I say to the Congress of the United States, through our Delegate, to the Company and to others, hurry up, hasten the work! We want to hear the iron horse puffing through this Valley."

Thousands of Mormon Elders, who dare think with most folks, but who have faith in their "ideas and men, and future," have for years been crying "hurry up, hasten the work!" and if any have feared, it has been, that the railroad would bring physical force. Let moral and intellectual forces come, and all the agencies of civilization and enterprise "hurry up!" Our visitors only look for our leaders. Let them also look for the sovereign people, and they will find that there exist a might and intellect in Mormondom. They will find subtle thinkers enough—men of grand thoughts and purposes, men of character and force.

Abstractly speaking, isolation is not good for man, but when a community is in its infancy, and their circumstances anything like that of the Pilgrim Fathers who fled from England for the maintenance of their religious liberties, and to build up a State unmolested in a new world, then isolation may be good—more may be absolutely necessary. Thus, as with those Pilgrim Fathers, has it been with their descendants.

our feet, lies man; with his work, and his treasures. This carcass has been here for many a long year; not so very long neither; she is too big for the sixteenth century, and yet she must have been sunk when the island was smaller. I take it to be a Spanish or Portuguese ship; probably one of those treasure-ships our commodores, and chartered pirates, and the American buccanniers, used to chase about these seas. Here lie her bones, and the bones of her crew. Your question was soon answered. All that we can say has been said; can do has been done; can suffer has been suffered."

They were silent, and the sunk ship's bones moved them strangely. In their deep isolation from the human race, even the presence of the dead brought humanity somehow nearer to them.

They walked thoughtfully away, and made across the sands for Telegraph Point.

Before they got home, Helen suggested that perhaps, if he were to dig in the ship, he might find something useful.

He shook his head. "Impossible! The iron has all melted away like sugar long before this. Nothing can have survived but gold and silver, and they are not worth picking up, much less digging for; my time is too precious. No, you have found two buried treasures to-day—turtles' eggs, and a ship, freighted, as I think, with what men call the precious metals. Well, the eggs are gold, and the gold is a drug—there it will lie for me."

Both discoveries bore fruits. The ship:—Hazel made a vow that never again should any poor ship lay her ribs on this island for want of warning. He buoyed the reefs. He ran out to White Water island, and wrote an earnest warning on the black reef, and, this time, he wrote with white on black. He wrote a similar warning, with black on white, at the western extremity of Godsend Island.

The eggs:—Hazel watched for the turtles at day-break; turned one now and then; and fed Helen on the meat of its, eggs, morn, noon, and night.

For some time she had been advancing in health and strength. But, now she was all day in the air, she got the full benefit of the wonderful climate, and her health, appetite, and muscular vigor became truly astonishing; especially under what Hazel called the turtle cure; though, indeed, she was cured before. She ate three good meals a day, and needed them; for she was up with the sun, and her hands and feet were never idle till he set.

Four months on the island had done this. But four months had not shown those straining eyes the white speck on the horizon: the sail, so looked and longed for.

Hazel often walked the island by himself; not to explore, for he knew the place well by this time, but he went his rounds to see that all his signals were in working order.

He went to Mount Look-out one day with this view. It was about an hour before noon. Long before he got to the mountain he had scanned the horizon carefully, as a matter-of-course; but not a speck. So, when he got there, he did not look seaward, but just saw that his flag-staff was all right, and was about to turn away and go home, when he happened to glance at the water, and there, underneath him, he saw—a ship; standing towards the island.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

He started, and rubbed his eyes, and looked again. It was no delusion. Things never did come as they are expected to come. There was still no doubtful speck on the horizon; but within eight miles of the island—and in this lovely air that looked nearly close—was a ship, under canvass. She bore S. E. from Mount Look-out, and S.S.E. from the East Bluff of the island, towards which her course was apparently directed, she had a fair wind, but was not going fast; being heavily laden, and under no press of sail. A keen thrill went through him; and his mind was in a whirl. He ran home with the great news. But, even as he ran, a cold sickly feeling came over him.

He resisted the feeling as a thing too monstrous and selfish, and resisted it so fiercely, that, when he got to the slopes and saw Helen, busy at her work, he waved his hat and hurrahed again and again, and appeared almost mad with triumph.

Helen stood transfixed, she had never seen him in such a state.

"Good news!" he cried; "great news! A ship in sight! You are rescued!"

Her heart leaped into her mouth.

"A ship!" she screamed. "Where? Where?"

He came up to her, panting.

"Close under the island. Hid by the Bluff; but you will see her in half-an-hour. God be praised! Get everything ready now. Hurrah! This is your last day on the island!"

The words were brave and loud, and boisterous, but her face was pale and drawn, and Helen saw it, and though she bustled and got ready to leave, the tears were in her eyes. The event was too great to be resisted. A wild excitement grew on them both. They ran about like persons crazed, took things up and laid them down again, scarcely knowing what they were doing. But presently they were sobered a little, for the ship did not appear. They ran across the sands where they could see the Bluff; she ought to have passed half-an-hour ago.

Hazel thought she must have anchored.

Helen looked at him steadily.

"Dear friend," said she, "are you sure there is a ship at Aro you not under a delusion? This island fills the mind with fancies. One day I thought I saw a ship sailing in the Ah!" She uttered a faint scream, for, while she was speaking the bowsprit and jib of a vessel glided past the Bluff so close, they seemed to scrape it, and a ship emerged grandly, glided along the cliff.

"Are they mad?" cried Hazel, "to hug the shore like Ah! they have seen my warning."

And it appeared so, for the ship just then came up in wind several points, and left the Bluff dead astern.

She sailed a little way on that course, and then paid off a and seemed inclined to range along the coast. But presently she was up in the wind again, and made a greater offing, was sailed in a strange, vacillating way; but Hazel ascribed this to her people's fear of the reefs he had indicated to comers. The better to watch her manoeuvres, and signal, if necessary, they both went up to Telegraph Point. They could not go out to her, being low water. Seen from a height, the working of this vessel was unaccountable. She to and off the wind as often, as if she was drunk herself, or commanded by a drunken skipper. However, she was kept clear of the home reefs, and made a good offing, and so at last she opened the bay heading N.W. and distant four miles thereabouts. Now was the time to drop her anchor. Hazel worked the telegraph to draw her attention, and waved his hat and hand to her. But the ship sailed on. She yawned immensely, but she kept her course; and, when she had gone a mile or two more, the sickening truth forced itself at last on those eager watchers. She had decided not to touch the island. In vain their joyful signals. In vain the telegraph. In vain that cry for help upon the eastern cliff: it had saved her, but not pleaded for them. The monsters saw them at a height—their hope, their joy—saw and abandoned them.

They looked at one another with dilating eyes, to read human face whether such a deed as this could really be done by man upon his fellow. Then they uttered wild cries to the receding vessel.

Vain, vain, all was vain.

Then they sat down stupified, but still glaring at the sea and each, at the same moment, held out a hand to the other and they sat hand in hand; all the world to each other then, for there was the world in sight abandoning them in blood.

"Be calm, dear friend," said Helen patiently. "Oh, my father!" And her other hand threw her apron over her head and then came a burst of anguish that no words could utter.

At this Hazel started to his feet in fury!

"Now may the God that made sea and land judge between these miscreants there and you!"

"Be patient," said Helen, sobbing. "Oh, be patient."

"No! I will not be patient," roared Hazel. "Judge her cause. O God: each of these tears against a reptile's scale."

And so he stood glaring, with his hair blowing wildly to and fro; while she sighed patiently at his knee.

Presently he began to watch the vessel with a grim and terrible eye. Anon he burst out suddenly, "Aha! that is a Well steered. Don't cry, sweet one; our cause is heard. They blind? Are they drunk? Are they sick? I see none on deck! Perhaps I have been too—God forgive me, the shore!"

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Helen looked up; and there was the ship fast, and on the side. She was on the White Water Reef. Not upon the rocks themselves, but on a part of them that was under water.

Hazel ran down to the beach; and there Helen found him greatly agitated. All his anger was gone; he had but one thought now—to go out to her assistance. But it still wanted an hour to high water, and it was blowing smartly, and there was nearly always a surf upon that reef. What if the vessel could break up, and lives be lost?

He paced the sands like a wild beast in its cage, in an agony of pity, remorse, and burning impatience. His feelings became tolerable; he set his back to the boat, and with herculean strength forced it down a little way to meet the tide. He got up and put them down for rollers. He strove, he strained, he struggled till his hands were purple. And at last he met the flowing tide, and in a moment, jumped into the boat, and dashed off. Helen begged with sparkling eyes to be allowed to accompany him.

What, to a ship smitten with scurvy, or Heaven knows what? Certainly not. Besides, you would be wet through; it blowing rather fresh, and I shall carry on. Pray for the poor souls I go to help; and for me, who have sinned in my anger.

He hoisted his sail and ran out.

Helen stood on the bank, and watched him with tender admiration. How good and brave he was! And he could go in a passion too, when she was wronged, or when he thought she was. Well, she admired him none the less for that. She watched him at first with admiration, but soon with anxiety; for he had no sooner passed North Gate, than the cutter, having both sails set, though reefed, lay down very much, and her hull kept disappearing. Helen felt anxious, and would have been downright frightened, but for her confidence in his prowess.

By-and-by only her staggering sails were visible; and the cutter set ere she reached the creek. The wind declined with the sun, and Helen made two great fires, and prepared food for the sufferers; for she made sure Hazel would bring them off in a few hours more. She promised herself the happiness of relieving the distressed. But to her infinite surprise she found herself regretting that the island was likely to be peopled by strangers. No matter, she should sit up for them all night, and be very kind to them, poor things: though they had not been very kind to her.

About midnight, the wind shifted to the north-west, and blew hard.

Helen ran down to the shore, and looked seaward. This was fair wind for Hazel's return; and she began to expect him every hour. But no, he delayed unaccountably.

And the worst of it was, it began to blow a gale; and this wind sent the sea rolling into the bay in a manner that alarmed her seriously.

The night wore out, no signs of the boat; and now there was heavy gale outside, and a great sea rolling in, brown and raging.

Day broke, and showed the sea for a mile or two; the rest was hidden by driving rain.

Helen knelt on the shore and prayed for him.

Dire misgivings oppressed her. And soon these were heightened to terror; for the sea began to disgorge things of a kind that had never come ashore before. A great ship's mast came floating; huge as it was, the waves handled it like a toy. Then came a barrel; then a broken spar. These were the forerunners of more fearful havoc.

The sea became strewed and literally blackened with fragments: part wreck, part cargo of a broken vessel.

But what was all this compared with the horror that followed?

A black object caught her eye: driven in upon the crest of a wave.

She looked, with her hair flying straight back, and her eyes most starting from her head.

It was a boat, bottom up: driven on, and tossed like a cork. It came nearer, nearer, nearer.

She dashed into the water with a wild scream, but a wave at her backward on the sand, and, as she rose, an enormous roller lifted the boat upright into the air, and, breaking, dashed its keel uppermost on the beach at her side—empty!

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Helen uttered a shriek of agony, and her knees smote together, and she would have swooned on the spot but for the wind and the spray that beat against her.

To the fearful stun succeeded the wildest distress. She ran and fro like some wild animal bereaved: she kept wringing

her hands and uttering cries of pity and despair, and went back to the boat a hundred times; it held her by a spell.

It was long before she could think connectedly, and, even then, it was not of herself, nor of her lonely state; but only, Why did not she die with him! Why did she not die instead of him?

He had been all the world to her; and now she knew it. Oh, what a friend, what a champion; what a lover these cruel waves had destroyed!

The morning broke, and still she hovered and hovered about the fatal boat, with great horror-stricken eyes, and hair flying to the breeze; and not a tear. If she could only have smoothed his last moments, have spoken one word into his dying ear! But, no, Her poor hero! had died in going to save others; died thinking her as cold as the water that had destroyed him.

Dead or alive he was all the world to her now. She went, wailing piteously, and imploring the waves to give her at least his dead body to speak to, and mourn over. But the sea denied her even that miserable consolation.

The next tide brought in a few more fragments of the wreck, but no corpse floated ashore.

Then at last, as the waves once more retired, leaving this time, only petty fragments of wreck on the beach, she lifted up her voice, and almost wept her heart out of her body.

Such tears as these are seldom without effect on the mind: and Helen now began to rebel, though faintly, against despair. She had been quite crushed at first, under the material evidence—the boat driven empty by the very wind and waves that had done the cruel deed. But the heart is averse to believe calamity, and especially bereavement; and very ingenious in arguing against that bitterest of all woes. So she now sat down and brooded, and her mind fastened with pathetic ingenuity on every circumstance that could bear a favorable construction. The mast had not been broken; how, then, had it been lost? The body had not come ashore. He had had time to get to the wreck before the gale from the north came on at all; and why should a fair wind, though powerful, upset the boat? On these slender things she began to build a superstructure of hope; but soon her heart interrupted the reasoning. "What would he do in my place? would he sit guessing while hope had a hair to hang by?" That thought struck her like a spur; and in a moment she bounded into action, erect, her lips fixed, and her eye on fire, though her cheek was very pale. She went swiftly to Hazel's store, and searched it, there she found the jib-sail, a boat-hook, some rope, and one little oar, that Hazel was making for her, and had not quite completed. The sight of this, his last work, overpowered her again; and she sat down and took it on her knees, and kissed it, and cried over it. And these tears weakened her for a time. She felt it, and had the resolution to leave the oar behind. A single oar was no use to row with. She rigged the boat-hook as a mast; and fastened the sail to it; and, with this poor equipment, she actually resolved to put out to sea.

The wind still blew smartly, and there was no blue sky visible.

And now she remembered she had eaten nothing; that would not do. Her strength might fail her. She made a ready meal and ate it almost fiercely, and by a pure effort of resolution; as she was doing all the rest.

By this time, it was nearly high tide. She watched the water creeping up. Will it float the boat? It rises over the keel; two inches, three inches. Five inches water! Now she pushes with all her strength. No; the boat has water in it, she had forgotten to bale out. She strained every nerve but could not move it. She stopped to take breath, and husband her strength. But, when she renewed her efforts, the five inches were four, and she had the misery of seeing the water crawl away by degrees, and leave the boat high and dry.

She sighed, heart-broken, awhile; then went home and prayed.

When she had prayed a long time for strength and wisdom, she lay down for an hour, and tried to sleep, but failed. Then she prepared for a more serious struggle with the many difficulties she had to encounter. Now she thanked God more than ever for the health and rare strength she had acquired in this island; without them she could have done nothing now. She got a clay platter, and baled the vessel nearly dry. She left a little water for ballast. She fortified herself with food and provisions and water on board the boat. In imitation of Hazel she went and got two round logs, and, as soon as the tide crawled up to four inches, she lifted the bow a little, and got a roller under. Then she went to the boat's stern, set her teeth, and pushed with a rush of excitement that gave her almost a man's strength.

The stubborn boat seemed elastic, and all but moved. Then instinct taught her where her true strength lay. She got to the stern of the boat, and setting the small of her back under the gunwale, she gathered herself together and gave a superb heave, moved the boat a foot. She followed it up, and heaved again with like effect. Then, with a cry of joy, she ran and put down another roller forward. The boat was now on two rollers: one more magnificent heave with all her zeal, and strength, and youth, and the boat glided forward. She turned and rushed at it as it went, and the water deepening, and a gust catching the sail it went out to sea, and she had only just time to throw herself across the gunwale, panting. She was afloat. The wind was S.W., and before she knew where she was, the boat headed towards the home reefs, and slipped through the water pretty fast considering how small a sail she carried. She ran to the helm. Alas! the rudder was broken off above the water-line. The helm was a mockery and the boat running for the reefs. She slackened the sheet and the boat lost her way, and began to drift with the tide, which, luckily, had not yet turned. It carried her in shore.

Helen cast her eyes around for an expedient, and she unshipped one of the transoms, and by trailing it over the side, and alternately slackening and hauling the sheet, she contrived to make the boat crawl like a winged bird through the western passage. After that it soop got becalmed under the cliff, and drifted into two feet of water.

Instantly she tied a rope to the mast, got out into the water, and took the rope ashore. She tied it round a heavy barrel she found there, and set the barrel up, and heaped stones round it and on it, which, unfortunately was a long job, though she worked with feverish haste; then she went round the point, sometimes wet and sometimes dry, for the little oar she had left behind, because it broke her heart to look at it. Away with such weakness now! With that oar, his last work, she might steer if she could not row. She got it. She came back to the boat to recommence her voyage.

She found the boat all safe, but in six inches of water, and the tide going out. So ended her voyage: four hundred yards at most, and then to wait another twelve hours for the tide.

It was too cruel; and every hour so precious; for, even if Hazel was alive, he would die of cold and hunger ere she could get to him. She cried like a woman.

She persisted like a man.

She made several trips, and put away things in the boat that could possibly be of use—abundant provision, and a keg of water; Hazel's wooden spade to paddle or steer with; his basket of tools, etc. Then she snatched some sleep; but it was broken by sad and terrible dreams: then she waited in an agony of impatience for high water.

We are not always the best judges of what is good for us. Probably these delays saved her own life. She went out at last under far more favorable circumstances—a light westerly breeze, and no reefs to pass through. She was, however, severely incommoded with a ground-swell.

At first she steered with the spade as well as she could, but she found this was not sufficient. The current ran westerly, and she was drifting out of her course. Then she remembered Hazel's lessons, and made shift to fasten the spade to the helm, and then lashed the helm. Even this did not quite do, so she took her little oar, kissed it, cried over it a little, and then pulled manfully with it so as to keep the true course. It was a muggy day, neither wet nor dry. Whitewater island was not in sight from Godend island; but as soon as she lost the latter, the former became visible—an ugly grinning reef, with an eternal surf on the south and western sides.

Often she left off rowing, and turned to look at it. It was all black and blank, except the white and fatal surf.

When she was about four miles from the nearest reef, there was a rush and bubble in the water, and a great shark came after the boat. Helen screamed, and turned very cold. She dreaded the monster not for what he could do now; but for what he might have done. He seemed to know the boat he swam so vigilantly behind it. Was he there when the boat upset with Hazel in it? Was it in his greedy maw the remains of her best friend must be sought? Her lips opened, but no sound. She shuddered and hid her face at this awful thought.

The shark followed steadily.

She got to the reef but did not hit it off as she intended. She ran under its lee, lowered the little sail, and steered the boat into a nick where the shark could hardly follow her.

But he moved to and fro like a sentinal, while she landed in trepidation and secured the boat to the branches of a white coral rock.

She found the place much larger than it looked from Telegraph Point. It was an archipelago of coral reef encrusted here and there with shells. She could not see all over it, where she was, so she made for what seemed the highest part, a bleached seaweedy mound, with some sandy hillocks about it. She went up to this, and looked eagerly all round.

Not a sound.

She felt very sick, and sat down upon the mound.

When she had yielded awhile to the weakness of her sex, she got up, and was her father's daughter again. She set to work to examine every foot of the reef.

It was no easy task. The rocks were rugged and sharp places, slippery in others; often she had to go about, and once she fell and hurt her pretty hands and made them bleed; she never looked at them, nor heeded, but got up and sighed at the interruption; then patiently persisted. It took her two hours to examine thus, in detail, one half the island; but at last she discovered something. She saw at the eastern side of the reef a wooden figure of a woman, and, making her way to it, found the figure-head, and a piece of the bow; of the ship, with a sail on it, and a yard on that. This fragment was wedged into an angle of the reef, and the seaward edge of it shattered in a way that struck terror to Helen, for it showed her how omnipotent the sea had been. On the reef itself she found a cask with a head stove in, also a little keg and two wooden chests or cases. But what was all this to her?

She sat down again, for her knees failed her. Presently there was a sort of moan near her, and a seal splashed into the water and dived out of her sight. She put her hands on her heart and bowed her head down, utterly desolate. She waited thus for a long time indeed, until she was interrupted by a most unexpected visitor.

THE MOTHER'S BLESSING.

"Your home is just beyond that point, is it not, Frank?"

"Yes, Captain."

"It is too dark for you to see it."

"Yes; but I shall be able to see the signal."

"What signal, Frank?"

"The light in the window."

"I do not exactly understand you, Frank."

"Then I will explain to you, sir. You know that I have been with you seven years. In entering your service, my mother gave me her blessing, and committed me to the care of heaven and yourself. I was seven years of age the day I first sailed with you, and I am fourteen now. Have I ever given you any cause of complaint, sir?"

"Never, Frank. But what of the light in the window?"

"Have you never heard me speak of it before?"

"I have heard you speak of your signal as you rounded this point; but I supposed you referred to your mother's cottage, or the lights burning in it."

"It was to a light which burnt in one particular window."

"How could you distinguish any particular window at this distance?"

"I will tell you, and then you may judge for yourself. When I left home, my mother said to me, 'Frank, you are now going to sea. Most of your trips will be made from New York to New Orleans, and return. When you are homeward bound you will pass that point. If it be in daylight, you can see the cottage; and if I am alive and well, our flag will be waving over it. If it should be dark when you come in sight, you will see a light in the window; for you shall know about the time to look for you, and soon as darkness comes on, the signal shall always be waiting.'"

"And you have always seen that light as you passed this point?"

"Always. This is the twenty-third trip we have made, and never but once have we passed that cottage in daylight. The signal is always there; and I tell you, Captain, it always makes my heart bound with joy as I gaze upon it. I shall see it again in a moment."

"Would you not like to be set ashore opposite your home, Frank?"

"If I could be spared, sir."

"Yes. We are from a southern port, and though our ship is perfectly healthy, we will probably be obliged to remain at quarantine for a time, as the yellow fever is raging below. You will have time to rejoin us before we go into New York."

"I would like to land, sir," said Frank his face becoming very pale.

"You can do so. But what is the matter?"

"Look yonder, sir."

"I see nothing particular."

"That is it, sir. I cannot see it myself."

"The signal?"

"Yes, sir. The light is not there."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes; and it should be, for we are several days behind our usual time."

"Perhaps that is the reason of it. Your mother may think that we are in port, and be expecting you to enter the house every moment."

"Captain, something is wrong, for she never removes the light until I set foot in the cottage?"

"Are you sure that you are in sight of the cottage?"

"Yes; for I can see it, although indistinctly, in the moon's rays."

"Well, we will land you, and you can soon learn what is the matter."

It required but a few moments to set Frank Ludlow upon shore; and, with a heavy heart, he bent his steps towards the home of his youth.

Frank had reached a little grove which adjoined his youthful home; but here he paused and stood for some time in silence. Tears started into his eyes, and he repeated the name of his mother in a low tone. Then, as if afraid to go forward and satisfy himself, he called in a louder voice, and still louder; but only an echo came back to greet his ears.

A faintness came over the lad, and he sank back upon the ground. But he started to his feet again as if he had been stung by a serpent. He had seated himself upon freshly-turned earth, and its dampness chilled him. He turned to look upon the spot, but the tears blinded his vision. He brushed them away, however, and then gazed upon the earth where he had sunk.

A fresh mound met his gaze. It was a new-made grave; and with a cry of agony, the boy fell upon it. He called upon his mother to come back, only for a moment, to bid him farewell. But silence—deathly silence was around him. Presently a hand touched him, and he started to his feet. He recognized one of his neighbors, and he asked: "Loring, whose grave is this?"

"You were calling her name just now."

"My mother?"

"Yes, Frank."

"Oh, tell me all about it, Loring."

"Come into the cottage, first."

The boy obeyed. As he entered the humble house where he had seen so many happy days, it appeared to him that he could hear his mother's voice calling upon his name. He fancied that he could hear her footsteps crossing the apartment to meet him. But she was not there. He entered the room where the signal had usually been placed, and gazed earnestly around. Everything appeared to be just as he had last seen it; and he could not bring himself to believe that his mother, who had embraced him at parting only three months before, was now sleeping in the cold grave.

He glanced towards the window. The lamp was there, in its accustomed place; but it was not burning. The boy approached, and gazed upon it. The wick was blackened and crisped, showing that it had been lighted; but the oil was entirely exhausted, showing how it had become extinguished. Silently the devoted son regarded this evidence of a mother's remembrance and love; and then turning to the neighbor, he asked: "Loring, how long has my mother been dead?"

"She was buried only yesterday."

"Could you not have kept her body until I came?"

"No; we did just as your mother instructed us to do."

"How was that?"

"For a week before her death, your mother kept that light burning in the window."

"She expected my return?"

"Yes."

"Well, go on."

"Five days ago, she called me to her side, and then asked me to bring her the light. I did so. She gazed upon it, and smiled. Then she told me to fill it afresh and trim and light it. I did so, and she told me to set it in the window."

"Bless her—bless her!" sobbed the boy.

"When I had replaced the light, she said: 'In an hour I shall be no more. I should like to see my dear boy once more, but I fear I shall not be permitted to do so. But keep that light burning in the window until the oil is exhausted, and it goes out of itself. Then, and not until then, place my body in the grave. If my boy arrives, he will see the light, if it be still burning, and will hasten here. He will gaze upon my pale, cold face, and read there the words of blessing I would speak. If no light be burning, he will know that his mother is no more; and, bending over my grave, he will weep, and mourn my loss. But tell him I am not lost. Tell him to look up to the blue arch above him, and in heaven's window he will see the light which his mother placed there, burning brightly—a signal and a beacon for him. Saying this, she died.'"

"And you did as she requested?"

"Yes; the grave was made in the grave yonder. At sunset yesterday, the lamp went out, and we then placed her poor body to rest."

Frank Ludlow did not sleep that night, but set himself to work to beautify and ornament the spot where slept that dear clay. When morning dawned, the fresh, green sod covered the mound, and flowers had been planted upon it. This done, with a heavy heart the lad set out to rejoin the ship.

When he entered the cabin the Captain asked;

"Well, Frank, was the absence of the light explained?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why was it not burning?"

"It has been transferred, sir, to one of the windows of heaven. I shall only see it when I have made my last voyage across the dark river of death."

Frank set about his duties with apparent cheerfulness; but it was evident he was heart-broken.

The ship was again on its return voyage from New Orleans. It was opposite the point where stood the lonely cottage and where slept the mother's clay. The entire ship's officers and crew surrounded the couch of the dying boy "Captain, are we not near the cottage?"

"Yes, Frank."

"But can you see the light burning?"

"It is not burning there, Frank."

"But it is burning up yonder, for I can see it."

The brave boy did not speak again. He smiled, and his spirit passed quickly away.

Did he not see the light his mother had placed in the window of his heavenly home, even before he had reached it?

THE DRAMA OF THE GODS.

What glorious dramas have the Gods performed!
What scenes of grandeur in succession come!
What vast machinery in the play divine,
With movements full, and wondrous workings-in
Of beauty, order, majesty and power.
They with the awful, mighty, grand and vast—
That make the proudest genius kiss the dust,
Shake lofty tyrants on their bloody thrones,
And though their limbs were with the palsy struck—
Have wove such silky webs, with minute skill,
As tiny things of microscopic race,
To which the apple of the human eye
Would be as large as unto man the sun,
Which in the zenith of his glory seems
Well nigh to fill the infinite abyss.
They out of atoms which no mortal scan,
Even by the aid of art, their bulk can name,
Forge links of chains, of workmanship so fine,
That not the faintest breath that dims the glass,
As life its last expiring effort makes,
But what would cut them into million shreds.
If hung apart to catch its dying wind,
And blow each thread to chaos back again.
But yet immortals weave the wondrous work,
And chain on chain around the nucleus bind;
Thus massive planets grow, and suns are born,
And countless systems walk the trackless path,
While as they move along they swell the strain,
And heaven's blue vault resounds their maker's praise.
Not like a burlesque of the mimic stage,
Where human actors tread the boards their hour,
Who echo snatches of the play of life,
And nature's painting imitate with daubs:
The Gods their dramas write in parts that live.
Creative acts, the universe their stage,
The principals are they, the chorus we.
Yea, all their creatures are the fillings-in:
A soul in every scene is looking out;
All seem in motion and with life endow'd.
The seasons pass along, the movements change,
And now the heavens thick mourning robes put on.
And then anon the sun the blackness drives,
As rising from his slumbers of the night
He shoots out brightness at his pitchy foe.
And hoary winter comes and walks his time,
And thickly throws his clammy froth abroad:
His frosty fingers nip the tender plants,
While busily he links an icy chain.
And sternly seeks to lengthen out his term.

Now sapless age appears with quenchless thirst,
And eagerly he drains the stream of life,
While horrid death close on his footsteps treads,
And clothed in shrouds, the grave brings up the dead.
Then spring comes round with recreating power,
And nature summer paints with wondrous skill.
And lastly she blends her varied hues
Of colors, sparkling, delicate, and grand.
And gilds the full-blown corn with brilliant gold.
And as the scenes'ries change, great nature sings.
The massive music of the universe
The harmonies swell out in rich artistic parts:
Now burst the mighty thunder from the skies,
The cataracts dash down their crashing notes,
And under ground the earthquakes chorus make;
While warbling birds and mellow-rippling streams.
And millions soft-toned voices catch the strain.
And send enchantment on the waving wind.
The play moves on, and startling episodes
Shake nations, thrill the hearts of worlds,
Root up old dynasties and hurl down kings,
Bring forth, and birth unto new empires give.
Society remake, and peasants place
Upon the lofty thrones where monarchs sat:
And when the acts, their perfect series reach,
Up then creation's massive curtains rise,
And on the stage the Gods fresh systems roll.

[E. W. Tullidge.]

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE MYSTERIOUS BOTTLE.

Pierce a few holes with a glazier's diamond in a common black bottle place it in a vase or jug of water, so that the neck only is above the surface. Then, with a funnel, fill the bottle and cork it well, and while it is in the jug or vase. Take it out; notwithstanding the holes in the bottom, it will not leak: wipe it dry, and give it to some person to uncork: The moment the cork is drawn, to the party's astonishment, the water will begin to run out at the bottom of the bottle.

CHARADE 12.

What skilful housewife does not know

When, where to place my first?

When nicely done it will not show.

Conspicuous, it is worst.

My second all the world must do.

Either with head or hand,

In different ways the same purport.

On water, or on land.

My whole a picture is of life,

Varied with good or ill,

With bright or dull, with light or dark,

Arranged with art or skill.

CONUNDRUMS.

40. What vessel is that which is always asking leave to move?

41. How is it that you can work with an awl, but not with a forceps while I can work with a forceps, but not with an awl?

42. Why is France like a skeleton?

ANSWERS TO NO. 34, PAGE 96.

CHARADE 11.—Candle-stick.

CONUNDRUMS.

No. 37.—Water.

No. 38.—Ice.

No. 39.—Those that come after T.

A "POM."

The first attempt of a poetic fledgling, made in a fine frenzy runs thus:—

The gleam of her eye was bright.

The gleam of her gold was brighter:

The first was a beautiful sight

The second a beautiful sighter.

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POETRY.

WHOM GOD HATH JOINED.

BY PHÆBE CARY.

Fair youth, too timid to lift your eyes
To the maiden with downcast look,
As you mingle the gold and brown of your curls
Together over the book;
A fluttering hope that she dare not name
Her trembling bosom heaves,
And your heart is thrilled when your fingers meet,
As you softly turn the leaves.

Perchance you two will walk alone
Next year at some sweet day's close,
And your voice will fall to a tender tone
As you liken her cheek to a rose;
And then her face will flush and glow
With a hopeful, happy red,
Out-blushing all the flowers that grow
Anear in the garden bed.

If you plead for hope, she may bashful drop
Her head on your shoulder low,
And you will be lovers and sweethearts then,
As youths and maidens go:
Lovers and sweethearts, dreaming dreams,
And seeing visions that please,
With never a thought that life is made
Of great realities!

That the cords of love must be strong as death
If they hold and keep a heart,
Not daisy-chains, that snap in the breeze,
Or break with their weight apart!
For the pretty colors of youth's sweet morn
Faded out from the noon-day sky;
And blushing loves in the roses born.
Alas! with roses die!

But the faith that when our morn is past.
Tender and true survives
Is the faith we need to lean upon
In the crisis of our lives.
The love that shines in the eye grown dim,
In the voice that trembling speaks.
And see the roses that years ago
Withered and died in our cheeks!

That sheds its halo round us still
Of soft immortal light,
When we change youth's golden coronal
For a crown of silver white,
A love for sickness and for health
For rapture and for tears,
That will live for us, and bear with us,
Through all our mortal years.

And such there is; there are lovers here,
On the brink of the grave that stand,
Who shall cross to the hills beyond, and walk
Forever hand in hand,
Pray, youth and maid, that your fate be theirs
Who are joined no more to part;
For death comes not to the living soul,
Nor age to the loving heart.

HAROLD, THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

[CONTINUED.]

THE NORMAN SCHEMER.

William, Count of the Normans, sat in a fair chamber of his palace of Rouen; and on the large table before him were ample evidences of the various labors, as warrior, chief, thinker and statesman, which filled the capacious breadth of that sleepless mind.

There lay a plan of the new port of Cherbourg, and beside it an open MS. of the duke's favorite book, the Commentaries of Cæsar, from which, it is said, he borrowed some of the tactics of his own martial science; marked, and dotted, and interlined with his large bold handwriting, were the words of the great Roman. A score or so of long arrows, which had received some skillful improvement in feather or bolt, lay carelessly scattered over some architectural sketches of a new Abbey Church, and proposed charter for its endowment. An open cist, of the beautiful workmanship for which the English goldsmiths were then pre-eminently renowned, that had been among the parting gifts of Edward, contained letters from the various potentates near and far, who sought his alliance or menaced his repose.

On a perch behind him sat his favorite Norway falcon, unhooded, for it had been taught the finest polish in its dainty education—viz., to face company undisturbed." At a kind of easel at the farther end of the hall, a dwarf, mis-shapen in limbs, but of a face singularly acute and intelligent, was employed in the outline of that famous action at Val des Dunes, which had been the scene of one of the most brilliant of William's feats in arms—an outline intended to be transferred to the notable "stitchwork" of Matilda the duchess.

Upon the floor, playing with a huge boar hound of English breed, that seemed but ill to like the play, and every now and then showed his white teeth, was a young boy, with something of the duke's features, but with an expression more open and less sagacious; and something of the duke's broad build of chest and shoulder, but without promise of the duke's stately stature, which was needed to give grace and dignity to a strength otherwise cumbrous and graceless. And indeed, since William's visit to England, his athletic shape had lost much of his youthful symmetry, though not yet deformed by that corpulence which was a disease almost as rare in the Norman as the Spartan. Nevertheless, what is a defect in the gladiator is often a beauty in the prince; and the duke's large proportions filled the eye with a sense both of regal majesty and physical power. His countenance, yet more than his form, showed the work of time; the short, dark hair, was worn into partial baldness at the temples by the habitual friction of the casque, and the constant indulgence of wily stratagem and ambitious craft had deepened the wrinkles round the plotting eye and firm mouth: so that it was only by effort like that of an actor, that his aspect regained the knightly frankness it had once worn. The great prince was no longer, in truth, what the great warrior had been—he was greater in state and less in soul. And already, despite all his grand qualities as a ruler, his imperious nature had betrayed signs of what he, (whose constitutional sternness the Norman freemen, not without effort, curbed into the limits of justice,) might become, if wider scope were afforded to his fiery passions and unsparing will.

Before the duke, who was leaning his chin on his hand stood Mallet de Graville, speaking earnestly, and his discourse seemed both to interest and please his lord.

"Eno!" said William, "I comprehend the nature of the land and its men—a land that, untaught by experience, and persuaded that a peace of twenty or thirty years must last till the crack of doom, neglects all its defences, and has not one fort, save Dover, between the coast and the capital—a land which must be won or lost by a single battle, and men, (here the duke hesitated,) and men," he resumed with a sigh, "whom it will be so hard to conquer, that, *pardieu*, I don't wonder that they neglect their fortresses. Enough, I say, of them. Let us return to Harold—thou thinkest, then, that he is worthy of his fame?"

"He is almost the only Englishman I have seen," answered De Graville, "Who hath received a scholarly rearing and nurture; and all his faculties are so evenly balanced, and all accompanied by so composed a calm, that methinks, when I look at and hear him, I contemplate some artful castle—the strength of which can never be known at the first glance, nor except by those who assail it."

"Thou art mistaken, Sire de Graville," said the duke, with a shrewd and cunning twinkle of his luminous dark eyes. "For thou toldest me that he hath no thought of my pretensions to the English throne—that he inclines willingly to thy suggestions to come himself to my court for the hostages—that, in a word, he is not suspicious."

"Certes, he is not suspicious," returned Mallet.

"And thinkest thou that an artful castle were worth

much without warder or sentry—or a cultivated mind safe, without its watchman—Suspicion?"

"Truly, my lord speaks well and wisely," said the knight startled. "But Harold is a man thoroughly English, and the English are a *gens* the least suspecting of any created thing between an angel and a sheep."

William laughed aloud. But his laugh was checked suddenly; for at that moment a fierce yell smote his ears and looking up, he saw his hound and his son rolling together on the ground, in a grapple that seemed deadly.

William sprang to the spot; but the boy who was then under the dog, cried out—*Laissez aller! Laissez aller!* no rescue! I will master my own foe;" and saying with a vigorous effort he gained his knee, and with both hands gripped the hound's throat, so that the beast twisted in vain, to and fro, with gnashing jaws and in another moment would have panted out its last.

"I may save my good hound now," said William with the gay smile of his earlier days, and, though not without some exertion or his prodigious strength he drew the hound from his son's grasp.

"That was ill done, father," said Robert, surnamed even then, the *Courthouse*, "to take part with thy son's foe."

"But my son's foe is thy father's property, my vassal," said the duke, "and thou must answer to me for treason in provoking quarrel and feud with my own four-footed vavasour."

"It is not thy property, father; thou gavest it to the dog to me when a whelp."

"Fables, *Monseigneur de Courthouse*; I lent it thee but for a day, when thou hadst put out thine ankle bone in jumping off the rampire; and all maimed as thou wert, thou hadst still malice enow in thee to worry the poor beast into a fever."

"Gave or lent, it is the same thing, father; what have once that will I hold, as thou didst before me, thy cradle."

Then the great duke, who in his own house was the fondest and weakest of men, was so doltish as doting as to take the boy into his arms and kiss him—nor, with all his far-sighted sagacity, deemed that in that kiss lay the seed of the awful curse that grew up from a father's agony, to end in a son's misery and perdition.

Even Mallet de Graville frowned at the sight of the sire's infirmity—even Turolde the dwarf shook his head. At that moment an officer entered and announced that an English nobleman, apparently in great haste (for his horse had dropped down dead as he dismounted), had arrived at the palace and craved instant audience with the duke. William put down the boy, gave the brief order for the stranger's admission, and punctilious in ceremonial, beckoning De Graville to follow him, passed at once into the next chamber and seated himself on his chair of state.

In a few moments one of the seneschals of the palace ushered in a visitor, whose long mustache at once proclaimed him Saxon, and in whom De Graville recognized with surprise his old friend, Godrith. The young thegn, with a reverence more hasty than that to which William was accustomed, advanced to the foot of the dais, and, using the Norman language said in a voice thick with emotion—

"From Harold the earl greeting to thee, *Monseigneur*. Most foul and unchristian wrong hath been done the earl by thy leige man, Guy, Count of Ponthieu. Sailing hither to visit thy court, storm and wind drove the earl's vessels toward the mouth of the Somme; there landing, and without fear, as in no hostile country he and his train were seized by the earl himself, and cast into prison in the castle of Belrem. A dungeon, fit but for malefactors, holds, while I speak, the first lord in England, and brother-in-law to its king. Nay, hints of famine, torture, and death itself, have been darkly thrown out by this most disloyal count, whether in earnest, or with the base view of heightening ransom. At length, wearied perhaps by the earl's firmness and disdain, this traitor of Ponthieu hath permitted me in the earl's behalf to bear the message of Harold. He came to thee as a prince and a friend: sufferest thou thy leige man to detain him as a thief and a foe?"

"Noble Englishman," replied William gravely, "this is a matter more out of my cognizance than thou seemest to think. It is true that Guy, Count of Ponthieu, holds fief under me, but I have no control over the laws of his realm. And by those laws he hath right of life or death over all stranded or waifed on his coast. Much greive I for the mishap of your famous earl, and what I can do, I will; but I can only treat this matter with Guy as prince with prince, not as lord to vassal. Meanwhile I pray you to take rest and food; and I will seek prompt counsel as to the measures to adopt."

The Saxon's face showed disappointment and dismay at this answer, so different from what he had expected; and he replied with the natural, honest bluntness which all his younger affection of Norman manners had never eradicated—

"Food will I not touch, nor wine drink, till thou, Lord Count, hast decided what help, as noble to noble, Christian to Christian, man to man, thou givest to him who has come into this peril solely from his trust in thee."

"Alas!" said the grand dissimulator, "heavy is the responsibility with which thine ignorance of our land, laws, and men would charge me. If I take but one false step in this matter, woe indeed to thy lord! Guy is hot and haughty, and in his *droits*; he is capable of sending me the earl's head in reply to too dure a request for his freedom. Much treasure and broad lands will it cost me, I fear, to ransom the earl. But be cheered; half my duchy were not too much for thy lord's safety. Go, then, and eat with a good heart, and drink to the earl's health with a hopeful prayer."

"An it please you, my lord," said De Graville, "I know this gentle thegn, and will beg of you the grace to see to his entertainment, and to sustain his spirits."

"Thou shalt, but later; so noble a guest none but my chief seneschal should be the first to honor." Then turning to the officer in waiting, he bade him lead the Saxon to the chamber tenanted by William Fitzosborne (who then lodged within the palace), and committed him to that count's care.

As the Saxon sullenly withdrew; and as the door closed on him, William rose and strode to and fro the room exultingly.

"I have him! I have him!" he cried aloud; "not as a free guest but as a ransomed captive I have hi

—the earl!—I have him!—Go Mallet, my friend, now seek this sour-looking Englishman; and, hark thee, fill his ear with all the tales thou canst think of as to Guy's cruelty and ire. Enforce all the difficulties that lie in my way towards the earl's delivery. Great make the danger of the capture, and vast all the favor of release. Comprehendest thou?"

"I am Norman, *Monseigneur*," replied De Graville with a slight smile; "and we Normans can make a short mantle cover a large space. You will not be displeased with my address."

"Go, then, go," said William, "and send me forthwith—Lanfranc—no, hold—not Lanfranc, he is too scrupulous; Fitzosborne—no, too haughty. Go first, to my brother, Odo of Bayeux, and pray him to seek me on the instant."

The knight bowed and vanished, and William continued to pace the room, with sparkling eyes and murmuring lips.

Not till after repeated messages, at first without talk of reason, and in high tone, affected no doubt, by William to spin out the negotiations, and augment the value of his services, did Guy of Ponthieu consent to release his illustrious captive—the guerdon, a large sum and *un bel manoir* on the river Eaulne. But whether that guerdon were the fair ransom-fee, or the price for concerted snare, no man now can say, and sharper than ours the wit that forms the more likely guess. These stipulations effected, Guy himself opened the door of the dungeon—and affecting to treat the whole matter as one of law and right, now happily and fairly settled, was as courteous and debonnaire as he had before been dark and menacing.

He even himself, with a brilliant train accompanied Harold to the *Chateau d'Eu*, whither William journeyed to give him the meeting; and laughed with a gay grace at the earl's short and scornful replies to his compliments and excuse. At the gates of this chateau, not famous, in after times, for the good faith of its lords, William himself, laying aside all the pride, of etiquette, which he had established at his court, came to receive his visitor; and aiding him to dismount, embraced him cordially, amidst a loud fanfaron of fifes and trumpets.

The flower of that glorious nobility, which a few generations had sufficed to rear out of the lawless pirates of the Baltic, had been selected to do honor alike to guest and host.

There, too, were the chief prelates and abbots of a church that since William's accession had risen into repute with Rome, and with learning unequalled on this side the Alps; their white aubes over their gorgeous robes; Lanfranc, and the Bishop of Coutance, and the Abbot of Bec, and foremost of all in rank, but not in learning, Odo of Bayeux.

So great the assemblage of queens and prelates, that there was small room in the court-yard for the lesser knights and chiefs, who yet hustled each other, with loss of Norman dignity, for a sight of the lion which guarded England. And still, amidst all these men of mark and might, Harold, simple and calm, looked as he had looked on his war-ship in the Thames, the man who could lead them all!

From those, indeed, who were fortunate enough to see him as he passed up by the side of William, as tall as the duke, and no less erect of far slighter

bulk, but with a strength almost equal, to a practised eye, in his compacter symmetry and more supple grace—from those who saw him thus, an admiring murmur rose; for no men in the world so valued and cultivated personal advantages as the Norman knight.

Conversing easily with Harold, and well watching him while he conversed, the duke led his guest to a private chamber on the third floor of the castle, and in that chamber were Haco and Wolnoth.

"This, I trust, is no surprise to you," said the duke, smiling; "and now I shall but mar your commune." So saying, he left the room, and Wolnoth rushed to his brother's arms, while Haco, more timidly drew near and touched the earl's robe.

ST. PETER'S AND THE VATICAN.

Apart from its religious character, and considered merely as an architectural monument, the cathedral of St. Peter's at Rome has been criticised and praised as one of the most wonderful structures ever erected—not on account of its exterior, which, owing to its unfavorable situations and surroundings, is not imposing, but chiefly for its immense size—for its colonnade, fine front, vast interior, and truly majestic dome which rises 405 feet above the pavement, or, to the top of the cross 488 feet. It will be remembered that Michael Angelo was eighty-seven years old when he finished the dome, and, for seventeen years, he gratuitously directed an undertaking which had enriched some of the earlier architects.

One peculiarity about St. Peter's is noticed by every visitor: namely, the equable temperature, which is said to be nearly the same the whole year. The first impression of the size of the interior of St. Peter's is always disappointing; but this feeling wears away after a few visits, when the visitor has had time to study its details, and wander about its naves and chapels. The Spanish cathedrals are pervaded by a rich, solemn gloom; they impress the mind as religious sanctuaries, where devout people come to worship; but the leading churches of Rome produce no such solemn impression. The interior of St. Peter's is warm, light, and cheerful; its fine mosaic pictures, its splendid monuments, and its numerous array of marble statues, together with the multitude of strangers with the inevitable Murray in hand, and the paucity of worshippers, make the place seem more like a vast museum than a church.

The palace of the Vatican, or, more properly speaking, the palaces of the Vatican, adjoin St. Peter's. They constitute a vast pile of irregular building, from whatever point the view is obtained. There is no harmony, no unity—all seems to be confusion. Everybody is curious to know in what part of the edifice the pope resides, and where Antonelli takes up his headquarters. But no one seems to know, except that certain long, tedious stairways are supposed finally to reach the apartments occupied by these celebrated personages. The Vatican is a very bewildering structure; its length is about 1,200 feet and its breadth is 700 feet. It has eight grand staircases, and two hundred smaller ones, twenty courts, and 4,422 rooms. No other palace in the world approaches it in its historic interest, whether as regards its influence upon the Christian world, or its marvellous collections of

books, manuscripts, statuary, paintings, and other objects of ancient art and learning.

Take, for example, the apartments devoted to the rich library, enter the grand saloon, not a book, not a manuscript, not a scrap of paper to be seen. The ceilings, side walls, and presses are all most profusely embellished. Pass into the long gallery, 1,200 feet long, and here also is the same liberal adornment. Nothing visible except some very rare and costly objects of art—the books being all carefully concealed from public view. We doubt if any other palace in the world possesses rooms of equal size and splendor. We can describe nothing in very minute detail, but the statuary and sculpture of the Vatican alone is the finest collection in the world.

WATER AND LIFE.

A LECTURE.

The exhalation of watery vapor from the skin is the most constant and certain of all the drains of liquid from the bodies of animals. There are many in which it takes place to such an extent that, even though the lungs are fitted to breathe air, the deprivation of water for a few hours causes a fatal drying-up of the body. This is the case, for example, with the common frog, which is soon killed if kept in a dry atmosphere, although, if its skin be moistened with water, it may be kept for weeks without food. One cause of the speedy death of fishes when taken out of the water, is the loss of fluid by evaporation from the surface of their bodies, and more especially from the delicate membranes of the gills. As soon as this last dries up, the air can no longer act properly on the blood which is sent to them for purification; so that, although they are exposed to the atmosphere itself, instead of to the small quantity of air diffused through their native element, the blood as it circulates through them does not undergo the requisite, change, and the fish dies of suffocation. Those fish usually die most speedily when taken out of the water which have large gill-openings; whilst those in which the gill-openings are narrow, and in which the surface of the gills is not fully exposed to the air (as is the case with the eel tribe), can live for a much longer time. There are certain fish which have a peculiar internal apparatus for keeping the gills moist; and these can leave the water, and can even execute long migrations over land. The same is the case with the land-crabs, which habitually live at a distance from the sea, and only come down to shore to deposit their eggs. We have here a very striking example of the dependence of one of the most important actions of life upon the moist state of a part of the surface of the body; and we can easily understand that the same general principle applies to others also.

The human skin, like the leaves of plants, is continually giving off large quantities of watery vapor, which passes away quite insensibly to ourselves, unless the surrounding air be loaded with moisture. And a considerable quantity of water in the shape of vapor is also carried away in the breath. We become aware of the presence of the latter when we breathe against a window on a cold day; for the glass being chilled by the outer air, cools the breath which comes in contact with it, and causes the moisture to be deposited on

the surface. When several persons are shut up in a coach or railway carriage on a frosty day, the moisture which is exhaled from their lungs and skins quickly forms a thick layer upon the glass, which is renewed almost as soon as it is wiped away. The whole quantity of liquid which thus passes from the human body in the shape of vapor seems to average about two pounds per day. But a very much larger quantity is poured out when the body is over heated, either in consequence of violent exertion, or of the high temperature of the surrounding air. In this case it is exuded from the skin faster than it can be carried off as vapor by the atmosphere; and it accumulates in drops, forming the *sensible perspiration*, the quantity may be increased under particular circumstances to an enormous extent. Now the chief object of this pouring-out of water from the surface of the body is to keep down its temperature within the proper limits. Whenever water or any other liquid passes off in vapor, it takes heat from the surface on which it may be; and thus, as the flow of perspiration continues, its passage into the atmosphere in a state of vapor has a cooling effect upon the animal body. Provided, therefore, the internal supply of liquid be abundant, and the air be dry enough to carry off the moisture in vapor as fast as it is exuded, the temperature of the body will be but little raised by any external heat that does not absolutely burn it. And thus it is that persons who have accustomed themselves to sustain the heat of furnaces, stoves, etc., can remain for some time in situations in which the thermometer rises to 500 or 600 degrees Fahrenheit's thermometer, a temperature nearly sufficient to boil quicksilver. But if the body be exposed for a short time to air much hotter than itself, but already loaded with watery vapor, no cooling effect is produced by the perspiration, because the liquid poured out from the skin cannot be dissolved by the air, and carried off by it; so that, if the external heat be kept, the temperature of the body is raised above the natural standard, and death is the result.

Hence, all organized bodies require a continual supply of liquid,—in the first place, as one of the principal materials in the bodily fabric; and secondly, as the vehicle for the introduction of the solid part of their food; whilst animals require it also, thirdly, as the vehicle for carrying off those products of the continual *waste* of the system which the respiratory process does not remove; and, fourthly, as the means of keeping down the temperature of the body, when the external and internal supply of heat would otherwise raise it above its natural standard.

A DINNER FOR THE POOR.

William Fox of Nottingham was one of the true old school of Friends. His sympathy for the poor was excited by serving in the office of overseer, and, seeing how poor some were who had to pay the poor-rates he resolved to economize the parish funds and thus to prevent their miseries as much as possible. It was the custom then in many of the parishes for the overseer and committee who attended the weekly payment of the paupers, to have a good dinner at the close of the day's labor and that was paid for out of the poor-rates; but as it was a manifest abuse, he determined to put a stop to it. He therefore hastened away before

the close of the weekly payment, to the dining room, and thus addressed the master of the workhouse:—"Is the dinner ready?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then bring it in."

"Are the gentlemen ready, sir?"

"Never mind the gentlemen. I say bring it in." And this was done.

"Now call all the poor people, sir—now call all the poor people. Dost thou not hear what I say?"

"This dinner is for the gentlemen."

"For the gentlemen? Oh, who pays for it, then—do the gentlemen?"

The workhouse master, staring most amazingly, said, "Why, no, sir, I reckon not; it is paid for out of the poor-rates."

"Out of the poor-rates! To be sure it is; thou art right. Poor-rates, eh! I think we have no gentlemen's rates; so fetch in the poor at once, and work quick."

The workhouse master went, and William Fox went too, to see that he did as he was ordered, and not give the alarm to the gentlemen; and in a few moments were hurried in a host of hungry paupers who had not for years set eyes on such a feast as that. They did not wait for a second invitation to place themselves at the table, and William Fox bade them help themselves, and at once there was a scene of activity that for the time it lasted justified the name of the house.

It was a workhouse indeed. William Fox stood all the time cutting and carving and sending good pieces of pudding and meat to such as could not get seats; in a few minutes there was a thorough clearance of the table. Scarcely had William Fox dismissed his delighted company when another company presented themselves, and these were the gentlemen, who stood in amazement.

"Why," exclaimed they, "what is this—why is the table in this state? Where is the dinner?"

"I found a very good dinner ready, and as I know that none but the poor have a right to dine out of the parish funds, I have served it out to the poor accordingly, but if any of you is in want of a dinner, he may come home with me, and I will give him one."

The gentlemen knew well the character they had to deal with, and never attempted to renew the practice of dining at the public charge during William Fox's year of office.

THE MOON AND THE WEATHER.

Mr. Park Harrison a painstaking meteorologist, in England has made it clear to the Astronomical Society that the heat reflected from the moon's surface affects our atmosphere, and consequently our weather. Many persons have remarked that the sky is clear about the time of full moon. The explanation is, that the reflected heat, being entirely absorbed by our atmospheric vapor, raises the temperature of the air above the clouds, which then evaporate more freely. The difference of temperature between the greatest and least amount of heat reflected from the moon is two degrees and a fraction only; yet small as it is, it appears to be sufficient to produce the effect of clearing our atmosphere.

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SATURDAY, NOV. 21, 1868

UNIVERSAL MAN.

BY E. W. TULLIDGE.

Looking over a volume of the *Millennial Star* for 1858 during the period the writer had charge of its editorial department, I find the following verses under the above head:—

I love the noble majesty of mind
That dares to soar on independent thought,
That seeking deity and truth to find,
Has not among the earth-bound slaves been bought.

I love the man who bows to truth alone,
And worships her for her intrinsic worth,
Who hears sweet music in her every tone,
And by each note receives diviner birth.

Give me the spirit that demands its right—
The great prerogative which God has given,
To choose his own and not another's light,
And with his kindred make a kindred heaven.

I love the freemen and the truly proud,
That will to others give the right they claim,
Ashamed to ask of man or God aloud
To give them aught, if they withhold the same.

Give me the simple universal soul,
That sees some loveliness in every field,
And hears in nature one harmonious whole,
And everywhere beholds a truth concealed.

I love the heart that beats for humankind,
Nor ask its owner's nation, rank or creed.
If he but truly labors for mankind,
I'll waive the difference to admire the deed.

Such men are brothers! Clasp each kindred hand!
There is with them no Freemasonry of soul!
I long to see them linking every land,
And making man again a family whole.

Though minds do vary be their actions good,
We'll lay the platform of the broader plan,
And mounting it, as one great brotherhood,
We'll greet each other in the name of man.

Oct. 16, 1858.

That which I wrote ten years ago I endorse to day with all my soul. As I am about to resign to my friend, the editor, the *MAGAZINE* which he committed to my care during his absence in the eastern States, I feel constrained to avow my universalian faith. The reading of the above has been like an old inspiration brought back with a thrice intensified force telling me how much they are myself pronounced. Every thought every sentiment expressed ten year ago I find to day as the very light of of my intellect as the very pulse of my heart. If that light is but as darkness, then am I dark; if that pulse is not humanity's pulse then is my feeling but a spasm of an unsound state. But it is the pulse of humanity, the sentiment of the best part of humanity, the thought of the best intellect of a hundred generations reflected upon our progressive age. And we are living in an age of progress—an age of the culmination of light, of truth, and the best of all of human goodness. I know that many of God's noblest men hold different views, and they think the world is gone backwards into night. I do not, I cannot. To me all history goes to show that

God has brought the world out of night and set as a light upon the mountain tops. Yet I see how much better, how much higher in the altitude of greatness my brethren are who hold different views. I know that I am not worthy to unloose the latches of the door. In this I am sincere. Never in my life have I dared to lie, much else upon such a serious matter that before me. Yet as I look upon those men even as I do upon Moses and the apostles of old—not whit less—I cannot, on the other hand, deny, even though brought to it by the reading of a few scriptures, that I hold a universalian not a special faith.

I am not fairly orthodox. I know it. I cannot in conscience deny this even to myself. But I do believe in the divine mission of Joseph Smith; I say that as far as man can know in this state of universal light in which even Paul saw but as through a glass darkly—I know that Joseph held the greatest dispensation yet given to man, and I know that Brigham is unto the Mormon people even as was Peter unto the Church which the Christ had founded. While I believe in their divine mission I also believe in the divine mission of the world and in the wonderful methods of Providence unfolded in humanity at large. I believe in the divine mission of the United States as certainly as I believe in the divine mission of Joseph Smith. Indeed I deem Joseph Smith a special prophet of the United States and to be more from fancy as the archangel of her destiny while I hold upon Brigham as his continuation.

But surely this people are only a part of this divine problem. God has a broader circle for His august movements than our little Utah. He, is in His providence, and in His workings in all the world, and His spirit moves in every nation under heaven fulfilling bright designs, and I think universalian purposes. I cannot deem him a sectarian God, a being narrowed into a small circle. He is the Father of humanity, all humanity is His own but the majority of His children are like I am—very frail, very erring, very much ruptured in our passage through a fallen world, yet withstanding, not all evil, not without some of our native impulses of our Deity still left in our souls.

Indeed it is this knowledge of the marriages on our own front that makes me feel more my kindred with humanity at large. I am not all good,—certainly not all evil; and this I find true of others without our community. It is the truth of mankind everywhere and true of nine men out of ten. There is not more than one out of that number altogether evil, with nothing but a devilish object in life. I have met with good and noble men in the United States, and I believe there are millions of them, and better and purer than I am myself, but I hope not truer in desire and aims for the world's good, not more conscientious in the right, yet I see that their lives have a more salutary influence in society than mine, a more blameless chapter writ of them than I know belongs to me. I must be just, I must be truthful, I would be generous too. But my generosity is neither here nor there in the account. The great humanitarianism of our age more than pays it back,

We say that the world hates us and would destroy us if it had the power. But this is not altogether without the need of some qualification. Has it not the power to hurt us when it has the might? Yes, the answer may come, but God will not permit the world to hurt

us, but makes the wrath of the wicked to enlarge His people. Yes, that is it, and He much does it through the hearts and just sense of the good; and the wrath of the wicked few, who would destroy is spent in vain attempts. There has been times, however, when the wrath of the Nation has been aroused by these few to destroy us; but I found the reverse of this feeling prevailing when I was down in the States. I have in truth found more of this feeling to hurt our leaders; perhaps even to their lives,—and more the desire to break up the Community in the manifestations of the "Gentiles" at home than abroad, and it would seem that much of the ill will against this people has pulsed first from the enemies in our midst. As American citizens they have clearly the right of nationality in Utah as well as elsewhere, but they have no right to seek to destroy this community, or to work evil against the Saints. *I will readily grant exceptions to all who are excepted by their course from this charge and they are many*, but it is in vain for some of those who have lived in Utah to urge that they have sought the common good. They have aimed, and aimed somewhat unscrupulously, it would seem, to build up the Gentile influence *versus* the Mormon—aye *destructive* of the Mormon. I conceive that everywhere on the broad domains of America we should be American in our genius and kindred—not Gentile, not Mormon. But when men combine influence and intentions against the side of the mass, then the mass must unite for its own protection. It will be said that the same rule will apply both ways. It must be admitted even so, and if the opposition grows the strongest and has the clearest side of right the final issue will be on its side. But do our friends (as they call themselves,) think they have right and justice with them when they parade before our eyes "You are a body of aliens, disloyal men to the nation, haters of her best interest!" I believe this is much too mild a wording of what has been said to us "many a time and oft" on our "Rialto" and think it not over stated, to say, they have manifested the clear desire to *supercede* this people, in their well deserved first rights to what they have created with the government thereof. That which is their just due, and *fully* their just due, they should have, and Mormon and Gentile, should be one in their nationality if not in their religious faith.

The American genius knows no hateful distinctions of creed, and the American genius ought to prevail in every loyal American's heart, whether he be native born, or adopted, even if but in his "intentions" If our Gentile brethren—of a common nationality—seek to build up and bless the Saints, even, if but in a humanitarian sense—if they are willing to give the Mormons the credit and result of what they have done on the Pacific—if, they are as ready as they profess to help us to do more, and exalt us in the nation to the dignity of a State,—and if this should be manifested in the future as it has not been in the past how can they have less than our regards:—but if they do other than this how can they expect other than our combination against them, even as they have combined against us not for our good.

Having thus much spoken, I again endorse the sentiments of the verses on "Universal Man,"

AT HOME.

After an interval of nearly eight weeks, we find ourselves residents of the sanctum once more, ready to resume the pleasing yet laborious duties of the MAGAZINE.

In returning to our duties, we have to express our gratitude to friend Tullidge for his able series of articles, Editorial, Theatrical, Quizzical and otherwise, so characteristic of their author, and for which he so cheerfully assumes the responsibility. Of all men we ever knew, Bro. Tullidge is the most unorthodoxly orthodox. His orthodoxy is so tremendously unorthodox, and his unorthodoxy so confoundingly orthodox, that we are at loss where to place him; and just as we have privately matured a design of pitching into him for the desecration of our private belief, he surges upon us with such a sea of faith and confidence in the especial divinity of our own pet theory, that we give up in utter despair of being able to convict him as an infidel, and reserve the roasting of him as a heretic to a more convenient season.

Turning to other matters, we are happy to announce that during our visit east we have been enabled to lay a much more extensive foundation for the success of the MAGAZINE. Among other provisions, we have made arrangements to club with the best eastern papers. For instance: any of Harpers Bros' serials can be had for one dollar less than the usual price, by subscribing for either of them and the UTAH MAGAZINE at the same time. The same with the *Phrenological* and other valuable journals.

And now we wish to say a word about the present volume of the MAGAZINE. The paper upon which it is printed is not of so good a quality as that of the first volume. True, we give four pages more of it every week. But it was not our intention to increase the quantity at the expense of the quality. We arranged for the same quality of paper as the last volume but a trifle lighter in weight. To our great disappointment the present specimen of paper was sent to us. It arrived after the temporary suspension of the MAGAZINE, when we and all our subscribers were tired of waiting, and it had to be used, or a delay of months be added. Our object in writing this much is to assure our readers, that at the earliest possible moment, when a better paper can be substituted, without destroying the uniform character of the volume, it will be done. During our visit to New York, we tried in vain to purchase a paper that would be better in quality, but sufficiently like the present kind to be bound up with it. Finding this impossible, we are either compelled to publish on the present paper or mix too kinds in one volume; but for this fact the paper would have been changed by this time. We think it is due to ourselves to say this. An inferior paper is, in our case, as expensive as a superior one, on account of the extra waste, and the greater time and care required to get a decent impression upon it.

Owing to insufficient compositorial help, it has taken day and night work, and Sunday work into the bargain, to get the MAGAZINE out during the last few weeks. This we trust will be sufficient apology for any typographical errors or other similar imperfections which may have been observable.

FOUL PLAY.

BY CHARLES READE AND DION BOUCICAULT.

(CONTINUED)

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Something came sniffing up to her and put a cold nose to her hand. She started violently, and both her hands were in the air in a moment.

It was a dog, a pointer. He whimpered and tried to gambol, but could not manage it; he was too weak. However, he contrived to let her see with the wagging of his tail, and a certain contemporaneous twist of his emaciated body, that she was welcome. But, having performed this ceremony, he trotted feebly away, leaving her very much startled, and not knowing what to think; indeed, this incident set her trembling all over.

A dog saved from the wreck! Then why not a man? And why not that life? Oh, thought she, would God save that creature, and not pity my poor angel and me?

She got up animated with hope, and recommenced her researches. She now kept at the outward edge of the island, and so went all round till she reached her boat again. The shark was swimming to and fro, waiting for her with horrible pertinacity. She tried to eat a mouthful, but, though she was faint, she could not eat. She drank a mouthful of water, and then went to search the very small portion that remained of the reef, and to take the poor dog home with her, because he she had lost was so good to animals. Only his example is left me, she said; and with that came another burst of sorrow. But she got up and did the rest of her work, crying as she went. After some severe traveling, she got near the north-east limit, and in a sort of gully she saw the dog, quietly seated high on his tail. She called him; but he never moved. So, then, she went to him, and, when she got near him, she saw why he would not come. He was watching. Close by him lay the form of a man nearly covered with sea-weed. The feet were visible, and so was the face, the latter deadly pale. It was he. In a moment she was by him, and leaning over him with both hands quivering. Was he dead? No, his eyes were closed; he was fast asleep.

Her hands flew to his face to feel him alive, and then grasped both his hands and drew them up towards her panting bosom; and the tears of joy streamed from her eyes, as she sobbed and murmured over him, she knew not what. At that he awoke and stared at her. He uttered a loud ejaculation of joy and wonder, then taking it all in, burst into tears himself, and fell to kissing her hands and blessing her. The poor soul had almost given himself up for lost. And to be saved all in a moment, and by her!

They could neither of them speak, but only mingled tears of joy and gratitude.

Hazel recovered himself first; and rising somewhat stiffly, lent her his arm. Her father's spirit went out of her in the moment of victory, and she was all woman, sweet, loving, clinging woman. She got hold of his hand as well as his arm, and clutched it so tight, her little grasp seemed velvet and steel.

"Let me feel you" said she: but no words! no words!

He supported his preserver tenderly to the boat, then, hoisting the sail, he fetched the east side in two tacks, shipped the sail and yard, and also the cask, keg, and boxes. He then put a great quantity of loose oysters on board, each as large as a plate. She looked at him with amazement.

"What," said she, when he had quite loaded the boat, "only just out of the jaws of death, and yet you can trouble your head about oysters and things."

"Wait till you see what I shall do with them," said he. "These are pearl oysters. I gathered them for you, when I had little hope I should ever see you again to give them you."

This was an unlucky speech. The act, that seemed so small and natural a thing to him, the woman's heart measured more correctly. Something rose in her throat; she tried to laugh instead of crying, and so she did both, and went into a violent fit of hysterics that showed how thoroughly her nature had been stirred to its depths. She quite frightened Hazel; and indeed the strength of an excited woman's weakness is sometimes alarming to manly natures.

He did all he could to soothe her; without much success. As

soon as she was better he set sail, thinking home was the place for her. She leant back exhausted, and, after a while, seemed to be asleep. We don't believe she was, but Hazel and sat, cold and aching in body, but warm at heart, working her with all his eyes.

At last they got ashore; and he sat by her fire and told all, while she cooked his supper and warmed clothes at the fire for him.

"The ship," said he; "was a Dutch vessel, bound from Callao to Callao, that had probably gone on her beam ends, she was full of water. Her crew had abandoned her; I think they under-rated the buoyancy of the ship and cargo. I left the poor dog on board. Her helm was lashed a weather-couple of turns; but why, I am not seaman enough to say. I boarded her; unshipped my mast, and moored the boat to the ship: fed the poor dog; rummaged in the hold, and contrived to hoist up a small cask of salted beef, and a keg of rum, some cases of grain and seeds. I managed to slide these on the reef by means of the mast and oar lashed together. The roller ground the wreck further on to the reef, and the sun snap broke the rope, as I suppose, and the boat went to sea. I never knew the misfortune till I saw her adrift. I could not get over that by making a raft; but the gale from the north brought such a sea on us. I saw she must break up, so I came ashore how I could. Ah, I little thought to see you again, still less that I should owe my life to you."

"Spare me," said Helen, faintly.

"No. The account is far from even yet."

"You are no arithmetician to say so. What astonishes me most is that you have never once scolded me for all the trouble and anxiety."

"I am too happy to see you sitting there, to scold you. Still I do ask you, to leave the sea alone, after this treacherous monster! Oh, think what you and I have suffered on it."

She seemed quite worn out. He saw that, and retired the night, casting once more a wistful glance on her. But at that moment she was afraid to look at him. Her heart was well over with tenderness for the dear friend whose life she had saved.

Next morning Hazel rose at daybreak as usual, but for himself stiff in the joints, and with a pain in his back. The cloth hung at the opening of Helen's cave was not removed as usual. She was on her bed with a violent headache.

Hazel fed Ponto, and corrected him. He was at present a civilized dog; so he made a weak rush at the boobies and died directly.

He also smelt Tommy inquisitively, to learn was he an edible. Tommy somehow divined the end of this sinister curiosity and showed his teeth.

Then Hazel got a rope and tied one end round his own waist and one round Ponto's neck, and at every outbreak of civilization, jerked him sharply on to his back. The effect of this discipline was rapid: Ponto soon found that he must not make war on the inhabitants of the island. He was a docile animal, and, in a very short time, consented to make one of "the happy family," as Hazel called the miscellaneous crew that belonged to him.

Helen and Hazel did not meet till past noon; and, when they did meet, it was plain she had been thinking a great deal. Her greeting was so shy and restrained as to appear cold and distant to Hazel. He thought to himself, I was too happy yesterday, and she too kind. Of course it could not last.

This change in her seemed to grow rather than diminish. She carried it so far as to go and almost hide during the working hours. She made off to the jungle, and spent an unreasonable time there. She professed to be collecting cotton, and must be admitted she brought a good deal home with her. But Hazel could not accept cotton as the only motive for this sudden separation.

He lost the light of her face till the evening. Then matter took another turn; she was too polite. Ceremony and courtesy appeared to be gradually encroaching upon tender friendship and familiarity; yet, now and then, her soft hazel eyes seemed to turn on him in silence, and say, forgive me all this. Then at those sweet looks, love and forgiveness poured out of her eyes. And then hers sought the ground. And this was generally followed by a certain mixture of stiffness, timidity, and formality, too subtle to describe.

The much-enduring man began to lose patience.

"This is caprice," said he, "Cruel caprice."

Our female readers will probably take a deeper view of

that. Whatever it was, another change was at hand. He was exposed to the weather on the reef, Hazel had been free from pain; but he had done his best to work it. He had collected all the valuables from the wreck, made a new mast, set up a rude capstain to draw the boat ashore, cut a little dock for her at low water, and clayed it in the heat of the sun; and, having accomplished this drudgery, got at last to his labor of love; he opened a quantity of oysters, fed Tommy and the duck with them, and began great work of lining the cavern with them. The said cavern was somewhat shell-shaped, and his idea was to make it of a gloomy cavern into a vast shell, lined entirely, roof sides, with glorious, sweet prismatic, mother-of-pearl fresh in the ocean. Well, one morning, while Helen was in the jungle, made a cement of guano, sand, clay and water, nipped some shells to a shape with the pincers, and cemented them neatly, Mosala almost; but in the middle of his work he was cut off by the disorder he had combined so stoutly. He fairly fell in, and sat down groaning with pain. And in this state he was found him.

"Oh, what is the matter?" said she. He told her the truth, and said he had violent pains in his back and head. She did not say much, but she turned pale, bustled and lighted a great fire, and made him lie down by it. She propped his head up; she set water on to boil for him, would not let him move for anything; and all the time her features were brimful of the liveliest concern. He could not think how much better it was to be ill and in pain, and she so kind, than to be well, and see her cold and distant. Towards evening, he got better, or rather he mistook an intervention for cure, and retired to his boat; but she made him her rug with him; and, when he was gone she could not sleep for anxiety; and it cut her to the heart to think how early he was lodged compared with her.

Of all the changes fate could bring, this she had never dreamed of, that he should be sick and in pain.

She passed an uneasy, restless night, and long before morning she awoke for the sixth or seventh time, and she awoke with a misgiving in her mind, and some sound ringing in her ears. She listened and heard nothing, but in a few minutes it came again.

Was Hazel talking, talking in a manner so fast, so strange, so loud, that it made her blood run cold. It was the voice of him, but not his mind.

He drew near, and, to her dismay, found him fever-stricken pouring out words with little sequence. She came close to him and tried to soothe him, but he answered her quite at random, and went on flinging out the strangest things in strange order. She trembled and waited for a lull, hoping then to be able to speak to him with soft words and tones of tender pity.

"Dens and caves!" he roared, and answering an imaginary actor. "Well, never mind, love shall make that hole in the rock a palace for a queen; for a queen? For the queen." He suddenly changed characters and fancied he was interesting the discourse of another. "He means the Queen of the Indies," said he, patronisingly; then, resuming his own character with loud defiance, "I say her chamber shall outshine the glories of the Alhambra, as far as the lilies outshone the official glories of King Solomon. Oh, mighty Nature, let us rely on the painter, the gold-beater, the carver of marble—come you and help me adorn the temple of my beloved, my queen."

The poor soul thought, by the sound of his own words, it must be a prayer he had uttered.)

And now Helen, with streaming eyes, tried to put in a word, but he stopped her with a wild hush! and went off into a series of mysterious whisperings, "Make no noise, please, or we shall frighten her. There—that is her window—no noise, please! I've watched and waited four hours just to see her sit, darling shadow on the blinds, and shall I lose it for your idle talk? all paradoxes and platitudes: excuse my plain speaking—hush! here it comes—her shadow—hush—how my heart beats. It is gone.—So now," (speaking out,) "good night, base world! Do you hear? you company of liars, thieves, and traitors, called the world, go and sleep if you can. I'll sleep; because my conscience is clear. False accusations! Who can help them? They are the act of others. Read the Bible, and Paul, and Joan of Arc. No, no, no, no; I didn't read 'em out with those stentorian lungs. I must be allowed a little sleep, a man that wastes the midnight oil, yet wakes the early dew. Good night."

He turned round and slept for several hours as he supposed;

but in reality he was silent for just three seconds. "Well," said he, "and is a gardener a man to be looked down upon by upstarts? When Adam delved and Eve span, where was then the gentleman? Why, where the spade was. Yet I went through the Herald's College and not one of our mushroom aristocracy ('bloated' I objected to; they don't eat half as much as their footmen;) had a spade for a crest. There's nothing ancient west of the Caspian. Well, all the better. For there's no fool like an old fool. A spade's a spade for all that, an a that, an a that,—an a that,—an a that. Hallo! Stop that man; he's gone off on his cork leg, of a that, on a that—and it is my wish to be quiet. Allow me respectfully to observe," said he striking off suddenly into an air of vast politeness, "that man requires change. I've done a jolly good day's work with the spade for this old Buffer, and now the intellect claims its turn. The mind retires above the noisy world to its Acropolis, and there discusses the great problem of the day; the Insular Enigma. To be or not to be, that is the question, I believe. No it is not. That is fully discussed elsewhere. Hum! To diffuse intelligence—from a fixed island—over one hundred leagues of water."

"It's a Stinger. But I can't complain. I had read Lem-priere, and Smith, and Bryant, and mythology in general: yet I must go and fall in love with the Sphinx. Men are so vain. Vanity whispered, she will set you a light one; Why is a cobler like a king, for instance. She is not in love with you, ye fool, if you are with her. The harder the riddle the higher the compliment the Sphinx pays you. That is the way all sensible men look at it. She is not the Sphinx: she is an angel, and I call her my Lady Caprice. Hate her for being Caprice? You incorrigible muddle head. Why, I love Caprice for being her shadow. Poor impotent love that can't solve a problem. The only one she ever set me. I've gone about it like a fool. What is the use putting up little bits of telegraphs on the island? I'll make a kite a hundred feet high, get five miles of rope ready against the next hurricane; and then I'll rub it with phosphorous and fly it. But what can I fasten it to? No tree would hold it, Duncie! To the island itself, of course. And now go to Stantle, Magg, Milton, and Copestake for one thousand yards of silk—Money! money! money! Well, give them a mortgage on the island, and a draft on the galleon. Now stop the pitch-fountain, and bore a hole near it, fill fifty balloons with gas, inscribe them, and bring all the world about our ears."

"The problem is solved. It is solved, and I am destroyed. She leaves me, she thinks no more of me. Her heart is in England."

Then he muttered for a long time unintelligibly; and Helen ventured near, and actually laid her hand on his brow to soothe him. But suddenly his muttering ceased, and he seemed to be puzzling hard over something.

The result came out in a clear articulate sentence, that made Helen recoil, and holding by the mast, cast an indescribable look of wonder and dismay on the speaker.

The words that so staggered her were these, to the letter.

"She says she hates reptiles. Yet she marries Arthur Wardlaw."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

The very name of Arthur Wardlaw started Helen, and made her realise how completely her thoughts had been occupied with another. But add to that the strange and bitter epigram! Or was it a mere fortuitous concurrence of words?

She was startled, amazed, confounded, puzzled. And, ere she could recover her composure, Hazel was back to his problem again; but no longer with the same energy.

He said in a faint and sleepy voice; "He maketh the winds. His messengers, and flames of fire His ministers." Ah! if I could do that! Well, why not? I can do anything she bids me—

Graculus esuriens colum jussuris ibit."

And soon after this doughty declaration he dozed off, and forgot all his trouble for awhile.

The sun rose, and still he slept, and Helen watched him with undisguised tenderness in her face; undisguised now that he could not see it.

Ere long she had companions in her care. Ponto came out of his den, and sniffed about the boat; and then began to scratch it, and whimper for his friend. Tommy swam out of the sea, came to the boat, discovered, Heaven knows how, that his friend was there, and, in the way of noises, did everything but speak. The sea birds followed and fluttered here and there in an erratic way, with now and then a peck at each other. All animated nature seemed to be uneasy at this eclipse of their Hazel.

At last Tommy raised himself quite perpendicular, in a vain endeavor to look into the boat, and invented a whine in the minor key, which tells on dogs: it set Ponto off in a moment; he sat upon his tail, and delivered a long and most deplorable howl.

"Everything loves him," thought Helen.

With Ponto's music Hazel awoke, and found her watching him; he said softly: "Miss Rolleston! There is nothing the matter, I hope. Why am I not up and getting things for your breakfast?"

"Dear friend," said she, "why you are not doing things for me and forgetting yourself, is because you have been very ill. And I am your nurse. Now tell me what I shall get you. Is there nothing you could fancy?"

No; he had no appetite; she was not to trouble about him. And then he tried to get up; but that gave him such a pain in his loins, he was fain to lie down again; So then he felt that he had got rheumatic fever. He told her so: but seeing her sweet anxious face, begged her not to be alarmed—he knew what to take for it. Would she be kind enough to go to his arsenal and fetch some specimens of bark she would there, and also the keg of rum.

She flew at the word, and soon made him an infusion of the barks in boiling water; to which the rum was added.

His sweet nurse administered this from time to time. The barks used were of the cassia tree, and a wild citron tree. Cinchona did not exist in this island, unfortunately. Perhaps there was no soil for it at a sufficient elevation above the sea. But with these inferior barks they held the fever in check. Still the pain was obstinate, and cost Helen many a sigh, for if she came softly, she could often hear him moan; and the moment he heard her foot, he set to and whistled for a blind; with what success may be imagined. She would have bought those pains, or a portion of them; ay, and paid a heavy price for them.

But pain, like everything, intermits, and in those blessed intervals his mind was more active than ever, and ran a great deal upon what he called the Problem.

But she, who had set it him, gave him little encouragement now to puzzle over it.

The following may serve as a specimen of their conversation on that head.

"The air of this island," said he, "gives one a sort of vague sense of mental power. It leads to no result in my case; still it is an agreeable sensation to have it floating across my mind that some day I shall solve the Great Problem. Ah! if I was only an inventor!"

"And so you are."

"No, no," said Hazel, disclaiming as earnestly as some people claim; "I do things that look like acts of invention, but they are acts of memory. I could show you plates and engravings of all the things I have seemed to invent. A man, who studies books instead of skimming them, can cut a dash in a desert island, until the fatal word goes forth—invent; and then you find him out."

"I am sure I wish I had never said the fatal word. You will never get well if you puzzle your brain over impossibilities."

"Impossibilities! But is not that begging the question? The measure of impossibilities is lost in the present age. I propose a test. Let us go back a century, and suppose that three problems were laid before the men of that day, and they were asked which is the most impossible: 1st, to diffuse intelligence from a fixed island over a hundred leagues of water; 2d, to make the sun take in thirty seconds likenesses more exact than any portrait-painter ever took—likenesses that can be sold for a shilling at fifty per cent. profit; 3d, for New York and London to exchange words by wire so much faster than the earth can turn, that London shall tell New York at ten on Monday morning what was the price of consols at one o'clock Monday afternoon."

"That is a story," said Helen, with a look of angelic reproach.

"I accept that reply," said Hazel. "As for me, I have got a smattering of so many subjects, all full of incredible truths, that my faith in the impossibility of anything is gone. Ah! if

James Watt was only here instead of John Hazel—James from the Abbey with a head as big as a pumpkin—he would not have gone groping about the island, writing on rocks erecting signals. No; he would have had some grand bold idea worthy of the proposition."

"Well, so I think," said Helen, archly; "that great with a great head would have begun by making a kite a dred yards high."

"Would he? Well, he was quite capable of it."

"Yes; and rubbed it with phosphorus, and frown it the tempest, and made the string fast to—the island itself."

"Well, that is an idea," said Hazel, staring; "rather hobbical, I fear. But after all, it is an idea."

"Or else," continued Helen, "he would weave a thousand yards of some light fabric, and make balloons; then he would stop the pitch-fountain, bore a hole in the rock near it, and get the gas, fill the balloons, inscribe them with our sad and our latitude and longitude, and send them flying all the ocean—there!"

Hazel was amazed.

"I resign my functions to you," said he. "What invention! What invention!"

"Oh dear no," said Helen, slyly; "acts of memory sometimes pass for invention, you know. Shall I tell you? When first I fell ill, you were rather light-headed, and uttered the strangest things. They would have made me laugh heartily, or couldn't—for crying. And you said that about kites and balloons, every word."

"Did I? Then I have most brains when I have least reason."

"Ay," said Helen, "and other strange things—very strange and bitter things. One I should like to ask you about, on earth you could mean by it; but perhaps you meant no more after all."

"I'll soon tell you," said Hazel; but he took the precaution to add, "Provided I know what it means myself."

She looked at him steadily, and was on the point of seeking the explanation so boldly offered; but her own courage held her. She colored and hesitated.

"I shall wait," said she, "till you are quite, quite well. will be soon, I hope; only you must be good and obey my prescriptions. Cultivate patience; it is a wholesome plant, the pride of that intellect, which you see a fever can lay in an hour: aspire no more beyond the powers of man. He shall stay unless Providence sends us a ship. I have ceased repine: and don't you begin. Dismiss that problem altogether; see how hot it has made your brow. Be good now, amiss it; or else do as I do—fold it up, put it quietly away in a corner of your mind, and, when you least expect it, it will be out solved."

(Oh, comfortable doctrine! But how about Jamie's headaches? And why are the signs of hard thought so stronger in this brow and face than in Shakespeare's? On us, there is another problem.)

Hazel smiled, well-pleased, and leaned back, soothed, lulled, subdued, by her soft voice, and the exquisite touch of her velvet hand on his hot brow; for, woman-like, she laid her hand like down on that burning brow to aid her words in soothing it. Nor did it occur to him just then that this admission delivered with a kind maternal hand, maternal voice, from the same young lady who had flown at him like a comet with this very problem in her mouth. She mesmerized him; and all; he subsided into a complacent languor, and at last went to sleep, thinking only of her. But the topic entered his mind too deeply to be finally dismissed. It re-appeared next day, though in a different form. You must know Hazel, as he lay on his back in the boat, had often, in a drowsy way, watched the effect of the sun upon the mast: it now stood, a bare pole, and at certain hours acted the needle of a dial, by casting a shadow on the sands. And all, he could see pretty well by means of this pole and its shadow when the sun attained its greatest elevation. He asked Miss Rolleston to assist him in making this observation exactly.

She obeyed his instructions, and the moment the shadow reached its highest angle, and showed the minutest symmetrical declension, she said. "Now," and Hazel called out in voice:—

"Noon!"

"And forty-nine minutes past eight at Sydney," said he, holding out her chronometer; for she had been sharp enough to get it ready of her own accord.

Hazel looked at her and at the watch with amazement and incredulity.

"What?" said he. "Impossible. You can't have kept Sydney time all this while."

"And pray why not?" said Helen. "Have you forgotten that once somebody praised me for keeping Sydney time; it helped me somehow or other to know where we were?"

"And so it will now," cried Hazel, exultingly. "But no! it is impossible. We have gone through scenes that—you can't have wound that watch up without missing a day."

"Indeed but I have," said Helen. "Not wind my watch up? Why, if I was dying I should wind my watch up. See, it requires no key; a touch or two of the fingers and it is done. Oh, I am remarkably constant in all my habits; and this is an old friend I never neglect. Do you remember that terrible night in the boat, when neither of us expected to see the morning—oh, how good and brave you were!—well, I remember winding it up that night. I kissed it, and bade it good-bye, but I never dreamed of not winding it up, because I was going to be killed. What! am I not to be praised again, as I was on board ship? Stingy! can't afford to praise one twice for the same thing."

"Praised!" cried Hazel, excitedly; "worshipped, you mean. Why, we have got longitude by means of your chronometer. It is wonderful! It is providential! It is the finger of Heaven! Pen and ink, let me work it out."

In this excitement he got up without assistance, and was soon busy calculating the longitude of Godsend Isle.

CHAPTER XL.

"There," said he. "Now the latitude I must guess at by certain combinations. In the first place the slight variation in the length of the days. Then I must try and make a rough calculation of the sun's parallax. And then my botany will help me a little; spices furnish a clue; there are one or two that will not grow outside the tropic. It was the longitude that beat me, and now we have conquered it. Hurrah! Now I know what to diffuse, and in what direction; east, south-east; the ducks have shown me that much. So there's the first step towards the impossible problem."

"Very well," said Helen; "and I am sure one step is enough for one day. I forbid you the topic for twelve hours at least. I detest it because it always makes your head so hot."

"What on earth does that matter?" said Hazel impetuously, and almost crossly.

"Come, come, come sir," said Helen, authoritatively; "it matters to me."

But when she saw that he could think of nothing else, and that opposition irritated him, she had the tact and good sense not to strain her authority, nor to irritate her subject.

Hazel spliced a long, fine-pointed stick to the mast-head, and set a plank painted white with guano at right angles to the base of the mast; and so whenever the sun attained his meridian altitude, went into a difficult and subtle calculation to arrive at the latitude, or as near it as he could without proper instruments; and he brooded and brooded over his discovery of the longitude, but unfortunately he could not advance. In some problems the first step once gained leads, or at least, points to the next; but to know whereabouts they were and to let others know it were two difficulties heterogeneous and distinct.

Having thought and thought till his head was dizzy, at last he took Helen's advice and put it by for awhile. He set himself to fit and number a quantity of pearl oyster shells, so that he might be able to place them at once, when he should be able to recommence his labor of love in the cavern.

One day Helen had left him so employed, and was busy cooking the dinner at her own place, but, mind you, with one eye on the dinner and another on her patient. When suddenly she heard him shouting very loud, and ran out to see what was the matter.

He was roaring like mad, and whirling his arms over his head like a demented windmill.

She ran to him.

"Eureka! Eureka!" he shouted, in furious excitement.

"Oh, dear!" cried Helen; "rever mind." She was against her patient exciting himself.

But he was exalted beyond even her control. "Crown me with laurel," he cried; "I have solved the problem!" and up went his arms.

"Oh, is that all?" said she calmly.

"Get me two squares of my parchment," cried he; "and some of the finest gut."

"Will not after dinner do?"

"No; certainly not," said Hazel in a voice of command. "I

wouldn't wait a moment for all the flesh-pots of Egypt."

Then she went like the wind and fetched them.

"Oh, thank you! thank you! Now I want—let me see—ah, there's an old rusty hoop that was washed ashore, on one of that ship's casks. I put it carefully away; how the unlikely things come in useful soon or late!"

She went for the hoop, but not so rapidly, for here it was that the first faint doubt of his sanity came in. However, she brought it, and he thanked her.

"And now," said he, "while I prepare the intelligence, will you be so kind as to fetch me the rushes."

"The what?" said Helen, in growing dismay.

"The rushes! I'll tell you where to find some."

Helen thought the best thing was to temporise. Perhaps he would be better after eating some wholesome food. "I'll fetch them directly after dinner," said she. "But it will be spoiled if I leave it for long; and I do so want it to be nice for you today."

"Dinner?" cried Hazel. "What do I care for dinner now. I am solving my problem. I'd rather go without dinner for years than interrupt a great idea. Pray let dinner take its chance, and obey me for once."

"For once!" said Helen, and turned her mild hazel eyes on him with such a look of gentle reproach.

"Forgive me! But don't take me for a child, asking you for a toy; I'm a poor crippled inventor, who sees daylight at last. Oh, I am on fire; and, if you want me not to go into a fever, why, get me my rushes."

"Where shall I find them?" said Helen, catching fire at him.

"Go to where your old hut stood, and follow the river about a furlong; you will find a bed of high rushes; cut me a good bundle, cut them below the water, choose the stoutest. Here is a pair of shears I found in the ship."

She took the shears and went swiftly across the sands and up the slope. He watched her with an admiring eye; and well he might, for it was the very poetry of motion. Hazel in his hours of health had almost given up walking; he ran from point to point, without fatigue or shortness of breath, Helen equally pressed for time, did not run; but she went almost as fast. By rising with the dawn, by three meals a day of animal food, by constant work, and heavenly air, she was in a condition women rarely attain to. She was trained. Ten miles was no more to her than ten yards. And, when she was in a hurry, she got over the ground by a grand but feminine motion not easy to describe. It was a series of smooth undulations, not vulgar strides, but swift rushes, in which the loins seemed to propel the whole body, and the feet scarcely to touch the ground: it was the vigor and freedom of a savage, with the grace of a lady.

And so it was she swept across the sands and up the slope,

Et vera incessu patuit Dea.

While she was gone, Hazel cut two little squares of seals' bladder, one larger than the other. On the smaller he wrote: "An English lady wrecked on an island. W. Longitude 103 deg, 30 min. S. Latitude between the 33d and 36th parallels. Haste to her rescue." Then he folded this small, and enclosed it in the larger slip, which he made into a little bag, and tied the neck extremely tight with fine gut, leaving a long piece of the gut free.

And now Helen came gliding back, as she went, and brought him a large bundle of rushes.

Then he asked her to help him fasten these rushes round the iron hoop.

"It must not be done too regularly," said he; "but so as to look as much like a little bed of rushes as possible."

Helen was puzzled still, but interested. So she set to work, and, between them, they fastened rushes all round the hoop, although it was a large one.

But, when it was done, Hazel said they were too bare.

"Then we will fasten another row," said Helen, good-humoredly. And, without more ado, she was off to the river again.

When she came back, she found him up, and he said the great excitement had cured him—such power has the brain over the body. This convinced her that he had really hit upon some great idea. And, when she had made him eat his dinner by her fire, she asked him to tell her all about it.

But, by a natural reaction, the glorious and glowing excitement of mind, that had battled his very rheumatic pains, was now followed by doubt and dejection.

"Don't ask me yet," he sighed. "Theory is one thing; prac-

tice is another. We count without our antagonists. I forgot they will set their wits against mine: and they are many, I am but one. And I have been so often defeated. And, do you know, I have observed that whenever I say beforehand now I am going to do something clever, I am always defeated. Pride really goes before destruction, and vanity before a fall."

The female mind, rejecting all else, went like a needle's point at one thing in this explanation. "Our antagonists?" said Helen, looking sadly puzzled. "Why, what antagonists have we?"

"The messenger," said Hazel, with a groan. "The aerial messengers."

That did the business. Helen dropped the subject with almost ludicrous haste; and, after a few common-place observations, made a nice comfortable dose of grog and bark for him.

This she administered as an independent transaction, and not at all by way of comment on his antagonists, the aerial messengers.

It operated unkindly for her purpose; it did him so much good, that he lifted up his dejected head, and his eyes sparkled again, and he set to work, and, by sunset, prepared two more bags of bladder with inscriptions inside, and long tails of fine gut hanging. He then set to work, and, with fingers far less adroit than hers, fastened another set of rushes round the hoop. He set them less evenly, and some of them not quite perpendicular; and, while he was fumbling over this, and examining the effect with paternal glances, Helen's hazel eye dwelt on him with furtive pity; for, to her, this girdle of rushes was now an instrument, that bore an ugly likeness to that sceptre of straw, with which vanity run to seed sways imaginary kingdoms in Bedlam or Bicetre.

And yet he was better. He walked about the cavern and conversed charmingly: he was dictionary, essayist, raconteur, anything she liked; and, as she prudently avoided and ignored the one fatal topic, it was a delightful evening; her fingers were as busy as his tongue; and, when he retired, she presented him with the fruits of a fortnight's work, a glorious wrapper made of fleecy cotton enclosed in a platted web of flexible and silky grasses. He thanked her and blessed her, and retired for the night.

About midnight she awoke and felt uneasy; so she did what since his illness she had done a score of times without his knowledge, she stole from her lair to watch him.

She found him wrapped in her present, which gave her great pleasure; and sleeping like an infant which gave her joy. She eyed him eloquently for a long time; and then very timidly put out her hand and, in her quality of nurse, laid it lighter than down upon his brow.

The brow was cool, and a very slight moisture on it showed the fever was going, or gone.

She folded her arms and stood looking at him: and she thought of all they two had done and suffered together. Her eyes absorbed him, devoured him. The time flew by unheeded. It was so sweet to be able to set her face free from its restraint, and let all its sunshine beam on him; and, even when she retired at last, those light hazel eyes, that could flash fire at times, but were all dove-like now, hung and lingered on him as if they could never look at him enough.

Half-an-hour before day-break she was awakened by the dog howling piteously. She felt a little uneasy at that: not much. However she got up, and issued from her cavern, just as the sun showed his red eye above the horizon. She went towards the boat as a matter of course. She found Ponto tied to the helm: the boat was empty, and Hazel nowhere to be seen.

She uttered a scream of dismay.

The dog howled and whined louder than ever.

TURTLE AND TURTLE EATERS.

The poor turtle, like its eggs, does not escape man's digestive organs. At the beginning of the last century, turtle was eaten by the very poor in Jamaica. Now, however, calipash, calipee, and green fat are delicacies known only to the rich. Considerable cunning is required in hunting both the turtle and the guana. The guana is hunted with dogs; and when taken alive, its mouth must be sewed up to prevent its biting. It has been known to live a month, and even six weeks without food. The turtle is watched when it comes on shore at night, and merely tumbled over on its back, where it lies helpless until its captors have time to knock it on the head and

carry it off. A soft-shelled turtle abounding in the bayous of Louisiana, is much prized as a table-delicacy. It is particularly hard to catch; but when sunning itself on a log at the water-side, is often a fair mark for a rifle. However, when shot, it is unluckily prone to tumble into the water and make its escape, even in death. But man's stomach is not to be disappointed; consequently, his ingenuity must be pressed into his service. To prevent the prey escaping, the following satirical factory plan has been devised by an ingenious epicure:—A piece of wood, one inch long, was cut and so rounded as easily to fit the tube of his rifle. To this a piece of stout twine seven or eight inches long was secured, the other end of which was run through a rifle ball. The ball was then inserted in its place, the string and piece of wood followed, and all was ready for the turtle. Getting a fair shot, the ball pierced the turtle through, and entered the log on which the turtle was lying, where it struck. The string and taggle held the astonished beast firmly until his enemy should come in a canoe and make good his capture.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

TWO LIQUIDS MAKE A SOLID

Dissolve muriate of lime in water until it will dissolve no more; measure out an equal quantity of oil of vitriol; both will be transparent fluids; but if equal quantities of each be slowly mixed and stirred together, they will become a solid mass, with the evolution of smoke or muriatic acid.

CHARADE 13.

My first is a busy industrious thing,
Without which no bundle can your porter bring.
My second is nothing to speak of, yet stands
For thousands or millions, in money or lands;
My third is a question we meet every day,
Relating to things we do, think, or say;
My whole is the questioner—once it was you,
If not, 'twas your brother, or cousin, or—where?
It was somebody else whom your grandmother knew.

CONUNDRUMS.

48. Why is a woodman like a stage actor?
44. Why is the hour of noon on the dial-plate like a pair of spectacles?
45. Why is the best baker most in want of bread?

ANSWERS TO NO. 35, PAGE 108.

CHURRADE 12—Patch-work.

CONUNDRUMS.

- No. 40—Canister (Can-I-stir?)
No. 41—The forceps pinches, the awl pinches.
No. 42—Because only the BONY PART is left.

PRETTY.

A pretty little maiden
Had a pretty little dream.
And a pretty little wedding
Was the pretty little theme.
A pretty little bachelor
To win her favor tried,
And asked her how she'd like to be
His pretty little bride.

With some pretty little blushes,
And a pretty little sigh,
And some pretty little glances
From a pretty little eye;
With a pretty little face,
Behind a pretty fan,
She smiled on the proposals
Of this pretty little man.

This pretty little lady
And her pretty little spark.
Met the pretty little parson
And his pretty little clerk;
A pretty little wedding ring
United them for life.
A pretty little husband
And a pretty little wife.

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Vol.

POETRY.

ONLY WAITING.

A worn out veteran for truth, who was so poor as to be in an alms-house, was asked what he was doing now. He replied,

"ONLY WAITING."

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Till the night of earth is faded
From the heart once full of day,
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
Through the twilight soft and gray.

Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home;
For the summer-time is faded,
And the autumn winds have come.
Quickly, reapers, gather quickly
The last ripe hours of my heart,
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the mystic gate,
At whose foot I long have lingered,
Weary, poor, and desolate.
Even now I hear the footsteps,
And their voices far away;
If they call me, I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Then from out the gathered darkness,
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.

HAROLD,

THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

[CONTINUED.]

THE AXE AND THE BOW.

As soon as the first joy of the meeting was over, the earl said to Haco, whom he had drawn to his breast with an embrace as fond as that bestowed on Wolnoth--

"Remembering thee a boy, I came to say to thee 'Be my son;' but seeing thee a man I change the prayer; supply thy father's place, and be my brother! And thou, Wolnoth, hast thou kept thy word with me? Norman is thy garb, in truth, is thy heart still English?"

"Hist!" whispered Haco, "hist! we have a proverb, that walls have ears."

"But French walls can hardly understand our broad Saxon of Kent, I trust," said Harold smiling, though with a shade on his brow.

"True, continue to speak Saxon," said Haco, "and we are safe."

"Safe!" echoed Harold.

"Haco's fears are childish, my brother," said Wolnoth, "and he wrongs the duke."

"Not the duke, but the policy which surrounds him like an atmosphere," exclaimed Haco. "O, Harold, generous indeed wert thou to come hither for thy kinsfolk--generous! But for England's weal, better had we rotted out our lives in exile, ere thou, hope and prop of England, set foot in these webs of wile."

"Tut!" said Wolnoth, "good it is for England that the Norman and Saxon should be friends."

Harold, who had lived to grow as wise in men's hearts as his father, save when the natural trustfulness that lay under his calm exterior lulled his sagacity, turned his eyes steadily on the faces of his two kinsmen; and he saw, at the first glance, that a deeper intellect and graver forethought than Wolnoth's fair face betrayed, characterized the dark eye and serious brow of Haco. He therefore drew his nephew a little aside, and said to him--

"Forewarned is forearmed. Deemest thou that this fair spoken duke will dare aught against my life?"

"Life, no; liberty, yes."

Harold started, and those strong passions native to his breast, but usually curbed beneath his majestic will, heaved in his bosom, and flashed in his eye.

"Liberty!--let him dare! Though all his troops paved the way from his court to the coast I would hew my way through their ranks."

"Deemest thou that I am a coward?" said Haco simply, "yet, contrary to all law and justice, and against King Edward's well-known remonstrance, hath not the count detained me, years, yea, long years, in this land? Kind are his words, wily his deeds. Fear not force; fear fraud."

"I fear neither," answered Harold, drawing himself up, "nor do I repent me one moment. No! nor did I repent in the dungeon of that felon count, whom God

grant me life to repay with fire and sword for his treason—that I myself have come hither to demand my kinsmen. I come in the name of England, strong in her might, and sacred in her majesty.”

Before Haco could reply, the door opened and Raoul de Tancarville, as grand chamberlain, entered, with all Harold's Saxon train, and a goodly number of Norman squires and attendants, bearing rich vestures.

The noble bowed to the earl with his country's polished courtesy, and besought leave to lead him to the bath, while his own squires prepared his raiment for the banquet to be held in his honor. So all further conference with his young kinsmen was then suspended.

The most seductive of men was William in his fair moods; and he lavished all the witcheries at his control upon his guest. If possible yet more gracious was Matilda the duchess. This woman, eminent for mental culture, for personal beauty, and for a spirit and ambition no less great than her lord's, knew well how to choose such subjects of discourse as might most flatter an English ear. Her connexion with Harold, through her sister's marriage with Tostig, warranted a familiarity almost caressing, which she assumed toward the comely earl; and she insisted, with a winning smile, that all the hours which the duke would leave at his disposal should be spent with her.

The unfavorable impressions made upon his thoughts by Haco's warnings could scarcely fail to yield beneath the prodigal courtesies lavished upon him and the open frankness with which William laughingly excused himself for having so long detained the hostages, “In order, my guest, to make thee come and fetch them. And, by St. Valery, now thou art here, thou shalt not depart till, at least, thou hast lost in gentler memories the recollection of the scurvy treatment thou hast met from that barbarous count. Nay, never bite thy lip, Harold, my friend, leave to me thy revenge upon Guy. Sooner or later, the very *manier* he hath extorted from me shall give excuse for sword and lance, and then, *pardez*, thou shalt come and cross steel in thine own quarrel. How I rejoice that I can show to the *beau frere* of my dear cousin and seigneur some return for all the courtesies the English king and kingdom bestowed upon me! To-morrow we will ride to Rouen; there, all knightly sports shall be held to grace thy coming; and by St. Michael, the knight-saint of the Norman, nought else will content me than to have thy name on in the list of my chosen *chevaliers*. But the night wears now, and thou sure must need sleep; and thus talking, the duke himself led the way to Harold's chamber, and insisted on removing the *ouche* from his robe of state. As he did so he passed his hand, as if carelessly, along the earl's right arm. “Ha!” said he suddenly, and in his natural tone of voice, which was short and quick, “these muscles have known practise! Dost thou think thou couldst bend my bow?”

“Who could bend that of—Ulysses?” returned the earl, fixing his deep blue eye upon the Norman's. William unconsciously changed color, for he felt that he was at that moment more Ulysses than Achilles.

Side by side, William and Harold entered the fair city of Rouen, and there, a succession of the brilliant pageants and knightly entertainments was designed

to dazzle the eyes and captivate the fancy of the earl.

These festivities were relieved by pompous excursions and progresses from town to town, and fort to fort, throughout the duchy, and according to some authorities, even to a visit to Philip the French king at Compeigne. On the return to Rouen, Harold and the six thegns of his train were solemnly admitted into that peculiar band of warlike brothers which William had instituted, and to which, following the chronicles of the after century, we have given the name of *knights*. The silver baldrick was belted on, and the lance, with its pointed banderol, was placed in the hand; and the seven Saxon lords became Norman knights.

The evening after this ceremonial, Harold was with the duchess and her fair daughters—all children. The beauty of one the girls drew from him those compliments so sweet to a mother's ear. Matilda looked up from the broidery on which she was engaged, and beckoned to her the child thus praised.

“Adeliza,” she said, placing her hand on the girl's dark locks, “though we would not that thou shouldst learn too early how men's tongues can glose and flatter, yet this noble guest hath so high a repute for truth, that thou mayest at least believe him sincere when he says thy face is fair. Think of it, and with pride, my child; let it keep thee through youth from the homage of meaner men; and, peradventure, St. Michael and St. Valery may bestow on the a mate valiant and comely as this noble lord.”

The child blushed to her brow; but answered with the quickness of a spoiled infant—unless perhaps she had been previously tutored so to reply—“Sweet Mother, I will have no mate and no lord but Harold himself; and if he will not have Adeliza as his wife, she will die a nun.”

“Froward child, it is not for thee to woo!” said Matilda smiling. “Thou heardest her, noble Harold: what is thine answer?”

“That she will grow wiser,” said the earl, laughing, as he kissed the child's forehead. “Fair damsel, ere thou art ripe for the altar, time will have sown gray in these locks; and thou wouldst smile indeed in scorn, if Harold then claimed thy troth.”

“Not so,” said Matilda seriously; “high born damsels see youth not in years but in fame—fame, which is young forever!”

Startled by the gravity with which Matilda spoke, as if to give importance to what had seemed a jest, the earl versed in courts, felt that a snare was round him, and replied in a tone between jest and earnest:—“Happy am I to wear on my heart a charm, proof against all the beauty even of this court.”

Matilda's face darkened; and William entering at that time with his usual abruptness, lord and lady exchanged glances, not unobserved by Harold.

The duke, however, drew aside the Saxon; and saying gayly, “We Normans are not naturally jealous; but then, till now, we have not had Saxon gallants closeted with our wives;” added more seriously, “Harold I have a grace to pray at thy hands—come with me.”

The earl followed William into his chamber, which he found filled with chiefs, in high converse; and William hastened to inform him that he was about to make a military expedition against the Bretons; and, knowing his peculiar acquaintance with the warfare, as well as the language and manners, of their kindred

Welsh, he besought his aid in a campaign which he promised him should be brief.

Perhaps the earl was not, in his own mind, averse from returning William's display of power by some evidence of his own military skill, and the valor of the Saxon thegns in his train. There might be prudence in such exhibition, and at all events, he could not with a good grace decline William's proposal. He enchanted William therefore by a simple acquiescence; and the rest of the evening—deep into night—was spent in examining charts of the fort and country intended to be attacked.

The siege commenced and, one day, during a short truce with the defenders of the place, they were besieging, the Normans were diverting their leisure with martial games, in which Taillefer shone pre-eminent; while Harold and William stood without their tent, watching the animated field, the duke abruptly exclaimed to Mallet de Graville, "Bring me my bow. Now, Harold, let me see if thou canst bend it."

The bow was brought, and Saxon and Norman gathered round the spot.

"Fasten thy glove to yonder tree, Mallet," said the duke, taking that mighty bow in his hand, and carefully feeling the string.

Then he drew the arc to his ear; and the tree itself seemed to shake at the shock, as the shaft piercing the glove, lodged half way in the trunk.

"Such are not our weapons," said the earl; "and ill would it become me, unpractised, so to peril our English honor, as to strive against the arm that could bend that arc and wing that arrow. But, that I may show these Norman knights that, at least, we have some weapon wherewith we can parry shaft and smite assailer, bring me forth, Godrith, my shield and my Danish ax."

Taking the shield and ax which the Saxon brought him, Harold then stationed himself before the tree.

"Now, fair duke, choose thou the longest shaft—bid thy ten doughtiest archers take their bows; round this tree will I move, and let each shaft be aimed at whatever space in my mailless body I leave unguarded by my shield."

"No," said William hastily, "that were murder."

"It is but the common peril of war," said Harold simply; and he walked to the tree.

The blood mounted to William's brow, and the lion's thirst of carnage parched his throat.

"An he will have it so," said he, beckoning to his archers, "let not Normandy be shamed. Watch well, and let every shaft go home; avoid only the head and the heart; such orgulous vaunting is best cured by blood-letting."

The archers nodded and took their post, each at a separate quarter; and deadly, indeed, seemed the danger of the earl, for as he moved, though he kept his back guarded by the tree, some parts of his form the shield left exposed, and it would have been impossible in his quick-shifting movements, for the archers to aim to wound, yet to spare life; yet the earl seemed to take no peculiar care to avoid the peril; lifting his bare head fearlessly above the shield, and including in one gaze of his steadfast eye, calmly bright even at a distance, all the shafts of the archers.

At one moment five of the arrows hissed through the air, and with such wonderful quickness had the shield turned to each, that three fell to the ground

blunted against it, and two broke on its surface.

But William waiting for the first discharge, and seeing full mark at Harold's breast as the buckler turned, now sent forth his terrible shaft. The noble Taillefer with a poet's sympathy cried, "Saxon beware! but the watchful Saxon needed not the warning. As if in disdain Harold met not the shaft with his shield, but swinging high his mighty ax, (which with most men required both hands so wield it,) he advanced a step and clove the rushing arrow in twain.

Before William's loud oath of wrath and surprise left his lips, the five shafts of the remaining archers fell as vainly as their predecessors against the nimble shield.

Then advancing, Harold said cheerfully—"This is but defense, fair duke—and little worth the ax if it could not smite as well as ward. Wherefore, I pray you, place on the top of yonder broken stone pillar, which seems some relic of Druid heathenesse, such helm and shirt of mail as thou deemest most proof against sword and pertuizan, and judge if our English ax can guard well our English land."

"If thy ax can cleave the helmet I wore at Bayent, when the Franks and their king fled before me," said the duke, grimly, "I shall hold Cæsar in fault, not to have invented a weapon so dread."

And striding back into his pavilion, he came forth with the helm and shirt of mail, which was worn stronger and heavier by the Normans, as fighting usually on horseback, than by Dane and Saxon, who, mainly fighting on foot, could not have endured the cumbrous burthen: and if strong and dour generally with the Norman, judge what solid weight that mighty duke could endure! With his own hand William placed the mail on the ruined Druid stone, and on the mail the helm.

Harold looked long and gravely at the edge of his ax; it was so richly gilt and damasquined, that the sharpness of its temper could not well have been discerned beneath that holiday glitter. But this ax had come to him from Canute the Great, who himself, unlike the Danes, small and slight, had supplied his deficiency of muscle by the finest dexterity and the most perfect weapons. Famous had been that ax in the delicate hand of Canute—how much more tremendous in the ample grasp of Harold! Swinging now in both hands this weapon, with a peculiar and rapid whirl, which gave it an inconceivable impetus, the earl let fall the crushing blow; at the first stroke cut right in the center, rolled the helm; at the second, through all the woven mail (cleft asunder as the lightest filigree work of the goldsmith,) shone the blade, and a great fragment of the stone itself came tumbling on the soil.

The Normans stood aghast, and William's face was as pale as the shattered stone. The great duke felt even his matchless dissimulation fail him; nor, unused to the special practise and craft which the ax required, could he have pretended, despite a physical strength superior even to Harold's, to rival blows which seemed to him more than mortal.

"Lives there any other man in the wide world who could perform that feat?" exclaimed the famous Bruce, the ancestor of the famous Scot.

"Nay," said Harold simply, "at least thirty thousand such men have I left at home! But this was but

the stroke of an idle vanity, and strength becomes tenderness in a good cause."

The duke heard, and fearful lest he should betray his sense of the latent meaning couched under his guest's words he hastily muttered forth reluctant compliment and praise; while Fitzosborne, De Bohun, and other chiefs more genuinely knightly, gave way to unrestrained admiration.

Then beckoning De Graville to follow him, the duke strode off toward the tent of his brother of Bayeux, who, though, except on extraordinary occasions, he did not join in positive conflict, usually accompanied William in his military excursions, both to bless the host and to advise (for his martial science was considerable) the council of war.

The bishop, who, despite the sanctimony of the court, and his own stern nature, was (though secretly and decorously) a gallant of great success in other fields besides Mars, was alone in his pavilion, inditing an epistle to a certain fair dame at Rouen, whom he had unwillingly left to follow his brother. At the entrance of William, whose morals in such matters were pure and rigid, he swept the letter into the chest of relics which always accompanied him, and rose saying indifferently—

"A treatise on the authenticity of St. Thomas's little finger! But what ails you! you are disturbed!"

"Odo, Odo, this man baffles me—this man fools me; I make no ground with him. I have spent—God knows what I have spent," said the duke, sighing with penitent parsimony, "in banquets, and ceremonies, and processions; to say nothing of my *bel manier* of Yonne, and the *cœum* wrung from my coffers by that greedy Ponthevin. All gone—all wasted—all melted like snow! and the Saxon is as Saxon as if he had seen neither Norman splendor, nor been released from the danger by Norman treasure. But, by the Splendor Divine, I were a fool indeed, if I suffered him to return home. Would thou hadst seen the sorcerer cleave my helmet and mail just now, as easily as if they had been willow twigs. O Odo, Odo, my soul is troubled, and St. Michael forsakes me!"

While William run on thus distractedly, the prelate lifted his eyes inquiringly to De Graville, who now stood within the tent, and the knight related briefly the recent trial of strength.

"I see nought in this to chafe thee," said Odo; "the man once thine, the stronger the vassal, the more powerful the lord."

"But he is not mine; I have sounded him as far as I dare go. Matilda hath almost openly offered him our fairest daughter as his wife. Nothing dazzles, nothing moves him. Thinkest thou I care for his strong arm? Tut, no; I chafe at the proud heart that set the arm in motion, the proud meaning his words symbolized out,—'So will English strength guard English land from the Norman—so ax and shield will defy your mail and your shafts.' Mau, mau, all the eloquence of Cicero was in the turn of that shield, and the stroke of that ax. But let him beware!" growled the duke fiercely, "or—"

"May I speak," interrupted De Graville, "and suggest a counsel?"

"Speak out, in God's name," cried the duke.

"Then I should say, with submission, that the way to tame a lion is not by gorging him, but daunting. Bold is the lion against open foes, but the lion in toils

loses its nature. Just now my lord said that Harold should not return to his native land—"

"Nor shall he, but as my sworn man" exclaimed the duke.

"And if you now put to him that choice, think it will favor your views? Will he not reject your proffers with hot scorn?"

"Scorn! darest thou that word to me?" cried the duke. "Scorn! have I no headsman whose axe as sharp as Harold's? and the neck of a captive is sheathed in my Norman mail."

"Pardon, pardon, my liege," said Mallet, with suppressed anger, "but to save my chief from a hasty action that might bring long remorse, I spoke thus boldly. Give the earl at least fair warning: a prison or fealty to the duke—that is the choice before him! let him know it; let him see that thy dungeons are dark, and thy walls impenetrable. Threaten not his life—brave men care not that! threaten thyself nought, but let others wince upon him with fear of his freedom. I know well the Saxon men; I know well Harold, freedom is his passion, they are cowards when threatened with doom of four walls."

"I conceive thee, wise son," exclaimed Odo.

"Hal!" said the duke, slowly; "and yet it was to prevent such suspicions that I took care, after our first meeting, to separate him from Haco and Wolnoth, for they must have learned much in Norman gossip, ill to repeat to the Saxon."

"Wolnoth is almost wholly Norman," said the bishop smiling; "Wolnoth is bound *par-amours* to a certain fair Norman dame; and, I trow well, her charms here to the thought of his return. Haco, as thou knowest, is sullen and watchful."

"So much the better companion for Harold now," said De Graville.

"I am fated ever to plot and to scheme!" said the duke, groaning, as if he had been the simplest of men. "But, nonetheless, I love the stout earl, and I mean for his own good—that is, compatible with my rights and claims to the heritage of Edward my cousin."

"Of course," said the bishop.

LESSON IN GEOLOGY, NO. 21

There are volcanoes which eject WATER, or whose craters are filled with it. The greater part of the steam poured discharged by volcanoes is purely aqueous. This is this vapour when condensed by cold air that forms the springs which are on the sides of volcanic mountains. But, besides this aqueous vapour, there are cases in which water is a volcanic product. It has been argued by many that water acts an important part in the eruptions of volcanoes, since, of 300 volcanoes on the globe, two-thirds are situated on islands and the greater part of the other third are either on the borders of the sea, or not far from the coast. There are, however, some volcanoes, such as those of Mexico and in Central Asia, which are very far from the sea.

Near Seminara, in Calabria, an earthquake opened a chasm in which a lake was formed 1785 feet long and 937 broad. It was called Lago del Tofilo. The inhabitants of the district, from fear that the mischief from such a lake would be prejudicial to their health, tried to drain off its waters by means of canals.

Their work proved vain, for the lake was found to be constantly filling from springs at the bottom of the chasm.

In 1811 the volcanic island, afterwards called Sabrina, was observed to rise from the sea near St. Michael, at the Azores. Its crater shot up cinders 700 or 800 feet above the level of the sea. These cinders were followed by an immense column of smoke. It began to rise in June. On the 4th of July it was high enough above the sea to form an island about a mile round. In its center was a crater full of hot water, which discharged itself over one of the edges into the sea.

One of the most singular products of a volcano is mud. When the aqueous vapors from the crater are condensed by the cold atmosphere, heavy rains are produced, which fall upon the volcanic dust on the sides of the mountain, and form a current of mud called by the Italians "lava d'acqua," or aqueous lava, an enemy much more dreaded than a stream of melted lava. It is disputed by some geologists whether it was not by such a flood of volcanic showers, that Pompeii was destroyed. This, however, is only mud on the surface of volcanoes.

In some volcanic districts mud is found to ooze occasionally from the ground. Near Laureana in Calabria, the swampy soil of two ravines became filled with calcareous matter, which oozed out of their respective sides just before the shock of an earthquake was felt in that district. This mud flowing downward from both ravines, at last became united, formed one stream, increased in force, and was a mud river 225 feet wide and 15 feet deep. In its progress it overflowed a flock of goats, and tore up trees which it carried on its bosom like the masts of small boats. When the mud became dry it was reduced in depth to about seven feet, and it was found to contain fragments of earth of iron color.

I have now to call your attention to a real mud volcano, as represented by Von Humboldt. Near Carthagena, in New Grenada, South America, there is a high hill called Popa. To the south-west of this hill there is a village district called Turbaco. In the midst of a thicket of palms is a marshy district called Los Volcancitos. The tradition of the inhabitants is, that this ground was once all in flames, but that the fire had been extinguished by a monk who sprinkled the ground with holy water. Since then the fire volcano has become a watery one.

The volcancitos are about 15 or 20 in number, stand in cones from 19 to 25 feet high, and measure around their bases 78 to 85 feet each. On the top of each of these volcancitos is an aperture or depression from 15 to 30 inches in diameter, and filled with water through which air-bubbles are constantly escaping. In other parts of the ground there are apertures for such escape of air, but which are not surrounded by cones. The cones have, no doubt, been raised by the clayey mud contained in the fluids, and the dull sound, which precedes every ebullition in the water of the cone, indicates that the ground is hollow. It seems that each crater receives its supply of air and gas from separate channels. These little craters are always filled with water, even in the driest seasons. The temperature of the water is not higher than that of the atmosphere.

These mud volcanoes originate with earthquakes,

and their rise is accompanied by subterranean detonations and with jets of flame. Their diminished action supplies us with a specimen of the perpetual though subdued activity of the interior of the earth. The muddy water seems at the first ebullition to have been of a high temperature but afterwards the temperature becomes lower. This fact implies that the vents, which at first communicated with deep-lying strata of great heat, have, by some means become obstructed or choked up, and that the vents of the cooler water do not rise from any great depth below the surface.

LATE DELIVERIES—For several weeks the MAGAZINE has been issued a day or two beyond its proper time. This has been owing the impossibility of hiring compositors for love or money. Our compositors and press-men have worked night and day to "catch up," but in vain. Finding this impossible we concluded to drop a week and publish the MAGAZINE in good time for the succeeding number; and having gained a few days to keep it ahead, and thus put a stop to these late deliveries in future.

Our subscribers need not imagine they will, perhaps, lose a number by this process. We give just fifty-two numbers for the year's subscription in any case.

Our aim is always to issue the MAGAZINE on Saturday ready for Sunday reading. This we can accomplish at present by this method only. We adopt it believing our readers would prefer a delay of a few days so as to secure the regular issue of the MAGAZINE every Saturday.

This arrangement will account to our readers for the delay this week.

FIRST UTAH BUILT STEAM-ENGINE—We have on our table a photograph of a small but beautiful Steam-engine of two-horse power, just completed and erected for Messrs. Smith Bros. carpenters and joiners, on the State Road, by our talented machinist Wm. J. Silver.

It is, we believe, the first practical Steam-engine built in Utah, and worthy the attention and examination of all interested in the progress of machinery in this Territory.

The diameter of the piston is $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Stroke 7 inches. Revolutions per minute 250. Cut off 9-14. Pressure of steam, one hundred pounds per square inch. For proportions and workmanship it will challenge comparison with any engine yet imported.

The designation of the engine is an "Inverted Direct-acting Vertical" and is built entirely of wrought iron, brass and steel. Friends of progress in Utah call and see it.

UTAH GRAVES—A NEW ENTERPRISE—Our friend and co-laborer, Joseph E. Johnson, editor of the *Rio Virgen Times*, will please accept our thanks for a valuable specimen of "Dixie" grapes preserved in brandy, and put up at his manufactory in St. George Utah. We take pleasure in calling the attention of merchants, and all interested in procuring a delicious and portable article of the kind, to this new and useful enterprize.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE,

SATURDAY, DEC. 5, 1868

"MARRYING AND GIVING IN MARRIAGE."

Hepworth Dixon says, in effect, that the next great question of the world is Marriage. He is correct, the next time the Great Managerial Curtain rises, Marriage will be the drama and it will be played through before it falls. Among other questions that of plural marriage has to be tried, not *versus* single marriage, but alongside of it. The Mormon proposition is not to make plural marriage obligatory on the world, but to declare its necessity and legitimacy under certain circumstances. The Mormon proposition amounts to this, that all women are entitled to be married if it takes the institution of plural marriage in the world to effect it. This much it says for society at large, and for itself, that plural marriage, practised within certain conditions, is a portion of a divine system based on the facts of men and women's nature. As to polygamy in the abstract it is, like monogamy, neither pure nor impure. Polygamy as practised by the Mormons themselves may be very impure and degrading, or it may be very pure and elevating. In and of itself it is neither one nor the other, but open to both results. It is just what it is made by its practisers. All that is necessary to constitute a doctrine divine is that it be capable of producing divine results when practised in its true spirit; its susceptibility to abuse is nothing to the question.

During our journey East how often have we heard the shallow remark, made too, with a look of astonishing wisdom, that if a plurality of wives be right for man, a plurality of husbands must be right for women; for "what is sauce for the goose *must* be sauce for the gander you know." Our reply to this has been that a plurality of husbands would be just as right as a plurality of wives, if it was equally in harmony with men and women's true natures, but it is not. It is in the nature of woman to concentrate all her wifely affection upon one object. It is not within the scope of her being to do more; a plurality of husbands is, therefore, impossible to her. Women of a loose, voluptuous order, may live with more than one man, but no true woman since the creation ever loved more than one man as a husband at one time. There are women in the world who feel as though an affection for more than one man was possible to them. This is because they have never yet had their true womanly love drawn out. Let any such woman realize her true ideal of a husband—and all women will do so sooner or later—and her soul will be filled. Beyond that pure point she cannot go. It is not so with a truly developed man. As to the capacities and necessities of a man's soul he is differently organized to woman in this respect; and all men who do not stifle and overrule the voice of their true nature know it more or less. Polygamy of the brutal, degrading kind is open, we know very well, to all men, and the lower the man the nearer it is to him; but polygamy of the true kind is just a question of growth; a question of enlargement of nature. When a man's nature is sufficiently unfolded, love becomes a necessity of his being, and

he loves in exact proportion to the increase of soul's capacities. Hence polygamy is not a necessity of all men's natures; indeed there are men so low in scale of being that the domestic relations have never yet been developed within them at all. If they develop to women it is for their sex alone; their natures know no yearning for wife or child. This is simply undeveloped ment or lack of growth. They are in the bud; they have never blossomed. They may wear beards like Methusaleh's, and be wrinkled with age nevertheless they are but full-grown children—not men. The quality of manhood has yet to be developed within them. And the same fact applies to women, who may pass into the soar and yellow leaf of age, but less the wifely attachments and motherly instincts have grown up within them they have not yet reached perfect womanhood. Upon these facts all marriage is based. Its institution and intention is to cultivate and bring out these qualities, because without them men and women never know the full pleasure of their being, and not knowing them cannot enjoy full felicity of life here or life beyond the grave.

Upon this broad foundation rests the true basis of polygamy. Its object is the development of the whole man including the growth of the affections, not the mere accumulation of women and children. There are many sides to a man's nature, and where one wife can draw out and fill one portion she cannot do more. In man, immortal man, type of eternity, there sleeps infinite qualities; endless powers only to be developed as they are called out by the necessities of his life. Single marriage does this in degree, but plural marriage with its thousand-fold conditions can alone act on all sides of his being, develop, bring into play all the latent powers within. True, divine polygamy, can do this, but not the polygamy of lust; nor the polygamy of ancient barbarians multiplying wives and children like cattle—it is the polygamy of love. When it is less than this it is of the earth earthy, gross and degrading.

Where is the justice of polygamy to women? Here. A woman has a right to all of a man's nature that she can impress and fill, but she has no right to that which she cannot occupy. If in heart and in man increases beyond her capacity to impress she has no right to prevent others from yielding that which she cannot herself supply. This is all there is to it. While she can rightfully claim that no woman can divide the love herself has created, she has no right to that which she cannot draw forth, and which would be locked up in her husband's bosom silent and unused for ever as far as she is concerned.

All this, it will be seen, pre-supposes marriage to be in every case on reciprocal affection of the purest and most elevated kind. There are men who believe in mechanical marriage—in the piling up of huge families just for the sake of numbers. Such men accumulate women but not *wives*. Against such marriages we raise our humble but indignant protest. Such marriage leads but to barrenness and sterility of soul and is double-dyed damnation to both sexes.

As we have said before, plural marriage is not necessarily obligatory on all men, any more than single marriage. In our humble estimation, it should flow from the necessities of man's higher nature and be demanded by them. True, there are exceptional cases where single marriage life has developed matrimonial

known before; and the same occasionally may be true in an increased degree of plural marriage; but it is a risky business and an inversion of the natural course. Doubtless there are men and women who could forever remain dwarfed and stunted in paternal and other natural instincts, did not God by his providence, or through his servants, throw them into situations which—like hot-houses—*drag* out qualities which the natural sun failed to ripen; and better to save that way than to be lost, to our place in human hearts, or kept back for indefinite periods from happier spheres of life. But the true course appears to be, for marriage of any degree to be induced by love *previously* germinated within the soul; and for plural marriages to be entered into in exact proportion, only, as the increasing capacities of men's souls, and the enlarging perfection of their natures demand it, through endless ages.

FOUL PLAY.

BY CHARLES READE AND DION BOUCICAULT.

[CONTINUED]

CHAPTER XLII.

Wardlaw senior was not what you would call a tender-hearted man; but he was thoroughly moved by General Rolleston's distress, and by his fortitude. The gallant old man! Landing in England one week, and going back to the Pacific the next like goes with like; and Wardlaw senior, energetic and resolute himself, though he felt for his son, stricken down by grief, gave his heart to the more valiant distress of his cotemporary. He manned and victualled the Springbok for a long voyage, ordered her to Plymouth, and took his friend down to her by rail.

They went out to her in a boat. She was a screw steamer, that could sail nine knots an hour without burning a coal. As he came down the Channel, the General's trouble got to be well known on board her, and, when he came out of the harbor, the sailors by an honest, hearty impulse, that did them credit, waited for no orders, but manned the yards to receive him with the respect due to his services, and his sacred calamity.

On getting on board, he saluted the captain and the ship's company with sad dignity, and retired to his cabin with Mr. Wardlaw. There the old merchant forced on him by way of loan seven hundred pounds, chiefly in gold and silver, telling him there was nothing like money, go where you will. He then gave him a number of notices he had printed, and a paper of advice and instructions: it was written in his own large, clear, formal hand.

General Rolleston tried to falter out his thanks, John Wardlaw interrupted him.

"Next to you I am her father; am I not?"

"You have proved it."

"Well, then. However, if you do find her, as I pray to God you may, I claim the second kiss, mind that: not for myself, though; for my poor Arthur, that lies on a sick bed for her."

General Rolleston assented to that in a broken voice. He could hardly speak.

And so they parted; and that sad parent went out to the Pacific.

To him it was—indeed a sad and gloomy voyage; and the hope with which he went on board oozed gradually away as the ship traversed the vast tracks of ocean. One immensity of water to be passed before that other immensity could be reached, on whose vast, uniform surface the search was to be made.

To abridge this gloomy and monotonous part of our tale, suffice it to say that he endured two months of water and infinity ere the vessel, fast as she was, reached Valparaiso. Their progress, however, had been more than once interrupted to carry out Wardlaw's instructions. The poor General himself

had but one idea; to go and search the Pacific with his own eyes; but Wardlaw, more experienced, directed him to over-haul every whaler and coasting vessel he could, and deliver printed notices; telling the sad story, and offering a reward for any positive information, good or bad, that should be brought to his agent at Valparaiso. Acting on these instructions they had overhauled two or three coasting vessels as they steamed up from the Horn. They now placarded the port of Valparaiso, and put the notices on board all vessels bound westward; and the captain of the Springbok spoke to the skippers in the port. But they all shook their heads, and could hardly be got to give their minds seriously to the inquiry when they heard in what water the cutter was last seen, and on what course.

One old skipper said, "Look on Juan Fernandez, and then at the bottom of the Pacific; but the sooner you look there the less time you will lose."

From Valparaiso they ran to Juan Fernandez, which indeed seemed the likeliest place; if she was alive.

When the larger island of that group, the island dear alike to you who read, and to us who write, this tale, came in sight, the father's heart began to beat higher.

The ship anchored and took in coal, which was furnished at a wickedly high price by Mr. Joshua Fullalove, who had virtually purchased the island from Chili, having got it on lease for longer than the earth itself is to last, we hear.

And now Rolleston found the value of Wardlaw's loan; it enabled him to prosecute his search through the whole group of islands; and he did hear at last of three persons, who had been wrecked on Masa Fuero; one of them a female. He followed this up, and at last discovered the parties. He found them to be Spaniards, and the woman smoking a pipe.

After this bitter disappointment he went back to the ship, and she was to weigh her anchor next morning.

But while General Rolleston was at Masa Fuero, a small coasting vessel had come in, and brought a strange report at second-hand, that in some degree unsettled Captain Moreland's mind; and being hotly discussed on the fore-castle, set the ship's company in a ferment.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Hazel had risen an hour before dawn, for reasons well known to himself. He put on his worst clothes, and a leathern belt, his little bags round his neck, and took his bundle of rushes in his hand. He also provided himself with some pieces of raw fish and fresh oyster; and, thus equipped, went up through Terrapin Wood, and got to the neighborhood of the lagoons before daybreak.

There was a heavy steam on the water, and nothing else to be seen. He put the hoop over his head and walked into the water, not without an internal shudder, it looked so cold.

But instead of that, it was very warm, unaccountably warm. He walked in up to his middle and tied his iron hoop to his belt, so as to prevent it sinking too deep. This done, he waited motionless, and seemed a little bed of rushes. The sun rose, and the steam gradually cleared away. and Hazel, peering through a hole or two he had made expressly in his bed of rushes, saw several ducks floating about, and one in particular, all purple, without a speck, but his amber eye. He contrived to detach a piece of fish, that soon floated to the surface near him. But no duck moved towards it. He tried another, and another; then a mallard he had not observed swam up from behind him, and was soon busy pecking at it within a yard of him. His heart beat: he glided slowly and cautiously forward till the bird was close to the rushes.

Hazel stretched out his hand with the utmost care, caught hold of the bird's feet, and dragged him sharply under the water, and brought him up within the circle of the rushes. He quacked and struggled. Hazel soused him under directly, and so quenched the sound; then he glided slowly to the bank, so slowly that the rushes merely seemed to drift ashore. This he did not to create suspicion; and so spoil the next attempt. As he glided, he gave his duck air every now and then, and soon got on terra firma. By this time he had taught the duck not to quack, or he would get soused and held under. He now took the long gut-end and tied it tight round the bird's leg, and so fastened the bag to him. Even while he was effecting this, a posse of ducks rose at the west end of the marsh, and took their flight from the island. As they passed, Hazel threw his captive up in the air; and such was the force of example, aided, perhaps, by the fright the captive had received, that Hazel's bird instantly joined these travelers, rose with them into

the high currents, and away, bearing the news eastward upon the wings of the wind. Then Hazel returned to the pool, and twice more he was so fortunate as to secure a bird, and launch him into space.

So hard is it to measure the wit of man, and to define his resources. The problem was solved; the aerial messengers were on the wing, diffusing over hundreds of leagues of water the intelligence that an English lady had been wrecked on an unknown island, in longitude 103 deg. 30 min. west, and between the 33d and 26th parallels of south latitude; and calling good men and ships to her rescue for the love of God.

CHAPTER XLIII.

And now for the strange report that landed at Juan Fernandez while General Rolleston was searching Masa Fuero.

The coaster who brought it ashore, had been in company, at Valparaiso, with a whaler from Nantucket, who told him he had fallen in with a Dutch whaler out at sea, and distressed for water; he had supplied the said Dutchman, who had thanked him, and given him a runlet of Hollands, and had told him in conversation that he had seen land and a river reflected on the sky, in waters where no land was marked in the chart; namely, somewhere between Juan Fernandez and Norfolk Island; and that, believing this to be the reflection of a part of some island near at hand, and his water being low, though not at that time run out, he had gone considerably out of his course in hopes of finding this watered island, but could see nothing of it. Nevertheless, as his grandfather, who had been sixty years at sea, and logged many wonderful things, had told him the sky had been known to reflect both ships and land at a great distance, he fully believed there was an island wooded and watered.

This tale soon boarded the Springbok, and was hotly discussed on the fore-castle. It came to Captain Moreland's ears, and he examined the skipper of the coasting smack. But this examination elicited nothing new, inasmuch as the skipper had the tale only at third hand. Captain Moreland, however, communicated it to General Rolleston on his arrival, and asked him whether he thought it worth while to deviate from their instructions upon information of such a character. Rolleston shook his head. "An island reflected in the sky!"

"No, sir: a portion of an island containing a river."

"It is clearly a fable," said Rolleston, with a sigh.

"What is a fable, General?"

"That the sky can reflect terrestrial objects."

"Oh, there I can't go with you. The phenomenon is rare, but it is well established. I never saw it myself, but I have come across those that have. Suppose we catechise the fore-castle. Hy! Fok'sell!"

"Sir!"

"Send a man aft: the oldest seaman aboard."

"Ay, ay, sir."

There was some little delay; and then a sailor of about sixty slouched aft, made a sea scrape, and, removing his cap entirely, awaiting the captain's commands.

"My man," said the captain, "I want you to answer a question. Do you believe land and ships have ever been seen in the sky reflected?"

"A many good seamen holds to that, sir," said the sailor cautiously.

"Is it the general opinion of seamen before the mast? Come, tell us. Jack's as good as his master in those matters."

"Couldn't say for boys and lubbers, sir. But I never met a full grown seaman as denied that there. Sartinly few has seen it; but all of 'em has seen them as has seen it; ships, and land, too; but mostly ships. Hows'ever, I had a messmate once as was sailing past a rock they call Ailsa Craig, and saw a regiment of soldiers marching in the sky. Logged it, did the mate; and them soldiers was marching between two towns in Ireland at that very time."

"There, you see, General," said Captain Moreland.

"But this is all second-hand," said General Rolleston, with a sigh; "and I have learned how everything gets distorted in passing from one to another."

"Ah," said the captain, "we can't help that: the thing is rare. I never saw it for one; and I suppose you never saw a phenomenon of the kind Isaac."

"Hant' I!" said Isaac, grimly. Then, with sudden, and not very reasonable, heat, "D— my eyes and limbs if I hant' seen the Peak o' Teneriffe in the sky topsy turvy, and as plain as I see that there cloud there" (pointing upwards).

"Come," said Moreland; "now we are getting to it. Tell us all about that."

"Well, sir," said the seaman, "I don't care to learn them a laughs at everything they hant' seen in may-be a dozen voyages at most; but you knows me, and I knows you; though you command the ship, and I work before the mast. Now I axes you, sir, should you say Isaac Alken was the man to take a sugar loaf, or a cocked-hat, for the Peak o' Teneriffe?"

"As little likely as I am myself, Isaac."

"No commander can say fairer nor that," said Isaac, with dignity. "Well then, your honor, I'll tell ye the truth, and no lie:—We was bound for Teneriffe with a fair wind, though not so much of it as we wanted, by reason she was a good sea boat, but broad in the bows. The Peak hove in sight in the sky, and all the glasses was at her. She lay a point or two of our weather quarter like, full two hours, and then she just melted away like a lump o' sugar. We kept on our course a day and a half, and, at last, we sighted the real Peak, and anchored off the port; whereby, when we saw Teneriffe Peak in the sky to windward, she lay a hundred leagues to leeward, 'help me God."

"That is wonderful," said General Rolleston.

"That will do, Isaac," said the Captain. "Mr. Butt, doubt his grog for a week, for having seen more than I have."

The captain and General Rolleston had a long discussion; but the result was, they determined to go to Easter Island first, for General Rolleston was a soldier, and had learned to obey as well as command. He saw no sufficient ground for deviating from Wardlaw's positive instructions.

This decision soon became known throughout the ship; and she was to weigh anchor at 11 a.m. next day, by high water.

At eight next morning, Captain Moreland and General Rolleston being on deck, one of the ship's boys, a regular pet, with rosy cheeks and black eyes, comes up to the gentleman, takes off his cap, and, panting audibly at his own audacity, shoves a paper into General Rolleston's hand, and scuds away for his life.

"This won't do," said the captain, sternly.

The high-bred soldier handed the paper to him unopened.

The Captain opened it, looked a little vexed, but more amused, and handed it back to the General.

It was a ROUND ROBIN.

Round Robins are not ingratiating as a rule. But this one came from some rough but honest fellows, who had already shown that kindness and tact may reside in a coarse envelope. The sailors of the Springbok, when they first boarded her in the Thames, looked on themselves as men bound on an empty cruise; and nothing but the pay, which was five shillings per month above the average, reconciled them to it; for a sailor does not like going to sea for nothing, any more than a true sportsman likes to ride to hounds that are hunting a red herring trailed.

But the sight of the General had touched them afar off. His grey hair and pale face, seen as he rowed out of Plymouth Harbor, had sent them to the yards by a gallant impulse; and all through the voyage the game had been to put on an air of alacrity and hope, whenever they passed the General or came under his eye.

If hypocrisy is always a crime, this was a very criminal ship: for the men, and even the boys, were hypocrites, who, feeling quite sure that the daughter was dead at sea months ago, did, nevertheless, make up their faces to encourage the father into thinking she was alive, and he was going to find her. But people, who pursue this game too long, and keep up the hopes of another, get infected at last themselves; and the crew of the Springbok arrived at Valparaiso infected with a little hope. Then came the Dutchman's tale, and the discussion, which ended adversely to their views and this elicited the circular we have the honor to lay before our readers:

We who sign around this line, hope none offence and mean none. We think Easter Island is out of her course. Such of us as can be spared are ready and willing to take the old cutter, that lies for sale, to Easter Island if needs be; but to waste the Steamer is a pity. We are all agreed the Dutch skipper saw land and water aloft sailing between Juan Fernandez and Norfolk Isle, and what a Dutchman can see on the sky we think an Englishman can find it in the sea, God willing. Whereby we pray our good Captain to follow the Dutchman's course with a good heart and a willing crew. And so say we whose names hero be.

Signed by the SHIP'S CREW.

General Rolleston and Captain Moreland returned to the cabin and discussed this document. They came on deck again, and the men were piped aft. General Rolleston touched his cap, and with the Round Robin in his hand, addressed them thus:—

"My men, I thank you for taking my trouble to heart as you do. But it would be a bad return to send any of you to Easter Island in that cutter: for she is not seaworthy: so the captain tells me. I will not consent to throw away your lives in trying to save a life that is dear to me: but as to the Dutchman's story, about an unknown island, our captain seems to think that is possible; and you tell us you are of the same opinion. Well, then, I give up my own judgment, and yield to yours. Yes, we will go westward with a good heart (he sighed), and a willing crew.

The men cheered. The boatswain piped; the anchor was heaved, and the Springbok went out on a course that bade fair to carry her within a hundred miles of Godsend Island.

She ran fast. On the second day, some ducks passed over her head, one of which was observed to have something attached to its leg.

She passed within sixty miles of Mount Look-out, but never saw Godsend Island, and so pursued her way to the Society Islands; sent out her boats; made every enquiry around about the islands, but with no success; and, at last, after losing a couple of months there, brought the heart-sick father back on much the same course, but rather more northerly.

CHAPTER XLIV.

Hazel returned homewards in a glow of triumph, and for once felt disposed to brag to Helen of his victory,—a victory by which she was to profit; not he.

They met in the wood; for she had tracked him by his footsteps. She seemed pale and disturbed, and speedily interrupted his exclamations of triumph, by one of delight, which was soon however followed by one of distress.

"Oh, look at you!" she said. "You have been in the water; it is wicked; wicked."

"But I have solved the problem. I caught three ducks one after the other, and tied the intelligence to their legs; they are at this moment careering over the ocean, with our story and our longitude, and a guess at our latitude. Crown me with bays."

"With foolscap, more like!" said Helen; "only just getting well of rheumatic fever, and to go and stand in water up to the middle."

"Why, you don't listen to me," cried Hazel, in amazement, "I tell you I have solved the problem."

"It is you that don't listen to common sense," retorted Helen. "If you go and make yourself ill, all the problems in the world will not compensate me. And I must say I think it was not very kind of you to run off so without warning: why give me hours of anxiety for want of a word? But there, it is useless to argue with a boy; yes, sir, a boy. The fact is, I have been too easy with you of late. One indulges sick children. But then they must not slip away and stand in the water, or there is an end of indulgence; and one is driven to severity. You must be ruled with a rod of iron. Go home this moment, sir, and change your clothes: and don't you presume to come into the presence of the nurse you have offended, till there's not a wet thread about you."

And so she ordered him off. The inventor in his moment of victory, hunk away and fallen to change his clothes.

So far Helen Rolleston was a type of her sex in its treatment of inventors. At breakfast she became a brilliant exception. The moment she saw Hazel seated by her fire in dry clothes she changed her key, and made him relate the whole business, and expressed the warmest admiration and sympathy.

"But," said she, "I do ask you not to repeat this exploit too often; now, don't do it again for a fortnight. The island will not run away. Ducks come and go every day, and your health is very, very precious."

He colored with pleasure, and made the promise at once. But during this fortnight, events occurred. In the first place he improved his invention. He remembered how a duck, over weighted by a crab, which was fastened to her leg, had come on board the boat. Memory dwelling on this, and invention di-

gesting it, he resolved to weight the next batch of ducks; for he argued thus:—"Probably our ducks go straight from this to the great American Continent. Then it may be long ere one of them falls into the hands of a man; and perhaps that man will not know English. But, if I could impede the flight of my ducks, they might alight on ships; and three ships out of four know English."

Accordingly, he now inserted stones of various sizes into the little bags. It was a matter of nice calculation: the problem was to weight the birds just so much that they might be able to fly three or four hundred miles, or about half as far as their unnumbered companions.

But in the midst of all this, a circumstance occurred that would have made a vain man, or indeed most men, fling the whole thing away. Helen and he came to a rupture. It began by her fault and continued by his. She did not choose to know her own mind, and in spite of secret warnings from her better judgment, she was driven by curiosity or by the unhappy restlessness to which her sex are peculiarly subject at odd times, to sound Hazel as to the meaning of a certain epigram that rankled in her. And she did it in the most feminine way, that is to say, in the least direct: whereas the safest way would have been to grasp the nettle; if she could not let it alone.

Said she one day, quietly, though with a deep blush, "Do you know Mr. Arthur Wardlaw?"

Hazel gave a shiver, and said "I do."

"Do you know anything about him?"

"I do."

"Nothing to his discredit, I am sure."

"If you are sure, why ask me? Do I ever mention his name?"

"Perhaps you do, sometimes, without intending it."

"You are mistaken; he is in your thoughts, no doubt; but not in mine."

"Ought I to forget people entirely, and what I owe them?"

"That is a question I decline to go into."

"How harshly you speak to me. Is that fair? You know my engagement, and that honor and duty draw me to England; yet I am happy here. You, who are so good and strong, might pity me at least; for I am torn this way and that:" and here the voice ceased, and the tears began to flow.

"I do pity you," said Hazel: "I must pity any one who is obliged to mention honor and duty in the same breath as Arthur Wardlaw."

At this time Helen drew back, offended bitterly. "That pity I reject and scorn," said she. "No, I plighted my faith with my eyes open, and to a worthy object. I never knew him blacken any person who was not there to speak for himself, and that is a very worthy trait, in my opinion. The absent are like children; they are helpless to defend themselves."

Hazel, racked with jealousy, and irritated at this galling comparison, lost his temper for once, and said those who lay traps must not complain if others fall into them."

"Trap! Who lays them?"

"You did, Miss Rolleston. Did I ever condescend to mention that man's name since we have been on the island? It is you make me talk of him."

"Condescend?"

"That is the word. Nor will I ever deign to mention him again. If my love had touched your heart, I should have been obliged to mention him, for then I should have been bound to tell you a story in which he is mixed, my own miserable story—my blood boils against the human race when I think of it. But no, I see I am nothing to you; and I will be silent."

"It is very cruel of you to say that," replied Helen, with tears in her eyes; "tell me your story, and you will see whether you are nothing to me."

"Not one word of it," said Hazel, slowly, "until you have forgotten that man exists."

"Oh! thank you, sir, this is plain speaking. I am to forget honor and plighted faith: and then you will trust me with your secrets, when I have shown myself unworthy to be trusted with anything. Keep your secrets, and I'll try and keep faith; ay, and I shall keep it too as long as there's life in my body."

"Can't you keep faith without torturing me, who love you?"

Helen's bosom began to heave at this, but she fought bravely. "Love me less, and respect me more," said she, panting; "you affront me, you frighten me. I looked on you as a brother, a dear brother. But now I am afraid of you—I am afraid—"

He was so injudicious as to interrupt her, instead of giving her time to contradict herself.

"You have nothing to fear," said he; "keep this side of the island, and I'll live on the other, rather than hear the name of Arthur Wardlaw."

Helen's courage failed her at that spirited proposal, and she made no reply at all, but turned her back haughtily, and went away from him, only when she had got a little way her proud head drooped and she went crying.

A coolness sprang up between them, and neither of them knew how to end it. Hazel saw no way to serve her now, except by flying weighted ducks; and he gave his mind so to this that one day he told her he had twenty-seven ducks in the air, all charged, and two thirds of them weighted. He thought that must please her now. To his surprise and annoyance, she received the intelligence coldly, and asked him whether it was not cruel to the birds.

Hazel colored with mortification at his great act of self-denial being so received.

He said, "I don't think my worst enemy can say I am wantonly cruel to God's creatures."

Helen threw in, deftly, "And I am not your worst enemy."

"But what other way is there to liberate you from this island, where you have nobody to speak to but me? Well, selfishness is the best course. Think only of others, and you are sure not to please them."

"If you want to please people, you must begin by understanding them," said the lady, not ill-naturedly.

"But if they don't understand themselves!"

"Then pity them; you can, for you are a man."

"What hurts me," said Hazel, "is that you really seem to think I fly these ducks for my pleasure. Why, if I had my wish, you and I should never leave this island, nor any other person set a foot on it. I am frank, you see."

"Rather too frank."

"What does it matter since I do my duty all the same, and fly the ducks? But some-times I do yearn for a word of praise for it; and that word never comes."

"It is a praiseworthy act," said Helen, but so icily that it is a wonder he ever flew another duck after that.

"No matter," said he, and his hand involuntarily sought his heart; "you read me a sharp but wholesome lesson, that we should do our duty for our duty's sake. And as I am quite sure it is my duty to liberate you and restore you to those you—I'll fly three ducks to-morrow morning instead of two."

"It is not done by my advice," said Helen. "You will certainly make yourself ill."

"Oh, that is all nonsense," said Hazel.

"You are rude to me," said Helen, "and I am not aware that I deserve it."

"Rude, am I? Then I'll say no more," said Hazel, half-humbly, half-doggedly.

His parchment was exhausted, and he was driven to another expedient. He obtained alcohol by distillation from rum, and having found dragon's blood in its pure state, little ruby drops, made a deep red varnish that defied water; he got slips of bark, white inside, cut his inscription deep on the inner side, and filled the incised letters with this red varnish. He had forty-eight ducks in the air, and was rising before daybreak to catch another couple, when he was seized with a pain in the right hip and knee, and found he could hardly walk, so he gave in that morning, and kept about the premises. But he got worse, and he had hardly any use in his right side, from the waist downwards, and was in great pain.

As the day wore on, the pain and loss of power increased, and resisted all his remedies, there was no fever to speak of; but Nature was grimly revenging herself for many a gentler warning neglected. When he realized his condition, he was terribly cut up, and sat on the sand with his head in his hands for nearly two hours. But, after that period of despondency, he got up, took his boat-hook, and using it as a staff, hobbled to his arsenal, and set to work.

Amongst his materials was a young tree he had pulled up: the roots ran at right angles to the stem. He just sawed off the ends of the roots, and then proceeded to shorten the stem.

But meantime, Helen, who had always a secret eye on him and his movements, had seen there was something wrong, and came timidly and asked what was the matter?

"Nothing," said he doggedly.

"Then why did you sit so long on the sand? I never saw you like that."

"I was ruminating."

"What upon? Not that I have any right to ask."

"On the arrogance and folly of men: they attempt than they can do, and despise the petty prudence and common sense of women, and smart for it; as I am smarting now being wiser than you."

"Oh!" said Helen; "why, what is the matter; and what do you have made? It looks like—oh dear!"

"It is a crutch," said Hazel, with forced calmness; "and am a cripple."

Helen clasped her hands and stood trembling.

Hazel lost his self-control for a moment, and cried out voice of agony, "A useless cripple. I wish I was dead out of the way."

Then, ashamed of having given way before her, he seized the crutch, placed the crook under his arm, and turned suddenly away from her.

Four steps he took with his crutch.

She caught him with two movements of her supple and supple frame.

She just laid her left hand gently on his shoulder, and her right she stole the crutch softly away, and let it fall to the sand. She took his right hand, and put it to her lips in subject paying homage to her sovereign; and then she put her strong arm under his shoulder, still holding his right hand, and looked in his face, "No wooden crutches when you are by," said she, in a low voice, full of devotion.

He stood surprised, and his eyes began to fill.

"Come," said she, in a voice of music. And thus aided went with her to her cavern. As they went, she asked tenderly where the pain was.

"It was in my hip and knee," he said; "but now it is where; for joy has come back to my heart."

"And to mine too," said Helen; "except for this."

The quarrel dispersed like a cloud, under this calm. There was no formal reconciliation; no discussion; and was the wisest course; for the unhappy situation remained unchanged: and the friendliest discussion could only fan the fires of discord and misery gently, instead of fiercely.

The pair so strangely thrown together commenced a chapter of their existence. It was not patient and nurse again; Hazel, though very lame, had too much spirit left to accept that position. But still the sexes became in a measure reversed—Helen the fisherman and forager, Hazel the domestic.

He was busy as ever, but in a narrow circle; he found pearls near the sunk galleon, and ere he had been many weeks lame, he had entirely lined the sides of the cavern mother-of-pearl set in cement, and close as mosaic.

Every day he passed an hour in Paradise; for his li crutch made him take a little walk with her; her hand held her arm supported his shoulder; her sweet face was near full of tender solicitude: they seemed to be one, and spoke whispers to each other, like thinking aloud. The cause of happiness were ever present; the causes of unhappiness were out of sight, and showed no signs of approach.

And of the two, Helen was the happiest. Before a creature so pure as this marries and has children, the great maternal instinct is still there, but feeds on what it can get—first a child, and then some helpless creature or other. Too often she was her heart's milk on something grown up, but as selfish child. Helen was more fortunate; her child was her husband now so lame that he must lean on her to walk. The child passed by, and the island was fast becoming the world to the two, and as bright a world as ever shone on two mortal creatures.

It was a happy dream.

What a pity that dreams dissolve so soon! This had lasted for nearly two months, and Hazel was getting better, though still not well enough, to dismiss his live crutch, when one afternoon Helen, who had been up on the heights, observed a dark cloud in the blue sky towards the west. There was another cloud visible, and the air marvellously clear; it was about three quarters of an hour before sunset. She told Hazel about this solitary cloud, and asked him, with some anxiety, it portended another storm. He told her to be under no alarm—there were no tempests in that latitude except at the coming in and going out of the rains,—but he should like to go round the Point and look, at her cloud.

She lent him her arm, and they went round the Point; there they saw a cloud entirely different from anything they had ever seen since they were on the island. It was like

normous dark ribbon stretched along the sky, at some little height above the horizon. Notwithstanding its prodigious length, it got larger before their very eyes.

Hazel started.

Helen felt him start, and asked him, with some surprise, what was the matter?

"Cloud!" said he, "that is no cloud. That is smoke."

"Smoke!" echoed Helen, becoming agitated in her turn.

"Yes; the breeze is northerly, and carries the smoke nearer to us; it is the smoke of a steam-boat."

"OUR HIRED MAN" IN WELLS, FARGO & Co's. COACH.

"Our Hired Man's" feelings on the subject of "cash" and "store-pay" were so intense at our last writing, that, acting under the best medical advice we could get, we concluded to sooth his troubled soul by a journey with "The Editor in Chief" to the terminus of the railroad. Of course the jealousy of the six sub-editors, and ten Locals of the MAGAZINE was frightfully excited over this distinction; but with that dignified composure so peculiar to "the Editor"—and which leads him as *Mercutio* says, "to button up his overcoat with a grand air"—they were waved into immediate and complete subjection and silence in a moment; and each commenced writing forthwith, in a frightful hurry and were never known to leave off for five minutes, until "the Editor" returned eight weeks after.

The following powerful description of the journey is gathered from "Our Hired Man's" lips. "The Editor" of course was present but he says nothing; dignified silence being his forte. "Our Hired Man" is paid for grumbling, and of course has to do his own work.

About half-past seven o'clock on a September morning, our co-laborer, in company with four pairs of blankets, two pistols and a flask of—pure water, was escorted to the coach by — Stein Esq., who bowed profoundly, as he only can bow, when he saw the distinguished representative of the UTAH MAGAZINE who lightly extended the tip of his lead pencil for him to shake by way of patronizing recognition. It is, of course, totally unnecessary to state here that the whole establishment of Wells, Fargo & Co. was visibly agitated when they discovered the name of "Our Hired Man" on the "way bill."

Our valued assistant and eight other persons were speedily inside the coach, and here the special beauty of unity of purpose was, for the first time, fully illustrated to his comprehension, for, unless the aforesaid nine did rise as one man, or sit down as one, it was a fact worthy the investigation of our scientific men that they were ever after unable to rise or sit down at all. Whether this was owing to the under-size of the coach, or the over-size of the nine persons is a subject too deep for rash decision, and worthy the profoundest investigation. This much "Our Hired Man" can state on accurate and close observation, that, had the coach been a quarter of an inch smaller, after rising, the aforesaid nine had never sat down again; or once being seated, they never could have come apart, without the coach being smashed up and their respective pieces pulled asunder and properly sorted by the servants of the company.

But we are ahead of our story. The coach rolled through the kanyon, and "Our Hired Man" was admiring the beauty of the scenery, when from some

cause which will always be unexplainable to him, his head made a violent rush at the man on the opposite seat; and here comes in the wondrous wisdom of nature's arrangements in favor of Wells, Fargo & Co. for it is clear to our friend's mind that had it not been for the jamming in aforesaid, nothing could have prevented his head going clear through his unfortunate fellow-passenger, especially as his is a "hard head" and not a "soft shell." At the same moment "Our Hired Man's" knee struck his eye which was energetically responded to by his nose hitting his leg by way of retaliation. The beauty of this interesting process, which was repeated at intervals, and generally kept up for an hour each time, being heightened by the fact that the eight other passengers were engaged in the same remarkable gymnastics during the same periods.

And here comes in a point where the wise arrangements of things in general, are still more wonderfully seen, for, as by no amount of pushing or squeezing were these "too solid" nine all able to get down to the surface of their seats at once after getting up—especially the middle man of each seat, who was always suspended two inches above the rest—until the jumbling, rocking, and pitching of the coach brought them all to a level and proper bearing—so is it clear that the narrowness of the coach and the rocking and tumbling were things specially intended by providence to go together; said rockings and joltings being ridiculous and useless inventions on any other principle.

And "Our Hired Man" would here say a word about sleep. Sleep is generally considered, by the unsophisticated, to be a very simple arrangement open to minds of the lowest order. "Our Hired Man" knows better. Sleep is a science of the highest order. If any one doubts it let him try it in one of Wells, Fargo & Co's. coaches. Especially as he did, going down with three miserably malignant fellow-passengers opposite, who were engaged ducking at him every second; and two infatuated companions—one on each side—who did nothing but thrash their unfortunate heads upon his shoulders all night long. Or let them try it as he did, coming back, with four packing-cases in front of his nose, all evidently anxious to rush upon him like an avalanche and crush him out of his misery; nothing but the thin edge of his shirt-collar for a pillow, and any quantity of lunatic looking sleepers round him, wildly knocking their shirt-bosoms with their venerable chins, like a set of besotted Chinese mandarins—except when for variety's sake—as the coach performed one of its amusing little somersaults, they would jump and exclaim "Look out, over she goes!" And our literary associate is of opinion that that's the time to show up your scientific sleeping if you've got any.

Our learned associate has but one more remark to make at present, and that is on the impossibility of always distinguishing what he calls *personal* property in stage coaches—he refers to arms, knees and similar portable articles. One of these charming nights in question, our friend, whose knees were hopelessly interlocked within five other pairs, fancied he felt a sensation, commonly known as itching, in somebody's knee, at first he thought it was his own, and he felt down to discover, if possible, if it was so; but he found such a tangled up lot of knees belonging to everybody,

beneath the seat, that he gave up in utter despair of being able to tell which was his knee and which was somebody else's.

In this perplexing state of mind he has returned to his labors; and in this condition he subscribes himself the sympathising friend of all who ride in over-crowded stage coaches to or from the railroad terminus.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

A noted sportsman taking his dinner at one of the New York clubs, exhibited a diamond ring of great beauty and apparent value on his finger. A gentleman present had a great passion for diamonds. After dinner the parties met in the office. After much bantering the owner consented to barter the ring for the sum of six-hundred dollars. As the buyer left the room, a suppressed tittering struck his ear. He concluded that the former owner had sold both the ring and the purchaser. He said nothing but called next day upon a jeweller, where he learnt the diamond was paste, and the ring worth about twenty five dollars. He examined some real diamonds and found one closely resembling the paste in his own ring. He hired the diamond for a few days, pledged twelve hundred dollars, the price of it, and gave a hundred dollars for its use. He went to another jeweller, had the paste removed, and the real diamond set. His chums knowing how he had been imposed upon, waited impatiently for his appearance the next night. To their astonishment they found him in high glee. He flourished his ring, boasted of his bargain, and said if any gentleman present had a twelve hundred dollar gold ring to sell for six hundred, he knew of a purchaser. When he was told the ring was paste, and that he had been cheated, he laughed at their folly. Bets were freely offered that the ring did not contain a real diamond. Two men bet two thousand dollars each. Two bet five hundred dollars. All were taken: umpires were chosen. The money and the ring were put into their hands. They went to a first class jeweller, who applied all the tests, and who said the stone was a diamond of the first water, and was worth without the setting, twelve hundred dollars. The buyer put the three thousand dollars he had won quickly in his pocket. He carried the diamond back and recalled his twelve hundred dollars, and with his paste ring on his finger went to his club. The man who sold the ring was waiting for him. He wanted to get the ring back. He attempted to turn the whole thing into a joke. He sold the ring, he said, for fun. He knew it was a real diamond all the time. He never wore false jewels. He could tell a real diamond anywhere by its peculiar light. He would not be so mean as to cheat an old friend. He knew his friend would let him have the ring. But his friend was stubborn—said that the seller thought it was paste, and intended to defraud him. At length on the payment of eight hundred dollars, the ring was restored. All parties came to the conclusion, when the whole affair came out, that when diamond cuts diamond again, some one less sharp will be selected.—*Sunshine and Shadow in N. Y.*

LADIES' TABLE.

RECEIPTS.

STEW OF VEAL.—Cut the meat from the bones into pieces about two inches square, put into a frying-pan two ounces of butter, and an onion in thin slices; when the butter is hot put in the veal, and fry it to a nice brown; put it on a dish, and pour a teacupful of water into the frying-pan; let it boil and pour it out. Stew the bones in rather more cold water than will cover them, for three hours. This will make excellent soup or broth, which may be flavored with parsley, celery, or any other vegetable. A pint of this broth, before any other flavoring than parsley has been added, is needed for the meat, which should be put into a saucepan with it and the liquor which was made after frying the meat, and gently stewed for an hour. A teaspoonful of flour, and a little ketchup, with cayenne pepper and salt, should be added. Give it a boil up, and serve with suppets of toasted bread round the dish.

TO USE UP THE REMAINS OF COLD JOINTS.—Chop the meat very fine, with some fat bacon or ham; add a little salt, cayenne, grated lemon-peel, parsley, nutmeg, a few bread-crumbs, and two eggs, to one pound of meat; put all into a saucepan with two tablespoonfuls of cream, and two ounces of butter. This is the proportion to one pound of chopped meat. Let the mixture get cold, and then put it into light paste to bake, either in the form of patties or in rolls.

POTTED CHEESE.—This is a luncheon dish, and, being in a glass jar it looks light and pretty on the table. One pound of cheese must be well beaten in a mortar and to it must be added two ounces of liquid butter, one glass of sherry, and a very small quantity of cayenne pepper, mace, and salt. All should be well beaten together, and put into a potting-jar, with a layer of butter at the top.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

HOW TO MAKE COLORED FLAMES.

A variety of rays of light are exhibited by colored flames, which are so to be seen in white light. Thus pure hydrogen gas will burn with a blue flame, in which many of the rays of light are wanting, the flame of an oil lamp contains most of the rays which are wanting in the sunlight. Alcohol, mixed with water, when heated or burned, affords a flame with no rays but yellow. The following salts if finely powdered and introduced into the exterior flame of a candle, or into the wick of a spirit lamp will communicate to the flame their peculiar colors:

Muriate of Soda (common salt)	Yellow.
Muriate of Potash	Pale violet.
Muriate of Lime	Brick red.
Muriate of Strontia	Bright crimson.
Muriate of Lithia	Red.
Muriate of Baryta	Pale apple-green.
Muriate of Copper	Bluish green.
Borax	Green.

Or, either of the above salts may be mixed with spirit of wine as directed for Red Fire.

ANSWERS TO NO. 39, PAGE 129.

CHARADE 13—B-o-y.

CONGRUUM.

43—He is known by his axe (acts).

44—Because the hour of noon (XII) is a cross. Two P's

45—Because he kneads [needs] it most.

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POETRY.

WHAT IS TRUE LOVE?

Not that which wakes at beauty's smile,
Or dies beneath its frown,
That lives and glows a little while.
Or builds up hopes till the fragile pile
Of self-weight topples down,

Not that which burns with passion's fire,
And changeth oft its shrine:
This is a love which ranks no higher
Than instinct wild or fierce desire—
Not love, pure love divine,

Not that where jealousy will grow,
Where oft suspicious lurk:
The heart that jealousy will show
Loves but itself, and cannot know
True love's angelic work.

Not that the selfish spirit knows,
With envious desire;
The narrow soul no farther goes
Than pleasure or than profit shows;
Love sours a system higher.

But that which seeks another's bliss,
Hopes for another's sake,
Lives only for the happiness
Of what it loves—content with this,
Would earth a heaven make.

HAROLD,

THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

[CONTINUED.]

THE DEAD MEN'S BONES.

The squares now spread for Harold were in pursuance with the policy thus resolved on. The camp soon afterwards broke up, and the troops took their way to Bayeux.

And one day Harold had been riding and conversing with Odo when the duke, who had been till then in the rear, spurred up with courteous excuses to Harold for his long defection from his side; and as they resumed their way, talked with all his former frankness and gaiety.

"By the way, dear brother in arms," said he, "I

have provided thee this evening with comrades more welcome, I fear, than myself—Haco and Wulnoth. That last is a youth whom I love dearly: the first is unsocial enow, and methinks would make a better hermit than a soldier. But, by St. Valery, I forgot to tell thee that an envoy from Flanders to-day, among other news, brought me some that may interest thee. There is a strong commotion in thy brother Tostig's Northumbrian earldom, and the rumor runs that his fierce vassals will drive him forth and select some other lord: talk was of the sons of Algar—so I think ye called the stout dead earl. This looks grave, for my dear cousin Edward's health is failing fast. May the saints spare him long from their rest."

"These are indeed ill tidings," said the earl; "and I trust that they will suffice to plead at once my excuse for urging my immediate departure. Grateful am I for thy most gracious hostship, and thy just and generous intercession with thy *liegeman*" (Harold dwelt emphatically on the last word), for my release from a capture disgraceful to all Christendom. The ransom so nobly paid for me I will not insult thee, dear my lord, by affecting to repay; but such gifts as our cheapmen hold most rare, perchance thy lady and thy fair children will deign to accept at my hands. Of these hereafter. Now may I ask but a vessel from thy nearest port?"

"We will talk of this, dear guest and brother knight, on some later occasion. Lo, yon castle—ye have no such in England. See its vawmures and fosses!"

"A noble pile!" answered Harold. "But pardon me that I press for—"

"Ye have no such strongholds, I say, in England?" interrupted the duke petulantly.

"Nay," replied the Englishman, "we have two strongholds far larger than that—Salisbury Plain and Newmarket Heath! strongholds that will hold fifty thousand men who need no walls but their shields. Count William, England's ramparts are her men, and her strongest castles her widest plains."

"Ah!" said the duke, biting his lip, "ah, so be it—but to return; in that castle, mark it well, the dukes of Normandy hold their prisoners of state;" and then he added with a laugh, "but we hold you, noble captive in a prison more strong—our love and our heart."

As he spoke, he turned his eye full upon Harold, and the gaze of the two encountered: that of the duke was brilliant, but stern and sinister; that of Harold, steadfast but reproachful. As if by a spell the eye of each rested long on that of the other—as the eyes of two larks of the forest ere the rush and the spring.

William was the first to withdraw his gaze, and as he did so, his lip quivered and his brow knit. Then waving his hand for some of the lords behind to join him and the earl, he spurred his steed, and all further private conversation was suspended. The train pulled not bridle until they reached a monastery, at which they rested for the night.

On entering the chamber set apart for him at the convent, Harold found Haco and Wolnoth already awaiting him; and a wound he had received in the last skirmish against the Bretons having broken out afresh on the road, allowed him an excuse to spend the rest of the evening alone with his kinsmen.

On conversing with them—now at length and unrestrainedly—Harold saw every thing to increase his alarm, and be convinced of the snares which beset him; for even Wolnoth, when closely pressed, could not but give evidence of the unscrupulous astuteness with which, despite all the boasted honor of chivalry, the duke's character was stained. He at length kissed Wolnoth and dismissed him, yawning, to his rest. Haco, lingering, closed the door, and looked long and mournfully at the earl.

"Noble kinsman," said the young son of Sweyn, "I foresaw, from the first, that, as our fate so will be thine, —only round thee will be wall and fosse; unless, indeed, thou wilt lay aside thine own nature—it will give thee no armor here—and assume that which—"

"Ho!" interrupted the earl, shaking with repressed passion, "I see already the foul treason to guest and to noble which surround me! But if the duke dare such shame, he shall do so in the eyes of day. The first boat I see on this river, or his sea-coast, I will hail; and woe to those who lay hands on this arm to detain me!"

Haco lifted his ominous eyes to Harold's; and there was something in their cold and unimpassioned expression which seemed to repel all enthusiasm, and deaden all courage.

"Harold," said he, "if but for one such moment thou obeyest the impulse of thy manly pride, or thy just resentment, thou art lost forever; one show of violence, one word of affront, and thou givest the duke the excuse he thirsts for. Escape! It is impossible. For the last five years, I have pondered night and day the means of flight; for I deem my hostageship, by right is long since over; and no means have I seen or found. Spies dog my every step, as spies, no doubt, dog thine."

"Hal! it is true," said Harold; "never once have I wandered three paces from the camp or the troop, but, under some pretext, I have been followed by knight or courtier. God and our Lady help me, if but for England's sake! But what counselest thou? Boy teach me; thou hast been reared in this air of wile—to me it is strange, and I am as a wild beast encompassed with a circle of fire."

"Then," answered Haco, "meet craft by craft, smile by smile. Feel that thou art under compulsion, and act—as the Church itself pardons men for acting, so compelled."

Harold started, and the blush spread red over his cheek.

Haco continued.

"Once in prison, and thou art lost evermore to the sight of men. William would not then dare to re-

lease thee—unless, indeed, he first rendered thee powerless to avenge. Though I will not malign him, and say that he capable of secret murder, yet he has ever those about him who are. He drops, in his wrath, some hasty word; it is seized by ready and ruthless tools. The great Count of Bretagne was in his way; William feared him, as he fears thee; and in his own court, and among his own men, the great Count of Bretagne died by poison. For thy doom, open or secret, William could find ample excuse."

"Leave me, leave me," said Harold, hastily. "Yet hold. Thou didst seem to understand me when I hinted of—in a word, what is the object William would gain from me?"

Haco looked round; again went to the door—again opened and closed it—approached and whispered, "The crown of England!"

The earl bounded as if shot to the heart; then, again he cried, "Leave me. I must be alone—alone now. Go! go!"

Only in solitude could that strong man give way to his emotions; at first they rushed forth so confused and stormy, so hurtling one another, that hours elapsed before he could serenely face the terrible crisis of his position.

Somewhat of a revolution of all the natural elements of his nature took place in Harold's mind that stormy and solitary night. In the transport of his indignation, he resolved not doltishly to be thus outwitted to his ruin. The perfidious host had deprived himself of that privilege of truth—the large and heavenly security of man; it was but a struggle of wit against wit, snare against snare. The state and law of warfare had started up in the lap of fraudulent peace; and ambush must be met by ambush, plot by plot.

When the next morning he joined the cavalcade, it was only by his extreme paleness that the struggle and agony of the past night could be traced, and he answered with correspondent cheerfulness William's cordial greetings.

The towers of Bayeux rose dim in the distance, when William proposed a halt in a pleasant spot by side of a small stream, overshadowed by oak and beech; a tent for himself and Harold was pitched in haste, and after an abstemious refreshment, the duke, taking Harold's arm, led him away from the train along the margin of the murmuring stream.

Halting where a mossy bank jutted over the water, William motioned to his companion to seat himself, and reclining at his side, abstractedly took the pebbles from the margin and dropped them into the stream. They fell to the bottom with a hollow sound; the circle they made on the surface widened, and was lost; and the wave rushed and murmured on disdainful.

"Harold," said the duke at last, "thou hast thought, I fear, that I have trifled with thy impatience to return. But there is on my mind a matter of great moment to thee and to me, and it must out before thou canst depart. In this very spot where we now sit, sate in early youth, Edward thy king, and William thy host. Soothed by the loneliness of the place, and the music of the bell from the church tower; rising pale through yonder glade, Edward spoke of his desire for the monastic life, and of his content with his exile in the Norman land. Few then were the hopes that he should ever attain the throne of Alfred. I, more

nartial, and ardent for him as myself, combated the thought of the convent, and promised, that, if ever occasion meet arrived, and he needed the Norman help, I would, with arm and heart, do a chief's best to win him his lawful crown. Heedest thou me, dear Harold,

"Ay, my host, with heart as with ear."

"And Edward, then, pressing my hand as I now press thine, while answering gratefully, promised, that if he did, contrary to all human foresight, gain his heritage, he, in case I survived him, would bequeath that heritage to me. Thy hand withdraws itself from mine."

"But from surprise. Duke William proceed."

"Now," resumed William, "when thy kinsmen were sent to me as hostages for the most powerful house in England—the only one, that could thwart the desire of my cousin—I naturally deemed this a corroboration of his promise, and an earnest of his continued designs, and in this I was reassured by the prelate, Robert, Archbishop of Canterbury, who knew the most secret conscience of your king. Wherefore my pertinacity in retaining those hostages—wherefore my disregard to Edward's mere remonstrances, which, I not unnaturally conceived to be but his meek concessions to the urgency of thyself and House. Since then, fortune or Providence hath favored the promise of the king, and my just expectations founded thereon. For one moment, it seemed indeed, that Edward regretted or reconsidered the pledge of our youth. He sent for his kinsman, the Atheling, natural heir to the throne. But the poor prince died. The son, a mere child, if I am rightly informed, the laws of thy land will set aside, should Edward die ere the child grow a man; and, moreover, I am assured, that the young Edgar hath no power of mind or intellect to wield so weighty a scepter as that of England. Your king, also, even since your absence, hath had severe visitings of sickness, and ere another year his new abbey may hold his tomb."

William here paused; again dropped the pebbles into the stream, and glanced furtively on the unrevealing face of the earl. He resumed—

"To the point then I pass at once. I might, as my ransom captive, detain thee here, until, without thee, I had won my English throne, and I know that thou alone couldst obstruct my just claims, or interfere with the king's will, by which that appanage will be left to me. Nevertheless, I unbosom myself to thee, and would owe my crown solely to thy aid. I pass on to treat with thee, dear Harold, not as lord with vassal, but as prince with prince. On thy part, thou shalt hold for me the castle of Dover to yield to my fleet when the hour comes; thou shalt aid me in peace and through thy National Witan to succeed to Edward, by whose laws I will reign in all things conformably with the English rites, habits, and decrees. A stronger king to guard England from the Dane, and a more practised head to improve her prosperity, I am vain now to say thou wilt not find in Christendom. On my part I offer to thee my fairest daughter Adaliza, to whom thou shalt be straightway betrothed: thine own young unwedded sister, Thyra, thou shalt give to one of my greatest barons: all the lands, dignities, and possessions, thou holdest now, thou shalt still retain; and if, as I suspect, thy brother Tostig can not keep his vast principality north the Humber, it shall

pass to thee. Whatever else thou canst demand in guarantee of my love and gratitude, or so to confirm thy power that thou shalt rule over thy countships as free and as powerful as the great counts of Provence or Anjou reign in France over theirs, subject only to the mere form of holding in fief to the Suzerain, as I, stormy subject, hold Normandy under Philip of France, shall be given to thee. In truth, there will be two kings in England, though in name but one. And far from losing by the death of Edward, thou shalt gain by the subjection of every meaner rival, and the cordial love of thy grateful William. Splendor of God, earl, thou keepest me long for thine answer!"

"What thou offerest," said Harold, fortifying himself with the resolution of the previous night, and compressing his lips livid with rage, "is beyond my deserts, and all that the greatest chief under royalty could desire. But England is not Edward's to leave, or mine to give: its throne rests with the Witan."

"And the Witan rests with thee," exclaimed William, sharply. "I ask but possibilities, man; I ask but all thy influence on my behalf; and if it be less than I deem, mine is the loss. What dost thou resign? I will not presume to menace thee; but thou wouldst despise my folly, if now, knowing my designs, I let thee—forth not to aid but betray them. I know thou lovest England, so do I. Thou deemest me a foreigner; true, but the Norman and Dane are of precisely the same origin. Thou of the race of Canute knowest how popular was the reign of that king. Why should William's be less so? Canute had no right whatever, save that of the sword. My right will be kinslip to Edward—Edward's will in my favor—the consent through thee of the Witan—the absence of all other worthy heir—my wife's clear descent from Alfred, which, in my children, restores the Saxon line, through its purest and noblest ancestry, to the throne. Think over all this, and then wilt thou tell me that I merit not this crown?"

Harold yet paused, and the fiery duke resumed—

"Are the terms I give not tempting enough to my captive—to the son of the great Godwin, who, no doubt falsely, but still by the popular voice of all Europe, had power of life or death over my cousin Alfred, and my Norman knights? or dost thou thyself covet the English crown; and is it to a rival that I have opened my heart?"

"Nay," said Harold, in the crowning effort of his new and fatal lesson in simulation. "Thou hast convinced me, Duke William: let it be as thou sayest."

The duke gave way to his joy by a loud exclamation, and then recapitulated the articles of the engagement, to which Harold simply bowed his head. Amicably, then, William embraced the earl, and then the two returned toward the tent.

While the steeds were brought forth, William took the opportunity to draw Odo apart; and, after a short whispered conference, the prelate hastened to his barb, and spurred fast to Bayeux in advance of his party. All that day, and all that night, and all the next day till noon, couriers and riders went abroad, north and south, east and west, to all the more famous abbeys and churches in Normandy, and holy and awful was the spoils with which they returned for the ceremony of the next day.

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The stately mirth of the evening banquet seemed

to Harold as the malign revel of some demoniac orgy. He thought he read in every face the exultation over the sale of England's soul. Every light laugh in the proverbial ease of the social Normans rang in his ear like the joy of a ghastly *Sabbat*.

Late in the evening he was led into the chamber where the duchess sat alone with Adeliza and her second son William. A formal presentation of Harold to the little maid, a brief ceremony of words, which conveyed what to the scornful sense of the earl seemed the mockery of betrothal between infant and bearded man, was performed. Glozing congratulations buzzed around him; then there was a flash of lights on his dizzy eye, he found himself moving through a corridor between William and Odo. He was in his room hung with arras and strewn with rushes; before him, in niches, various images of the Virgin, the Archangel Michael, St. Stephen, St. Peter, St. John, St. Valery. The earl closed the door, and sat down on his bed, covering his face with his clenched hand. The veins throbbed in every pulse, his own touch seemed to him like fire. The prophecies of Hilda on the fatal night of the bautastein, which had decided him to reject the prayer of Gurth, the fears of Edith, and the cautious of Edward, came back to him, dark, haunting, and over-masteringly, of all the varying chants of the Vala, ever two lines seemed to burn into his memory, and to knell upon his ear as if they contained the counsel they ordained him to pursue:

"GUILE BY GUILE OPPOSE and never
Crown and brow shall force dissever!"

So there he sat, locked and rigid, not reclining, not disrobing, till in that posture a haggard, troubled, fitful sleep came over him; nor did he wake till the hour of twelve, when ringing bells and trampling feet, and the hum of prayer from the neighboring chapel roused him into waking yet more troubled, and well nigh as dreamy. But now Godrith and Haco entered the room, and the former asked, with some surprise in his tone, if he had arranged with the duke to depart that day. "For," said he, "the duke's horse thegn has just been with me, to say that the duke himself with a stately retinue, are to accompany you this evening towards Harfleur, where a ship will be in readiness for our transport; and I know that the chamberlain (a courteous and pleasant man) is going round to my fellow thegns in your train, with gifts of hawks, and chains, and brodered palls."

"It is so," said Haco, in answer to Harold's brightening and appealing eye.

"Go then, at once, Godrith," exclaimed the earl, bounding to his feet, "have all in order to part at the first break of the trumpet. Never, I ween, did trumpet sound so cheerily as the blast that shall announce our return to England. Haste—haste!"

As Godrith, pleased in the earl's pleasure, though himself already much fascinated by the honors he had received and the splendor he had witnessed, withdrew, Haco said, "Thou hast taken my advice, noble kinsman."

"Question me not, Haco! Out of my memory, all that hath passed here!"

"Not yet," said Haco, with that gloominess of voice and aspect, which was so at variance with his years, and which impressed all he said with an indescribable authority. "Not yet; for even while the chamberlain

went his round with the parting gifts, I, standing in the angle of the wall in the yard, heard the duke's deep whisper to Roger Bigod, who was the guard of the keape, 'Have the men all armed at noon in the passage below the council-hall, to mount at the stamp of my foot: and if then I give thee a prisoner—wonder not, but lodge him—' The duke paused, and Bigod said, 'Where, my liege?' And the duke answered fiercely, 'Where? why, where but in the *Tour noir*?—where but in the cell in which Malvoisin rotted on his last hour?' Not yet then let the memory of Norman wile pass away; let the lip guard the freedom still."

All the bright native soul that before Haco spoke had dawned upon the earl's fair face, now closed itself up, as the leaves of a poisoned flower; and the pupil of the eye receding, left to the orb that secret and strange expression which had baffled all readers of the heart in the look of his impenetrable father.

"Guile by guile oppose!" he muttered, vaguely; then started, clenched his hand, and smiled.

In a few moments more than the usual levee of Norman nobles thronged into the room; and what with the wonted order of the morning, in the repast, the church service of *tierce*, and a ceremonial visit to Matilda who confirmed the intelligence that all was in preparation for his departure, and charged him with gifts of her own needlework to his sister the queen, and various messages of gracious nature, the time waxed late into noon without his having seen William or Odo.

He was still with Matilda when the lords Fitzaborn and Raoul de Tancarville entered in full robes of state, and, with countenances unusually composed and grave, prayed the earl to accompany them into the duke's presence.

Harold obeyed in silence, not unprepared for covert danger, by the formality of the counts, as by the warnings of Haco; but, indeed, undivining the solemnity of the appointed snare. On entering the lofty hall, he beheld William seated in state; his sword of office in his hand, his ducal robe on his imposing form, and with that peculiarly erect air of the head which he assumed upon all ceremonial occasions. Behind him stood Odo of Bayeux, in aube and pallium; some score of the duke's greatest vassals; and at a little distance from the throne chair was what seemed a table, or vast chest covered all over with cloth of gold.

Small time for wonder or self-collection did the duke give the Saxon.

"Approach, Harold," said he, in the full tones of that voice, so singularly effective in command; "approach, and without fear, as without regret. Before this noble assembly—all witnesses of thy faith, and all guarantees of mine—I summon thee to confirm by oath the promises thou hast made me yesterday; namely, to aid me to obtain the kingdom of England, on the death of King Edward, my cousin, to marry my daughter Adeliza; and to send thy sister hither, that I may wed her to one of my worthiest and proudest counts. Advance, Odo, my brother, and repeat to the noble earl the Norman form by which he will take the oath."

Then Odo stood forth by that mysterious receptacle covered with the cloth of gold, and said briefly, "Thou wilt swear, as far as in thy power, to fulfil thy agreement with William, duke of the Normans, if

thou live, and God aid thee; and in witness of that oath, thou wilt lay thy hand upon the reliquary," pointing to a small box that lay on the cloth of gold.

All this was so sudden—all flashed so rapidly upon the earl, whose natural intellect, however great, was, as we have seen, more deliberate than prompt—so thoroughly was the bold heart, which no siege could have sapped, taken and surprised by guile—so paramount through all the whirl and tumult of his mind rose the thought of England irrevocably lost, if he who alone could save her was in the Norman dungeons—so darkly did Haco's fears, and his own just suspicions, quell and master him, that mechanically, dizzily, dreamily, he laid his hand on the reliquary, and repeated, with automaton lips—

"If I live, and if God aid me to it!"

Then all the assembly repeated solemnly—"God aid him!"

And suddenly, at a sign from William, Odo and Raoul de Tancarville raised the gold cloth, and the duke's voice bade Harold look below.

As when a man descends from the gilded sepulchre to the loathsome charnel, so at the lifting of that cloth, all the dread ghastliness of Death was revealed. There, from abbey and from church, from cyst and from shrine, had been collected all the relics of human nothingness in which superstition adored the mementos of saints divine; there lay, pell-mell and huddled, skeleton and mummy—the dry dark skin, the white gleaming bones of the dead, mockingly cased in gold, and decked with rubies; there grim fingers protruded through the hideous chaos, and pointed toward the living man ensnared; there, the skull grinned scoff under the holy miter; and suddenly rushed, back luminous and searing, upon Harold's memory the dream long-forgotten, or but dimly remembered in the healthful business of life—the gibe and the wirble of the dead men's bones.

"At that sight," say the Norman chroniclers, "the earl shuddered and trembled."

"Awful, indeed, thine oath, and natural thine emotion," said the duke; "for in that cyst are all those relics which religion deems the holiest in our land. The dead have heard thine oath, and the saints even now record it in the halls of heaven! Cover again the holy bones!"

THE COAST OF PANAMA.

The coral of the cays and islands is exceedingly beautiful. When living in their natural element, the various sorts of coral are covered with a gelatinous matter of the finest colors; and looking out of a boat on a sunny day, on the groves of coral, sea-fans, and polypi, with their brilliant colors dancing upon the unsteady water, and gaudy fish gliding about among their branches, one can imagine himself looking through some brilliant kaleidoscope. Immense lobsters, conches, and whelks, the size of a man's fist, are found in abundance at these coral cays, and also a large crab about the size of a soup-plate, with a lovely pink shell spotted with white. Hermit crabs roam at night over these little islands, disturbing weary boatmen by biting their toes, and demolishing any kind of food in the pots; during the day they all disappear, being snugly hid under the tufts of grass. In the

quiet bays, protected by the coral reefs from the trembling breakers, flocks of grave pelicans sail about on the water, with their heads thrown back and their long bills resting on their breasts, or tumble headlong from the air among the shoals of sprats, driving them in a silver shower out of the water. The predacious frigate-bird pursues the snowy sea-gull, screaming from the cay, and amusing the spectator with its manœuvres to escape, till wearied out, it lets fall the coveted fish, which is seized by the other before it reaches the water. Along the glaring sandy beach parties of snipes and sand-pipers scamper in pursuit of their prey, which is washed up in the rolls of seaweed by the little waves. Now and then, as a boat passes, yellow water-snakes will suddenly erect their heads and show their fangs with an angry hissing. Occasionally shoals of grampus enliven the scene, splashing, leaping, and hunting one another with the greatest liveliness. The white, calm bay, with its background of rich evergreen foliage, and the light, feathery clouds drifting over with the steady trade wind, form a *coup d'œil* only to be imagined in the dark and stormy north.

DAYS WITHOUT NIGHTS.

Nothing strikes a stranger more forcibly, if he visits Sweden at the season of the year when the days are longest, than the absence of night. Dr. Baird related some interesting facts. He arrived at Stockholm from Gottenberg, 400 miles distant in the morning; in the afternoon went to see some friends. He returned at midnight, when it was as light as it is in England half an hour before sunset. You could see distinctly, but all was quiet in the street; it seemed as if all the inhabitants were gone away or were dead.

The sun in June goes down in Stockholm a little before ten o'clock. There is a great illumination all night, as the sun passes round the earth towards the north pole, and the refraction of its rays is such that you can see to read at midnight without any artificial light.

The first morning Dr. Baird awoke in Stockholm he was surprised to see the sun shining in his room. He looked at his watch, and found it was only three o'clock. The next time he awoke it was five o'clock, but there were no persons in the streets. The Swedes in the cities are not very industrious.

There is a mountain at the head of the Gulf of Bothnia, where, on the 21st of June, the sun does not appear to go down at all. A steamboat goes up from Stockholm for the purpose of conveying those who are curious to witness the phenomenon. It occurs only one night. The sun reaches the horizon, you can see the whole face of it, and in five minutes more it begins to rise. At the North Cape, latitude seventy-two degrees, the sun does not go down for several weeks. In June it would be about twenty-five degrees above the horizon at midnight. In the winter time the sun disappears, and is not seen for weeks; then it comes and remains for ten, fifteen, or twenty minutes, after which it descends, and finally does not set at all, but makes almost a circle around the heavens.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE,

SATURDAY, DEC. 12, 1868

BOGUS TITLES.

Quackery is the prevailing sin of this generation. Humbug is King. New countries always furnish a larger opening for genius of this kind than old ones. In old countries people are so close to each other, and have lived so long with one another, that pretensions are more closely scanned. Of course there are Humbugs there, but in London or Paris to be a Professor, a Doctor, a Lawyer, an Architect or a Judge etc., means something, and implies that a certain standing in society has been obtained. In new countries, such as our own, such titles have no value. They imply nothing. Every man that can play on a jews-harp is a Professor. Every man that has passed by a book-stall where medical works are sold is a "Doctor." Every pettifogger who knows enough of law to act as a "bum-bailiff" is a Lawyer or a Judge. Men who cannot handle a musket are Captains. There are Architects who cannot draw two lines; and Editors who never produce one.

This state of things makes titles useless. They call for no respect. Before professional titles will have any real value anywhere, they will have to be less lavishly bestowed. Take the title of Professor, it is the highest distinction that can be conferred in the old world; and implies that the person to whom it is given is a chief in his line. That a person possesses considerable knowledge of any science or art is no entitlement to the style of Professor. He should be a great master in his calling. Even of laborious students in any department of learning, only about one person in ten thousand is ever entitled to such a distinction. Where men have obtained no eminence in their pursuits, it is a shame and a burlesque, to take advantage of their innocent and unsuspecting natures by dubbing them "Professors." Our doctrine is, that no man should be insulted by a distinction he has not merited.

It is "a hard saying and who can hear it?" but newspapers, everywhere, are responsible for the encouragement of a fearful amount of humbug in these particulars. An item isn't an item unless it is peppered with Generals, Professors, and Esquires. Even Jones Esq. cannot depart from or arrive in a city, with those two young vagabonds Bob and Tom Jones; but our local columns announce that: "— Jones Esq., accompanied by his two sons, Robert and Thomas Jones Esquires, arrived by yesterday's coach." Every aspirant that plays a hand-organ and displays a monkey; or tosses two tin cups one over the other; or lectures with a magic-lantern, is a "Professor"—made so by the press, who cannot afford to call him less, because, there would not, otherwise, be sufficient importance connected with anything about him.

Let us take up the subject of Doctors. The writer reveres science in any profession; but in what profession are there so many bogus titles as in the medical calling? Right in this city there are practitioners whose prescriptions are enough to drive a druggist's clerk to despair in deciphering them. Every

man who has read Doctors Thomas or Coffin's work at once starts as a botanical practitioner. It is so simple! Cayenne pepper and lobelia are all that is necessary for a medicine chest, and all you have to do to give enough. If the patient is cold warm him with cayenne; if he is hot cool him with cayenne. If he is neither hot nor cold make him one or the other with cayenne. It puts one in mind of the currency in this city a few years ago. It was flour, blessed, holy flour—flour, without which none of us particularly wish to live. Flour worth diamonds, when you want it badly enough, but not quite so useful when you have plenty and want something else. Did a man need wood was paid in flour. Did he need soap or calico was paid in flour. Selling flour was out of the question, and washing one's face or clothing one's child with flour was difficult with most people. Did you mildly protest that hugging a flour barrel was not the chief object of man's existence, you was met with a look of horror and asked how you would like to be located on the top of the Twin Peaks and fed with gold for a fortnight? "Wouldn't you want flour then you sinner?" Rather! Then why not take flour for everything in life from bed-quilts to wagon-boxes?

Now substitute cayenne and lobelia for flour, and you have the argument of the apostles of those of the really useful substances. The human body with its thousands of varying conditions, is to be rectified by one or two general principles applied by men who know no more about the human system, than they do about remodelling the map of Europe or rebuilding Jerusalem.

Of course there are learned quacks as well as ignorant ones. But for our part, we would just as soon be sent out of the world under the hands of a student of medical science, who had lost his road in struggling through that tangled labyrinth of facts connected with the human body, as under the management of an ignoramus who had never tried to explore the mysteries at all. The machinery of ten thousand different steam-engines mingled up together, and crossing each other at every angle, could just as easily and safely, be corrected when out of order, by pouring a little coal-oil down the chimney, as the human body with its maze of operations, conditions and forces, adjusted by the unpractised hand. Let us have good machinists for machinery whether it be made of iron or flesh. Don't give a steam-engine care and distinction, which you deny to a Smith-engine, whose valves and pipes are made of flesh and blood.

This is only about a hundredth part of what should be said about bogus doctors. Unhappily the doctoring profession is not alone in this particular. The western territories possess other mushroom-titles in gentry in profusion—to wit, judges by the cord, lawyers by the acre. Any man that can write "Whereas," and "the said," and "the aforesaid" is a lawyer. Six months' practise in filling up printed blanks makes him a Judge. We are no lawyer, we know enough to know that—notwithstanding the iniquitous delays of courts and gouging of legal practitioners—true English law is based on the profound principles of equity, requiring years of study and clear brain at that. For ourselves we much prefer Gospel courts, where men are judged by the spirit they display, instead of the technicalities, quibble and evasions, to which all written law is subject.

ere such is necessary—as it often is—let us have en that understand the business thoroughly. Depend upon it, it takes the study of a lifetime to excel any branch of learning—legal lore perhaps more than any other.

An indiscriminate profusion of titles legal, military, medical, or otherwise, is our horror. We would like to know some man who is not a Judge, or Colonel, or a Professor, if there be such a person west of the Missouri River. We would like to see titles restricted, so that those who possess them might have something to be proud of. Until that good time comes, it is comforting to us to reflect that no one who reads this article will believe that it means him. Perhaps he is lucky as otherwise we might expect to be worked into law suits; medically poisoned; run through the body, or, otherwise, appropriately disposed of—at least to convince us that the operator really understood his business—enough, at any rate, to prevent us from writing any more such articles in future. But, as there are plenty of *bona fide* professional men in Utah, there are no exceptions to all we have said, and, especially, as no one that reads this article will admit he is a black, we are perfectly safe.

FOUL PLAY.

BY CHARLES READE AND DION BOUTICAULT.
(CONTINUED)

CHAPTER XLV.

Both were greatly moved; and after one swift glance Helen stole at him, neither looked at the other. They spoke in hurried whispers.

"Can they see the island?"

"I don't know; it depends on how far the boat is to windward of her smoke."

"How shall we know?"

"If she sees the island, she will make for it that moment."

"Why? do ships never pass an unknown island?"

"Yes. But that steamer will not pass us."

"But why?"

At this question Hazel hung his head and his lip quivered. He answered her at last. "Because she is looking for you." Helen was struck dumb at this.

He gave his reasons. "Steamers never visit these waters save have brought that steamer out; love that will not go unwarded. Arthur Wardlaw is on board that ship."

"Have they seen us yet?"

Hazel forced on a kind of dogged fortitude. He said, "When the smoke ceases to elongate, you will know they have changed their course, and they will change their course the moment the man at the mast head sees us."

"Oh. But how do you know they have a man at the mast-head?"

"I know by myself. I should have a man at the mast-head night and day."

And now the situation was beyond words. They both watched, and watched, to see the line of smoke cease.

It continued to increase, and spread eastward; and that proved the steamer was continuing her course.

The sun drew close to the horizon.

"They don't see us," said Helen, faintly.

"No," said Hazel; "not yet."

"And the sun is just setting. It is all over." She put her handkerchief to her eyes a moment, and then, after a sob or two, she said almost cheerfully, "Well, dear friend, we were happy till that smoke came to disturb us; let us try and be as happy now it is gone. Don't smile like that, it makes me shudder."

"Did I smile? It must have been at your simplicity in thinking we have seen the last of that steamer."

"And so we have."

"Not so. In three hours she will be at anchor in that bay."

"Why, what will bring her?"

"I shall bring her."

"You? How?"

"By lighting my bonfire."

CHAPTER XLVI.

Helen had forgotten all about the bonfire. She now asked whether he was sure those on board the steamer could see the bonfire. Then Hazel told her that it was now of prodigious size and height. Some six months before he was crippled he had added and added to it.

"That bonfire," said he, "will throw a ruddy glare over the heavens, that they can't help seeing on board the steamer. Then, as they are not on a course, but on a search, they will certainly run a few miles southward to see what it is. They will say it is either a beacon or a ship on fire; and, in either case, they will turn the boat's head this way. Well, before they have run southward half a dozen miles, their look-out will see the bonfire, and the island in its light. Let us get to the boat, my lucifers are there."

She lent him her arm to the boat, and stood by while he made his preparations. They were very simple. He took a pine torch and smeared it all over with pitch; then put his lucifer-box in his bosom, and took his crutch. His face was drawn pitifully, but his closed lips betrayed unshaken and unshakable resolution. He shouldered his crutch, and hobbled up as far as the cavern. Here Helen interposed.

"Don't you go toiling up the hill," said she. "Give me the lucifers and the torch, and let me light the beacon. I shall be there in half the time you will."

"Thank you! thank you!" said Hazel, eagerly, not to say violently.

He wanted it done; but it killed him to do it. He then gave her his instructions.

"It is as big as a haystack," said he, "and as dry as a chip; and there are eight bundles of straw placed expressly. Light the bundles to windward, first, then the others; it will soon be all in a blaze."

"Meanwhile," said Helen, "you prepare our supper. I feel quite faint—for want of it."

Hazel assented.

"It is the last we shall take——" he was going to say it was the last they would eat together; but his voice failed him, and he hobbled into the cavern, and tried to smother his emotion in work. He lighted the fire, and blew it into a flame with a palmetto-leaf, and then he sat down awhile, very sick at heart; then he got up and did the cooking, sighing all the time; and, just when he was beginning to wonder why Helen was so long lighting eight bundles of straw, she came in, looking pale.

"Is it all right?" said he.

"Go and look," said she. "No, let us have our supper first."

Neither had any appetite; they sat and kept casting strange looks at one another.

To divert this anyhow Hazel looked up at the roof, and said faintly, "If I had known, I would have made more haste, and set pearl there as well."

"What does that matter?" said Helen, looking down.

"Not much, indeed," replied he, sadly. "I am a fool to utter such childish regrets; and, more than that, I am a mean selfish cur to have a regret. Come, come, we can't eat; let us go round the Point and see the waves reddened by the beacon, that gives you back to the world you were born to embellish."

Helen said she would go directly. And her languid reply contrasted strangely with his excitement. She played with her supper, and wasted time in a very unusual way, until he told her plump she was not really eating, and he could wait no longer, he must go and see how the beacon was burning.

"Oh, very well," said she; and they went down to the beach.

She took his crutch and gave it to him. This little thing cut him to the heart. It was the first time she had accompanied him so far as that without offering herself to be his crutch. He sighed deeply, as he put the crutch under his arm; but he was too proud to complain, only he laid it all on the approaching steamboat.

The subtle creature by his side heard the sigh and smiled sadly at being misunderstood—but what man could understand her? They hardly spoke till they reached the Point. The

waves glittered in the moonlight; there was no red light on the water.

"Why, what is this?" said Hazel. "You can't have lighted the bonfire in eight places, as I told you."

She folded her arms and stood before him in an attitude of defiance: all but her melting eye.

"I have not lighted it at all," said she.

Hazel stood agast. "What have I done?" he cried. "Duty, manhood, everything, demanded that I should light that beacon, and I trusted it to you."

Helen's attitude of defiance melted away; she began to cower, and hid her blushing face in her hands. Then she looked imploringly. Then she uttered a wild and eloquent cry, and fled from him like the wind.

CHAPTER XLVII.

That cloud was really the smoke of the Springbok; which had mounted into air so thin that it could rise no higher. The boat herself was many miles to the northward, returning full of heavy hearts from a fruitless search. She came back in a higher parallel of latitude, intending afterwards to steer N. W. to Easter Island. The life was gone out of the ship; the father was deeply dejected, and the crew could no longer feign the hope they did not feel. Having pursued the above course to within four hundred miles of Juan Fernandez, General Rolleston begged the captain to make a bold deviation to the S. W., and see if they could find nothing there before going to Easter Island.

Captain Moreland was very unwilling to go to the S.W., the more so as coal was getting short. However he had not the heart to refuse General Rolleston anything. There was a northerly breeze; he had the fires put out, and, covering the ship with canvass, sailed three hundred miles S.W. But found nothing. Then he took in sail and got up steam again, and away for Easter Island. The ship ran so fast that she had got into latitude thirty-two by ten A.M. next morning.

At 10h. 15m. the dreary monotony of this cruise was broken by the man at the mast-head.

"On deck there!"

"Hullo!"

"The schooner on our weather bow?"

"Well, what of her?"

"She has luffed."

"Well, what o' that?"

"She has altered her course."

"How many points?"

"She was sailing S.E. and now her head is N.E."

"That is curious."

General Rolleston, who had come and listened, with a grain of hope, now sighed and turned away.

The captain explained kindly that the man was quite right to draw his captain's attention to the fact of a trading vessel altering her course. "There is a sea-grammar, General," said he, "and when one seaman sees another violate it, he concludes there is some reason or other. Now, Jack, what d'ye make of her?"

"I can't make much of her; she don't seem to know her own mind, that is all. At ten o'clock she was bound for Valparaiso or the island. But now she has come about and is beating to windward."

"Bound for Easter Island?"

"I dunno."

"Keep your eye on her."

"Ay, ay, sir."

Captain Moreland now told General Rolleston that very few ships went to Easter Island, which lies in a lovely climate but a miserable place; and he was telling the General that it was inhabited by savages of a low order, who half worshipped the relics of masonry left by their more civilized predecessors, when Jack hailed the deck again.

"Well," said the captain.

"I think she is bound for the Springbok."

The soldier received this conjecture with astonishment and incredulity not to be wondered at. Nevertheless time confirmed the conjecture: the schooner, having made a short board to the N.E., came about and made a long board due west, which was as near as she could lie to the wind. On this Captain Moreland laid the steamer's head due north. This brought the vessels rapidly together.

When they were about two miles distant, the stranger slackened sail and heaved-to; hoisting stars and stripes at her mizzen. The union jack went up to the shrouds of the Springbok direct-

ly, and she pursued her course, but gradually slackened steam.

General Rolleston walked the deck in great agitation, now indulged in wild hopes, which Captain Moreland thought best to discourage at once.

"Ah, sir," he said; "don't you run into the other extreme, imagine he has come on our business. It is at sea as it is ashore if a man goes out of his course to speak to you, it is for his own sake, not yours. This Yankee has got men sick with scurvy and is come for lime juice. Or his water is out. Or—hal! savages aboard."

It was too true. The schooner had a cargo of savages male and female; the males were nearly naked, but the females strange to say, wore dresses to the throat in ample robes wide broad and flowing skirts, and had little coronets on their heads. As soon as the schooner heaved-to, the fiddle had struck up, and the savages were now dancing in parties of four: the men doing a sort of monkey hornpipe in quick pace with the hands nearly touching the ground; the women on the contrary erect and queenly, swept about in slow rhythm, with most graceful and coquettish movements of the arms and hands and witching smiles.

The steamboat came alongside, but at a certain distance avoid all chance of a collision; and the crew clustered to the side and cheered the savages dancing. The poor General was forgotten at the merry sight.

Presently a negro in white cotton, with a face blacker than the savages, stepped forward and hoisted a board, on which was painted very large ARE YOU?

Having allowed this a moment to sink into the mind, he reversed the board, and showed these words, also printed large THE SPRINGBOK?

There was a thrilling murmur on board; and after a pause of surprise, the question was answered by a loud cheer and waving of hats.

The reply was perfectly understood; almost immediately the boat lowered by some novel machinery, and pulled toward the steamer. There were two men in it: the skipper and the negro. The skipper came up the side of the Springbok, and was loosely dressed in some light drab-colored stuff and a huge straw hat; a man with a long Puritanical head, a nose inclining to be aquiline, a face bronzed by weather and heat, thin red lips, and a square chin. But for a certain breadth between his keen grey eyes, which revealed more intellect than Cromwell's frowns were encumbered with, he might have passed for one of that hard-praying hard hitting fraternity.

He came on deck, just touched his hat, as if to brush away fly, and removing an enormous cigar from his mouth, said "Well, so this is the Springbok. Spry little boat she is: how many knots can ye get out of her now? Not that I am curious."

"About twelve knots."

"And when the steam's off the bile, how many can you sail not that it's my business."

"Eight or nine. What is your business?"

"Hum! You have been over some water looking for the gal. Where do you hail from last?"

"From the Society Islands. Did you board me to hear my catechism?"

"No, I am not one of your prying sort. Where are ye bound for now?"

"I am bound for Easter Island."

"Have ye heard anything of the gal?"

"No."

"And when do ye expect to go back to England as wise as ye came?"

"Never while the ship can swim," cried Moreland, angrily to hide his despondency from the stranger. "And now it's my turn, I think. What schooner is this? by whom commanded and whither bound?"

"The Julia Dodd; Joshua Fullalove; bound for Juan Fernandez with the raw material of civilization—look at the paint skippin'—and a printing press; an' that's the instrument of civilization, I rather think."

"Well, sir, and why in heaven's name did you change your course?"

"Well, I reckon I changed it—to tell you a lie."

"To tell us a lie?"

"Ay; the darndest eternal lie that ever came out of a man's mouth. First, there's an unknown island somewhere about That's a kinder flourish beforehand. On that island there's a English gal wrecked."

Exclamations burst forth on every side at this.

"And she is so tarnation 'cute, she is flyin' ducks all over creation with a writing tied to their legs, telling the tale, and setting down the longitude. There, if that isn't a buster, I hope I may never live to tell another."

"God bless you, sir," cried the General. "Where is the island?"

"What island?"

"The island where my child is wrecked."

"What, are you the gal's father?" said Joshua, with a sudden touch of feeling.

"I am, sir. Pray withhold nothing from me you know."

"Why, Cunnle," said the Yankee, soothingly, "don't I tell you it's a buster. However, the lie is none o' mine. It's that old cuss Skinfint set it afloat; he is always poisoning these peaceful waters."

Rolleston asked eagerly who Skinfint was, and where he could be found.

"Wal, he is a sorter sea Jack-of-all-trades, eternally cruising about to buy gratis,—those he buys of call it stealing. Got a rotten old cutter, manned by his wife and family. They get coal out of me for fur, and sell the coal at double my price; they kill seals and dress the skins aboard; kill fish and salt 'em aboard. Ye know when that family is at sea by the smell that pervades the briny deep an' heralds their approach. Yesterday the air smelt awful: so I said to Vespasian here, I think that sea-skunk is out, for there's something a poisoning the cerulean waves an' succumbent air. We hadn't sailed not fifty miles more before we run agin him. Their clothes were drying all about the rigging. Hails me the varmint does. Vesp and I, we work the printing press together, an' so order him to looward, not to taint our Otabeitians, that stink of ile at home, but I had 'em billed before I'd buy 'em, now there's viles. 'Wal, now, Skinfint,' says I; 'I reckon you're come to bring me that harpoon o' mine you stole last time you were at my island?' 'I never saw your harpoon,' says he; 'I want to know, have you come across the Springbok?' 'Mebbe I have,' says I; 'why do you ask?' 'Got news for her,' says he; 'and can't find her nowhore.' So then we set to and fenced a bit: and this old varmint, to put me off the truth, told me a buster."

A month ago or more he was boarded—by a duck. And this 'ere duck had a writing tied to his leg, and this 'ere writing said an English gal was wrecked on an island, and put down the very longitude. 'Show me that duck,' ses I, ironical. 'D'ye take us for fools?' says he; 'we ate the duck for supper.' 'That was like ye,' says I; 'if an angel had brought your pardon down from heights celestial, you'd roast him and sell his feathers for sawn's-down; mebbe ye ate the writing? I know you're a hungry lot,' the writing is in my cabin,' says he. 'Show it me,' says I, 'an' mebbe I'll believe ye.' No, the cuss would only show it to the Springbok; 'there's a reward,' says he. 'What's the price of a soul aboard your cutter?' I asked him. 'Have you parted with yours as you wants to buy one?' says he. 'Not one as would carry me right slick away to everlasting blazes,' says I. So then we said good-morning, and he bore away for Valparaiso. Presently I saw your smoke, and that you would never overhaul old Stinkmaloe on that track: so I came about. Now I tell ye that old cuss knows where the gal is, and mebbe has got her tied hand and fut in his cabin. An' I'm kinder sot on English gals; they put me in mind of butter and honey. Why, my schooner is named after one. So, now, Cunnle, clap on steam for Valparaiso, and you'll soon overhaul the old stink-pot; you may know him by the brown patch in his jib-sail, the ontidy varmint. Pull out your purse and bind him to drop lying about ducks and geese, and tell you the truth; he knows where your gal is, I swan. Wal, ye needn't smother me.' For by this time he was the center of a throng, all pushing and driving to catch his words.

Captain Moreland begged him to step down into his cabin, and there the General thanked him with great warmth and agitation for his humanity. "We will follow your advice at once," he said. "Is there anything I can offer you without offence?"

"Wal," drawled the Yankee, "I guess not. Business an' sentiment wont mix no-how. Business took me to the island, sentiment brought me here. I'll take a shake hand all round: and if y'have got any live fowls to spare I'll be obliged to you for a couple. Ye see I'm colousising that darned island: an' sowing it with grain, an' apples, an' Otabeitians, an' niggers, an' Irishmen, an' all the other cream o' creation; an' I'd be glad of a couple o' Dorkias to crow the lazy varmint up."

This very moderate request was heartily complied with, and the acclamations and cheers of the crew followed this strange character to his schooner, at which his eye glistened and twinkled with a quiet satisfaction, but he made it a point of honor not to move a muscle.

Before he could get under way the Springbok took a circuit and passing within a hundred yards of him, fired a gun to leeward by way of compliment, set a cloud of canvass, and tore through the water at her highest speed. Outside the port at Valparaiso she fell in with Skinfint, and found him not quite so black as he was painted. The old fellow showed some paternal feeling, produced the bag at once to General Rolleston, and assured him a wearied duck had come on board, and his wife had detached the writing.

They took in coal; and then ran westward once more, every heart beating high with confident hope.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Helen's act was strange, and demands a word of explanation. If she had thought the steamboat was a strange vessel, she would have lighted the bonfire; if she had known her father was on board she would have lighted it with joy. But Hazel, whose every word now was gospel, had said it was Arthur Wardlaw in that, boat, searching for her.

Still, so strong is the impulse in all civilized beings to get back to civilization, that she went up the hill as honestly intending to light the bonfire; as Hazel intended it to be lighted. But, as she went, her courage cooled, and her feet began to go slowly, as her mind ran swiftly forward to consequence upon consequence. To light that bonfire was to bring Arthur Wardlaw down upon herself and Hazel living alone and on intimate terms. Arthur would come and claim her to his face. Could she disallow his claim? Gratitude would now be on his side as well as good faith. What a shock to Arthur! What torture for Hazel! torture that he foresaw, or why the face of anguish, that dragged even now at her heart-strings? And then it could end only in one way; she and Hazel would leave the island in Arthur's ship. What a voyage for all three! She stood transfixed by shame; her whole body blushed at what she saw coming. Then once more Hazel's face rose before her; poor crippled Hazel! her hero and her patient. She sat down and sighed, and could no more light the fire, than she could have put it out, if another had lighted it.

She was a girl that could show you at times she had a father as well as a mother; but that evening she was all woman.

They met no more that night.

In the morning his face was haggard, and showed a mental struggle; but hers placid and quietly beaming, for the very reason that she had made a great sacrifice. She was one of that sort.

And this difference between them was a foretaste.

His tender conscience pricked him sore. To see her sit beaming there, when, if he had done his own duty with his own hands, she would be on her way to England! Yet his remorse was dumb: for, if he gave it vent, then he must seem ungrateful to her for her sacrifice.

She saw his deep and silent compunction, approved it secretly, said nothing, but smiled, and beamed, and soothed. He could not resist this; and wild thrills of joy and hope passed through him, visions of unbroken bliss far from the world.

But this sweet delirium was followed by misgivings of another kind. And here she was at fault. What could they be?

It was the voice of conscience telling him that he was really winning her love, once inaccessible: and, if so; was bound to tell her his whole story, and let her judge between him and the world, before she made any more sacrifices for him. But it is hard to stop great happiness; harder to stop it and ruin it. Every night as he lay alone he said, "To-morrow I will tell her all and make her the judge." But in the morning her bright face crushed his purpose by the fear of clouding it. His limbs got strong and his heart got weak: and they used to take walks: and her head came near his shoulder; and the path of duty began to be set thicker than ever with thorns; and the path of love with primroses. One day she made him sit to her for his portrait; and, under cover of artistic enthusiasm, told him his beard was god-like, and nothing in the world could equal it for beauty; she never saw but one at all like it, poor Mr. Scaton's; but even that was very inferior to his; and then she dismissed the sitter: "Poor thing," said she, "you are pale and tired." And she began to use ornaments: took her bracelets out of her bag, and picked pearls out of her walls, and made a coronet, under which her eyes flashek at night with superlative beauty.

She revered him. He had improved her character, and she knew it, and often told him so. "Call me Hazelin," she said: "make me liker you still!"

One day, he came suddenly through the jungle and found her reading her prayer-book.

He took it from her, not meaning to be rude neither, but inquisitive.

It was open at the marriage-service, and her cheeks were dyed scarlet.

His heart panted. He was a clergyman: he could read that service over them both.

Would it be a marriage?

Not in England: but in some countries it would. Why not in this? This was not England.

He looked up. Her head was averted; she was downright distressed.

He was sorry to have made her blush; so he took her hand and kissed it tenderly, so tenderly that his heart seemed to go into his lips. She thrilled under it, and her white brow sank upon his shoulder.

The sky was a vault of purple with a flaming topaz in the centre; the sea, a heavenly blue; the warm air breathed heavenly odors; flaming macaws wheeled overhead; humming-birds, more gorgeous than any flower, buzzed round their heads, and amazed the eye with delight, then cooled it with the deep green of the jungle into which they dived.

It was a Paradise, with the sun smiling down on it, and the ocean smiling up, and the air impregnated with love. Here they were both content now to spend the rest of their days -

"The world forgetting: by the world forgot."

CHAPTER XLIX.

The Springbok arrived in due course at longitude 103 deg. 31 min. but saw no island. This was dispiriting; but still Captain Moreland did not despair.

He asked General Rolleston to examine the writing carefully, and tell him what that Miss Rolleston's hand-writing.

The general shook his head sorrowfully.

"No," said he; "it is nothing like my child's hand."

"Why, all the better," said Captain Moreland; the lady has got somebody about her who knows a thing or two. "The man that could catch wild ducks and turn 'em into postmen, could hit on the longitude somehow; and he doesn't pretend to be exact in the latitude."

Upon this, he ran northward 400 miles: which took him three days; for they stopped at night.

No island.

He then ran south five hundred miles; stopping at night.

No island.

Then he took the vessel zigzag.

Just before sunset, one lovely day, the man at the masthead sang out:

"On deck there!"

"Hullo?"

"Something in sight; on our weather bow."

"What is it?"

"Looks like a mast. No, Don't know what it is."

"Point."

The sailor pointed with his finger.

Captain Moreland ordered the ship's course to be altered accordingly. By this time, General Rolleston was on deck. The ship ran two miles on the new course; and all this time the topman's glass was levelled, and the crew climbed about the rigging, all eyes and ears.

At last the clear hail came down.

"I can make it out now, sir."

"What is it?"

"It is a palm-tree."

The captain jumped on a gun, and waved his hat grandly, and instantly the vessel rang with a lusty cheer; and, for once, sailors gabbled like washerwomen.

They ran till they saw the island in the moonlight, and the giant palm, black, and sculptured out of the violet sky; then they set the lead going and warned them not to come too close. They anchored off the west coast.

At daybreak they moved slowly on, still sounding as they went; and, rounding the West Point, General Rolleston saw written on the guanoed rocks in large letters:-

AN ENGLISH LADY WRECKED HERE. HASTE TO HER RESCUE.

He and Moreland shook hands; and how their eyes glistened!

Presently there was a stranger inscription still upon the rocks—a rough outline of the island on an enormous scale, showing the coast-line, the reefs, the shallow water, and the deep water.

"Ease her! Stop her!"

The captain studied this original chart with his glass, and crept slowly on for the west passage.

But warned by the soundings marked on the rock, he did not attempt to go through the passage, but came to an anchor and lowered his boat.

The sailors were on the qui vive to land; but the captain, to their infinite surprise, told them only three persons would land that morning—himself, his son, and General Rolleston.

The fact is, this honest captain had got a misgiving, founded on a general view of human nature. He expected to find the girl with two or three sailors, one of them united to her by some nautical ceremony, duly witnessed, but such as a military officer of distinction could hardly be expected to approve. He got into the boat in a curious state of delight, dashed with uncomfortable suspense; and they rowed gently for the west passage.

As for General Rolleston, now it was he needed all his fortitude. Suppose the lady was not Helen! After all, the chances were against her being there. Suppose she was dead and buried in that island! Suppose that fatal disease, with which she had sailed, had been accelerated by hardships, and Providence permitted him only to receive her last sigh. All these misgivings crowded on him the moment he drew so near the object, which had looked all brightness, so long as it was unattainable. He sat, pale and brave, in the boat; but his doubts and fears were greater than his hope.

They rounded Telegraph Point, and in a moment Paradise Bay burst on them, and Hazel's boat within a hundred yards of them. It was half-tide. They beached the boat, and General Rolleston landed. Captain Moreland grasped his hand, and said, "Call us if it is all right."

General Rolleston returned the pressure of that honest hand, and marched up the beach just as if he was going into action.

He came to the boat. It had an awning over the stern, and was clearly used as a sleeping place. A series of wooden pipes standing on uprights, led from this up to the cliff. The pipes were in fact mere sections of the sago tree with the soft pith driven out. As this was manifestly a tube of communication, General Rolleston followed it until he came to a sort of verandah with a cave opening on it; he entered the cave, and was dazzled by its most unexpected beauty. He seemed to be in a gigantic nautilus. Roof and sides, and the very chimney, were one blaze of mother-of-pearl. But, after the first start, brighter to him was an old shawl he saw on a nail; for that showed it was a woman's abode. He tore down the old shawl and carried it to the light. He recognized it as Helen's. Her rugs were in a corner, he rushed and felt them all over with trembling hands. They were still warm, though she had left her bed some time. He came out wild with joy, and shouted to Moreland, "She is alive! She is alive! She is alive!" Then fell on his knees, and thanked God.

A cry came down to him from above; he looked up as he knelt, and there was a female figure dressed in white, stretching out its hands as if it would fly down to him. Its eyes gleamed; he knew them all that way off. He stretched out his hands as eloquently, and then he got up to meet her; but the stout soldier's limbs were stiffer than of old; and he got up so slowly, that, ere he could take a step, there came flying to him with little screams and inarticulate cries, no living skeleton, nor consumptive young lady, but a grand creature, tanned here and there, rosy as the morn, and full of lusty vigor; a body all health, strength and beauty, a soul all love. She flung herself all over him in a moment, with cries of love unspeakable; and then it was "Oh, my darling! my darling! Oh, my own, own! Ha! ha! ha! ha! Oh! oh! oh! oh! Is it you? is it? can it? Papa! Papa!" then little convulsive hands patting him and feeling his beard and shoulders, then a sudden hail of violent kisses on his head, his eyes, his arms, his hands, his knees. Then a stout soldier, broken down by this, and sobbing for joy. "Oh, my child! My flesh and blood! Oh! oh! oh!" Then all manhood melted away, except paternity; and a father turned mother, and clinging, kissing and rocking to and fro with his child, and both crying for joy as if their hearts would burst.

A sight for angels to look down at and rejoice. But what mortal pen could paint it?

LOUIS XVI AND MARIE ANTOINETTE IN THE TEMPLE.

The story of the King's confinement in the prison of the Temple is one of the most touching in French history, and is only surpassed in pathos by that of the young Prince's treatment, by Simon, the brutal slobber-gaoler, after Louis himself had been executed. When Louis XVI was first removed to the Temple, he was still legally King, according even to the law of that period. It was not until some time afterward that he was formally deprived of his royalty, though his title was taken from him without any form at all, as soon as he fell into the hands of the Commune of Paris. He was attended in his prison by men who not only treated him with disrespect, but at the same time persecuted him with their incessant interference.

In a picture by Mr. Ward we see the gaolers in the room adjoining the one occupied by the King; this room they are converting into a cabaret, and one of the party is puffing the smoke from his pipe into the royal chamber. But Mr. Ward might, without violating history, have shown us the gaolers in the King's own apartment. Indeed, they seldom left the monarch and his family alone, and were always present at their meals: after which, if their libations had been tolerably copious, they would dance and sing the "Ga ira" and the "Carmagnole," varied by some of the obscene ballads of the day.

The Princess de Lamballe and Madame de Tourzel accompanied the royal captives to their prison, and remained with them as long as they were allowed to do so, which was, however, only a few days.

As a prisoner of the municipality of Paris, in the Temple, Louis was denied, till shortly before his death, pen, ink and paper. His usual employment was instructing his son and reading. He preferred Latin authors to the French. He read, almost every day, portions of Tacitus, Livy, Seneca, Horace, and Terence; in his native language, chiefly travels. On the evening before his death, he found that he had read 157 volumes, in the five months and seven days of his imprisonment. He evinced himself a loving husband and an affectionate father. In his private capacity, no candid man can withhold from him his esteem. January 15, 1793, Louis was declared guilty of a conspiracy against the freedom of the nation, and of an attack on the general security, by a vote of 690 out of 719; on January 7th he was condemned to death, the law requiring for condemnation two-thirds of the votes having been repealed on the 16th, during the trial, and a bare majority declared sufficient. After repeated countings, it was found that 366 votes were given for death, making, consequently, a majority of five in 727. Jan. 21, 1793, he was guillotined, in front of his former palace, in his thirty-ninth year, the appeal to the nation, proposed by his advocates, Malherbes, Tronchet, and Deseze, having been rejected, on the 19th, by 380 votes out of 690. He died with the courage of Christian faith. His last words, which asserted his innocence and forgave his judges, were drowned in the rolling of drums and in the cry "Vive la Republique!"

Even in his youth, Louis manifested a sensibility unusual in the higher classes. He needed not the sight of misery; when he heard it spoken of he shed tears, and hastened to relieve it. Unknown, he alle-

viated misfortune in the cottage and garret. When he was first saluted at Court, as Dauphin, after the death of his father, the Duke of Burgundy, he could not restrain his tears. Still greater was his grief at the death of Louis XV. "Oh, God, he cried, "shall I have the misfortune to be King!" His favorite maxim was, "Kings exist only to make nations happy by government, and virtuous by their example." The abolition of feudal services, of torture, and of slavery in the Jura, are only some of his benevolent measures. He caused the State prisons to be examined, and liberated the unhappy victims of despotism. Louis declared that he would never sign, beforehand, a *lettre de cachet*. His great object was the happiness and love of his people. On his journey to Cherbourg, in 1786, where he had undertaken the construction of the celebrated harbor, in 1784, to which he had appropriated 37,000,000 livres, he received the most unequivocal marks of the love of the French. He wrote, at the time, to the Queen, "The love of my people has touched me to the heart: think you not I am the happiest King on earth?" And in his will of Dec. 26, 1792, he says, "I forgive from my whole heart, those who have behaved to me as enemies, without my giving them the least cause, and I pray God to forgive them. And I exhort my son, if he should ever have the misfortune to reign, to forget all hatred and all enmity, and especially my misfortunes and sufferings. I recommend to him always to consider that it is the duty of man to devote himself entirely to the happiness of his fellow men; and that he will promote the happiness of his subjects only when he governs according to the laws."

As to the equally unfortunate Marie Antoinette while with her husband in prison, she exhibited the full strength of her character. When Louis XVI informed her of his condemnation, she congratulated him on the approaching termination of an existence so painful, and the unperishing reward that should crown it. After her husband's death, she asked nothing of the Convention but a mourning dress, which she wore the remainder of her days. July 4, 1793, she was separated from her son. She felt that this separation was forever, yet her firmness was unchanged. August 5, at midnight, she was removed to the keeper's house. A dark and damp dungeon was her last abode. Oct. 3, the Convention ordered her to be brought before the revolutionary tribunal. She was charged with having dissipated the finances, exhausted the public treasury, given large sums of money out of it to the Emperor, with having corresponded with foreign enemies, and favored domestic tumults. But, notwithstanding the multitude of witnesses who were examined, no evidence could be brought against her; and her defender, Chauveau-Legarde, exclaimed justly, "I am embarrassed not to find answers, but plausible accusations." The Queen herself replied to all inquiries with firmness and decision. She heard her sentence of death with perfect calmness, and soon gently fell asleep, when she was carried back to her prison, after sitting eighteen hours. The next day, at eleven o'clock, she ascended the cart which conveyed her to the scaffold. Great efforts were made to induce the people to insult her on the way, but a deep silence reigned. The charms for which she was once so celebrated were gone. Grief had distorted her features, and, in the damp, unhealthy prison she had almost lost

one of her eyes. At twelve o'clock the cart arrived at the place of Louis XV. She cast back a long look at the Tuileries, and then ascended the scaffold. When she came to the top, she threw herself on her knees, and exclaimed, "Oh, God, enlighten and affect my executioner!" Farewell, my children, forever; I go to your father!" Thus died the Queen of France, Oct. 16, 1793, towards the close of the thirty-eighth year of her age.

PORTRAIT GALLERY.

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

The Prince Imperial is very small for his age, with his father's disproportionately short legs so that he is seen to the greatest advantage on horseback. He has a gentle, thoughtful face; his forehead is small, and hair a dark chesnut. You would not call him particularly handsome; but his eyes have all the exquisite sweetness which has made his mother one of the loveliest women in Europe. He has not a little grace of deportment, added to much boyish frankness, which bespeaks a genial nature. He is not deficient in the sense of humor, and of the sweetness of his disposition there can be no doubt. Any one who has seen him at Fontainebleau playing with his huge dog, will be convinced that fondness for animals is also one of the prince's characteristics. The greatest attachment has long existed between the young Napoleon and one of his playmates, and an interesting anecdote is told of them, when only six or seven years old.

Some misunderstanding had arisen in their game, and in the excitement of their juvenile quarrel the Prince received a blow. But here the child bethought himself of the lessons inculcated by his mother; and turning his earnest and thoughtful eye on his little companion, he said, "I cannot return it because you are a Frenchman, and I am the Prince Imperial of France."

The children were duly separated, and put in disgrace; when, next day, his pugnacious friend was brought by his father to apologize for having so far forgotten himself, the Prince, on seeing him, threw his arms round his neck, saying "Ah, how unhappy I have been not to have seen you a whole day!"

There would seem a fair prospect of a kind and generous heart developing itself by the side of an admittedly precocious intelligence in the Prince.

POWER OF GENTLENESS.

No bad man is ever brought to repentance by angry words—by bitter, scornful reproaches. He fortifies himself against reproof, and hurls back foul charges in the face of his accuser. Yet guilty and hardened as he seems, he has a heart in his bosom, and may be melted to tears by a gentle voice. Who so, therefore, can restrain his disposition to blame and find fault, and can bring himself down to a fallen brother, will soon find a way to better feelings within. Pity and Patience are the two keys which unlock the human heart. They who have been the most successful laborers among the poor and vicious, have been the most forbearing.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE MAGNETIC TABLE.

Under the top of a common table, place a magnet that turns on a pivot, and fix a board under it that nothing may appear. There may also be a drawer under the table, which you pull out, to show that there is nothing concealed. At one end of the table there must be a pin that communicates with a magnet, by which it may be placed in different positions: this pin must be so placed as not to be visible to the spectators. Strew some steel filings, or very small nails, over that part of the table where the magnet is. Then ask any one to lend you a knife, or a key, which will then attract part of the nails or filings. Then placing your hand, in a careless manner, on the pin at the end of the table, you alter the position of the magnet; and giving the key to any person, you desire him to make the experiment, which he will not then be able to perform. You then give the key to another person, at the same time placing the magnet, by means of the pin, in the first position, when the person will immediately perform the experiment.

INTERESTING PARTICULARS CONCERNING THE MAGNET.

Fire-irons which have rested in one position in a room during the summer months are often highly magnetic.

Iron bars standing erect, such as the grating of a prison cell, or the iron railings before houses, are often magnetic.

The uppermost of the iron tires round a carriage wheel attracts the north end of a magnet, has hence south polarity, while the lower end attracting the south end of the same, has north polarity.

CHARADE 14.

An emblem of stupidity,

My first in forests found;

Up in the air oft rises high,

Though fastened to the ground,

But by sharp means it is removed,

And managed various ways:

By art or skill may be improved;

Or, perhaps, it makes a blaze.

My second is of every kind,

Is good or bad, or gay;

Is dull or bright to suit all minds,

By night as well as day.

The patient seaman keeps with care my whole,

And well it knows his secrets night and day;

And though it has no tongue, nor heart, nor soul,

It tells the story of the ship's long way.

CONUNDRUMS.

46. Why is a coward like a mouse trap?

47. Why is green grass like a mouse?

48. What two reasons why whispering in company is not proper?

A LESSON ON PHYSICS.

You see her in the merry dance—

She seems to fly,

But you don't see that rapid glance

From her bright eye

Flash through the long and crowded room;

He only sees that glance, to whom

It brings extreme felicity:

That's ELECTRICITY.

They dance TOGETHER, full of grace,

She clings so close;

And on his shoulder rests her face—

A blushing rose!

Life in that hour seems doubly sweet,

They see it through a rosy prism:

Their hands so long and often meet:

That's GALVANISM.

The night has come to him, but still

No sleep has brought;

To HER, though quite against his will,

Flies every thought!

In vain a struggle is with fate,

In vain is all such heroism;

Too powerfully she attracts:

That's MAGNETISM.

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POETRY.

DEATH.

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

Fear death!—to fear the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denbte
I am nearing the place,
The power of night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear, in a visible form
Yet the strong man must go:
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall,
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
And bade me creep past,
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end,
And the elements' rage and the fiend-voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace, then a joy,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be at rest.

HAROLD,

THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

[CONTINUED.]

THE OATH AND ITS ABSOLUTION

The good bishop Alred had returned to his lodge in London (which was in a Benedictine abbey, far from Aldgate), late one evening, from visiting the king in his rural palace of Havering; and he seated alone in his cell musing over an interview with Edward, which had evidently much disturbed him when the door was abruptly thrown open, and stepping aside in haste the monk, who was about forthcoming to announce him, a man so travel-stained in garb, of a mien so disordered, rushed in, that Alred looked at first as on a stranger, and not till the intruder

spoke did he recognize Harold the earl. Even then so wild was the earl's eye, so dark his brow, and so livid his cheek, that it rather seemed the ghost of the man than the man himself. Closing the door on the monk, the earl stood a moment on the threshold, with a breast heaving with emotions which he sought in vain to master; and, as if resigning the effort he sprang forward, clasped the prelate's knees, bowed his head on his lap, sobbed aloud. The good bishop, who had known all the sons of Godwin from their infancy, and to whom Harold was as dear as his own child, folding his hands over the earl's head, soothingly murmured a benediction.

"No, no," cried the earl, starting to his feet, and tossing the disheveled hair from his eyes. Bless me not yet! Hear my tale first and then say what comfort, what refuge thy Church can bestow!"

Hurriedly then the earl poured forth the dark story, already known to the reader—the prison at Belrem, the detention at William's court, the fears, the snares, the discourse by the river side, the oath over the relics. This told he continued, "I found myself in the open air, and knew not, till the light of the sun smote me, what might have passed into my soul. I was, before, as a corpse which a witch raises from the dead, endows with a spirit not its own—passive to her hand—life-like, not living. Then, then it was as if a demon had passed from my body, laughing scorn at the foul things it had made the clay do. O father, father! is there not absolution from this oath—an oath I dare not keep? rather perjure myself than betray my land!"

The prelate's face was as pale as Harold's, and it was some moments before he could reply

"The Church can loose and unloose—it is the delegated authority. But speak on, what saidst thou at the last to William?"

"I know not, remember not—ought save these words, 'Now, then, give me those for whom I placed myself in thy power: let me restore Haco to his fatherland, and Wolnoth to his mother's kiss, and wend home my way.' And, saints in heaven! what was the answer of this crafty Norman, with his glittering eye and venomous smile? 'Haco thou shalt have, for he is an orphan, and an uncle's love is not so hot as to burn from a distance; but Wolnoth, thy mother's son, must stay with me as a hostage for thine own faith. Godwin's hostages I release, but Harold's hostage I retain: it is but a form, yet these forms are the bonds of princes.'"

"I looked at him, and his eye quailed. And I said

'That is not in the compact.' And William answered 'No, but it is the seal to it.' Then I turned from the duke and called my brother to my side, and I said, 'Over the seas have I come for thee Mount thy steed and ride by my side, for I will not leave the land without thee.' And Wolnoth answered, 'Nay, Duke William tells me he hath made treaties with thee, for which I am still to be the hostage; and Normandy has grown my home, and I love William as my lord.' Hot words followed, and Wolnoth chafed: refused entreaty and command, and suffered me to see his heart was not with England! O mother, mother, how shall I meet thine eye! So I returned with Haco. The moment I set foot on my native England, that moment her form seemed to rise from the tall cliffs, her voice to speak in the winds! All the glamour by which I had been bound, forsook me; and I sprang forward in scorn, above the fear of the dead men's bones. Miserable overcraft of the snarer! Had my simple word alone bound me, or that word been ratified after slow and deliberate thought, by the ordinary oaths that appeal to God, far stronger the bond upon my soul than the mean surprise, the covert tricks, the insult and the mocking fraud. But as I rode on the oath pursued me—pale specters mounted behind me on my steed, ghastly fingers pointed at me from the welkin; and then, suddenly, O, my father—I who, so sincere in my simple faith, had, as thou knowest too well, never bowed submissive conscience to priest and Church—then suddenly I felt the might of some power, surer guide than that haughty conscience which had so in the hour of need betrayed me! Then I recognized that supreme tribunal, that mediator between Heaven and man, to which I might come with the dire secret of my soul, and say, as I say now, on my bended knee, O, father—father—bid me die, or absolve me from my oath!

Then Alred rose erect and replied, "Did I need subterfuge, O son, I would say, that William himself hath released thy bond, in detaining the hostage against the spirit of the guilty compact; that in the very words themselves of the oath lies the release—*'if God aid thee.'* God aids no child to parricide—and thou art England's child! But all school-casuistry is here a meanness. Plain is the law that oaths extorted through compulsion, through fraud and in fear, the Church hath the right to loose: plainer still the law of God and of man, that an oath to commit crime is a deadlier sin to keep than to forfeit. Wherefore, not absolving thee from the misdeed of a vow, not, I say, absolving thee from that sin, but pausing yet to decide what penance and atonement to fix for its committal, I do, in the name of the Power whose priest I am, forbid thee to fulfil the oath; I do release and absolve thee from all obligation thereto. And if in this I exceed my duty as a Romish priest, I do but accomplish my duties as a living man. To these gray hairs I take the sponsorship. Before this holy cross, kneel O my son, with me and pray that a life of truth and virtue may atone for the madness of an hour."

So by the crucifix knelt the warrior and the priest.

Now Life with strong arms plucked the reviving Harold to itself. Already the news of his return had spread through the city, and his chamber soon swarmed with joyous welcomes and anxious friends. But the first congratulations over, each had tidings that claimed his instant attention, to relate. His absence

had sufficed to loosen half the links in that ill-woven empire.

All the North was in arms. Northumbria had revolted as one man, from the tyrannous cruelty of Tostig; the insurgents had marched upon York; Tostig had fled in dismay none knew as yet whither. The sons of Algar had sallied forth from their Mercian fortresses, and were now in the ranks of the Northumbrians; who it was rumored, had selected Morecar (the elder), in the place of Tostig.

Amid these disasters the king's health was fast decaying; his mind seemed bewildered and distraught; dark ravings of bode that had escaped his lips in his mystic reveries and visions, had spread abroad, bandied with all natural exaggeration, from lip to lip. The country was in one state of gloomy and vague apprehension.

But all would go well, now Harold the great earl—Harold the stout, and the wise; and the loved—had come back to his native land.

In feeling himself thus necessary to England—all eyes, all hearts all hopes, turned to him, and to him alone—Harold shook the evil memories from his soul, as a lion shakes the dew from his mane. His intellect, that seemed to have burned dim and through smoke in scenes unfamiliar to its exercise, rose at once equal to the occasion. His words reassured the more despondent. His orders were prompt and decisive. While to and fro went forth his bodes and his riders, he himself leaped on his horse, and rode fast to Havering.

At length, that sweet and lovely retreat broke on his sight, as a bower through the bloom of a garden. This was Edward's favorite abode: he had built it himself for his private devotions, allured by its woody solitudes, and the gloom of its copious verdure. Here it was said, that once at night, wandering through the silent glades, and musing on heaven, the loud song of the nightingales had disturbed his devotions; with vexed and impatient soul he had prayed that the music might be stilled: and since then, never more the nightingale was heard in the shades of Havering.

Threading the woodland, melancholy yet glorious with the tints of autumn, Harold reached the low and humble gate of the timber edifice, all covered with creepers and young ivy; and in a few moments more he stood in the presence of the king.

Edward raised himself with pain from the couch on which he reclined, beneath a canopy supported by columns, and surmounted by carved symbols of the bell towers of Jerusalem; and his languid face brightened at the sight of Harold. Behind the king stood a man with a Danish battle-ax in his hand—the captain of the rhyal house-carles, who, on a sign from the king, withdrew.

"Thou art come back, Harold," said Edward then, in a feeble voice; and the earl, drawing near, was grieved and shocked at the alteration of his face. "Thou art come back, to aid this benumbed hand, from which he earthly scepter is about to fall. Hush! for it is so, and I rejoice." Then examining Harold's features, yet pale with recent emotions, and now saddened by sympathy with the king, he resumed:—"Well, man of this world, that went forth confiding in thine own strength, and in the faith of men of the world like

thee—well, were my warnings prophetic, or art thou contented with thy mission?"

"Alas!" said, Harold mournfully. "Thy wisdom is greater than mine, O king; and dread the snares laid for me and our native land, under pretext of a promise made by thee to Count William, that he should reign in England, should he be your survivor."

Edward's face grew troubled and embarrassed. "Such promise," he said falteringly, "when I knew not the laws of England, nor that a realm could not pass like a house and hyde, by a man's single testament, might well escape from my thoughts, never to be bent upon earthly affairs. But I marvel not that my cousin's mind is more tenacious and mundane. And verily in those vague words, and from thy visit, I see the future dark with fate and crimson with blood."

Then Edward's eyes grew locked and set, staring into space; and even that reverie, though it awed him, relieved Harold of much disquietude, for he rightly conjectured that on waking from it, Edward would press him no more as to those details, and dilemmas of conscience, of which he felt that the arch-worshiper of relics was no fitting judge.

When the king, with a heavy sigh, announced return from the world of vision, he stretched forth to Harold his wan, transparent hand, and said:—

"Thou seest the ring on this finger; it comes to me from above—a merciful token to prepare my soul for death. Perchance thou mayest have heard that once an aged pilgrim stopped me on my way from God's house, and asked me for alms, and I, having naught else on my person to bestow, drew from my finger a ring and gave it to him, and the old man went on his way blessing me."

"I mind me well of thy gentle charity," said the earl, "for the pilgrim bruited it abroad as he passed, and much talk was there of it."

The king smiled faintly. "Now this was years ago. It so chanced this year, that certain Englishers, on their way to the Holy Land, fell in with two pilgrims—and these last questioned them much of me. And one with face venerable and benign, drew forth a ring and said, 'When thou reach England, give this to the king's own hand, and say, by this token, that on Twelfth-Day he shall be with me. For what he gave to me will I prepare recompense without bound; and already the saints deck for the new comer the halls where the worm never gnaws and the moth never frets.' 'And who,' asked my subjects amazed, 'who shall we say, speaketh thus to us?' And the pilgrim answered, 'He on whose breast leaned the Son of God, and my name is John!' Wherewith the apparition vanished. This is the ring I gave to the pilgrim; on the fourteenth night from thy parting miraculously returned to me. Wherefore, Harold, my time here is brief, and I rejoice that thy coming delivers me up from the cares of state to the preparation of my soul for the joyous day."

Harold, suspecting under this incredible mission some wily device of the Norman, who by thus warning Edward (of whose precarious health he was well aware), might induce his timorous conscience to take steps for the completion of the old promise—Harold, we say, thus suspecting, in vain endeavored to combat the king's presentiments, but Edward interrupted him with displeased firmness of look and tone:—

"Come not thou, with thy human reasoning, be-

tween my soul and the messenger divine; but rather nerve and prepare thyself for the dire calamities that lie greeding in the days to come! Be thine things temporal! All the land is in rebellion. Aulaf, whom thy coming dismissed, hath just wearied me with sad tales of bloodshed and ravage. Go and hear him—go hear the bodes of thy brother Tostig, who wait without in our hall—go, take ax, and take shield, and the men of earth's war, and do justice and right; and on thy return thou shalt see with what rapture sublime a Christian king can soar aloft from his throne! Go!"

More moved, and more softened, than in the former days he had been with Edward's sincere, if fanatical piety, Harold turning aside to conceal his face, said—

"Would, O royal Edward, that my heart, amidst worldly cares, were as pure and serene as thine! But what at least erring mortal may do to guard this realm, and face the evils thou forseest in the Far—that will I do; and perchance then, in my dying hour, God's pardon and peace may descend on me!" He spoke, and went.

The accounts he received from Aulaf, (a veteran Anglo-Dane,) were indeed more alarming than he had yet heard. Morecar, the bold son of Algar, was already proclaimed, by the rebels, Earl of Northumbria: the shires of Nottingham, Derby, and Lincoln, had poured forth their hardy Dane populations on his behalf; all Mercia was in arms under his brother Edwin; and many of the Gymrian chiefs had already joined the ally of the butchered Gryffth.

Not a moment did the earl lose in proclaiming the Herbaun—sheaves of arrows were splintered, as announcing the War-Fyrd, were sent from thegn to thegn, and town to town. Fresh messengers were despatched to Gurth to collect the whole force of his own earldom, and haste by quick marches to London; and, these preparations made, Harold returned to the metropolis, and with a heavy heart, sought his mother as his next care.

Githa was already prepared for his news, for Haco had of his own accord gone to break the first shock of disappointment. There was in this youth a noiseless sagacity which seemed ever provident for Harold. With his sombre, smileless cheek, and gloom of beauty, bowed as if beneath the weight of some invisible doom, he had already become linked indissolubly with the earl's fate, as it's angel—but as it's angel of darkness.

To Harold's intense relief, Githa stretched forth her hands as he entered, and said, "Thou hast failed me, but against thy will! Grieve not; I am content!"

"Now our lady be blessed, mother—"

"I have told her," said Haco, who was standing, with his arms, folded, by the fire, the blaze of which reddened fitfully his hueless countenance with its raven hair; "I have told thy mother that Wolnoth loves his captivity, and enjoys the cage. And the lady hath had comfort in my words."

"Not in thine only, son of Sweyn, but in those of fate: for before thy coming I prayed against the long blind yearnings of my heart—prayed that Wolnoth might not cross the sea with his kinsmen."

"How!" exclaimed the earl, astonished.

Githa took his arm, and led him to the farther end of the ample chamber, as if out of the hearing of

Haco, who turned his face toward the fire, and gazed into the fierce blaze with musing unwinking eyes.

"Couldst thou think, Harold, that in thy journey, that on the errand of so great fear and hope, I could sit brooding in my chair and count the stitches on the tremulous hangings! No; day by day have I sought the lore of Hilda, and at night I have watched with her by the fount, and the elm, and the tomb; and I knew that thou hast gone through dire peril; the prison, the war, and the snare; and I know also, that his Fylgia hath saved the life of my Wolnoth; for had he returned to his native land, he had returned but to a bloody grave!"

"Says Hilda this?" said the earl thoughtfully.

"So says the Vala, the rune, and the Scin-læcal and such is the doom that now darkens the brow of Haco! Seest thou not that the hand of death is in the hush of the smileless lip; the glance of the unjoyous eye?"

"Nay, it is but the thought of the captive youth, and nurtured in solitary dreams. Thou hast seen Hilda?—and Edith, my mother? Edith is—"

"Well," said Githa kindly, for she sympathized with the love which Godwin would have condemned, "though she grieved deeply after thy departure, and would sit for hours gazing into space and moaning, but even ere Hilda divined thy safe return, Edith knew it, I was beside her at the time; she started up and cried, 'Harold is in England!' 'How? Why thinkest thou so?' said I. And Edith answered, 'I feel it by the touch of the earth, the breath of the air.' This is more than love, Harold. I knew two twins who had the same instinct of each other's comings and goings, and were present each to each even when absent: Edith is twin to thy soul. Thou goest to her now, Harold: thou wilt find there thy sister Thyra. The child hath drooped of late, and I besought Hilda to revive her, with herb and charm. Thou wilt come back, ere thou departest to aid Tostig thy brother, and tell me how Hilda hath prospered with my child?"

"I will, my mother. Bless thee, thou hast not reproached me that my mission failed to fulfil my promise. Welcome even our kinswoman's sayings, since they comfort thee for the loss of thy darling!"

Then Harold left the room, mounted his steed, and rode through the town toward the bridge. He was compelled to ride slowly through the streets; and cheapman and mechanic rushed from house and from stall to hail the Man of the Land and the Times.

"All is safe now in England, for Harold is come back." They seemed joyous as the children of the mariner, when, with wet garments he struggles to shore through the storm. And kind and loving were Harold's looks and brief words, as he rode with veiled bonnet through the swarming streets.

Those who are fond of logical entanglements, and can appreciate their felicitous unravelment, will be pleased at a trait recorded in proof of the acuteness of old Mendelssohn the philosopher, as the father of the great composer was called. In his presence some young sophist propounded this paradox: If the saying that there is no rule without an exception be true, how fares it with the truth of that maxim itself? Mendelssohn's way out of the dilemma was that, in the case in point, the rule was its own exception. It takes some time to see it when you are not accustomed to dialectics, but the answer is perfect.

SKETCHES OF PROMINENT MEN IN UTAH

[From the Phrenological Journal 1846.]

We present a selection from some character sketches of our leading men written by Elder E. Tullidge for the Editor of the Phrenological Journal. A masterly sketch of President Young, from the same source, has been already published in this city. We therefore, commence with Heber C. Kimball. We shall give in turn the Lieut. General; the President; the Bishop; the Church Historian, and the assistant Historian:

HEBER C. KIMBALL.

This is the man who has stood so closely connected with Brigham Young throughout his life. We give him the third place in the list, for thus it appears to us he so stands as a type of Mormon character. Next to Brigham Young and Joseph Smith, he is the most marked man that the Mormon Church has produced. He may not be as popular and beloved as Joseph Smith or Brigham, but he is scarcely less a character. He is a non-conformist in his qualities of mind, and, as we were, ever throwing his idiosyncrasies of character into the faces of others. He conforms to nothing, everything must conform to him. He is full of eccentricity and originality. Those who understand him best think most of him, but it is not every one who understands Heber Kimball. In almost everything he is much better than he seems. Brigham Young understands him, and they have walked side by side throughout their life and ministry, and a strong attachment has existed between them. Like Brigham Young, he is one of the first Twelve Apostles of the Mormon Church. There are only four of them left, namely, Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, Orson Hyde and Orson Pratt. He was chosen by Brigham Young as his first counselor in the new First Presidency, which filled up the organization of the Church and its first quorum, made vacant by the assassination of the brothers Joseph and Hiram Smith. He was about Brigham Young's own age, both being born, I think, in 1801. He is the man who opened the European mission in 1837, and consequently might be said to be the man who held the keys of all Mormon missions, as the Mormons would say, in "this last dispensation." The keys of the Mormon priesthood to unlock the nations for the missions of the "Latter-day Saints," are given to the Twelve Apostles, and Heber C. Kimball was the first man called by Joseph Smith to go and unlock the nations. Orson Hyde was called to go with Heber, as his associate, and they arrived in Liverpool with, we believe, the magnificent sum of three halfpence between them, to undertake that great Mormon work in Europe which has sent at least a hundred thousand souls to this country. They first began to preach at Preston, England. Heber preached the first sermon in Preston, in the old Cock Inn, and Wilford Woodruff was the last man to preach at that place, so famous in Mormon history. On their arrival in Preston they were met by George D. Warren, who it is said had dreamed of Heber Kimball, and knew him at once, and he directly received the Mormon gospel, and was the first man baptized in Europe, and was baptized by Heber C. Kimball, thus giving the first fruits of the foreign missions of the Mormon Church to the man before us. On their arrival at Preston a singular incident occurred, which the

missionaries took as an omen of their success. At that moment the Temperance Society, which was holding a great day, hung out of the window of the Temperance Hall a flag with the inscription "Truth is mighty and will prevail!" Whereupon Heber Kimball led off with a great shout of "Hosanna! Truth is mighty and will prevail." This is like the man, full of earnestness and enthusiasm. He is the greatest of all the Mormon missionaries, and he manifested much fervor in building up the English mission of his Church. Heber C. Kimball, Wilford Woodruff, and George A. Smith, were the men who went to London and built up a church in the British capital. Kimball was just the man to stand up in the streets of London and send out a great cry of his mission to the whole city, and to make his strong non-conformist character felt as he walked through the very streets, and this in fact he did. To this day Heber works upon everybody, and does a great amount of preaching. It is almost a pity for the Mormon cause that he is not among the outer nations now. He would probably work upon the people in the British mission that he opened with as much force and success now as he did in his youth. No Mormon besides Heber can bear so powerful a testimony of the Mormon work, excepting Brigham Young, for none else are so thoroughly imbued with it, or so practically familiar with its whole history from the beginning. The building up of a small church in London was found to be a long and a hard work, but even then Heber O. Kimball prophesied that it would become the great capital of the European mission, and from London the work should spread to other nations. This has since been fulfilled, for the London Conference is the all-powerful conference of the British mission of the Mormon Church, and has taken the lead in all the operations of its work in Europe. Touching his prophesying, Heber stands among the greatest of the Mormon prophets, and we are informed that he has made some very remarkable prophecies. Such for instance as in the early history of Utah, when he told the half-clothed congregation, who were destitute of nearly everything, that, right away, they were going to have an abundance of clothing and all those things which they most needed, which were wagons, iron, harness, horses, mules, oxen, and, in fact trains of merchandise. Heber, soon afterward, was the first man to declare his unbelief in his own words, and to express an opinion tantamount to the fact that he was caught that time. But directly upon this came the discovery of gold in California, and that great rush of gold-finders across the continent, laden down with everything which the Mormons most needed, and by the time they reached Great Salt Lake City, the gold-finders were glad to be relieved of a large part of their trains and freight, even as a gift, or leave them and their animals to perish by the wayside; and thus Heber's prophecy was saved. He might not often be so lucky in fulfilment of his prophecies as in this fortunate case; but we understand that it is Heber's doctrine, that a man is lucky in prophesying if he hits the mark exactly once out of ten times. There is more philosophy in this view than some would imagine. It is a skillful rifleman who can every time hit the smallest speck on the board, and there are many predictions fulfilled in the spirit of the matter which do not agree exactly with a man's wording. Heber C. Kimball stands not

as Joseph Smith did to the Mormon Church, as the prophet of a dispensation. His is a face of strongly marked character and peculiarities, and much force of individualism. He has a large head, abundant Causality, the organ of Comparison so prominent that it makes up much of his originality and eccentricity in discourse, plenty of the perceptive faculties, large Cautiousness, Firmness, and Veneration, Benevolence not deficient, though he is careful, and his private affairs, as well as his organization of brain, show that he has much executive ability. He is six feet or more in stature, powerfully built, of the motive temperament, with much iron in his frame and in his character, and he is, in every sense, a pillar in the Mormon Church.

INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF EDMUND KEAN.

At one time a quartette of friends dined weekly together, of whom Edmund Kean and Ellison, we think, were two. After dinner one dark winter's evening, a hackney coach was called, and four friends, each secretly carrying a small bag under his arm, entered the vehicle, which was driven to a street off the strand which was not very brilliantly illuminated. When it had reached a gloomy spot where the gas lamps were widest apart, the driver was told to halt and open the door, and from the steps descended a gentleman attired in full mourning costume, cloak and hat band; then another similarly caparisoned, and another, and another; but these were not all! The flow of mourners continued without interruption, till the line seemed likely to "stretch to the crack of doom." The muffled driver, who stood at the door, holding his arm to assist the strange company as they alighted, bore it for awhile, but overpowered at last with fear and horror, ran off, shouting for the watch to exorcise the demoniacal procession.

This was a bit of Edmund Kean's wild fun. He had furnished his companions with their funeral gear in the bag. The cloaks, etc., were assumed as they drove along, and the opposite door of the coach was quietly opened and the steps let down from the other side. To slip unperceived round the back of the coach, and pass nimbly through again before the coachman, who was of the true jarvey type, could discover the trick, was easy enough for such old stagers; and whether they had not "all melted into air, into thin air," before the roused Dogberry could be dragged from the watchbox and brought to the scene of action, must be left to the reader's imagination.

SLURS ON WOMAN.

At a recent dinner in this city, (N. Y.,) at which no ladies were present, a man responding to the toast of "Women," dwelt almost solely on the frailty of the sex, claiming that the best among them were little better than the worst, the chief difference being in the surroundings.

At the conclusion of the speech, a gentleman present rose to his feet and said:

"I trust the gentleman, in the application of his remarks, refers to his own mother and sisters, and not to ours." The slanderer was overwhelmed.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE,

SATURDAY, DEC. 19, 1868

WOMAN AND PLURAL MARRIAGE.

A SEQUEL TO "MARRYING AND GIVING IN MARRIAGE."

A letter, written, apparently, by some fair correspondent, and signed *Anonymous* has been handed to us. We extract the following portion respecting our article "Marrying and giving in marriage," in No. 37. The writer says:—

"I beg to differ from that really ably written article, which seems to exclude the possibility of a woman's capacity developing in equal ratio with that of her husband. Not the development of a capacity to desire more than one husband do I contend for; but the capacity to fully 'supply' and 'occupy' the 'heart and brain' of the man she already has."

We thank the writer for the opportunity presented to do justice to so important a subject. Our correspondent is both right and wrong in judging us on the subject of woman's capacity. We do not disbelieve in the possibility of a woman's capacity "developing in equal ratio with that of her husband." On the contrary, we are ardent advocates of the doctrine that her capacity for intelligence or love will increase in as great a proportion as that of any man. Where we differ with our correspondent is as to the peculiar character of the matrimonial love appertaining to men and women's natures. We assert that the two sexes in this respect are different in their tendencies; and, that upon this very difference, turns the whole question of the propriety of plural marriage. Women are endowed with monogamic tendencies and men with polygamic ones. In man's bosom there exists (to be developed sooner or later), a tendency to seek more than one object for his matrimonial love. Love with him is an open fire spreading abroad its warmth—a love which finds its capacity and even its intensity increased, instead of being diminished, the greater the number of such objects on which it legitimately rests. This is not the case with woman. All the forces of her nature lead her to converge her wifely attachment upon one being. Her love is as valuable and as rich as man's; it is simply different in its disposal. It has no pleasure in diffusion. Where man's love finds increase and strength, woman's finds weakness and deterioration. This is not because woman's love is less exalted or less important than man's, but simply because men and women are composed of different elements of nature and cannot but manifest themselves in a different way. There is no reason why man should be adapted to love more than one woman, while woman can love but one man, any more than there is why the diamond is not a pearl; or why one end of a magnet turns always to the north while the other end is always repelled by it. The only answer is, they are uncreated and eternal qualities of nature, which never could be different to what they are; and must manifest themselves just as they do to be in harmony with themselves.

Such are our views respecting woman's capacity. Let us now turn to the question of woman's ability to

"fill and occupy" her husband "in heart and brain" that he can need no more. On this subject we believe that if a man's nature *was* of a character to be filled, absorbed, and entirely taken up for ever by any one love, it would be by that of a pure woman. But it is not so capable. No love can absorb him for ever. It may occupy all there is of him to day, but he must sooner or later, develop and display new room for love—not displacing the old love, but stretching far beyond it. And here comes in a most remarkable fact concerning love. *It is this very one wife love which draws out and creates the ability to love the second.* Just as the first child operates on the yet unmotherly nature, and prepares it to love another one. Thousands of women—possessing only their first-born—have declared that they never could love another child they did that one; and yet the second has come and found, not only abundance of love for itself, but a larger motherly nature for the one that preceded it. The mother is true to herself when she declares that she can love no other child. All other love is latent within her. To her it does not exist; and did her nature enlarge she never could love another. To love she then possesses really is not enough for a second child. But to her surprise a new fountain of love is brought to light within her. Thus without injury to the first the second claimant has all it needs.

Doubtless, there is a vast difference between a mother's love, and that which a husband feels for his wife. And, indeed, the sources which give each are totally distinct. But on this question respecting the power of each to increase beyond all supply the two loves are precisely similar. We know well enough, that a woman's love for her husband and affinity with him, far surpasses in intensity the tie which turns the child's heart towards its mother—great and eternal as that is; and yet upon this point of power to take up more loves than one, the husband's and mother's hearts are just the same.

Can any child (grow he up ever so lovingly; be ever so brilliant) can he so "occupy" the mother's heart and the motherly brain, that she can love a desire no other child. Let him progress ever so rapidly, in her love; can he keep pace with the capacity of a mother's power for loving offspring? The true, tender and devoted son can only fill so much of a mother's nature as he can impress. Let him "occupy" ever so much of her affections, she must, sooner or later, outgrow him; and yet—mark it—he may increase in her esteem and love eternally. So with wife's love. She may increase forever in her husband's love, welding herself more and more into his nature. Taking a firmer and yet firmer hold upon his being till his joys are her joys, and she a part of his soul for ever. But, ah! this never touches the question whether he can love beyond her, any more than the fact that a glorious son may become his mother's worship—source of her boundless admiration and *ever gain upon her heart* but never be able to fill the motherly nature so that she cannot love beyond him. It is his very excellence in her eyes; it is her very affection for him that paves the way, moulds the mother's heart and opens it to receive the love of another besides himself. So with a wife the more she gains the more she "fills;" the more she "occupies;" the more in "heart and brain" she becomes man's equal provided he be a growing man and the natural effe-

of her love be unrestrained—the more she will fit him to love beyond herself; the more she shall nurture and mature a preparation for plural love within his soul and that simply because plural love is always latent within him, and all proper action on his being can but develop him and bring it out.

It may be asked, why will not the same process develop plural love in woman? The answer, of course, is, because it is not there to be brought out; and it cannot be cultivated into woman anymore than we can cultivate the light of the diamond into the heart of a golden nugget. You can bring the golden polish out of gold, and the sparkling ray from the precious stone; but you cannot polish either into an exchange of qualities. You would destroy both in an attempt to make them similar. So with plurality of matrimonial loves. Could you induce it in the wife, she would cease to be woman. Could you annihilate it from the husband, he would cease to be man.

We do not believe in saying to women, that because plural marriage is true, therefore, gracious or ungracious to their natures, it is for them to accept. There is no such proposition in our faith on that subject. If plural marriage is true, it is, simply, because it is in harmony with our being, and not because of any arbitrary command of God. If women do not perceive that harmony it is simply because they have not grown up to it. They do not require commands on the subject, they require time and culture. No one thinks of damning his neighbor because he or she does not believe in the divinity of marriage life. The arguments in favor of marriage lie in every man and woman's breast; and all discover them when they come to them. So with plural marriage, if it does not stand upon a similar evidence found in every developed man and woman's bosom, it will perish and pass away; and the quicker the better. If it does so stand it will endure; because it will be demanded by the highest and best instincts of mankind, and it will exist on no other principle.

We will here hazard a statement regarding plural marriage which, in the opinion of some, will condemn it at once; and that is this:—If plural marriage is not calculated to make women happier than they would be out of it, then it is a false system; and will crumble of itself. Nothing that is against the fullest happiness of men and women can stand forever. The myriads of intelligences filling the universe, in their onward march to life, liberty, and joy, will consign to oblivion all doctrines, all usages, not in harmony with true human nature. Nothing stands eternally but that which universal intelligences in their unfolded condition desire to have stand. For God is in humanity speaking His own will. And upon this point plural marriage will stand or fall. But the question will not be tried by the gross or undeveloped of our race but by the refined and advanced. Children, in years, cannot judge whether marriage life is an ordinance of nature; notwithstanding, a preparation for marriage exists in every child, even in its mother's lap, Nature has not yet spoken within them. So manhood's children, cannot judge of the affinity of their nature with the highest form of plural marriage, although a preparation for it is latent within them. As yet it has uttered no voice. Virtually to them it does not exist but it must be aroused ere they will reach perfection. Still it is useless to tell men—and much

more women—that plural marriage "*is true because it is true.*" They must discover its harmony with themselves before it will be true to them. It does not matter to a woman how many Deities, Thrones, and Powers, visible or invisible, are said to have declared such a doctrine true; she may submit externally, but she will disbelieve the statement in her heart, until she senses its agreement with the wishes and instincts implanted within her by God.

In our next we will endeavor to show wherein this harmony of plural marriage with woman's nature consists

FOUL PLAY.

BY CHARLES READE AND DION BOUCCICAULT.

(CONTINUED)

CHAPTER I.

They gave a long time to pure joy before either of them cared to put questions or compare notes. But at last he asked her, "Who was on the island besides her?"

"Oh, said she, "only my guardian angel. Poor Mr. Welch died the first week we were here."

He parted the hair on her brow and kissed it tenderly. "And who is your guardian angel?"

"Why, you are now, my own papa: and well you have proved it. To think of your being the one to come at your age!"

"Well, never mind me. Who has taken such care of my child?—this the sick girl they frightened me about!"

"Indeed, papa, I was a dying girl. My very hand was wasted. Look at it now; brown as a berry, but so plump; you owe that to him: and, papa, I can walk twenty miles without fatigue: and so strong; I could take you up in my arms and carry you, I know. But I am content to eat you." (A shower of kisses.) "I hope you will like him."

"My own Helen. Ah! I am a happy old man this day. What is his name?"

"Mr. Hazel. He is a clergyman. Oh, papa, I hope you will like him, for he has saved my life more than once: and then he has been so generous, so delicate, so patient; for I used him very ill at first; and you will find my character as much improved as my health: and all owing to Mr. Hazel. He is a clergyman: and, oh, so good, so humble, so clever, so self-denying! Ah! how can I ever repay him?"

"Well, I shall be glad to see this paragon, and shake him by the hand. You may imagine what I feel to any one that is kind to my darling. An old gentleman? About my age?"

"Oh no, papa."

"Hum!"

"If he had been old I should not be here; for he has had to fight for me against cruel men with knives: and work like a horse. He built me a hut, and made me this cave, and almost killed himself in my service. Poor Mr. Hazel!"

"How old is he?"

"Dearest papa, I never asked him that: but I think he is four or five years older than me, and a hundred years better than I shall ever be, I am afraid. What is the matter darling?"

"Nothing, child, nothing."

"Don't tell me. Can't I read your dear face?"

"Come, let me read yours. Look me in the face, now: full."

He took her by the shoulders, firmly, but not the least roughly, and looked straight into her hazel eyes. She blushed at this ordeal, blushed scarlet; but her eyes, pure as Heaven, faced his fairly, though with a puzzled look.

He concluded this paternal inspection by kissing her on the brow. "I was an old fool," he muttered.

"What do you say, dear papa?"

"Nothing, nothing. Kiss me again. Well, love, you had better find this guardian angel of yours, that I may take him by the hand and give him a father's blessing, and make him some little return by carrying him home to England along with my darling."

"I'll call him, papa. Where can he be gone, I wonder."

She ran out to the terrace and called.

"Mr. Hazel! Mr. Hazel! I don't see him; but he can't be far off. Mr. Hazel!"

Then she came back and made her father sit down: and she sat at his knee, beaming with delight.

"Ah, papa," said she, "it was you who loved me best in England. It was you that came to look for me?"

"No," said he, "there are others there that love you as well in their way. Poor Wardlaw! on his sick bed for you, cut down like a flower the moment he heard you were lost in the Proserpine. Ah, and I have broken faith."

"That is a story," said Helen; "you couldn't."

"For a moment, I mean; I promised the dear old man—he furnished the ship, the men, and the money, to find you. He says you are as much his daughter as mine."

"Well, but what did you promise him?" said Helen, blushing and interrupting hastily, for she could not bear the turn matters were taking.

"Oh, only to give you the second kiss from Arthur. Come, better late than never." She knelt before him and put out her forehead instead of her lips. "There," said the General, "that kiss is from Arthur Wardlaw, your intended. Why, who the deuce is this?"

A young man was standing wonderstruck at the entrance, and had heard the General's last words; they went through him like a knife. General Rolleston stared at him.

Helen uttered an ejaculation of pleasure, and said, "This is my dear father, and he wants to thank you—"

"I don't understand this," said the General. I thought you told me there was no body on the island but you and your guardian angel. Did you count this poor fellow for nobody? Why, he did you a good turn once."

"Oh, papa!" said Helen, reproachfully. "Why this is my guardian angel. This is Mr. Hazel."

The General looked from one to the other in amazement, then he said to Helen, "This your Mr. Hazel!"

"Yes, papa."

"Why, you don't mean to tell me you don't know this man?"

"Know him, papa! why, of course I know Mr. Hazel; know him and revere him, beyond all the world, except you."

The General lost patience. "Are you out of your senses?" said he; "this man here is no Hazel. Why, this is James Seaton—our gardener—a ticket-of-leave man!"

CHAPTER XL.

At this fearful insult Helen drew back from her father with a cry of dismay, and then moved towards Hazel with her hands extended, as if to guard him from another blow, and at the same time deprecate his resentment. But then she saw his dejected attitude; and she stood confounded, looking from one to the other.

"I knew him in a moment by his beard," said the General, coolly.

"Ah!" cried Helen, and stood transfixed. She glared at Hazel and his beard with dilating eyes, and began to tremble.

Then she crept back to her father and held him tight; but she still looked over her shoulder at Hazel with dilating eyes and paling cheek.

As for Hazel, his deportment all this time went far towards convicting him; he leaned against the side of the cave and hung his head in silence; and his face was ashy pale. When General Rolleston saw his deep distress, and the sudden terror and repugnance the revelation seemed to create in his daughter's mind, he felt sorry he had gone so far, and said, "Well, well; it is not for me to judge you harshly; for you have laid me under a deep obligation: and, after all, I can see good reasons why you should conceal your name from other people. But you ought to have told my daughter the truth."

Helen interrupted him; or rather, she seemed unconscious he was speaking. She had never for an instant taken her eye off the culprit: and now she spoke to him:

"Who, and what, are you, sir?"

"My name is Robert Penfold."

"Penfold! Seaton!" cried Helen. Alias upon alias! And she turned to her father in despair. Then to Hazel again, "Are you what papa says?"

"I am."

"Oh, Papa! Papa!" cried Helen, then there is no truth nor honesty in all the world." And she turned her back on Robert Penfold, and cried and sobbed upon her father's breast.

Oh, the amazement and anguish of that hour! The pure affection and reverence, that would have blest a worthy man, wasted on a convict! Her heart's best treasures flung on a

dunghill! This is a woman's greatest loss on earth. And Helen sank, and sobbed under it.

General Rolleston, whose own heart was fortified, took a shallow view of the situation; and, moreover, Helen's face was hidden on his bosom; and what he saw was Hazel's manly and intelligent countenance pale, and dragged with agony and shame.

"Come, come," he said, gently, "don't cry about it; it is not your fault: and don't be too hard on the man; you told me he had saved your life."

"Would he had not," said the sobbing girl.

"There, Seaton," said the General. "Now you see the consequences of deceit: it wipes out the deepest obligations." He resumed, in a different tone, "But not with me. This is a woman: but I am a man, and know how a bad man could have abused the situation in which I found you two."

"Not worse than he has done," cried Helen.

"What do you tell me, girl!" said General Rolleston, beginning to tremble in his turn.

"What could he do worse, than steal my esteem and veneration, and drag my heart's best feelings in the dirt? Oh, where—where—can I ever look for a guide, instructor, and faithful friend, after this? He seemed all truth; and he is all a lie: the world is all a lie: would I could leave it this moment."

"This is all romantic nonsense," said General Rolleston beginning to be angry. "You are a little fool, and, in your ignorance and innocence, have no idea how well this young fellow has behaved on the whole. I tell you what;—in spite of this one fault, I should like to shake him by the hand. I will, too: and then admonish him afterwards."

"You shall not. You shall not," cried Helen, seizing him almost violently by the arm. "You take him by the hand! A monster! How dare you steal into my esteem! How dare you be a miracle of goodness, self-denial, learning, and every virtue that a lady might worship, and thank God for, when all the time you are a vile, convicted—"

"I'll thank you not to say that word," said Hazel, firmly.

"I'll call you what you are, if I choose," said Helen defiantly. But for all that she did not do it. She said piteously, "What offence had I ever given you? What crime had I ever committed, that you must make me the victim of this diabolical deceit? Oh, sir, what powers of mind you have wasted to achieve this victory over a poor unoffending girl! What was your motive? What good could come of it to you? He won't speak to me. He is not even penitent. Sullen and obstinate! He shall be taken to England, and well punished for it. Papa, it is your duty."

"Helen," said the General, "you ladies are rather too fond of hitting a man when he is down. And you speak daggers, as the saying is; and then wish you had bitten your tongue off sooner. You are my child, but you are also a British subject; and, if you charge me on my duty to take this man to England and have him imprisoned, I must. But, before you go that length, you had better hear the whole story."

"Sir," said Robert Penfold, quietly. "I will go back to prison this minute, if she wishes it."

"How dare you interrupt papa," said Helen, haughtily, but with a great sob.

"Come, come," said the General, "be quiet both of you, and let me say my say. (To Robert.) You had better turn your head away, for I am a straight-forward man, and I am going to show her that you are not a villain, but a madman. This Robert Penfold wrote me a letter, imploring me to find him some honest employment, however menial. That looked well; and I made him my gardener. He was a capital gardener; but one fine day he caught sight of you. You are a very lovely girl; though you don't seem to know it; and he is a madman; and he fell in love with you." Helen uttered an ejaculation of great surprise. The General resumed, "He can only have seen you at a distance, or you would recognize him; but (really it is laughable) he saw you somehow, though you did not see him. and— Well, his insanity hurt himself, and did not hurt you. You remember how he suspected burglars, and watched night after night under your window. That was out of love for you. His insanity took the form of fidelity and humble devotion. He got a wound for his pains, poor fellow! and you made Arthur Wardlaw get him a clerk's place."

"Arthur Wardlaw!" cried Seaton. "Was it to him I owed it?" and he groaned aloud.

Said Helen, "He hates poor Arthur, his benefactor." Then to Penfold, "If you are that James Seaton, you received a letter from me."

"I did," said Penfold; and putting his hand in his bosom he drew out a letter and showed it to her.

"Let me see it," said Helen.

"Oh no! don't take this from me, too," said he, piteously.

General Rolleston continued. "The day you sailed he disappeared; and I am afraid not without some wild idea of being in the same ship with you. This was very reprehensible. Do you hear, young man? But what is the consequence? you get shipwrecked together, and the young madman takes such care of you that I find you well and hearty, and calling him your guardian angel. And, another thing to his credit, he has set his wits to work to restore you to the world. These ducks, one of which brings me here. Of course it was he who contrived that, not you. Young man, you must learn to look things in the face; this young lady is not of your sphere, to begin; and, in the next place, she is engaged to Mr. Arthur Wardlaw; and I am come out in his steamboat to take her to him. And as for you, Helen, take my advice, think what most convicts are compared to this one. Shut your eyes entirely to his folly, as I shall; and let you and me think only of his good deeds, and so make him all the return we can. You and I will go on board the steamboat directly; and, when we are there, we can tell Moreland there is somebody else on the island. He then turned to Penfold, and said, "My daughter and I will keep in the after-part of the vessel, and anybody that likes can leave the ship at Valparaiso. Helen, I know it is wrong; but what can I do?—I am so happy. You are alive and well: how can I punish or afflict a human creature to-day? and, above all, how can I crush this unhappy young man, without whom I should never have seen you again in this world? My daughter! my dear lost child!" and he held her at arm's length and gazed at her, and then drew her to his bosom, and for him Robert Penfold ceased to exist, except as a man that had saved his daughter.

"Papa," said Helen, after a long pause, "just make him tell why he could not trust to me. Why, he passed himself off to me for a clergyman."

"I am a clergyman," said Robert Penfold.

"Oh!" said Helen, shocked to find him so hardened, as she thought. She lifted her hands to heaven, and the tears streamed from her eyes. "Well, sir," said she, faintly, "I see I cannot reach your conscience. One question more, and then I have done with you forever! Why, in all these months that we have been alone, and that you have shown me the nature I don't say of an honest man, but of an angel—yes, papa, of an angel—why could you not show me one humble virtue, sincerity? It belongs to a man. Why could you not say, 'I have committed one crime in my life, but repented forever; judge by this confession, and by what you have seen of me, whether I shall ever commit another. Take me as I am, and esteem me as a penitent and more worthy man; but I will not deceive you and pass for a paragon.' Why could you not say as much as this to me? If you loved me, why deceive me so cruelly?"

These words, uttered no longer harshly, but in a mournful, faint, despairing voice, produced an effect the speaker little expected. Robert Penfold made two attempts to speak, but, though he opened his mouth, and his lips quivered, he could get no word out. He began to choke with emotion; and, though he shed no tears, the convulsion, that goes with weeping in weaker natures, overpowered him in a way that was almost terrible.

"Confound it!" said General Rolleston; "this is monstrous of you, Helen; it is barbarous. You are not like your poor mother."

She was pale and trembling, and the tears flowing; but she showed her native obstinacy. She said, hoarsely, "Papa, you are blind. He never answer me. He knows he must!"

"I must," said Robert Penfold, gasping still. Then he manned himself by a mighty effort, and repeated with dignity "I will."

There was a pause while the young man still struggled for composure and self-command.

"Was I not often on the point of telling you my sad story? Then is it fair to say that I should never have told it you! But oh! Miss Rolleston, you don't know what agony it may be to an unfortunate man to tell the truth. There are accusations so terrible, so defiling, that, when a man has proved them false, they shall stick to him and soil him. Such an accusation I labor under, and a judge and a jury have branded me. If they had called me a murderer I would have told you, but that is such a dirty crime. I feared the prejudices of the world. I feared to see your face alter to me. Yes, I trembled, and hesitated, and asked myself whether a man is bound to repeat a foul slander against himself, even when thirteen shallow men have said it and made the law."

"There," said General Rolleston, "I thought how it would

be, and I decline to hear another word: you needn't excuse yourself for altering your name; I excuse it, and that is enough. But the boat is waiting, and we cannot wait to hear you justify a felony."

I AM NOT A FELON. I AM A MARTYR."

CHAPTER LII.

Robert Penfold drew himself up to his full height, and uttered these words with a sad majesty that was very imposing. But General Rolleston, steeled by experience of convicts, their plausibility, and their histrionic powers, was staggered only for a moment. He deigned no reply; but told Helen that Captain Moreland was waiting for her, and she had better go on board at once.

She stood like a statue.

"No, papa, I'll not turn my back on him till I know whether he is a felon or a martyr."

"Fiddle-dee," said General Rolleston, angrily. Then looking at his watch; "I give you five minutes to humbug us in—if you can."

"Miss Rolleston," said he, "my history can be told in the time my prejudiced judge allows me. I am a clergyman, and a private tutor at Oxford. One of my pupils was—Arthur Wardlaw. I took an interest in him because my father, Michael Penfold, was in Wardlaw's employ. This Arthur Wardlaw had a talent for mimicry; he mimicked one of the college officers publicly and offensively, and was about to be expelled, and that would have ruined his immediate prospects; for his father is just but stern. I fought hard for him, and being myself popular with the authorities, I got him off. He was grateful or seemed to be, and we became greater friends than ever. We confided in each other; he told me he was in debt in Oxford, and much alarmed lest it should reach his father's ears, and lose him the promised partnership; I told him I was desirous to buy a small living near Oxford, which was then vacant; but I had only saved £400, and the price was £1000; I had no means of raising the balance. Then he said, 'Borrow £2000 of my father; give me fourteen hundred of it, and take your own time to repay the £600. I shall be my father's partner in a month or two,' said he; 'you can pay us back by instalments.' I thought this very kind of him. I did not want the living for myself, but to give my dear father certain comforts, and country air every week; he needed it; he was born in the country. Well, I came to London about this business: and a stranger called on me, and said he came from Mr. Arthur Wardlaw, who was not well enough to come himself. He produced a note of hand for £2000, signed John Wardlaw, and made me endorse it, and told me where to get it cashed; he would come next day for Arthur Wardlaw's share of the money. Well, I suspected no ill; would you? I went and got the note discounted, and locked the money up: it was not my money: the greater part was Arthur Wardlaw's. And I was arrested as a forger."

"Oh?" cried Helen.

"I forgot the clergyman: I was a gentleman, and a man, insulted, and I knocked the officer down directly. But his myrmidons overpowered me. I was tried at the Central Criminal Court on two charges. First, the Crown (as they call the attorney that draws the indictment) charged me with forging the note of hand; and then with not forging it, but passing it well knowing that somebody else had forged it. Well, Undercliff, the Expert, swore positively that the forged note was not written by me; and the Crown, as they call it, was defeated on that charge; but being proven a liar in a court of justice did not abash my accuser; the second charge was pressed with equal confidence. The note, you are to understand, was forged: that admits of no doubt: and I passed it; the question was whether I passed it knowing it to be forged. How was that to be determined? And here it was that my own familiar friend, in whom I trusted, destroyed me. Of course, as soon as I was put in prison, I wrote and sent to Arthur Wardlaw. Would you believe it? He would not come to me. He would not even write. Then as the time drew near, I feared he was a traitor. I treated him like one. I told my solicitor to drag him into court as my witness, and make him tell the truth. The clerk went down accordingly, and found he kept his door always locked; but the clerk outwitted him, and served him with the subpoena in his bedroom, before he could crawl under the bed. But he baffled us at last; he never appeared in the witness-box; and, when my counsel asked the court to imprison him, his father swore he could not come; he was dying, and all out of sympathy with me. Fine sympathy! (the world's full of such sympathy) that closed the lips, and concealed the truth

one syllable of which would have saved his friend and benefactor from a calamity worse than death. Is the truth poison, that to tell it makes a sick man die? Is the truth hell, that a dying man refuses to speak it? How can a man die better than speaking the truth? How can he die worse than withholding it? I believe his sickness and his death were lies like himself. For want of one word from Arthur Wardlaw, to explain that I had every reason to expect a note of hand from him, the jury condemned me. They were twelve honest, but shallow men—invited to go inside another man's bosom and guess what was there. They guessed that I knew and understood a thing, which to this hour I neither know nor understand, by God."

He paused a moment, then resumed:

"I believe they founded their conjecture on my knocking down the officer. There was a reason for you! Why, forgers and their confederates are reptiles, and have no fight in them. Experience proves this. But these twelve men did not go by experience. They guessed, like babies, and after much hesitation, condemned me; but recommended me to mercy. Mercy! What mercy did I deserve? Either I was innocent, or hanging was too good for me. No; in their hearts they doubted my guilt; and their doubt took that timid form, instead of acquitting me. I was amazed at the verdict, and asked leave to tell the judge why Arthur Wardlaw had defied the court, and absented himself as my witness. Had the judge listened for one minute, he would have seen I was innocent. But no! I was in England, where the mouth of the accused is stopped, if he is fool enough to employ counsel. The judge stopped my mouth, as your father just now tried to stop it; and they branded me as a felon."

"Up to that moment my life was honorable and worthy. Since that moment I have never wronged a human creature. Men pass from virtue to vice, from vice to crime; this is the ladder a soul goes down; but you are invited to believe that I jumped from innocence into a filthy felony, and then jumped back again none the worse, and was a gardener that fought for his employer, and a lover that controlled his passion. It is a lie. A lie that ought not to take in a child. But prejudice degrades a man below the level of a child. I'll say no more: my patience is exhausted by wrongs and insults. I am as honest a man as ever breathed, and the place, where we stand, is mine, for I made it. Leave it and me this moment. Go to England, and leave me where the animals, more reasonable than you, have the sense to see my real character. I'll not sail in the same ship with any man, nor any woman either, who can look me in the face, and take me for a felon."

He swelled and towered with the just wrath of an honest man driven to bay; and his eye shot back lightning. He was sublime.

Helen cowered; but her spirited old father turned red, and said, haughtily, "We take you at your word, and leave you, you insolent vagabond. Follow me this instant Helen!"

And he marched out of the cavern in a fury.

But, instead of following him, Helen stood stock-still and cowered, and cowered till she seemed sinking forward to the ground, and she got hold of Robert Penfold's hand, and kissed it, and moaned over it.

"Martyr! Martyr!" she whispered, and still kissed his hand, like a slave offering her master pity, and asking pardon.

"Martyr! Martyr! Every word is true—true as my love."

In this attitude, and with these words on her lips, they were surprised by General Rolleston, who came back, astonished at his daughter not following him. Judge of his amazement now.

"What does this mean?" he cried, turning pale with anger.

"It means that he has spoken the truth, and that I shall imitate him. He is my martyr, and my love. When others cast shame on you, then it is time for me to show my heart. James Seaton, I love you for your madness, and your devotion to her, whom you had only seen at a distance. Ah! that was love. John Hazel, I love you for all that has passed between us. What can any other man be to me?—or woman to you?—But most of all, I love you Robert Penfold—my hero and my martyr. When I am told to your face that you are a felon, then to your face I say you are my idol, my hero, and my martyr. Love! the word is too tame, too common. I worship you; I adore you. How beautiful you are when you are angry. How noble you are now you forgive me; for you do forgive me, Robert; you must, you shall. No; you will not send your Helen away from you, for her one fault so soon repented. Show me you forgive me: show me you love me still, almost as much as I love you. He is crying. Oh, my darling! my darling!" And she was round his neck in a moment, with tears and tender kisses, the first she had ever given him.

Ask yourself whether they were returned.

A groan, or rather we might say, a snort of fury, interrupted the most blissful moment either of these young creatures had ever known. It came from General Rolleston, now white with wrath and horror.

"You villain!" he cried.

Helen threw herself upon him, and put her hand before his mouth.

"Not a word more, or I shall forget that I am your daughter. No one is to blame but I. I love him. I made him love me. He has been trying hard not to love me so much. But I am a woman; and could not deny myself the glory and the joy of being loved better than woman was ever loved before. And so I am; I am. Kill me, if you like; insult me, if you will; but not a word against him, or I give him my hand, and we live and die together on this island. Oh, papa! he has often saved that life you value so; and I have saved his. He is all the world to me. Have pity on your child! Have pity on him who carries my heart in his bosom!"

She flung herself on her knees, and strained him tight, and implored him, with head thrown back, and little clutching hands and eloquent eyes.

Ah! it is hard to resist the voice and look and clinging of a man's own flesh and blood. Children are so strong—upon their knees: their dear faces, bright copies of our own, are just the height of our hearts then.

The old man was staggered, was almost melted. "Give me moment to think," said he in a broken voice. "This blow take my breath away."

Helen rose and laid her head upon her father's shoulder, and still pleaded for her love by her soft touch and her tears that now flowed freely.

He turned to Penfold with all the dignity of age and station. "Mr. Penfold," said he, with grave politeness, "after what my daughter has said, I must treat you as a man of honor, or must insult her. Well then, I expect you to show me you are what she thinks you, and are not what a court of justice has proclaimed you. Sir, this young lady is engaged with her own free will to a gentleman, who is universally esteemed, and has never been accused to his face of any unworthy act. Relying on her plighted word, the Wardlaw's have fitted out a steamer and searched the Pacific, and found her. Can you, as a man of honor, advise her to stay here and compromise her own honor in every way? Ought she to break faith with her betrothed on account of vague accusations made behind his back?"

"It was only in self-defence I accused Mr. Arthur Wardlaw," said Robert Penfold.

General Rolleston resumed.

"You said just now there are accusations which soil a man. If you were in my place, would you let your daughter marry a man of honor, who had unfortunately been guilty of a felony?"

Robert groaned and hesitated, but he said "No."

Then what is to be done? She must either keep her plighted word, or else break it. For whom? For a gentleman whom she esteems and loves, but cannot marry. A leper may be a saint; but I would rather bury my child than marry her to a leper. A convict may be a saint; but I'll kill her with my own hand sooner than she shall marry a convict: and in your heart and conscience you cannot blame me. Were you a father you would do the same. What then remains for her and me, but to keep faith; and what can you do better, than leave her, and carry away her everlasting esteem and her father's gratitude? It is no use being good by halves, or bad by halves. You must either be a selfish villain, and urge her to abandon all shame and live here on this island with you forever, or you must be a brave and honest man, and bow to a parting that is inevitable. Consider, sir; your eloquence and her pity have betrayed this young lady into a confession that separates you. Her enforced residence here with you has been innocent. It would be innocent no longer, now she has been so mad as to own she loves you. And I tell you frankly, if after that confession, you insist on going on board the steamer with her, I must take you; humanity requires it; but if I do, I shall hand you over to the law as a convict escaped before his time. Perhaps I ought to do so as it is; but that is not certain. I don't know to what country this island belongs; I may have no right to capture in strange dominions; but an English ship is England—and if you set foot on the Springbok you are lost. Now then, you are a man of honor; you love my child truly, and not selfishly;—you have behaved nobly until to-day; go one step farther on the right road: call worldly honor, and the God whose vows you have taken, sir to your aid, and do your duty."

"Oh, man! man!" cried Robert Penfold, "you ask more of me than flesh and blood can bear. What shall I say? What shall I do?"

Helen replied, calmly: "Take my hand, and let us die together, since we cannot live together with honor."

General Rolleston groaned, "For this, then, I have traversed one ocean, and searched another, and found my child. I am nothing to her—nothing. Oh, who would be a father!" He sat down oppressed with shame and grief, and bowed his tately head in manly but pathetic silence.

"Oh, papa! papa!" cried Helen, "forgive your ungrateful child!" And she kneeled and sobbed, with her forehead on his knees.

Then Robert Penfold, in the midst of his own agony, found room in that great suffering heart of his for pity. He knelt down himself, and prayed for help in this bitter trial. He rose agitated with the struggle, but languid and resigned, like one whose death-warrant has been read.

"Sir," said he, "there is but one way. You must take her home; and I shall stay here."

"Leave you all alone on this island!" said Helen. "Never! If you stay here, I shall stay to comfort you."

"I decline that offer. I am beyond the reach of comfort."

"Think what you do, Robert," said Helen, with unnatural calmness. "If you have no pity on yourself, have pity on us. Would you rob me of the very life you have taken such pains to save? My poor father will carry nothing to England but my dead body. Long before we reach that country I loved so well, and now hate it for its stupidity and cruelty to you, my soul will have flown back to this island to watch over you, Robert. You bid me abandon you to solitude and despair. Neither of you two love me half so much as I love you both."

General Rolleston sighed deeply. "If I thought that," said he—then in a faint voice, "my own courage fails me now. I look into my heart, and I see my child's life is dearer to me than all the world. She was dying, they say. Suppose I send Moreland to the Continent for a clergyman, and marry you. Then you can live on this island forever. Only you must let me live here too, for I could never show my face again in England after acting so dishonorably. It will be a miserable end of a life passed in honor; but I suppose it will not be for long. Shame can kill as quickly as disappointed love."

"Robert! Robert!" cried Helen in agony.

The martyr saw that he was master of the situation, and must be either base or very noble—there was no middle way. He leaned his head on his hands, and thought with all his might.

"Hush!" said Helen: "he is wiser than we are. Let him speak."

ANNE, QUEEN OF RICHARD THE THIRD.

All who have witnessed the performance of Madame Scheller as Queen Anne in Richard the Third, at our theatre, as well as all lovers of history, will be interested in the following particulars respecting the life of Queen Anne. It is worth reading if only to learn how near Shakspere's Richard III is to the facts of history. Splendid as was the great poet as a dramatist, it will be seen that the prejudices of his time against Richard are considerably interwoven with the dramatic story:

This unfortunate lady was the daughter of the great Earl of Warwick, surnamed the "king-maker." Previous to her marriage with Richard the Third, the Lady Anne of Warwick was the wife of Edward, Prince of Wales, son of the lamb-like Henry the Sixth, and his heroic consort, Margaret, the lioness of Anjou.

This Prince of Wales, her husband, was killed, or rather murdered, by Edward the Fourth, immediately after the crushing defeat of the Lancastrian party at Tewkesbury. The Prince of Wales, who had fought most gallantly in defence of his father's and his own

right to the throne, surrendered himself to Sir Richard Crofts, who—tempted by the reward of 100*l.* a-year offered by Edward the Fourth, to any person who should bring Edward, called Prince of Wales, to the King—brought his prisoner to the royal head of the Yorkist faction.

King Edward, struck with the noble presence of the Prince of Wales, who was "a well-featured young gentleman, of almost feminine beauty," demanded of him "How he durst so presumptuously enter his realm, with banners displayed against him?"

"To recover my father's crown and mine own," replied the Prince.

Upon this, King Edward basely struck the chained and helpless captive on the face with his gauntlet. This was the signal for the merciless myrmidons of the tyrant to fall upon the royal prisoner with their daggers. The poor Prince fell, riddled with wounds inflicted by the royal assassins. The spot where he is believed to have been buried is marked by a small unadorned slab of gray marble, in the Abbey Church of Tewkesbury. Among these assassins was the murdered Prince's brother-in-law, George, Duke of Clarence, Richard, Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard the Third, and Lords Dorset and Hastings.

This atrocious murder took place on the 15th of May, 1471, so that Anne of Warwick, Princess of Wales, became a widow at the early age of seventeen, her unfortunate husband being two years older than her.

Her second husband, the royal hunchback, was her second cousin. They had been intimate from their childhood, and from a very early period had been taught to look upon themselves as destined for each other. But when the great Earl of Warwick quarrelled with the House of York, because of the infamous conduct of Edward the Fourth, the match was broken off, and the Lady Anne of Warwick was given to Edward, Prince of Wales, the heir and hope of the House of Lancaster.

But it is said that Anne, though compelled to give a polite reception to the attentions of Richard, always disliked him. This dislike, owing to the part he took in the assassination of her first husband, had grown to a passion of intense hatred. When, therefore, upon her becoming a widow, she found that her ill-favored cousin was again in pursuit of her, she adopted a variety of stratagems and disguises to elude his search. One of these attempts of the persecuted Princess to escape her detested suitor, is thus related by the continuator of the "Croyland Chronicle:"

"Richard, Duke of Gloucester, wished to discover the youngest daughter of the Earl of Warwick, in order to marry her. This was much disapproved by his brother, the Duke of Clarence, who did not wish to divide his wife's inheritance. He therefore hid the young lady. But the cunning Duke of Gloucester discovered her in the disguise of a cook-maid in the city of London, and he immediately transferred her to the sanctuary of St. Martin-le-Grand." Soon after, she was removed to the care of her uncle, George, Archbishop of York. But Edward the Fourth, on his restoration, deprived her of this protection, for the Archbishop having incurred that monarch's displeasure, was stripped of his enormous riches, and sent a prisoner to Hammes.

The marriage of the widowed Princess of Wales

with Richard, Duke of Gloucester, took place at Westminster, in 1473, two years after the murder of her first husband by her second spouse and his brothers, and ten years before the death of Edward the Fourth. This marriage was believed to be invalid, because of the parties being considered too near of kin; and since the ecclesiastical dispensation requisite for the removal of that obstacle had not been obtained.

Richard was Governor of the Northern Marches, and his principal residence was at Middleham Castle, in Yorkshire. Here Anne was delivered of her son Edward, in 1474; and here she spent the greater part of her time as Richard's wife, prior to that monster usurpation of the Throne. She was passionately devoted to her son; and as the Scottish war required that her husband should be absent for a great part of the time, it is probable that her residence at Middleham Castle formed the happiest of the short and checkered life of the unfortunate Anne of Warwick.

Upon the death of Edward the Fourth, Richard, at the head of his Northern partisans, marched towards London, seized his nephews, Edward the Fifth and his young brother, Prince Richard, and having had them duly murdered in the Tower, made himself King of England. On the very day of the murder of the young princes, the usurper had his own son, then in his ninth year, created Prince of Wales. Two days after, Richard, Duke of Gloucester, and his wife, Anne of Warwick, were, with an unusual display of pageantry, crowned King and Queen of England.

On the following day, the King, with Queen Anne, his wife, came down out of Whitehall into the great hall of Westminster, and went directly to the King's bench, where they sat some time, and from thence the King and Queen walked *barefoot upon striped cloth* unto King Edward's shrine, all their nobility going before them, every lord in his degree.

The reign of Richard the Third was one of the briefest and bloodiest in the annals of this or any other country. It was incessant butchery of his real or supposed enemies. The ferocity of the royal miscreant was directed in a special manner against the Woodville family, the relatives of the Queen-Dowager Elizabeth Woodville. But every one who had enjoyed the favor of his late brother, Edward the Fourth, was hateful to Richard. Even the poor fallen and miserable Jane Shore; the frail wife of the City goldsmith, and the favorite mistress of the too amorous Edward, did not escape the unscrupulous Richard. For the purpose of reviving his brother's licentious manners, Richard ordered his servile ecclesiastics to inflict penance upon Jane Shore, who, though only a tradesman's wife, was one of the most accomplished ladies of the time. "Proper she was and fair," says Sir Thomas Moore; "Yet delighted not men so much in her beauty as in her pleasant behavior, for a proper wit had she; and could both read well and write; neither mute nor babbling. Many mistresses the king had, but her he loved; whose favor, to say the truth, she never abused to any man's hurt, but often employed to many a man's relief."

The cruel selection of such a person for ignominious punishment, arose, probably, in part from her plebeian condition, and in part from her having become the paramour of Hastings, who, though enamoured of her in Edward the Fourth's lifetime, had then abstained from any nearer approaches to her. Lord Hastings

was one of the first men murdered by Richard, on that usurper's assumption of the throne.

The life of Anne of Warwick, as Queen of England, was one of the most wretched imaginable. She knew that she was the wife of a man stained with the foulest crimes. Her only son, in whom all her hopes and affections were centered, died about a year after the murder of his consins, the princes, in the Tower. Before her accession to the dignity of Queen-Consort, she had the seeds of a fatal disease implanted in her system. She knew that she was dying of a rapid consumption, and that her husband was looking forward with impatience and a pleasant expectation to her death, in order that he might espouse his own niece, Elizabeth, daughter of Edward the Fourth and Elizabeth Woodville, and the sister of the two boy-princes whom he had caused to be murdered in the Tower. Indeed, so eager was Richard the Third to get rid of Anne of Warwick, that he could scarcely be induced to wait for her death, though that event was visibly and rapidly approaching. He now pretended to have scruples about the validity of his marriage, on account of their near relationship, and the absence of the Papal dispensation usually resorted to for the purpose of removing that bar to matrimonial union. It was even alleged that he meditated resorting to poison, in order to free himself from the trammel of a disagreeable spouse. The poor Queen knew all this, and her painful illness received an additional pang from her knowledge of her husband's speculations on her death.

But black and fiendish almost beyond any monarch before or since though Richard was, there is no trustworthy ground for charging him with murdering his wife with poison. His unkindness and her own poignant grief for her son, were as potent as any life-destroying drug to accomplish her death. So the poor broken-hearted Anne of Warwick died in her thirty-first year, at Westminster on the 16th of March, 1485, in the midst of the greatest eclipse of the sun that had happened for years. She had a pompous and magnificent funeral. She lies interred near the altar at Westminster abbey, not far from the monument of Anne of Cleves; but no memorial marks the spot where rest the remains of the last of the Plantagenet Queens.

Five months afterwards her infamous husband lost his life and his crown on the memorable field of Bosworth; by which the path to the throne was cleared for Henry Earl of Richmond, the first of the Tudor monarchs.

PUBLIC BUSINESS.

A story is told of a King of France who told his Minister that complaints of justice deferred had become so clamorous that he was determined, for the future, to look into the affairs of the State himself. Next morning his Majesty, looking from his bedroom window, saw six huge wagons, from which bundles of papers, duly red-taped and ticketed, were being discharged. On asking the Minister who accompanied the papers what this meant, the reply was, these wagons contained a small instalment—the rest were to follow—of the papers which his Majesty, in following out his praiseworthy determination to attend to business, would require to examine. The King was satisfied!!

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POETRY.

A POET'S REASONS.

I sing because I love to sing,
Because instinctive fancies move;
Because it hurts no earthly thing,
Because it pleases some I love,

Because it cheats night's weary hours,
Because it cheers the brightest day;
Because, like prayer, and light, and flowers,
It helps me on my heavenly way.

Because with peals of happy words
I would exorcise morbid care;
Because a touch of deeper chords
May tune a heart to love and prayer

Because all sounds of human fate
Within my heart an echo find;
Because what'er is good or great
Lets loose the music of my mind.

Because above the changing skies
The spirit saith good angels sing,
Because wherever sunshine lies
The woods and waves with music ring.

Because amid earth's Babel noise
All happy things that go or come
Give to their grateful hearts a voice;
Then why should I alone be dumb.

HAROLD,

THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

(CONTINUED.)

HACO AND THE PROPHETESS.

length he cleared the town and the bridge; and
allowing orchards drooping over the road toward
Roman home, when, as he spurred his steed, he
behind him hoofs as in pursuit, looked back,
beheld Haco. He drew rein, "What wantest
my nephew?"
"hee," answered Haco, briefly, as he gained his
"thy companionship."
hanks, Haco; but I pray thee to stay in my
er's house, for I would fain ride alone."

"Spurn me not from thee, Harold! This England
is to me the land of the stranger; in thy mother's
house I feel but the more the orphan. Henceforth I
have devoted to thee my life!" And my life my dead
and dread father hath left to thee, as a doom or a
blessing; wherefore cleave I to thy side, cleave we in
life and in death to each other!"

A certain cheerless thrill shot through the earl's
heart as the youth spoke thus; and a remembrance
that Haco's counsel first induced him to abandon his
natural hardy and gallant manhood, meet wife by
wile, and thus suddenly entangled him in his own
meshes, had already mingled an inexpressible bitter-
ness with his pity and affection for his brother's son.
But, struggling against that uneasy sentiment, as un-
just to one to whose counsel—however sinister, and
now repented—he probably owed, at least, his safety
and deliverance, he replied, gently,

"I accept thy trust, and thy love, Haco. Ride
with me; but pardon a dull comrade, for when the
soul communes with itself the lip is silent."

"True," Said Haco; "and I am no babbler. Three
things are ever silent, Thought, Destiny, and the
Grave."

Each, then pursuing his own fancies, rode on fast,
and side by side; the long shadows of declining day
struggling with a sky of unusual brightness, and
thrown from the dim forest trees and the distant hil-
locks. Alternately through shade and through light
rode they on; the bulls gazing on them fromholt
and glade, and the boom of the bittern sounding in its
peculiar mournfulness of tone as it rose from the dank
pools that glistened in the western sun.

It was always by the rear of the house, where stood
the ruined temple, so associated with the romance of
his life, that Harold approached the home of the Vala;
and as now the hillock, with its melancholy diadem
of stones, came in view, Haco for the first time broke
the silence.

"Again—as in a dream!" he said abruptly. "Hill
ruin, grave-mound—but where is the tall image of the
mighty one?"

"Hast thou then seen this spot before?" asked the
earl.

"Yea, as an infant here was I led by my father
Sweyn; here too, from thy house yonder, dim seen
through the fading leaves, on the eve before I left
this land for the Norman, here did I wander alone;
and there, by that altar, did the great Vala of the
North chant her runes for my future."

"Alas! thou too!" murmured Harold, and then he asked aloud, "what said she?"

"That thy life and mine crossed each other in the skein; that I should save thee from a great peril and share with thee a greater."

"Ah youth," answered Harold bitterly, "these vain prophecies of human wit guard the soul from no danger. They mislead us by riddles which our hot hearts interpret according to their own desires. Keep thou fast to youth's simple wisdom, and trust only to the pure spirit and the watchful God."

He suppressed a groan as he spoke, and springing from his steed, which he left loose, advanced up the hill. When he had gained the height he halted, and made sign to Haco, who had also dismounted, to do the same. Half way down the side of the slope which faced the ruined peristyle, Haco beheld a maiden, still young, and of beauty far surpassing all that the court of Normandy boasted of female loveliness. She was seated on the sward; while a girl younger, and scarcely indeed grown into womanhood, reclined at her feet, and leaning her cheek upon her hand, seemed hushed in listening attention. In the face of the younger girl Haco recognized Thyra, the last-born of Githa, though he had but once seen her before—the day ere he left England for the Norman court—for the face of the girl was but little changed, save that the eye was more mournful and the cheek was paler.

And Harold's betrothed was singing, in the still autumn air, to Harold's sister. The song chosen was on that subject the most popular with the Saxon poets, the mystic life, death, and resurrection of [the fabled] Phoenix. As the lay ceased, Thyra said—

"Ah, Edith, who would not brave the funeral pyre to live again like the phoenix!"

"Sweet sister mine," answered Edith, "the singer doth mean to image out in the phoenix, the rising of our Lord, in whom we all live again."

And Thyra said mournfully—

"But the phoenix sees once more the haunts of his youth—the things and places dear to him in his life before. Shall we do the same, O Edith?"

"It is the persons we love that make beautiful the haunts we have known," answered the betrothed, "Those persons at least we shall behold again, and wherever they are—there is heaven."

Harold could restrain himself no longer. With one bound he was at Edith's side, and with one wild cry of joy he clasped her to his heart.

"I knew thou wouldst come to night—I knew it Harold," murmured the betrothed,

While, full of themselves, Harold and Edith wandered, hand in hand, through the neighboring glades—while, into that breast which had forestalled, at least in this pure and divine union, the wife's privilege to sooth and console, the strong man poured out the tale of the sore trial from which he had passed with defeat and shame—Haco drew near to Thyra, and sat down by her side. Each was strangely attracted towards the other; there was something congenial in the gloom which they shared in common; though in the girl the sadness was soft and resigned, in the youth it was stern and solemn.

And as the stars rose, Harold and Edith joined them. Harold's face was serene in the starlight, for

the pure soul of his betrothed had breathed peace his way; and in his waking superstition, he felt now restored to his guardian angel, the dead bonds had released their unhallowed hold.

But suddenly Edith's hand trembled in his, and her form shuddered. Her eyes were fixed upon the dead Haco.

"Forgive me, young kinsman, that I forgot to go long," said the earl. "This is my brother's Edith; thou hast not, that I remember, seen him before?"

"Yes, yes," said Edith falteringly.

"When, and where?"

Edith's soul answered the question, "In a dream, but her lips were silent."

And Haco rising, took her by the hand, while the earl turned to his sister—that sister whom he pledged to send to the Norman court; and Thyra said plaintively—

"Take me in thine arms, Harold, and wrap my mantle round me, for the air is cold."

The earl lifted the child to his breast, and gazed her cheek long and wistfully; then questioning tenderly, he took her within the house; and followed with Haco.

"Is Hilda within?" asked the son of Sweyn.

"Nay, she hath been in the forest since I answered Edith with an effect, for she could not cover her awe of his presence."

"Then," said Haco, halting at the threshold, "will you go across the woodland to your house, Hilda, and prepare your efforts for your coming."

"I shall tarry here till Hilda returns," answered Harold, "and it may be late in the night ere I home; but Sexwulf already hath my orders. As soon as we return to London, and thence we march to the insurgents."

"All shall be ready. Farewell, noble Edith; thou, Thyra, my cousin, one kiss more to our parting again."

The child fondly held out her arms to him, and she kissed his cheek, whispered—

"In the grave, Haco!"

The young man drew his mantle around him and moved away. But he did not mount his steed, still grazed by the road; while Harold's more faithful with the place, had found its way to the stall; and he take his path through the glades to the house of his kinsman. Entering the Druid temple, he was musing by the Teuton tomb.

The night grew deep and deeper, the stars luminous, and the air was hushed, when a voice at his side, said clear and abrupt—

"What dost thou the restless by death the still?"

It was the peculiarity of Haco, that nothing seemed to startle or surprise him. In that long boyhood, the solemn, quiet, and sad experience of all fore-armed, of age, had something in it terribly supernatural; so, without lifting his eyes from the stone, at the unexpected voice, he answered,

"How sayest thou, O Hilda, that the dead are still?"

Hilda placed her hand on his shoulder, and said, "too look in his face."

"Thy rebuke is just, son of Sweyn. In time the universe there is no stillness? Through

unity the state impossible to the soul is reposed—
again the art in thy native land?"

"And for what end, prophetess? I remember, when
an infant, who till then had enjoyed the bosom
and the daily care, thou didst rob me: evermore
adulthood and youth. But thou didst say to my
ear that dark was the web of my fate, and that its
glorious hour should be its last!"

"But thou wert thine too childlike (I see thee
as thou wert then, stretched on the grass playing
in thy father's Eden)—too childlike to heed my
words."

"Does the new ground neglect the germs of the
ever, or the young heart the first lessons of wonder
awe? Since then, prophetess, night hath been
comrade and death my familiar. Rememberest
again, the hour when stealing a boy from Har-
old's house in his absence—the night ere I left my
d— I stood on this mound by thy side? Then did
all thee that the sole soft thought that relieved my
terness of soul, when all the rest of my kinsfolk
came to behold in me but the heir of Sweyn, the
law and homicide, was the love that I bore for
old; but that love itself was mournful and bodiless
the hwata of distant sorrow. And thou didst take
O prophetess, to thy bosom, and thy cold kiss
ched my lips and my brow; and there, beside
s altar and grave-mound, by leaf and by water, by
ff and by song; thou didst bid me take comfort; for
t as the mouse gnawed the toils of the lion, so the
le obscure should deliver from peril the pride and
uce of our house—that from that hour with the
in of his fate should mine be entwined; and his
e was that of kings and of kingdoms. And then,
en, the joy flushed my cheek, and methought youth
me back in warmth to the night of my soul—then,
ida, I asked thee if my life would be spared till I
d redeemed the name of my father. Thy said staff
ssed over the leaves that, burning with fire-sparks,
mbled the life of the man, and from the third leaf
e flame leaped up and died; and again a voice from
y breast, hollow, as if borne from a hill-top afar,
de answer, 'At thine entrance into manhood, life
ests into blaze, and shrivels up into ashes.' So I
ew that the doom of the infant still weighed unan-
d on the years of the man; and I come here to my
ive land as to glory and the grave. But," said
e young man with a wild enthusiasm, "still with
e links the fate which is loftiest in England; and
e rill and the river shall rush into one terrible
."

"I know not that," answered Hilda, pale as if in
e of herself; "for never yet hath the rune, or the
unt, or the tomb, revealed to me clear and distinct
e close of the great course of Harold; only know I
ough his stars his glory and greatness; and where
ory is dim, and greatness is menaced, I know it
t from the stars of others, the rays of whose influ-
ce interblend with his own. So long, at least, as
e fair and the pure one keeps watch in the still
use of Life, the dark and the troubled one cannot
olly prevail. For Edith is given to Harold as the
lgia, that noiselessly blesses and saves: and thou—"
da checked herself, and lowered her hood over her
e, so that it suddenly became invisible.

"And I?" asked Haco moving near to her side.

"Away, son of Sweya; thy feet trample the grave
of the mighty dead!"

Then Hilda lingered no longer, but took her way
toward the house. Haco's eye followed her in silence.
The cattle grazing in the great space of the crumbling
peristyle, looked up as she passed; the watch-dogs
wandering through the star-lit columns, came snort-
ing round their mistress. And when she had vanish-
ed within the house, Haco turned his steed—

"What matters," he murmured, "the answer which
the Vala can not or dare not give! To me is not des-
tined the love of woman or the ambition of life. All
I know of human affection binds me to Harold; all I
know of human ambition is to share his fate. This
love is strong as hate, and terrible as doom—it is
jealous, it admits of no rival. As the shell and the
sea-weed interlaced together, we are dashed on the
rushing surge; whither? oh, whither?"

SKETCHES OF PROMINENT MEN IN UTAH.

(From the Pharmacological Journal 1866.)

DANIEL H. WELLS.

This gentleman holds at the present time the high
office of second counselor to Brigham Young, which
office and relation to the successor of Joseph Smith
was, as we have noticed, filled by Brigham's cousin,
Willard Richards. After the death of Willard (the
habit of the Mormons seems to be to mark their chief
men with their Christian names), Jedediah M. Grant
became Brigham's second counselor, and he also
held the military rank of Lieutenant-General of the
Mormon militia, for Brigham has never aspired to the
character of military commander, his type of work
being that of the statesman. But Joseph seems to
have loved the title of chief general, and even in his
martyrdom Willard Richards calls him repeatedly, not
Prophet, but General Joseph Smith. The first one
who next appeared in the rank of Lieutenant-General
among the Mormons was Jedediah Morgan Grant,
who, dying, was succeeded by the third in his line
Daniel H. Wells, as second counselor to Brigham
Young, and Lieutenant-General of the militia of Utah.
Within a year he has been elected mayor of Great
Salt Lake City, which office was previously held by
Jedediah M. Grant. He is also superintendant of the
public works. He did not come into the Mormon
Church during the lifetime of Joseph, he was an alder-
man and an influential citizen of Nauvoo. He was at
that time called Squire Wells, and this is the case
more or less now. After the Church was driven from
Nauvoo, and the chief men, "Brigham," "Heber,"
"Willard," and the rest of the Twelve had taken
the main body of the Church up to Winter Quarters,
now known as Council Bluffs, the residue of the people
and Nauvoo found her champion in Squire Wells,
and he commanded in the famous Nauvoo battle. Be-
fore the Mormons could all retreat from their beloved
city to follow Brigham to the rocky mountains an
armed force bombarded Nauvoo. Three days lasted
the Nauvoo war; the city and the Mormons were de-
fended under the command of Daniel H. Wells, now
Lieutenant-General of the Mormon militia. They
were at last driven out, and Squire Wells leaving his
all, like the "Saints," hastened to the winter quarters

of Brigham and the main body of the "Chetell," and united his destiny with the modern Israel in the wilderness. These circumstances of the man's keeping out of the Mormon Church so long though residing in Nauvoo, and at last taking a leading part with them in battle, and afterwards uniting with them in the direct extremes of their eventful history, may be taken as a summary of the man's character. Doubtless these circumstances in his history favorably established Daniel H. Wells in the opinion of Brigham, and finally have given him his position as second counselor. He is tall, and has much iron in his frame and character. His nose is large, chin prominent, and all his features the same. His perceptive faculties are very remarkably developed, so much so that the great predominance of the perceptive brain is observable at a distance. He is eminently practical and executive, but there is not much theory about him, either in religion or statesmanship. He could not understand any complicated psychological phase of the human mind, or read the secrets of the hearts and characters of men like Brigham Young. He is said to be a man of unimpeached integrity, and no one is more respected as a gentleman in the whole Mormon community. He is well fitted for his office as General, and though there is nothing spunky or combustible about him; he would be decidedly a fighting, not a parlor general.

PORTRAIT GALLERY.

GENERAL PRIM AND THE SPANISH REVOLUTION.

Don Juan Prim, Marquis de los Castellejos, Comte de Reus, the celebrated Spanish General, who now plays so important a part in the affairs of his recently revolutionized country, was born at Reus in Catalonia in 1811. Little is known of his early history up to the time of the civil war which followed the accession of Isabella to the throne of Spain, in 1833. Here it was that he commenced his first campaign, as an officer in the interest of the Queen-Mother, Christiana; then Regent. In 1837, he was promoted to the rank of colonel. Soon after this the Queen was obliged to take flight from Spain, when Prim associated himself with the party of Progressistas, in their opposition to the Dictatorship of Espartero. He was next accused of complicity in the insurrection of Sargossa, in 1842, and compelled to seek refuge in France, where he again attached himself to the fortunes of Queen Christiana, in her efforts to bring about a restoration.

In 1843, Colonel Prim was returned as a deputy to the Cortes of Barcelona, and was enabled to return to Spain, where he joined the coalition formed between the Christinos and the Progressistas against Espartero. In the month of May, in the same year, he headed an insurrection in his native city of Reus, but was speedily beaten by Zubirio, one of Espartero's lieutenants, and compelled to seek refuge in Barcelona. Following these events came the fall of Espartero and the return of the Queen-Mother to power, when Prim was made a general, with the title of Count de Reus, and the post of Governor of Madrid.

This state of affairs, however, was not of long dura-

tion. In Barcelona, a fresh insurrection broke which General Prim was sent to suppress. In he was not successful; indeed he so employed forces, that he kept Catalonia in a complete state of revolt for an entire year. For these acts he was disgraced by the Queen and tried for high treason, complicity in the attempt to assassinate Narva. On the last charge, he was acquitted, while his sentence on the first resulted in only a few months' imprisonment. On his release, he kept aloof for some time from public life; but, on the breaking out of Russo-Turkish war, in 1853, he joined the Ottoman army on the Danube, and gained considerable distinction in the affair of Oltenitza and Silistria.

In the course of the following year, 1854, General Prim returned from the East, and published an account of his recent military experiences in that quarter, together with an historical essay on the Turkish empire. In 1855, he represented Barcelona for second time, in the Lower Chamber of the Cortes, and was raised to the dignity of Senator, three years later. At that period, adopted without a show of reason, gave considerable offence to the Emperor Napoleon; and the General did not escape censure in his own country, where French influence, at that time was actively exercised.

From that time up to the present year, Prim and his party were actively engaged in revolutionary proceedings against the tyranny and scandals of the ruling power of Spain. In one attempt, he was nearly successful in causing the overthrow of the Government; but, at the close of 1867 and the beginning of 1868, he had again to take flight, and ultimately came to England, where he resided until the recent revolt. On the first intelligence of the rumour that the country was ripe for revolution, General Prim immediately took his departure for Spain, where, on arrival, and the steps, which he immediately tended to make the revolt general. His movements from this point, have all been recorded in the daily papers, therefore we need not record them here, but conclude our brief sketch of his career by a short account of his public reception at Madrid, upon his return.

At about half past four in the afternoon of the 10th of October, a hoarse roar in the Calle de Alcalá announced the approach of the long expected procession, the head of which gradually appeared in the shape of a huge car, in the form of a boat, drawn by four powerful white horses. Numerous flags were erected in the car, which was covered with yellow drapery with festoons of evergreen, and was inscribed with the words, "Bejar," "Alcolea," "Santander." In the car were some dozen persons, who threw evergreen and flowers among the crowd. After this march, a body of sailors, representatives of the fleet, to whose initiative Spain owes her independence. This body was greatly cheered. Then came a carriage, with banners inscribed with the names of past victims of the revolutionary cause; and, after this, preceded by a boy of the armed populace, came the hero of the hour, General Prim. Prim is a slight, well-built man with dark whiskers and hair, and with a fearless and resolute, but hardly a great face. He was very simply dressed in the undress of an engineer officer, in a dark jacket, waistcoat, and trousers, with a gold stripe upon the latter. He had a red sash round his waist.

wore the ordinary white shake. At his entering there was a roar of cheering. From every balcony and kerchiefs waved; every head was uncovered, and they were thrown frantically into the air, without the slightest hope of their future recovery by their owners. There is considerable difference between the dispositions of Serrano and Prim, so there is a marked difference between the ways in which they received the enthusiastic greetings of the people. Serrano appeared almost oppressed by it. He continued to wave his hand in reply, but his head was rather bowed, and he appeared to be deeply moved. Prim, on the other hand, seemed to be infected with the general enthusiasm. He rode upright on his horse, waved his arm to the people, and several times took off his forage-cap, and waved it over head, as returning the enthusiastic greetings.

Behind Prim rode a numerous staff of generals, resplendent in cocked hats and gold lace. Then came the state carriage, with the deputation of Junta, who met the general at the station. To add to the attractiveness of the sight, many persons suddenly released a number of white pigeons, which flew hither and thither over the heads of the crowd, affrighted and refused at the tremendous din. Very slowly the procession made its way to the center of the square, and then turning off, went down the Calle de San Jeronimo to the House of Deputies.

CHINESE SPIRITUAL MEDIUMS.

One class of Chinese female mediums profess to obtain and transmit the news required by means of a very diminutive image, made of willow-tree wood. The image is first exposed to the dew for forty-nine nights, when, after the performance of a superstitious ceremony relating to it, it is believed to have the power of speaking. The image is laid upon the stomach of the woman to whom it belongs. She, by means of it, pretends to be the medium of communication between the living and the dead. She sometimes professes to send the image into the world of spirits to find the person about whom the intelligence is sought. It then changes into an elf spirit, and departs on its errand. The spirit of the person enters the image, and gives the information sought after by the surviving relative. The woman is supposed not to utter a word, the message seeming to proceed from the image. The questions are addressed to the medium; the replies seem to come from the stomach. This is called "finding" or seeking for the thread." There is probably a kind of ventriloquism employed. The fact that the voice proceeds professedly from the stomach of the medium doubtless helps to delude. The medium makes use of no incense or candles in the performance of this method. Another class of women who pretend to be able to obtain information from or about the dead proceed in a very different manner. The medium sits by a table. Having enquired in regard to the name and surname of the deceased, and the precise time of death, she bows her head and rests it upon the table, the face being concealed from view. On the table are three sticks of lighted incense placed upright, sometimes in a censer, as usual; sometimes they are put into a horizontal position upon a vessel

containing a small quantity of boiled rice. Two lighted candles are also placed upon the table. The woman who seeks information draws near in profound silence. After a short time the medium raises her head from the table with her eyes closed, and begins to address the applicant. She is now supposed to be possessed by the spirit of the dead individual in regard to whose information is desired; in other words, the dead has come into her body, using her organs of speech to communicate with the living. A conversation ensues between the living and the dead, mutually giving and receiving information. At the close of the interview the medium places her head down on the table, and after a few minutes she oftentimes begins to retch or vomit. After drinking some tea she soon becomes herself again, the spirit of the dead having retired.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"THE BERNICE SONGSTER."—We have received a copy of simply beautiful collection of poems composed and published by our typographical friend, Lenas' author of "All are talking of Fish." This little work will doubtless find many purchasers among Lenas' numerous friends, and the public generally. Its price is but 25 cents per copy, and can be had nearly everywhere. The following is his modest dictation:—

"TO THE READER.—In presenting this little Songster to the public, the Author feels under many obligations to those friends who encouraged the undertaking. His object, in the first place, has been to exercise what little talent he has for his own amusement; and, seeing that the people have been pleased with some of his productions, he now ventures the publication of this selection of songs. He has always aimed at plainness and simplicity, and his talent claims no qualification for any higher style. The severe critic may as well leave him alone, and use his power of criticism on efforts of a higher order, by which he may display himself to greater advantage.

Hoping that these songs will amuse and edify the people the Author feels himself desirous to be,

Their humble servant and well-wisher.

Salt Lake City, Dec. 7, 1868.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. C. McGEORGE, PAROWAN.—Writes us a very kindly communication on the subject of Elder Tullidge's Universalist Article. It is, to our mind, only another illustration of the fact that two different persons may express the same idea in two different ways. Our correspondent believes in the breadth and width of the propositions of our faith, so does the author of the article in question. The only difference is, that the latter believes that all the movements of Providence are divine movements as well as that particular one that established our Church—our particular movement, however, being more divine than the others, because vaster in its consequences to the world; while our correspondent, doubtless believes, that there is a general providence in all the events of the world, but very little divinity in such movements. The whole question appears to us to turn on the distinction between "providential" movements and "divine" ones, if there is any. We presume our correspondent would say God has permitted all that has occurred; but has not had much more to do with it; while Bro. Tullidge would say God never permitted anything but what he planned and specially intended. There is much to be said on both sides.

OUR GUESTS.—Have our thanks for notice.

REMARKS.—Is informed that we purpose at the early action of the present volume, increasing the size of the MAGAZINE from twelve to sixteen pages; publishing it with entire new and magnificent type, on a very superior class of paper. In addition to these advantages we expect to reduce the price considerably. Full particulars will be published shortly. Combined with this low-priced and increased MAGAZINE will be offered all the best useful Eastern papers at lower than club rates.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE,

SATURDAY, DEC. 26, 1868

WOMAN AND PLURAL MARRIAGE.

ITS HARMONY WITH WOMAN'S NATURE.

The benefits of plural marriage to woman, like the benefits attending the pains and cares of maternity, lie not in its gratifications, but in its compensations. The difficulty of exhibiting these compensations to women at large, lies in the fact, that they are of a kind, which can only appeal to a noble, generous and improved nature. To the selfish and narrow woman, who lives for herself alone; who feels that every happiness or attention bestowed upon another, is so much taken from herself, there is little promise, indeed. It is with the principles of celestial marriage, as it is with the high and exalted sentiments of Jesus; they never can be realized by the mass, as such. They must be lived up to ere they can be sensed in their beauty and potency. There are, however, women, as there are men, whose hearts are sufficiently open to heavenly influences, to have felt that plural marriage—entered into in the true spirit; with a soul looking upward for every angelic influence—leads faster to development in man than any other condition. To such we say, one of the benefits of plural marriage to women lies in the fact that it brings more of God and more of wisdom to them in their husband's life. They share a richer nature. They obtain a more God-like and a greater man. Be their husband a man entering into plural marriage, not from the promptings of passion or ambition, but from the demands of his nature for love as germinated by the unfoldings of deity within him—and in no other plurality do we believe—then will that plurality develop in him a deeper and a diviner nature; and his wives will experience an intensity of love as far superior to that obtained by women out of this order, as is the full grown love of man to the puerile affections of infancy and youth.

But is not love weakened by the number of objects upon which it rests? Never! "Love grows by that it feeds on." Be it love of wife, love of child, love of money, or love of Art—it is the same. The intellectual man knows that one object of beauty in Sculpture prepares and intensifies his love for one or a hundred objects in Painting, Poetry or Song. And more than that, the greater the number of such objects he studies or possesses, the more he can appreciate the particular beauties of each and every one. The love of a wife is simply love applied to a far higher plane. Judging by the way in which a husband's affections are commonly talked about, one would imagine, that it was an article of limited dimensions; and that the more the claimants the smaller the pieces. But there is no possible division to love. True men, from a necessity of their natures, turn the whole fount of their love towards every object that calls it forth. The outpouring of that love may be varied according to the worth of the object, but the whole of it is there to respond to each claim whether called into operation or not. It is equally there for bestowal of its whole power on each of two subjects of affection, and no more there if there be but one.

There is an important truth which all women will learn sooner or later, and that is, that if it were possible that another object of affection engaging the husband's soul could be obliterated out of being, equally as though it had never existed, would leave no more love for them. The only effect would be that their husband would be so much poorer, while they would be none the richer. Thousands of men, not in polygamy, but who have a dear wife, know, that could it be proved to them that their departed dear one, absolutely, never existed at all, and her image eternally wiped from their hearts, that they would leave untouched in extent and quality the love for the wife living here. That operation would make it no more nor less, although some women in their ignorance think it would. The truth is, every woman engraves her own image in her husband's soul; she carves her own niche; and, whether anyone else ever carved another or not, it is just of the size she makes it, and of the enrichment with which she, herself, endows her virtues; her love; her wifely graces; her motherly soul, determines its own impression and influence upon her husband's heart. Even he has nothing to do with its power. It is what it is—as we may say—in spite of the husband himself; much less can it be aided by the absence, or weakened by the presence of any woman that lives.

In this respect, if in no other, man is a type of Deity. If all the blazing constellations of the universe with their myriad intelligences were swept out of existence, till but one soul remained to share its Maker's love, that one soul would be no richer in his regard. That one soul would still possess only its fixed, unalterable and eternal value; beyond which it would be heir to no greater blessing by the change, than the impoverishment and desolation by which it was surrounded. And so with women who imagine with a heaven of love they would share could every other such affection be banished for ever from their husband's heart. Compared to the magnitude of affectional nature destined for woman's source of blessedness and love, the heaven they would gain would simply be a withered nature and a bankrupt life for ever.

It must be distinctly understood, all the time, that our assertions with regard to the results of divine plural marriage, are based entirely on the supposition of heaven-directed unions, and heaven-regulated marriage lives. The scheme in the mind of God is planned solely with an eye to an eternally progressive future. Polygamy is, therefore, in our opinion, a principle of progress, unsuited to the mass, by whose experience it never can be judged; except as they rise from the general condition to one of nobler life and holier aspiration.

While the benefits of plural marriage in this life are always realized in exact proportion to the correctness of the principles by which it is regulated, still the scheme necessarily looks to immortality for its most glorious results; because it will take immortality to produce perfect men and women. But it does not do so on the ground of some miraculous change to be wrought out in women's natures in a future life. It supposes no womanly yearning to be crushed and transmuted out of her bosom. It will destroy the roots of jealousy, and find its sources of love and union where the polygamy of barbarism, or civilized life

its very causes of rivalry and hate. The polygamy of Utah is immeasurably ahead of any system of the kind ever seen upon earth; but even it—*compared to its future*—is, necessarily, in its earliest days of immaturity and undevelopment. In that system, when perfectly developed, women will not be jealous. Not because they will cease to be women; or because they will become reconciled to the idea of giving up a portion of their husbands' affection; or because they will have learned to be content with less than having their whole yearnings for love satisfied—for no woman, however angelic, will ever do this—and the more angelic the less capable, will they be of anything of the kind—but because a greater knowledge of themselves, and of men's natures, will satisfy them. They give up nothing; but gain in every way. The fears of women, to-day, arise from their viewing men solely as they are, apart from the influences of divinity upon their minds. They fail to realize their own divinity and native powers of progress, as well as those of men. In an undeveloped condition, women cannot sense what there is in men's natures, or in their own, awaiting unfoldment, any more than the young eaglet, crouching in the nest, can sense its fellow eaglets' unborn pinions, or realize their potential power to soar in the face of the noonday sun. Their progress women will realize a divinity within humanity in its higher conditions, upon which they rely. Growing in divine nature themselves—using the power of truth within themselves—in engaging their own natures, and directing their own course; they will realize the expansiveness of the human soul in man—and realize, more than all, the power of eternal truth in controlling his judgment and decisions. They will know that man must inevitably live at a power of uninfluenced righteous love. They will discover that in the ladder of his progress it is round that he cannot slip. He may—like themselves—go backward for a time, or he may temporarily remain where he is; but he cannot yield to the measure of his developing nature without weaknesses and petty partialities passing away before the light of clearer intellect—and the quality to be attracted by the highest, the purest and the eternally true, becoming fixed and unalterable qualities of being. God is within man, and man cannot unaid himself without reflecting His qualities of judgment and righteous appreciation. But all this is not true of women's natures. And upon this broad and true truth, both men and women will rely for their guidance, and hold in each other's hearts. Women will know that all that true beauties of life and character can demand from God, Angels or men, in esteem—or in a husband in the tenderer emotions of love—will be yielded to them; and beyond that they never obtain.

Where will be the power of jealousy then? It will disappear in the sunlight of a greater knowledge. Women will fall back upon the advancement of their own perfections, for their influence and love—not in rivalry, for what they gain will not weaken another's excellency, nor what they lose advance another's worth. Women will fear none but themselves. As they put on God; as they become adorned with the spirit and beauties of a Christ-like life; in its setting aside of self; in tenderness for other's pleasures; in its earnestness that all that is good in others should

be known, appreciated and admired—so will they, by the great law of superiority of quality, make and take their own; and—firm as the influence of Deity—enthroned themselves in universal regard; but more than all, in the deeper recesses of a husband's soul. And in proportion as women realize their husband's purity of purpose; and his inevitable progress towards the divine quality of true judgment, so rivalry will die having no food for life. Instead of fearing future additions to their husband's love—inasmuch as it can take nothing from them, but will add to him in whom their all centres; and by reflection on themselves—they will glory in every increase of that extending circle of affection, in the midst of which they and he are to be eternally embosomed; and find their undying sources of variety, life, concord and joy.

Thus, in the experience of plural marriage, where its true relations are sustained, women will find solid ground for all their hopes of enduring love—a foundation secure to them as the immortality of their own being, because based on their own imperishable beauties of character. Qualities potent with all righteous and progressed beings, but sealed with a diviner seal, consolidated and assured by the ties of eternal affinity, in his bosom with whom the providences of the Great Manager of life has made them one.

Security of love, with such full return as all the dearest and deepest affections of her soul can in their very nature require for happiness, is all a woman needs. This she must have; and this her husband's progressed nature must inevitably yield. Women are not, in their true nature, constitutionally averse to others being loved, even by the same object as themselves, could they but be satisfied that all their love was returned, and assured to them forever. Their jealousies are not nature's voice protesting against the extension of their husbands' love, but nature within them fearing for its own. It is not nature crying for a monopoly of love, but nature asserting the necessity of full and unbounded return. Women's jealousies are their fears, based on a consciousness of their own and men's present weaknesses, and the influences of external gifts and fascinations upon them. *Their fears are a legitimate result of a state of things for which plural marriage was never intended.* Divine plurality is adapted for only a higher plane of things, in which men must pass beyond such conditions of weakness; and a greater knowledge dissipate women's fears. If man perfects his character, until the love-like qualities of Christ are developed in him—as all men must, or demonstrate their uprightness for plural marriage—they will fill a woman's being with that love; and being filled she will need no more. Her own happiness being assured, she will not care how many others join with her in loving qualities so precious in her eyes. The more others love him, the more will she rejoice that her heart's idol is lifted up; and the deeper and closer their love for him—seeing it cannot push her out—the deeper her's for them, and the stronger her unity with them.

Another truth, when realized, will give a woman peace. As divinely purposed in this system, none can come together for eternal unions but such as the Master of Life has decreed. None, therefore, can come to her husband from vanity, rivalry or passion. None can—while he seeks for heavenly guidance and waits on its providing—be led to unite with him but the

pure. Such only as are irresistably drawn to him from the fitness and necessity of their natures. What can a woman have against such unions? All nature within her will rejoice that that which is harmonious and eternally suited should come together.

And now let us close this brief enquiry into so vast a subject. Let us review woman's condition in the perfect working of this order. Women, we say, will gain a nobler and more God-like consort for an eternal companion. They will have—and know they have—a deeper, purer and more overshadowing love, because, coming from a heart more perfected in love. They will gain such conceptions of the grounds of enduring love, as bring eternal security and peace therewith. They will gain in the abolishment of petty rivalries and meannesses from their bosoms. And in opening their hearts to the angelic desire of seeing others happy, they will gain a purity and elevation of feeling which no lower life can give. They will learn that the tendency of women to converge the interest of their whole natures in their husband's joys and sorrows, has a far more blessed meaning, and a far grander result than they have ever supposed. For all the streams of pleasure flowing into his soul, will by that union of spirit pass to theirs. In every love that takes his bosom they will share, loving and being loved with him—for they are one. No heart can be added to the family compact (when the union of husband and wife is perfected) that comes to his alone. And here, after all, is the greatest solution of the whole problem of plural marriage, and the most effectual cause of its freedom from pain and jealousies. It turns on the complete and perfect absorption of the wife in her husband. So complete will be the welding of their natures, that he cannot love nor be blessed alone. Their lives will be bound up together; and he will find his happiness in their joys, while they will drink their deepest draughts of delight in the satisfactions of his being. And he will take them, and their whole united love, on to new sources of affection, honor and exaltation, worlds without end. Women will understand the mystery and import of the magical entwincement of their natures in all the pulsations of their husband's being in that day.

NOTE—The reader will have perceived that by some inconceivable oversight in printing the former part of the article the word Polygamy has been allowed to pass as "Poligamy," although correctly rendered in previous articles on the same subject.

FOUL PLAY.

BY CHARLES READE AND DION BOUTICHAULT.

(CONTINUED)

CHAPTER LIII.

"If I thought you would pine and die upon the voyage, no power should part us. But you are not such a coward. If my life depended on yours, would you not live?"

"You know I would."

"When I was wrecked on White-water island, you played the man. Not one woman in a thousand could have launched a boat, and sailed it with a boat-hook for a mast, and—"

Helen interrupted him. "It was nothing; I loved you. I love you better now."

"I believe it, and therefore I ask you to rise above your sex once more, and play the man for me. This time it is not my

life you are to rescue, but that which is more precious still: my good name."

"Ah, that would be worth living for," cried Helen.

"You will find it very hard to do; but not harder for a woman, than to launch a boat and sail without a mast. See my father, Michael Penfold. See Undercliff, the Expert. See the solicitor—the counsel. Still, the whole story; and above all, find out why Arthur Wardlaw dared not enter the witness-box. Be obstinate as a man; be supple as a woman; and don't talk of dying, when there is a friend to be rescued from dishonor by living and working."

"Didst while I can rescue you from death and dishonor I will not be so base. Ah, Robert, Robert, how well you know me."

"Yes, I do know you, Helen. I believe that great soul of yours will keep your body strong to do this brave work for him you love, and who loves you. And as for me, I am man enough to live for years upon this island, if you will only promise me two things."

"I promise, then."

"Never to die, and never to marry Arthur Wardlaw, until you have reversed that lying sentence, which has blasted me. Lay your hand on your father's head and promise me that."

Helen laid her hand upon her father's head, and said, "I pledge my honor not to die, if life is possible, and never to marry any man, until I have reversed that lying sentence, which has blasted the angel I love."

"And I pledge myself to help her," said General Rolleston, warmly, "for now I know you are a man of honor. I have too often been deceived by eloquence to listen much to that. But now you have proved by your actions what you are. You, pass a forged check, knowing it to be forged! I'd stake my salvation it's a lie. There's my hand. God comfort you! God reward you, my noble fellow!"

"I hope he will, sir," sobbed Robert Penfold. "You are her father; and you take my hand; perhaps that will be sweet to think of by-and-by; but no joy can enter my heart now; it is broken. Take her away at once, sir. Flesh is weak. My powers of endurance are exhausted."

General Rolleston acted promptly on this advice. He rolled up her rugs, and the things she had made, and Robert had the courage to take them down to the boat. Then he came back, and the General took her bag to the boat.

All this time the girl herself sat wringing her hands in anguish, and not a tear. It was beyond that now.

As he passed Robert, the General said, "Take leave of her alone. I will come for her in five minutes. You see, how sure I feel you are a man of honor."

When Robert went in, she rose and tottered to him, and fell on his neck. She saw it was the death-bed of their love, and she kissed his eyes, and clung to him. They moaned over each other, and clung to each other, in mute despair.

The General came back, and he and Robert took Helen, shivering and fainting, to the boat. As the boat put off, she awoke from her stupor, and put out her hands to Robert with one piercing cry.

They were parted.

CHAPTER LIII.

In that curious compound the human heart, a respectable motive is sometimes connected with a criminal act. And it was so with Joseph Wylie: he had formed an attachment to Nancy Rouse, and her price was two thousand pounds.

This Nancy Rouse was a character. She was General Rolleston's servant for many years; her place was the kitchen; but she was a woman of such restless activity, and so wanting in the proper pride of a servant, that she would help a housemaid, or a lady's maid, or do anything almost, except be idle. To use her own words, she was one as couldn't abide to sit much chance. That fatal foe to domestic industry, the London Journal, fluttered in vain down her area, for she could not read. She supported a sick mother out of her wages, aided by a few presents of money and clothes from Helen Rolleston, who had a great regard for Nancy, and knew what a hard fight she had to keep a sick woman out of her twenty pounds a year.

In love, Nancy was unfortunate; her buxom looks, and sterling virtues, were balanced by a provoking sagacity, and an irritating habit of speaking her mind. She humbled her lovers' vanity one after another, and they fled. Her heart smarted more than once.

Nancy was ambitious; and her first rise in life took place as follows:—When the Rolleston's went to Australia, she had a

od cry at parting with Helen; but there was no help for it, she could not leave her mother. However, she told Helen she could not stomach any other service, and, since she must be hired, was resolved to better herself. This phrase is sometimes drolly applied by servants, because they throw independence into the scale. In Nancy's case it meant setting up as washerwoman. Helen opened her hazel eyes with astonishment at this, the first round in the ladder of Nancy's ambition; however, she gave her ten pounds, and thirty introductions, twenty-five of which missed fire, and with the odd five Nancy set up her tub in the suburbs, and by her industry, geniality, and frugality, got on tolerably well. In due course she rented a small house backed by a small green, and advertised for a gentleman lodger. She soon got one; and soon got rid of him. However, she was never long without one.

Nancy met Joseph Wylie in company; and, as sailors are risk wagers, he soon became her acknowledged suitor, and made some inroad into her heart, though she kept on the defensive, warned by past experience.

Wylie's love-making had a droll feature about it; it was not of it carried on in the presence of three washerwomen, because Nancy had no time to spare from her work; and Wylie did not time to lose in his wooing, being on shore for a limited period. And this absence of superfluous delicacy on his part gave him an unfair advantage over the tallow-chandler's foreman, his only rival at present. Many a sly thrust, and many hearty laugh, from his female auditors, greeted his amorous discourse; but, for all that, they sided with him, and Nancy did not her importance, and brightened along with her mates at a sailor's approach, which was generally announced by a cheerful hail. He was good company, to use Nancy's own phrase, and she accepted him as a sweetheart on probation. But, when Mr. Wylie urged her to marry him, she demurred, and gave a string of reasons, all of which the sailor and his allies, the subordinate washerwomen, combated in full confidence.

Then she spoke out, "My lad, the wash-tub is a saddle as won't carry double. I've seen poverty enough in my mother's case, it shan't come in at my door to drive love out o' my window. Two comes together with just enough for two; next year instead of two they are three, and one of the three can't work and wants a servant extra, and by-and-by there is half-a-dozen, and the money coming in at the spigot and going out at the bung-hole."

One day, in the middle of his wooing, she laid down her iron, and said, "You come along with me. And I wonder how much work will be done whilst my back is turned, for you three gabbling and wondering whatever I'm agoing to do with this here floor."

She took Wylie a few yards down the street, and showed him a large house with most of the windows broken. "There," she said, "there's a sight for a seafaring man. That's in Chancery."

"Well, it's better to be there than in H---," said Wylie, meaning to be sharp.

"Wait till you've tried 'em both," said Nancy.

Then she took him to the back of the house, and showed him a large garden attached to it.

"Now, Joseph," said she, "I've showed you a lodging-house and a drying-ground; and I'm a cook and a clear starcher, and am wild to keep lodgers and do for 'em, washing and all. When their foul linen goes out, they follows it: the same if they has their meat from the cook-shop. Four hundred pounds a year lies there a-waiting for me. I've been at them often to let me them premises: but they says no, we have got no horror from the court to let. Which the court would rather see me go to rack an' ruin for nothing, than let 'em to an honest woman as would pay the rent punctual, and make her penny out of 'em, and nobody none the worse. And to sell them, the price is two thousand pounds, and if I had it I'd give it this minute: but where are the likes of you and me to get two thousand pounds? But the lawyer, he says, 'Miss Rouse, from you be thousand down, and the rest on mortgage at £15 the year,' which is dirt cheap, I say. So now, my man, when that house mine, I'm yours. I'm putting by for it o' my side. If you means all you say, why not save a bit o' yours? Once I get that house and garden, you needn't go to sea no more: nor you shan't. If I am to be bothered with a man, let me know where to put my finger on him at all hours, and not lie shivering and making at every widow as creaks, and him out at sea. And you are too proud to drive the linen in a light cart, why I would pay a man." In short she told him plainly she would not marry till she was above the world; and the road to above

the world was through that great battered house and weed garden, in Chancery.

Now it may appear a strange coincidence that Nancy's price to Wylie was two thousand pounds, and Wylie's to Wardlaw was two thousand pounds; but the fact is it was a forced coincidence. Wylie, bargaining with Wardlaw, stood out for two thousand pounds, because that was the price of the house and garden and Nancy.

Now when Wylie returned to England safe after his crime and his perils, he comforted himself with the reflection that Nancy would have her house and garden, and he should have Nancy.

But young Wardlaw lay on his sick bed; his father was about to return to the office, and the gold disguised as copper was ordered up to the cellars in Fenchurch Street. There, in all probability, the contents would be examined ere long, the fraud exposed, and other unpleasant consequences might follow over and above the loss of the promised £2000.

Wylie felt very disconsolate, and went down to Nancy Rouse depressed in spirits. To his surprise she received him with more affection than ever, and, reading his face in a moment, told him not to fret.

"It will be so in your way of life," said this homely comforter: "your sort comes home empty handed one day, and money in both pockets the next. I'm glad to see you home at all; for I've been in care about you. You're very welcome, Joe. If you are come home honest and sober, why that is the next best thing to coming home rich."

Wylie hung his head and pondered these words; and well he might, for he had not come home either so sober or so honest as he went out, but quite as poor.

However his elastic spirit soon revived in Nancy's sunshine; and he became more in love with her than ever.

But when, presuming upon her affection, he urged her to marry him, and trust to Providence, she laughed in his face.

"Trust to himprovidence you mean," said she: "no, no, Joseph. If you are unlucky, I must be lucky, before you and me can come together."

Then Wylie resolved to have his £2000 at all risks. He had one great advantage over a landsman who has committed a crime: he could always go to sea, and find employment, first in one ship, and then in another. Terra firma was not one of the necessities of life to him.

He came to Wardlaw's office to feel his way: and talked guardedly to Michael Penfold about the loss of the *Proserpine*. His apparent object was to give information: his real object was to gather it. He learned that old Wardlaw was very much occupied with fitting out a steamer: that the forty chests of copper had actually come up from the Shannon and were under their feet at that moment; and that young Wardlaw was desperately ill and never came to the office. Michael had not at that time learned the true cause of young Wardlaw's illness. Yet Wylie saw that young Wardlaw's continued absence from the office gave Michael singular uneasiness. The old man fidgeted, and washed the air with his hands, and with simple cunning urged Wylie to go and see him about the *Proserpine*: and get him to the office, if it was only for an hour or two. "Tell him we are all sixes and sevens, Mr. Wylie."

"Well," said Wylie, affecting a desire to oblige. "give me a line to him: for I've been twice and could never get in."

Michael wrote an earnest line to say that Wardlaw senior had been hitherto much occupied in fitting out the *Springbok*, but that he was going into the books next week. What was to be done?

The note was received; but Arthur declined to see the bearer. Then Wylie told the servant it was Joseph Wylie, on a matter of life and death. Tell him I must stand at the stairfoot and hallow it out, if he won't hear it any other way."

This threat obtained his admission to Arthur Wardlaw. The sailor found him on a sofa, in a darkened room, pale and worn to a shadow.

"Mr. Wardlaw," said Wylie, firmly. "you musn't think I don't feel for you; but, sir, we are gone too far to stop, you and me. There are two sides to this business: it is £150,000 for you, and £2000 for me, or it is—"

"What do I care for money now?" groaned Wardlaw. "Let it all go to the devil, who tempted me to destroy her I loved better than money, better than all the world."

"Well, but hear me out," said Wylie. "I say it is £150,000 to you, and £2000 to me, or else it is twenty years' penal service to both on us."

"Penal servitude!" And the words roused the merchant from his lethargy like a shower-bath.

"You know that well enough," said Wylie. "Why, 'twas a hanging matter a few years ago. Come, come, there are no two ways; you must be a man, or we are undone."

Fear prevailed in that timorous breast, which even love of money had failed to rouse. Wardlaw sat up, stared wildly, and asked Wylie what he was to do.

"First let me ring for a bottle of that old brandy of yours." The brandy was got. Wylie induced him to drink a wine-glassful neat, and then to sit at the table and examine the sailors' declaration; and the log. "I'm no great scholar," said he. "I warn't a going to lay these before the underwriters, till you had overhauled them. There, take another drop now—'twill do you good—while I draw up this thundering bill."

Thus encouraged and urged, the broken-hearted schemer languidly compared the seamen's declaration with the log; and, even in his feeble state of mind and body, made an awkward discovery at once.

"Why, they don't correspond!" said he.

"What don't correspond?"

"Your men's statement and the ship's log. The men speak of one heavy gale after another, in January, and the pumps going; but the log says, 'A puff of wind from the N. E.' And here, again, the entry exposes your exaggeration; one branch of our evidence contradicts the other; this comes of trying to prove too much. You must say the log was lost, went down with the ship."

"How can I?" cried Wylie. "I have told too many I have got it safe at home."

"Why did you say that? What madness!"

"Why were you away from your office at such a time? How can I know everything and do everything? I counted on you for the head-work ashore. Can't you think of any way to square the log to that part of our tale?—might paste in a leaf or two, eh?"

"That would be discovered at once. You have committed an irremediable error. What broad strokes this Hudson makes. He must have written with the stump of a quill."

Wylie received this last observation with a look of contempt for the mind that could put so trivial a question in so great an emergency.

"Are you quite sure poor Hudson is dead?" asked Wardlaw in a low voice.

"Dead! Don't I tell you I saw him die!" said Wylie, trembling all of a sudden.

He took a glass of brandy and sent it flying down his throat. "Leave the paper with me," said Arthur, languidly, "and tell Penfold I'll crawl to the office to-morrow. You can meet me there; I shall see nobody else."

Wylie called next day at the office, and was received by Penfold, who had now learned the cause of Arthur's grief, and ushered the visitor in to him with looks of benevolent concern. Arthur was seated like a lunatic, pale and motionless; on the table before him was a roast fowl and a salad, which he had forgotten to eat. His mind appeared to alternate between love and fraud, for, as soon as he saw Wylie he gave himself a sort of shake, and handed Wylie the log and the papers.

"Examine them: they agree better with each other now."

Wylie examined the log, and started with surprise and superstitious terror. "Why, Miram's ghost has been here at work!" said he. "It is his very handwriting."

"Hush!" said Wardlaw; "not so loud. Will it do?"

"The writing will do first-rate; but may one can see this log has never been to sea?"

Inspired by the other's ingenuity, he then, after a moment's reflection, emptied the salt-cellar into a plate; and poured a little water over it. He wotted the leaves of the log with this salt-water, and dog-eared the whole book.

Wardlaw sighed. See what expedients we are driven to," said he. He then took a little soot from the chimney, and mixed it with salad oil. He applied some of this mixture to the parchment cover, rubbed it off, and by much manipulation gave it a certain mellow look, as if it had been used by working hands.

Wylie was armed with these materials, and furnished with money, to keep his sailors to their tale, in case of their being examined.

Arthur begged, in his present affliction, to be excused from going personally into the matter of the *Proserpine*; and said that Penfold had the ship's log, and the declaration of the survivors, which the insurers could inspect, previous to their being deposited at Lloyd's.

The whole thing wore an excellent face, and nobody found a peg to hang suspicion on so far.

After this preliminary, and the deposit of the papers, nothing was hurried; the merchant, absorbed in his grief, seemed to be forgetting to ask for his money. Wylie remonstrated; but Arthur convinced him they were still on too ticklish ground to show any hurry without exciting suspicion.

And so passed two weary months, during which Wylie fell out of Nancy Rouse's good graces, for idling about doing nothing.

"Be you a waiting for the plum to fall into your mouth, young man?" said she.

The demand was made on the underwriters, and Arthur contrived that it should come from his father. The firm was of excellent repute, and had paid hundreds of insurances, without a loss to the underwriters. The *Proserpine* had foundered at sea; several lives had been lost, and of the survivors, ~~over~~ since died, owing to the hardships he had endured. All this betokened a genuine calamity. Nevertheless, one ray of suspicion rested on the case, at first. The captain of the *Proserpine* had lost a great many ships; and on the first announcement, one or two were resolved to sift the matter on that ground alone. But, when five eye-witnesses, suppressing all mention of the word "drink," declared that Captain Hudson had refused to leave the vessel, and described his going down with the ship, from an obstinate and too exalted sense of duty, every chink was closed; and, to cut the matter short, the insurance money was paid to the last shilling, and Benson, one of the small underwriters, ruined. Nancy Rouse, who worked for Mrs. Benson, lost 18s. 6d., and was dreadfully put out about it.

Wylie heard her lamentations, and gained, for now his £2000 was as good as in his pocket, he thought. Great was his consternation when Arthur told him that every shilling of the money was forestalled, and that the entire profit of the transaction was yet to come, viz., by the sale of the gold-dust.

"Then, sell it," said Wylie.

"I dare not. The affair must cool down before I can appear as a seller of gold; and, even then I must dribble it out with great caution. Thank heaven it is no longer in those cells."

"Where is it, then?"

"That is my secret. You will get your 2000 all in good time; and, if it makes you one-tenth part as wretched as it has made me, you will thank me for that delay."

At last Wylie lost all patience, and began to show his teeth; and then Arthur Wardlaw paid him his £2000 in forty crisp notes.

He crammed them into a side-pocket, and went down triumphant to Nancy Rouse. Through her parlor window he saw the benign countenance of Michael Penfold. He then remembered Penfold had told him, some time before, that he was going to lodge with her, as soon as the present lodger should go.

This, however, rather interrupted Wylie's design of walking in and chucking the two thousand pounds into Nancy's lap. On the contrary, he shoved them deeper down in his pocket, and resolved to see the old gentleman to bed, and then produce his pelf, and fix the wedding day with Nancy.

He came in and found her crying, and Penfold making weak efforts to console her. The tea things were on the table, and Nancy's cup half emptied.

Wylie came in, and said—"Why what is the matter now?"

He said this mighty cheerfully, as one who carried the panacea for all ills in his pocket, and a medicine peculiarly suited to Nancy Rouse's constitution. But he had not quite fathomed her yet.

As soon as ever she saw him she wiped her eyes, and asked him, what he wanted there. Wylie stared at the reception; but replied stoutly that it was pretty well known by this time what he wanted in that quarter.

"Well, then," said Nancy, "Want will be your master. Why did you never tell me Miss Helen was in that ship? my sweet, dear mistress as was, that I feel for like a mother. You left her to drown, and saved your own great useless carcass, and drowned she is, poor dear. Get out of my sight, do."

"It wasn't my fault, Nancy," said Wylie, earnestly. "I didn't know who she was, and I advised her to come with us; but she would go with that parson chap."

"What parson chap? What a liar you be! She is Wardlaw's sweetheart, and don't care for no parsons. If you didn't know you was to blame, why didn't you tell me a word of your own accord? You kep dark. Do you call yourself a man, to leave my poor young lady to shift for herself?"

"She had as good a chance, to live as I had," said Wylie, sullenly.

"No she hadn't; you took care o' yourself. Well, since you are so fond of yourself, keep yourself to yourself, and don't

come here no more! After this, I hate the sight on ye. You are like the black dog in my eyes, and always will be. Poo! dear Miss Helen! Ah, I cried when she left—my mind misgave me; but little I thought she would perish in the salt seas, and die for want of a man in the ship. If you had gone out again in the steamboat—Mr. Penfold have told me all about it—I'd believe you weren't so much to blame. But no; lolling and looking about all day for months. There's my door, Joe Wylie; I can't cry comfortably before you, as had a hand in a drowning of her. You and me is parted forever. I'll die as I am, or I'll marry a man; which you ain't one, nor nothing like one. Is he waiting for you to hold the door open, Mr. Penfold? or don't I speak plain enough? Them as I gave the sack to afore you didn't want so much telling."

"Well I'm going," said Wylie stoutly, and with considerable feeling, "This is hard lines."

But Nancy was inexorable, and turned him out with the £2000 in his pocket.

He took the notes out and flung them furiously down in the dirt.

Then he did what everybody does under similar circumstances; he picked them up again and pocketed them along with the other dirt they had gathered.

Next day he went down to the docks, and looked out for a ship: he soon got one, and signed as second mate. She was to sail in a fortnight.

But, before a week was out the banknotes had told so upon him that he was no longer game to go to sea. But the captain he had signed with was a Tartar, and not to be trifled with. He consulted a knowing friend, and that friend advised him to disguise himself till the ship had sailed. Accordingly he rigged himself out with a long coat, and a beard and spectacles, and hid his sea-sickness as well as he could, and changed his lodgings. Finding he succeeded so well he thought he might as well have the pleasure of looking at Nancy House, if he could not talk to her. So he actually had the hardihood to take the parlor next door; and by this means he heard her move about her room, and caught a sight of her at work on her little green and he was shrewd enough to observe she did not sing and whistle as she used to. The dog chuckled at that.

His banknotes worried him night and day. He was afraid to put them in a bank, afraid to take them about with him to his haunts; afraid to leave them at home; and out of this his perplexity arose some incidents worth relating in their proper order.

Arthur Wardlaw returned to his business; but he was a changed man. All zest in the thing was gone. His fraud set him above the world; and that was now enough for him, in whom ambition was now dead, and indeed nothing left alive in him but deep regrets.

He drew in the horns of speculation, and went on in the same old safe routine; and to the safe restless activity that had jeopardized the firm, succeeded a strange torpidity. He wore black for Helen; and sorrowed without hope. He felt he had offended Heaven, and had met his punishment in Helen's death.

Wardlaw senior retired to Elm Trees, and seldom saw his son. When they did meet the old man sometimes whispered hope, but the whisper was faint and unheeded.

One day Wardlaw senior came up express, to communicate to Arthur a letter from General Rolleston, written at Valparaiso. In this letter General Rolleston deplored his unsuccessful search: but said he was going westward, upon the report of a Dutch whaler, who had seen an island reflected in the sky, while sailing between Juan Fernandez and Norfolk Isle.

Arthur only shook his head with a ghastly smile. "She is in Heaven," said he, "and I shall never see her again, neither here nor hereafter."

Wardlaw senior was shocked at this speech: but he made no reply. He pitied his son too much to criticize the expressions into which his bitter grief betrayed him. He was old, and had seen the triumphs of time over all things human sorrow included. These however, as yet, had had done nothing for Arthur Wardlaw. At the end of six months his grief was as sombre and deadly as the first week.

But one day, as this pale figure in deep mourning sat at his table, going listlessly and mechanically through the business of scraping money together for others to enjoy, whose hearts, unlike his, might not be in the grave, his father burst in upon him with a telegram in his hand, and waved it over his head in

triumph. "She is found! she is found!" he roared: "read that," and thrust the telegram into his hands.

Those hands trembled, and the languid voice rose into shrieks of astonishment and delight, as Arthur read the words, "We have got her alive and well: shall be at Charing Cross Hotel, 8 p.m."

CHAPTER LIV.

Whilst the boat was going to the Springbok, General Rolleston whispered to Captain Moreland, and what he said may be almost guessed from what occurred on board the steamer soon afterwards. Helen was carried trembling to the cabin, and the order was given to heave the anchor and get under way. A groan of disappointment ran through the ship; Captain Moreland expressed the General's regret to the men, and divided £200 upon the captain; and the groan ended with a cheer.

As for Helen's condition, that was at first mistaken for ill health. She buried herself for two whole days in her cabin; and from that place faint moans were heard now and then. The sailors called her the sick lady.

Heaven knows what she went through in that forty-eight hours.

She came upon deck at last in a strange state of mind and body; restless, strung up, absorbed. The rare vigor she had acquired on the island came out now with a vengeance. She walked the deck with briskness, and a pertinacity that awakened admiration in the crew at first, but by-and-by superstitious awe. For while the untiring feet went to and fro over leagues and leagues of plank every day, the great hazel eyes were turned inwards, and the mind, absorbed with one idea, skimmed the men and things about her listlessly.

She had a mission to fulfil, and her whole nature was stringing itself up to do the work.

She walked so many miles a day, partly from excitement, partly with a deliberate resolve to cherish her health and strength; "I may want them both," said she, "to clear Robert Penfold." Thought and high purpose shone through her so, that after awhile nobody dared trouble her much with commonplaces. To her father she was always sweet and filial; but sadly cold compared with what she had always been hitherto. He was taking her body to England, but her heart stayed behind upon that island: he saw this and said it.

"Forgive me," said she, coldly and that was all her reply. Sometimes she had violent passions of weeping; and then he would endeavor to console her: but in vain. They ran their course, and were succeeded by the bodily activity and concentration of purpose they had interrupted for a little while.

At last, after a rapid voyage, they drew near the English coast; and then General Rolleston, who had hitherto spared her feelings, and been most indulgent and considerate, felt it was high time to come to an understanding with her as to the course they should both pursue.

"Now Helen," said he, "about the Wardlaws!"

Helen gave a slight shudder. But she said, after a slight hesitation, "Let me know your wishes."

"Oh, mine are, not to be too ungrateful to the father, and not to deceive the son."

"I will not be ungrateful to the father, nor deceive the son," said Helen, firmly.

The General kissed her on the brow, and called her his brave girl. "But," said he, "on the other hand it must not be published that you have been for eight months on an island with a convict. Anything sooner than that. You know the malice of your own sex; if one of the ladies, who kiss you at every visit, gets hold of that, you will be an outcast from society."

Helen blushed and trembled. "Nobody need be told that but Arthur; and I am sure he loves me well enough not to injure me with the world."

"But he would be justified in declining your hand, after such a revelation."

"Quite. And I hope he will decline it, when he knows I love another, however hopelessly."

"You are going to tell Arthur Wardlaw all that?"

"I am."

"Then all I can say is, you are not like other women."

"I have been brought up by a man."

"If I was Arthur Wardlaw, it would be the last word you should ever speak to me."

"If you were Arthur Wardlaw, I should be on that dear island now."

"Well suppose his love should be greater than his spirit and—"

"If he does not go back, when he hears of my hopeless love, I don't see how I can. I shall marry him, and try with all my soul to love him. I'll open every door in London to Robert Penfold except my husband's. And that door, while I live, he shall never enter. Oh, my heart; my heart!" She burst out sobbing desperately; and her father laid her head upon his bosom, and sighed deeply, and asked himself how all this would end.

Before they landed her fortitude seemed to return; and of her own accord she begged her father to telegraph to the Wardlaws.

"Would you not like a day to compose yourself, and prepare yourself for this trying interview?" said he.

"I should; but it is mere weakness. And I must cure myself of weakness, or I shall never clear Robert Penfold. And then, papa, I think of you. If old Mr. Wardlaw heard you had been a day in town, you might suffer in his good opinion. We shall be in London at seven. Ask them at eight. That will be an hour's respite. God help me."

Long before eight o'clock Arthur Wardlaw had passed from a state of sombre misery and remorse to one of joy, exultation, and unmixed happiness. He no longer regretted his crime nor the loss of the Proserpine: Helen was alive and well, and attributed not her danger but only her preservation to the Wardlaws.

Wardlaw senior kept his carriage in town, and precisely at eight o'clock they drove up to the door of the hotel.

They followed the servant with bounding hearts, and rushed into the room where the General and Helen stood ready to receive them. Old Wardlaw went to the General with both hands out and so the General met him, and between these two it was almost an embrace. Arthur ran to Helen with cries of joy and admiration, and kissed her hands again and again, and shed such genuine tears of joy over them that she trembled all over, and was obliged to sit down. He knelt at her feet and still imprisoned one hand, and mumbled it, while she turned her head away and held her other hand before her face to hide its real expression, which was a mixture of pity and repugnance. But, as her face was covered, and her eloquent body quivered, and her hand was not withdrawn, it seemed a sweet picture of feminine affection, to those who had not the key.

At last she was relieved from this embarrassing situation by old Wardlaw; he cried out on this monopoly, and Helen instantly darted out of her chair and went to him and put up her cheek to him, which he kissed; and then she thanked him warmly for his courage in not despairing of her life, and his goodness in sending out a ship for her.

Now, the fact is, she could not feel grateful, and she was ashamed to show no feeling at all in return for so much; so she was eloquent, and the old gentleman was naturally very much pleased at first; but he caught an expression of pain on Arthur's face and then he stopped her. "My dear," said he, "you ought to thank Arthur, not me; for it was his love for you which was the cause my zeal. If you owe me anything, pay it to him, for he deserves it best. He nearly died for you, my sweet girl. No, no, you mustn't hang your head for that, neither. What a fool I am to revive our sorrows! Here we are, the happiest four in England!" Then he whispered to her, "Be kind to poor Arthur, that is all I ask. His very life depends upon you."

Helen obeyed this order, and went slowly back to Arthur; and sat, cold as ice, on the sofa beside him, and he made love to her. She scarcely heard what he said; she was asking herself how she could end this intolerable interview, and escape her father's looks, who knew the real state of her heart.

At last she rose and went and whispered to him: "My courage fails me. Have pity on me and get me away. It is the old man; he kills me."

General Rolleston took the hint, and acted with more tact than one would have given him credit for. He got up and rang the bell for tea: then he said to Helen, "You don't drink tea now, and I see you are excited more than is good for you. You had better go to bed."

"Yes, papa," said Helen.

She took her candle, and as she passed young Wardlaw, she told him in a low voice, she would be glad to speak to him alone to-morrow.

"At what hour?" said he eagerly.

"When you like. At one."

And so he retired, leaving him in ecstasies. This was the first downright assignation she had ever made with him.

LADIES' TABLE.

—O—

CHINESE CAKES.—Beat the yolks well, and to each yolk add a tablespoonful of sugar and one of flour and any flavoring preferred. Drop them on a pan well greased, and bake in a quick oven. Make them small. They look pretty with other kinds of cake, and are very nice.

CODFISH, WITH EGG SAUCE.—Chop two or three hard boiled eggs fine. Put a lump of butter as large as an egg in a saucepan on the fire. When melted add a little lemon juice and the chopped egg, and after stirring a little turn it over the fish. Always put a fish in cold water, when it boils, let a two-pound fish cook two or three minutes, a six-pound fish six or eight minutes.

FISH, CAPER SAUCE.—Take a fish. Pour boiling water over it, and in a few moments the scales will scrape off easily. Put the fish on the fire, just covered with cold water, with a little pepper and salt, slice of onion and carrot, and clove of garlic. Put a little butter and flour on the fire. When melted, add half a pint of the fish water and stir, with a little touch of vinegar. Throw in your capers just as you are ready to turn it over the fish.

THE ROSEBUD.

We wandered in the garden,
The linnet sang in the tree,
My love she spied a rosebud,
And plucked and gave to me.
I kissed the beautiful rosebud,
Dear love, that thou gavest to me,
And that summer day in the garden
My heart I gave to thee.

Three days in a vase in my chamber
I cherished my flower with pride,
And watched with a sweet and boyish delight
Its petals opening wide;
Until it had blossomed a queenly rose,
And then my flower I took,
And carefully laid it between the leaves
Of an old and scanty book.

Three years the maid did hold my heart
In a casket of her own,
Till the beautiful bud of passion had grown
A fragrant rose full blown;
She drained its tender fragrance,
And then, ah, woe the day!
Unlocked the casket of her heart,
And flung my flower away.

In the saintly book I was reading to-day,
Forgetful awhile of my woes,
When I turned o'er a leaf; and there beheld
A faded, withered rose:
It breathed of the past—of that summer day
In the garden where it grew.
And sorely I wept o'er my withered flower,
And my heart-love withered too.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

RIDDLE 7.

Tell me why is it if you lend
But forty dollars to a friend,
It does your kindness more commend
Than if you should give hundred send?

ANSWERS TO NO. 38, PAGE 144.

Chiquito—Log-book.

CONUNDRUMS.

44 The coward skulking round a house
Is like a mouse-trap as you see,
For that will puzzle any mouse,
And pusillanimous is he.

45 Because the cattle eat it tooth and tongue
46 It is not alone (a howled).

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POETRY.

LINES TO A FAVORITE

I stray alone amid this calm
And shadowy twilight—on the air
Comes evening's low mysterious psalm.
As solemn as the voice of prayer.
Oh, as these sounds my sorrows lull,
My soul, from earth's dark fetters free,
Goes forth to greet the beautiful,
Flying on Love's dear wings to thee.

Oh, thou to me art very dear.
I love thy soft and high control,
And all thy tones so sweet and clear
Are blessed music to my soul.
Thou art my star amid the dark.
My sunbow on the tempest's brow,
My young dove of life's wandering ark
To bring to me Love's olive-bough.

Mayest thou ever be as now thou art,
May life thy every hope fulfil,
And no springs gush within thy heart
That time or grief to ice can chill.
May'st thou ne'er know earth's bitter tears,
May'st thou escape its every strife,
And all the day-springs of thy years
Redden with glory in thy life.

HAROLD,

THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE THRONE.

"I tell thee, Hilda, said the earl, impatiently, "I tell thee, that I renounce henceforth all faith save in him whose ways are concealed from our eyes. Thy id and thy galdra have not guarded me against evil, nor armed me against sin—Nay, perchance—let peace: I will no more tempt the dark art—I will no more seek to disentangle the awful truth from the guggling lie. All so foretold me I will seek to forget—hope from no prophecy, fear from no warning. Let the soul go to the Future, under the shadow of God!"

"Pass on thy way as thou wilt, its goal is the same, whether seen or unmarked. Peradventure thou art wiser," said the Vala, gloomily.

"For my country's sake, Heaven be my witness, not my own," resumed the earl, "I have blotted my conscience and sullied my truth. My country alone can redeem me, by taking my life as a thing hallowed ever more to her service. Selfish ambition do I lay aside, selfish power shall tempt me no more; lost is the charm that I beheld in a throne, and, save for Edith—"

"No! not for Edith," cried the betrothed, advancing, "not even for Edith shalt thou listen to other voice than that of thy country and thy soul."

The earl turned round abruptly, and his eyes were moist.

"O Hilda," he cried, "see henceforth my only Vala; let that noble heart alone interpret to us the oracles of the future."

The next day Harold returned with Haco and a numerous train of his house-carles to the city. Their ride was as silent as that of the day before; but on reaching Southwark, Harold turned away from the bridge toward the left, gained the river side, and dismounted at the house of one of his lithsmen (a frankling, or freed ceorl). Leaving there his horse, he summoned a boat, and with Haco, was rowed over toward the fortified palace which then rose toward the west of London, jutting into the Thames, and which seems to have formed the out work of the old Roman city. The palace, of remotest antiquity, and blending all work and architecture, Roman, Saxon and Danish, had been repaired by Canute; and from a high window in the upper story, where were the royal apartments, the body of the traitor Edric Streone (the founder of the house of Godwin) had been thrown into the river.

"Whither go we, Harold?" asked the son of Sweyn.

"We go to visit the young Atheling, the natural heir to the Saxon throne," replied Harold in a firm voice. "He lodges in the old palace of our kings."

"They say in Normandy that the boy is an imbecile,"

"That is not true," returned Harold. "I will present thee to him—judge."

Haco mused a moment and said,—

"I think I divine thy purpose; is it not formed on the sudden, Harold?"

"It was the counsel of Edith," answered Harold, with evident emotion. "And yet if that counsel prevail; I may lose the power to soften the Church and to call her mine."

"So thou wouldst sacrifice even Edith for thy country?"

"Since I have sinned methinks I could," said the proud man humbly.

The boat shot into a little creek, or rather canal, which then ran inland, beside the black and rotting walls of the fort. The two earl-born leaped ashore, passed under a Roman arch, gained a court the interior of which was rudely filled up by the early Saxon habitations of rough timber work, already, since the time of Canute, falling into decay (as all things did which came under the care of Edward), and mounting a stair that ran along the outside of the house, gained a low narrow door, which stood open. In the passage within were one or two of the king's house-carles, who had been assigned to the young Atheling, with liveries of blue, and Danish axes, and some four or five German servitors, who had attended his father from the Emperor's court. One of these last ushered the noble Saxons into a low, forlorn ante-hall; and there, to Harold's surprise, he found Alred the Archbishop of York, and three thegns of high rank, and lineage ancient and purely Saxon.

Alred approached Harold with a faint smile on his benign face—

"Methinks, and may I think aright, thou comest hither with the same purpose as myself and yon noble thegns."

"And that purpose?"

"Is to see and to judge calmly if, despite his years, we may find in the descendant of the Ironsides such a prince as we may commend to our decaying king as his heir, and to the Witan as a chief fit to defend the land."

"Thou speakest the cause of my own coming. With your ears will I hear, with your eyes will I see; as ye judge, will judge I," said Harold, drawing the prelate towards the thegns, so that they might hear his answer.

The chiefs who belonged to a party that had often opposed Godwin's house, had exchanged looks of fear and trouble when Harold entered; but at his words their frank faces showed equal surprise and pleasure.

Harold presented to them his nephew, with whose grave dignity of bearing, beyond his years, they were favorably impressed, though the bishop sighed when he saw in his face the sombre beauty of his guilty sire. The group then conversed anxiously on the declining health of the king, the disturbed state of the realm, and the expediency, if possible of uniting all suffrages in favor of the fittest successor. And in Harold's voice and manner, as in Harold's heart, there was nothing that seemed conscious of his own mighty stake and just hopes in that election. But as time wore the faces of the thegns became overcast; proud men and great satraps were they, and they liked it ill that the boy prince kept them so long in the dismal ante-room.

At length the German officer, who had gone to announce their coming, returned; and in words intelligible indeed from the affinity between the Saxon and German, but still disagreeably foreign to English ear, requested them to follow him into the presence of the Atheling.

In a room still retaining the rude splendor with which it had been invested by Canute, a handsome boy about the age of thirteen or fourteen, but seeming much younger, was engaged in the construction of a

stuffed bird, as a lure for a young hawk that sat blindfold on its perch. The employment made habitual a part of the serious education of youth that thegns smoothed their brows at the sight, and deemed the boy worthily occupied. At another end of the room, a grave Norman priest was seated at a table on which were books and writing implements; was the tutor commissioned by Edward to teach Norman tongue and saintly lore to the Atheling. profusion of toys strewn the floor, and some child of Edgar's own age were playing with them. A little sister Margaret was sitting seriously apart from all the other children, and employed in needle-work.

When Alred approached the Atheling, with a blending of reverent obeisance and paternal cordiality, the boy carelessly cried in a jargon, half German, half Norman-French—

"There, come not too near, you snare my hands! What are you doing! You trample my toys with the good Norman bishop William sent me as a present from the duke. Art thou blind man?"

"My son," said the prelate, kindly, "these are things of thy childhood—childhood ends sooner with princes than with common men. Leave thy lure and thy toys, and welcome these noble thegns, and dress them, so please you, in our own Saxon tongue."

"Saxon tongue!—language of villeins! not I. Little do I know of it, save to scold a ceorl or a nun. King Edward did not tell me to learn Saxon, but Norman; and Godfroi yonder says, that if I know Norman well, Duke William will make me his knight. But I don't desire to learn anything more to-day." And the child turned peevishly from thegn and prelate.

The three Saxon lords interchanged looks of profound displeasure and proud disgust, but Harold, with an effort over himself, approached and said winningly—

"Edgar, the Atheling, thou art not so young as thou knowest already the great live for others. Wilt thou not be proud to live for this fair country, and for these noble men, and to speak the language of Alfred the Great?"

"Alfred the Great! they always weary me with Alfred the Great," said the boy pouting. "Alfred the Great, he is the plague of my life! If I am the Atheling, men are to live for me, not I for them; and you tease me any more, I will run away to duke William in Rouen; Godfroi says I shall never be teased there!"

So saying the child, already tired of hawk and lure, threw himself on the floor with the other children, and snatched the toys from their hands.

The serious Margaret then rose quietly, and went to her brother and said in good Saxon—

"Fie, if you behave thus I shall call you sinner and ing!"

At the threat of that word, the vilest in the language—that word which the vilest ceorl would for his life rather than endure—a threat applied to the Atheling of England, the descendant of Saxon heroes—the three thegns drew near and watched the boy, hoping that he would start to his feet with wrath and shame.

"Call me what you will silly sister," said the child indifferently, "I am not so Saxon as to care for your ceorlish Saxon names."

"Enow," cried the proudest and greatest of the thegns, his very mustache curling with ire. "Hew

a be called nidding shall never be crowned out
g!"

"I don't want to be crowned king, rude man, with
our laidly mustache; I want to be made a knight,
I have a banderol and baldric. Go away!"

"We go son," said Alred mournfully.

And with slow and tottering step he moved to the
or, there he halted, turned back—and the child
s pointing at him in mimicry, while Godfroi, the
rman tutor smiled as in pleasure. The prelate
ook his head, and the group gained the ante-
l.

"Fit leader of bearded men! fit king for the Saxons
d!" cried one of the thegns. "No more of your
heling, Alred, my father."

"No more of him indeed!" said the prelate mourn-
y.

"It is but the fault of his narture and rearing—a
lected childhood a Norman tutor, German hirings.
e may re-mold yet the pliant clay," said Harold.

"Nay," returned Alred, "no leisure for such hopes, no
e to undo what is done by circumstance, and I fear
nature. Ere the year is out, the throne will stand
pty in our halls."

"Who then," said Haco, abruptly, "who then—
ardon the ignorance of youth wasted in captivity
road)—who then, failing the Atheling, will save
s realm from the Norman duke, who, I know well,
ants on it as the reaper on the harvest ripening for
sickle?"

"Alas, who then?" murmured Alred.

"Who then!" cried the three thegns, with one voice,
hy the worthiest, the wisest, the bravest! Stand
th Harold, the earl, thou art the man!" And with-
awaiting his answer, they strode from the
ll.

JOSH BILLINGS' PAPERS.

ROOSTERS.

Roosters, according to profane history, if mi edu-
shun remembers me right, were formerly a man,
no come suddenly upon one of the heathen gods, at
time when he wasn't prepared to see company, and
az, for that offence, rebuilt over into the fust roos-
r, and was forever afterward destined tew crow, as
kind of warning. This change from a man akounts
r their fighting abilities, and for their politeness to
e hens. There is nothing in a man that a woman
mires more than his reddyness and ability tew
nash another fellow, and it iz jiss so with a hen.
hen a rooster gits licked, the hens all march oph
ith the other rooster, if he ain't half so big or hand-
me.

It iz pluck that wins a hen or a woman.

There iz grate variety of pedigree among the roos-
r race; but for stiddy bizziness give me the old
shun dominique rooster, short-legged, and when
ey walk, they always strut, and their bozzoms stick
nt, like an alderman's abdominal cupboard. This
reed is hawk-colored, and has a crooked tail on
em, arched like a sickle, and as full of feathers as
new duster.

But when you come right down to grit, and throw
ll outside influences overboard, there ain't nothing

on earth, nor under it, than kan out-style, out-step
out-brag, or out-pluck a regular Bantum rooster.

They always put me in mind of a small dandy,
practicing before a looking-glass.

They don't weigh more than 30 ounces, but they
make as much fuss as a ton, I have seen them tricing
tew pick a quarrel with a two horse wagon, and don't
think they would hesitate to fight a meeting house, if
it waz the least bit sassy tew them

It iz more than fun tew hear one of these little
chevallers crow, it is like a four-year old baby tricing
tew sing a line out of the Star Spangled Banner.

The hen partner of this concern iz the most exqui-
sit little bouquet of neatness and feathers that the eye
ever roosted on. They are as prim as a premature
yung lady. It is a luxury to watch their daintyness,
tew see them lay each feather with their bills, in its
place, and preside over themselves with az much deli-
kasy and pride as a belle before her mirror.

But the consumption is tew see the wife, a mother,
leading out six little chickens a bugging; six little
chickens no bigger than bumblebees.

It seems tew be necessary that there should be
sunthing outrageous in evrything, to show us where
propriety ends and impropriety begins. This iz mel-
ancholly, the case in the rooster affair, for we have
the shanghai rooster, the greatest outrage, in my opin-
yun, ever committed in the annals of poultry.

These critters are the camels among fowls, they
mope around the barnyard, tipping over the hay racks
and stepping on the yung goslings, and evry now and
then they crow confusion.

If ennybuddy should giv me a shanghai rooster i
should halter him, and keep him in a box stall, and
feed him on cut feed, and if he would work kind in
harness, all right, if not, i would butcher him the fust
wet day that cum, and salt him down to give to the
poor.

But there ain't noboddy a goin tew giv me 1 of
this breed, knot if I kno it, i don't think there is a
man on earth mean enuff tew do it.

Roosters do but very little household work, they
won't lay enny eggs, nor try to hatch enny, nor see
tew the yung ones; this satisfys me that there iz sum
truth in the mythological ackount of the rooster's fust
origin.

Yu kant git a rooster to pay enny attenshun tew a
yung one, they spend their time in crowing, strut-
ting, and occasionally find a worm, which they make
a remarkabell fuss over, calling up their wives from a
distance, apparently tew treat them, but just as the
hens git there, this elegant and elaborate cuss bends
over and gobbles up the morsel.

Just like a man, for all the world!

'Tis wondrous strange how great the change since
I was in my teens; then I had a beau, and a billet-
doux, and joined the gayest scenes. But lovers now
have ceased to vow; no way they now contrive—to
poison, hang, or drown themselves—because I'm
thirty-five. Once, if the night was ever so bright, I
ue'er abroad could roam, without—"the bliss, the
honor, Miss, of seeing you safe at home." But now I
go, through rain and snow—fatigued and scared alive
—through all the dark, without a spark—because I'm
thirty-five.

THE FAKER WHO WAS BURIED ALIVE AT LAHORE.

RELATED BY SIR CLAUDE WADE.

I was present in 1837, at the court of Runjeet Singh when the Faker mentioned by the Honorable Captain Osborne was buried alive for six weeks; and although arrived a few hours after his actual interment, and did not, consequently, witness that part of the phenomenon, I had the testimony of Runjeet Singh himself, and others of the most creditable witnesses of his Court, to the truth of the Faker having been so buried before them; and from my having myself been present when he was disinterred and restored to a state of perfect vitality, in a position so close to him as to render any deception impossible, it is my firm belief there was no collusion in producing the extraordinary fact which I have related. Captain Osborne's book is not at present before me, that I might refer to such parts of his account as devolve the authenticity of the fact on my authority. I will therefore briefly state what I saw, to enable others to judge of the weight due to my evidence; and whether any proofs of collusion can, in their opinion, be detected.

On the approach of the appointed time, according to invitation, I accompanied Runjeet Singh to the spot where the Faker had been buried. It was a square building called *borra durra*, in the middle of one of the gardens adjoining the palace at Lahore, with an open verandah all round, having an enclosed room in the centre. On arriving here, Runjeet Singh, who was attended on the occasion by the whole of his Court, dismounting from the elephant, asked me to join him in examining the building to satisfy himself that it was closed as he had left it. We did so; there had been a door on each of the four sides of the room, three of which were perfectly closed with brick and mortar, the fourth had a strong door, which was also closed with mud up to the padlock, which was sealed with the private seal of Runjeet Singh, in his own presence, when the Faker was interred. Indeed, the interior of the building presented no aperture by which air could be admitted, or any communication held by which food could be conveyed to the Faker. I may also add that the walls closing the doorway bore no mark whatever of having been recently disturbed or removed.

Runjeet Singh recognised the seal as the one which he had affixed, and as he was as sceptical as any European could be of the success of such an enterprise,—to guard as far as possible against any collusion, he had placed two companies from his own personal escort near the building, from which four sentries were furnished and relieved, every two hours, night and day, to guard the building from intrusion. At the same time, he ordered one of the principal officers of his Court to visit the place occasionally, and to report the result of his inspection to him; while he himself, or his minister, kept the seal which closed the hole of the padlock, and the latter received the report, morning and evening, from the officer on guard.

After our examination we settled ourselves in the verandah opposite the door, while some of Runjeet Singh's people dug away the mud wall, and one of his officers broke the seal and opened the padlock.

When the door was thrown open, nothing but a dark room was to be seen. Runjeet Singh and myself then entered it, in company with the servant of the Faker; and a light being brought, we descended about three feet below the floor of the room into a sort of a cell, where a wooden box, about four feet long by three broad, with a sloping roof, containing the Faker, was placed upright, the door of which had also a padlock and seal similar to that on the outside. On opening it, we saw a figure enclosed in a bag of white linen, fastened by a string over the head—on exposure of which a grand salute was fired, and the surrounding multitude came crowding to the door to see the spectacle. After they had gratified their curiosity, the Faker's servant, putting his arm into the box, took the figure out, and closing the door, placed it with his back against it, exactly as the Faker had been squatted (like a Hindoo idol) in the box itself.

Runjeet Singh and myself then descended into the cell, which was so small that we were only able to sit on the ground in front of the body, and so close to it as to touch it with our hands and knees.

The servant then began pouring warm water over the figure; but as my object was to see if any fraudulent practises could be detected, I proposed to Runjeet Singh to tear open the bag and have a perfect view of the body before any means of resuscitation were employed. I accordingly did so, and may here remark that the bag, when first seen by us, appeared mildewed as if had been buried some time. The legs and arms of the body were shriveled and stiff, the face full and the head reclining on the shoulders like that of a corpse. I then called to the medical gentleman who was attending me to come down and inspect the body; which he did, but could discover no pulsation in the heart, the temples or the arm. There was, however, a heat about the region of the brain which no other part of the body exhibited.

The servant then recommenced bathing him in hot water, and gradually relaxing his arms and legs from the rigid state in which they were contracted, Runjeet Singh taking his right and his left leg, to aid by friction in restoring them to their proper action; during which time the servant placed a hot wheaten cake about an inch in thickness on the top of the head—a process which he twice or thrice renewed. He then pulled out of his nostrils and ears the wax and cotton with which they were stopped; and, after great exertion, succeeded in opening his jaws by inserting a penknife between his teeth, and, while holding his jaws open with his left hand drew his tongue forward with his right,—in the course of which the tongue flew back to its curved position upwards, in which it had originally been, so as to close the gullet.

He then rubbed his eyelids with ghee (or clarified butter) for some seconds, until he succeeded in opening them, when the eyes appeared quite motionless and glazed. After the cake had been applied for the third time to the top of the head, the body became violently convulsed, the nostrils became inflated, respiration ensued, and the limbs began to assume a natural fullness, but the pulsation was still faintly perceptible. The servant then put some of the ghee on his tongue and made him swallow it. A few minutes after the eyeballs became dilated, and recovered their natural color, when the Faker, recognizing Runjeet

Singh sitting close to him, articulated, in a low sepulchral tone, scarcely audible, "Do you believe me now?" Runjeet Singh replied in the affirmative, and invested the Faker with a pearl necklace and a superb pair of gold bracelets, and pieces of silk and muslin, and shawls, forming what is called a kholat, such as is usually bestowed by the princes of India on persons of distinction.

From the time of the box being opened to the recovery of the voice not more than half an hour could have elapsed; and in another half-hour the Faker talked with myself and those about him freely, though feebly, like a sick person; and we then left him, convinced that there had been no fraud or collusion in the performance we had witnessed.

I share entirely in the apparent incredibility of a man being buried alive, and surviving the trial for various periods of duration; but however incompatible with our knowledge of physiology, in the absence of any visible proof to the contrary, I am bound to declare my belief to the facts which I have represented, however impossible their existence may appear to others.

SKETCHES OF PROMINENT MEN IN UTAH.

(From the Phrenological Journal 1866.)

THE CHURCH HISTORIAN, GEORGE A. SMITH.

This is the cousin of Joseph Smith, and an Apostle. He was in the field as a Mormon missionary in his youth, traveling in his ministry through the United States, afterward a missionary in England, a principal man in building up churches in the Potteries and organizing the Staffordshire Conference, and was one of the three Apostles in laying the foundation of the work in London. He is the General Historian of the Church, succeeding Willard Richards, and Wilford Woodruff is the assistant Historian. He has scribes laboring with him in the Historian's office, but he and Woodruff are the chief officials, for "Church Historian" is one of the great offices of the Church. George A. Smith is a force among his people, and the first politician and diplomatist of Utah. He makes great speeches, but chiefly on political occasions, and has been a foremost man in leading out the settlements, traveling throughout the Territory, urging home development, and returning and relating in public the whole history of the growth of these settlements and everything concerning them in astonishing detail. Upon these reports Brigham administers and gives instructions to all the Bishops in Utah. He is in memory what Woodruff's journals are in record, and even to the standing of a stone by the wayside that he has observed, all is remembered, and not a single thing or circumstance throughout his whole life is lost. George A. Smith is said to have the whole history of the Church in his own mind, in all its details, but, unfortunately for the future, he would carry this mental record to the grave unless extracted by his scribes. Much of the Church history has been made up from George A. Smith's memory, and if there is found any slight difference in incident, dates, or names between his memory and Woodruff's journals, "Wilford," with the greatest assurance that "George

A. Smith," is right, will, twenty years after the occurrence, alter his journals accordingly. He is the infallible walking history of the Church; from which there is no appeal.

WILFORD WOODRUFF, THE ASSISTANT HISTORIAN.

This is also a remarkable man in Mormon history. He stands next to Orson Pratt in the quorum of the Twelve Apostles. Excepting Heber C. Kimball he has no equal in the history of Mormonism in building up churches in England in the early rise of his people. He, in reality, has kept most of the history of his Church. Wherever he has been there everything has been recorded in his daily journals. Wilford Woodruff's journals have become quite a household word among the Mormons. It is almost incredible to believe the number of volumes and the amount of matter contained in those journals. We know a Mormon Elder, from whom we have received much information, who has labored eighteen months upon those journals, changing them from diary into regular historical form, and still has nearly ten years to bring up. If the Mormon Church were to lose Wilford Woodruff's journals, it would lose one of its greatest treasures, though much of it now has been incorporated with the General Church History. Everything is there recorded which has taken place and been said in the highest councils and private "circles" of the First Presidency and Twelve Apostles. It would be the best witness that could be handed into court and given to some first-class advocate upon a case involving Mormon interests. His journals are kept in the General Church Historian's office, in iron safes. He has recorded things without knowing at the time whether they were going to be of value or not, and after years have given them meaning and importance. He did not himself scarcely know what was in his journals until read to him by his scribe, changed from diary form into large volumes of autobiography, and that, too, in some instances, thirty years after the occurrences were recorded. Upon the case of the Mountain Meadow massacre, of which we have heard so much, the gentleman who has recently worked upon those volumes says, "Let any committee of the houses of Congress desirous of examining into that case, and of knowing how much Brigham Young had to do with it, call into court Wilford Woodruff's journals. They would be their best and most reliable witnesses. Wilford Woodruff was with Brigham in his office when the messenger brought the first news of that dreadful occurrence." The record of his building up the Herefordshire Conference is like a fable. He went to "Froom's Hill," in Herefordshire, one day and began his work, and in six months built up nearly fifty churches, establishing the same number of chapels or meeting-houses, and baptized as many ministers and hundreds of members. In fact, he found a circuit called "The Froom's Hill Circuit of the United Brethren," who had broken off from the Methodist body, and he swept them all into his Church members, ministers, chapels and all. What could resist that man so fiercely engaged in his work? Though he is now nearly sixty years of age, one could almost venture a prophecy that he is just coming out to do the same work over again, this time in the U. S., which is just big enough for that restless worker.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE,

SATURDAY, JAN. 2, 1869.

UR SHAKSPEARIAN REVIVAL.

HAMLET AND OPHELIA.

BY N. W. TOLLIDGE.

"A revival of Shakspeare!" 'Twas well desired, and does credit to our Management. Yes, let us have a new dispensation of our deity of the drama. The old one is like a worn out orthodoxy. Shakspeare demands a revival, for he is sick with disgust. Take up the best current exponents of classical literature and read his yearnings for a new revelation of himself. His special apostles of the new dispensation are his critics, not his actors. His plays shall be incarnations on the stage, no longer *actings*, for Shakspeare is in league with the poets and authors. They are reviewing him again, and they can incarnate him in their conceptions, for they share with their monarch the poet-soul. Leaving the charmed circle, where my master rules, I went the other night to see his revival on the stage in Mr. McCullough's *Hamlet*. It was the first time for three years that I could endure to see Shakspeare, excepting in the reviewer's mirror. I was delighted with the expositions of Mr. McCullough; for I saw illustrated every moment what Hamlet is, by what Hamlet *was not*, and felt how much Shakspeare can be revived when genius, such as that of David Garrick, Edmund Kean, and Junius Brutus Booth shall burst the Great Master's *unopened seals*. When these rendered Shakspeare the world was satisfied with them. Why? Because they *incarnated* so much of the genius of the master; but when we witness stars—not to word it offensively, of not more than the third magnitude as revolving suns of transcendent spheres, we question if Hamlet, Richard or Macbeth have ever been fully illustrated in the theatre. Indeed, our best critics have, like Charles Lamb, adoringly clung to the conceit that Shakspeare must be wooed into the closet by the subtlest natures, that they, lost in the author's "divine frenzy," might witness Shakspeare revealing himself.

Note a few points to suggest the compass of Hamlet's part. Examine the rare subject between him and Ophelia. An episode, only, yet what a volume is in the theme! It is that of a mighty passion which struggles in Hamlet's soul to overmatch the greater theme which constitutes the play. Take Shakspeare's own expositions. Here is a subject of passion for our hero to render:

OPH: My lord as I was sewing in my closet,
Lord Hamlet—with his doublet all unbrac'd;
No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle,
Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other,
And with a look so piteous in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of hell
To speak of horrors!—he comes before me.

POL: Mad for thy love?

OPH: He took me by the wrist and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm,
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so;
At last—a little shaking of mine arm,

And thrice his head thus waving up and down—
He raised a sigh so piteous and profound,
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
And end his being: That done he lets me go:
And with his head over his shoulder turn'd
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out o' doors he went without their help,
And, to the last, bended their light on me.
POL: Come, go with me; I will go seek the king.
This is the very ecstasy of love.

Mark! This is the very opening mood of Hamlet after the famous ghost scene, which closed with Hamlet recovered from the ecstasy into which the appearance of his father's spirit in arms threw him. It is now the ecstasy of love. That is the minor mood, and it is plaintive, passionate and antique, as fine mirror subjects always are. It is thus in music as in poetic expositions of passion, and thus, in fact, in all the manifestations of nature and art. It is a fine method, therefore, of Shakspeare to give us his minor mood in the ecstasy of passion immediately after its correspondent in the principal theme held between him and his father's spirit. This will also be found to agree with all the workings of the play throughout. Instance the close of his great soliloquy of "To be or not to be":

Soft you, now!

The fair Ophelia—Nymph in thy orisons
Be all my sins remembered!"

Ecstasy of love ever rushes upon the stage to distract Hamlet immediately after the great expositions of the metaphysics of the play. And

"Get thee to a nunnery; Why would'st
Thou be a breeder of sinners,"

soon follows to make discord to the touching tenderness of the theme, so pregnant in the salutation:

Here, we have the counterpart of the scene between Hamlet and Ophelia which called forth from Polonius—

"This is the very ecstasy of love!"

It is true this scene is not in the action of the play upon the stage. But Shakspeare, in the text, has given that unique scene of a soul distracted by two rival ecstasies—one of an adoring despairing love, and the other ruling him through the potent workings of his father's spirit; and our poet has furthermore painted it so strongly that there is nothing left for the imagination to conceive, though much for the genius of the actor to render. That it might be rendered Shakspeare has transposed that very scene into another form immediately after his metaphysical triumph in "To be or not to be!" This is another proof how much the genius of our great exponents of Hamlet should exhaust itself in the famous Ophelia passage of the play. Indeed, it was just here that Edmund Kean surprised a London audience into an uncommon admiration, and upon which his critic Hazlitt dwelt with so much delighted appreciation. But, how is it with our modern "stars" in general? How was it with Mr. McCulloch in Hamlet the other evening? Our Hamlets are ever huge in the ghost parts and the crawling-on-the-belly scene, but they become very much diminished in the play with Ophelia. Any fair actor can render the stage parts of a piece, but rare artistes delight in their minor renderings and touches, even more than in their scenes of power and passion. This, in fact, is true of Shakspeare himself. A master critic can discover how exquisite was the passion of Shakspeare for his minor methods, and how

ch and how constantly through them he tested his
 nius and proved that all of dramatic science was
 thin himself. He was not only the "Poet of all
 ne," but the Lawgiver of the Drama for all time.
 akspeare's knowledge was in his inspiration, and of
 divine art he has left nothing new to be revealed.
 is concealed in his works and his critics are ever
 anon finding him out and revealing him. Now
 critic finds Shakspeare's genius most revealed in
 minor themes and workings, and it is just in them
 t they can test his capacity and dramatic art. He
 ms not to have plumed himself upon his soliloquies,
 t he loved his Lady Ann and Ophelia parts, for
 y are of the minor quality, and will afford him
 ique triumphs, and surprise his critics into a clap-
 of hands. Then our Booths and Keans have
 ir triumphs, too, for the analytical intellect of the
 rld set in admiration before them to applaud, not
 ir ghost parts and stage-displays, but their Lady
 n and Ophelia scenes. But actors of Mr. McCul-
 lough's degree need not expect to reach so much of
 umph over Shakspeare and his critics. Madam
 heller made me feel how great was her woman's
 ception of Hamlet's love for Ophelia; but who
 old imagine that Mr. McCulloch loved her with
 re than the sum of forty thousand brothers' love?
 e the subject in the text:

LAM: What is he, whose grief
 Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
 Conjures the wandering stars and makes them stand
 Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
 Hamlet the Dane. [Leaps into Ophelia's grave.]

Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,
 Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

QUEEN: O, my son! what theme?

LAM: I lov'd Ophelia; forty thousand brothers
 Could not, with all their quantity of love,
 Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?
 LAM: Zounds, show me what thou'lt do:
 Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't tear thyself?
 Woo't drink up Esile, eat a crocodile?
 I'll do't!—Dost thou come here to whine?
 To outface me with leaping in her grave?
 Be buried quick with her, and so will I:
 And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
 Millions of acres on us, till our ground,
 Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
 Make Ossa like a wart!

Old Polonius was right. This is the very ecstasy
 love—a love crossed, distracted, oft driven into
 adness by the potent spirit that ruled the play.
 ere, mark Hamlet's pledge to his murdered father,
 d, thus linked with the Ophelia subject, what an
 mensity of conception is thrown into birth, how vast
 d complex the part given to the actor to render
 en the minor theme—the "ecstasy of love"—is
 xed in the mighty distraction of Hamlet's mind:

"Remember thee?"

Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds her seat
 In this distracted globe. Remember thee?
 Yea, from the table of my memory
 I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
 And saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
 That youth and observation copied there;
 And thy commandment all alone shall live
 Within the book and volume of my brain,
 Unmixed with baser matter: Yes, by heaven,
 O most pernicious woman!

What method and complexity have we in this cli-
 ax! His love comes not in his vow; Ophelia is not
 med—his mother is merely implied, but they both
 igher came as the climax into Hamlet's mind, and

wrung from him his bitterest passage:

"Unmixed with baser matter: Yes, by heaven.
 O, most pernicious woman!"

Did Mr. McCullough, the other evening, as Hamlet,
 render a title of this *Ophelia* subject, not exacting
 here upon any part of the greater theme? Did he
 even conceive a title? I instance this gentleman be-
 cause he played the part, and not to libel his excel-
 lence, nor to spit out a spite. The great Forrest may
 equally take the matter to himself. The reviewer
 must stand neither for favorite stars, nor upon a con-
 sideration for the management, when Shakspeare is
 under review. Conscious that even the genius of Ed-
 mund Kean and J. B. Booth did not burst into final
 perfection the immortal parts which left them some-
 thing still to do after the great Garrick passed away,
 I dare not speak of a perfect Hamlet.

The passage, "Get thee to a nunnery," &c., in
 which Edmund Kean made his startling hits, origi-
 nating that now stagey exit and quick return, gener-
 ally strike the audience through the medium of a
 harsh repugnant treatment. They only excuse Ham-
 let's cruel manner upon the supposition of his mad-
 ness; yet to the critic those very passages are the
 most affecting of any part in this grand play, and
 thus such artistes as the Keans and Booths have ren-
 dered them. *It is a phase of love in its extreme distraction.*
 The true interpretation of its burden is: Get
 thee to a nunnery! for I love thee, Ophelia; "forty
 thousand brothers could not, with all their quantity of
 love, make up my sum." But Hamlet's passion was
 at once betraying Ophelia, himself, and the cause of
 his murdered father. Hence the distraction and ap-
 parent discords in the tender theme of love. "Why,
 would'st thou be a breeder of sinners?" is not rude as
 too often made, but it is sharpened with a keen per-
 sonal point, and has in it a blended agony of despair
 and desire. "We will have no more marriages," &c.,
 is of the same quality: therefore, "To a nunnery go;
 and quickly, too. Farewell!"

Touching Ophelia, of the other evening, let it be
 here observed that Madam Scheller is one of the very
 best Ophelias of the modern stage; but there will, in
 another number, appear a dramatic and biographical
 sketch of this excellent artiste.

Of Mr. McCullough as a Shakspearian actor, I must
 confess to no uncommon appreciation. Madam Schel-
 ler, who played Ophelia to his Hamlet, could answer
 the question whether he helped her with that magnet-
 ism with which Hamlet, above all other, characters is
 charged. She could answer, too, whether or not our
 own David McKenzie possesses more than the other
 gentleman this same quality of magnetism. Now,
 this quality comes from the essence of genius. Mr.
 McKenzie contains in his nature fifty degrees out of
 the hundred more of this magnetism—this genius—
 than nearly every professional star that has shined
 on the Salt Lake Stage. I except Davenport,
 Pauncefort and Coudock; no others. Mr. McKen-
 zie might aspire to the character of Hamlet. He has
 genius, and it has for a time exhausted him; but the
 class to which the majority of our modern "stars" be-
 long, only suffer from physical, not metaphysical, ex-
 haustion: therefore, they can never incarnate a Ham-
 let; they are in no danger of closing their mortal ca-
 reer like Edmund Kean, carried home to die at the
 close of his great speech "Othello's occupation's gone!"

FOUL PLAY.

BY CHARLES READS AND DION BOUCAULT.

(CONTINUED)

CHAPTER LIV.

They met at one o'clock; he radiant as the sun, and with a rose in his button-hole; she sad and sombre, and with her very skin twitching at the thought of the explanation she had to go through.

He began with amorous commonplaces; she stopped him, gravely. "Arthur," said she, "you and I are alone now, and I have a confession to make. Unfortunately, I must cause you pain—terrible pain. Oh! my heart flinches at the wound I am going to give you; but it is my fate either to wound or to deceive you."

During this preamble, Arthur sat amazed rather than alarmed. He did not interrupt her, though she paused, and would gladly have been interrupted, since an interruption is an assistance in perplexities.

"Arthur, we suffered great hardships on the boat, and you would have lost me but for one person. He saved my life again and again; I saved his upon the island. My constancy was subject to trials—oh, such trials! So great an example of every manly virtue forever before my eyes! My gratitude and my pity eternally pleading! England and you seemed gone forever. Make excuses for me if you can. Arthur—I—I have formed an attachment."

In making this strange avowal she hung her head and blushed, and the tears ran down her cheeks. But we suspect they ran for him, and not for Arthur.

Arthur turned deadly sick at this tremendous blow, dealt with so soft a hand. At last he gasped out, "If you marry him you will bury me."

"No, Arthur," said Helen, gently; "I could not marry him, even if you were to permit me. When you knew more, you will see that, of us three unhappy ones, you are the least unhappy. But, since this is so, am I wrong to tell you the truth, and leave you to decide whether our engagement ought to continue. Of course, what I have owned to you releases you."

"Releases me! But it does not unbind my heart from yours," cried Arthur in despair.

Then his hysterical nature came out, and he was so near fainting away, that Helen sprinkled water on his temples, and applied eau-de-cologne to his nostrils, and murmured, "Poor, poor Arthur; oh, was I born only to afflict those I esteem?"

He saw her with the tears of pity in her eyes, and he caught her hand, and said, "You were always the soul of honor; keep faith with me, and I will cure you of that unhappy attachment."

"What? do you hold me to my engagement after what I have told you?"

"Cruel Helen! you know I have not the power to hold you."

"I am not cruel; and you have the power. But, oh, think! For your own sake, not mine."

"I have thought; and this attachment to a man you cannot marry is a mere misfortune, yours as well as mine. Give me your esteem until your love comes back, and let our engagement continue."

"It was for you to decide," said Helen, coldly, "and you have decided. There is one condition I must ask you to submit to."

"I submit to it."

"What, before you hear it?"

"Helen, you don't know what a year of misery I have endured, ever since the report came of your death. My happiness is cruelly dashed now; but still it is great happiness by comparison. Make your conditions. You are my queen, as well as my love and my life."

Helen hesitated. It shocked her delicacy to lower the man she had consented to marry.

"Oh, Helen," said Arthur, "anything but secrets between you and me. Go on as you have begun, and let me know the worst at once."

"Can you be very generous, Arthur? generous to him who has caused you so much pain?"

"I'll try," said Arthur, with a groan.

"I would not marry him, unless you gave me up; for I am your betrothed, and you are true to me. I could not marry him, even if I were not pledged to you; but it so happens, I

can do him one great service without injustice to you; and this service I have vowed to do before I marry. I shall keep that vow, as I keep faith with you. He has been driven from society by a foul slander: that slander I am to sift and confute. It will be long and difficult; but I shall do it; and you could help me if you chose. But that I will not be so cruel as to ask."

Arthur bit his lip with jealous rage; but he was naturally cunning, and his cunning showed him there was at present but one road to Helen's heart. He quelled his torture about as well as he could, and resolved to take that road. He reflected a moment, and then he said—

"If you succeed in that, will you marry me the next day?"

"I will, upon my honor."

"Then, I will help you."

"Arthur, think what you say. Women have loved as unselfishly as this; but no man, that ever I heard of."

"No man ever did love a woman as I love you. Yes, I would rather help you, though with a sore heart, than hold aloof from you. What have we to do together?"

"Did I not tell you? To clear his character of a foul stigma, and restore him to England, and to the world which he is so fitted to adorn."

"Yes, yes," said Arthur; "but who is it? Why do I ask, though? He must be a stranger to me."

"No stranger at all," said Helen; "but one who is almost as unjust to you, as the world has been to him;" then, fixing her eyes full on him, she said, "Arthur, it is your old friend and tutor, Robert Penfold."

CHAPTER LV.

Arthur Wardlaw was thunderstruck; and, for some time, sat stupidly staring at her. And to his blank gaze succeeded a look of terror, which seemed strange to her and beyond the occasion. But this was not all; for, after staring at her with scared eyes and ashy cheeks a moment or two, he got up and literally staggered out of the room without a word.

He had been taken by surprise, and, for once, all his arts had failed him.

Helen, whose eyes had never lost his face, and had followed his retreating figure, was frightened at the weight of the blow she had struck; and strange thoughts and conjectures filled her mind. Hitherto, she had felt sure that Robert Penfold was under a delusion with regard to Arthur Wardlaw, and that his suspicions were as unjust as they certainly were vague. Yet, now, at the name of Robert Penfold, Arthur turned pale and fled like a guilty thing. This was a coincidence that confirmed her good opinion of Robert Penfold, and gave her ugly thoughts of Arthur. Still, she was one very slow to condemn a friend, and too generous and candid to condemn on suspicion; so she resolved as far as possible to suspend her unfavorable judgment of Arthur, until she should have asked him why this great emotion, and heard his reply.

Moreover, she was no female detective, but a pure creature bent on clearing innocence. The object of her life, was, not to discover the faults of Arthur Wardlaw, or any other person, but to clear Robert Penfold of a crime. Yet Arthur's strange behaviour was a great shock to her; for here, at the very outset, he had somehow made her feel she must hope for no assistance from him. She sighed at this check, and asked herself to whom she should apply first for aid. Robert had told her to see his counsel, his solicitor, his father, and Mr. Undercliff, an Expert, and to sift the whole matter.

Not knowing exactly where to begin, she thought she would, after all, wait a day or two to give Arthur time to recover himself, and decide calmly whether he would co-operate with her or not.

In this trying interval, she set up a diary—for the first time in her life; for she was no egotist; and she noted down what we have just related, only in a very condensed form, and wrote at the margin—"Mysterious."

Arthur never came near her for two whole days. This looked grave. On the third day she said to General Rolleston:

"Papa, you will help me in the good cause, will you not?"

He replied that he would do what he could, but feared that would be little.

"Will you take me down to Elmtree, this morning?"

"With all my heart."

He took her down to Elmtree. On the way she said: "Papa, you must let me get a word with Mr. Wardlaw, alone."

"Oh, certainly. But, of course, you will not say a word to

his feelings."

"Oh, papa!"

"Excuse me: but, when a person of your age is absorbed one idea, she sometimes forgets that other people have feelings at all."

Helen kissed him meekly, and said that was too true; and would be upon her guard.

General Rolleston's surprise, his daughter no sooner saw Wardlaw than she went—or seemed to go—into high spirits and was infinitely agreeable.

But, at last, she got him all to herself, and then she turned to her grave, and said:

"Mr. Wardlaw, I want to ask you a question. It is somewhat about Robert Penfold."

Wardlaw shook his head. "That is a painful subject, my dear. But what do you wish to know about that unhappy man?"

"Can you tell me the name of the counsel who defended him at his trial?"

"Oh, indeed, I cannot."

"But, perhaps, you can tell me where I could learn that."

"My father is in our office still; no doubt he could tell you." But, for obvious reasons, Helen did not like to go to the law; so she asked faintly if there was nobody else who could tell her.

"I suppose the solicitor could."

"But I don't know who was the solicitor," said Helen, with a blush.

"I will," said the merchant. "Try the bill-broker. I'll give you his address;" and he wrote it down for her.

Helen did not like to be too importunate, and she could not let Wardlaw senior know she loved anybody better than her son; and yet some explanation was necessary: so she told him as calmly as she could that her father and herself were well acquainted with Robert Penfold, and knew many things as to his credit.

"I am glad to hear that," said Wardlaw; "and I can believe he bore an excellent character here, till, in an evil hour, a temptation came, and he fell."

"What! You think he was guilty?"

"No, Arthur, I believe, has his doubts still. But he is really prejudiced in his friend's favor: and, besides, he was at the trial; I was."

"Thank you, Mr. Wardlaw," said Helen, coldly; and, within a few minutes she was on her way home.

"Arthur prejudiced in Robert Penfold's favour!" That puzzled her extremely.

She put down the whole conversation while her memory was fresh. She added this comment:—"What darkness I am groping in!"

Next day she went to the bill-broker, and told him Mr. Wardlaw senior had referred her to him for certain information. The bill-broker's name was evidently a passport. Mr. Adams said, "Anything in the world I can do, madam?"

"It is about Mr. Robert Penfold. I wish to know the name of the counsel he had at his trial."

"Robert Penfold! What, the forger?"

"He was accused of that crime," said Helen, turning red. "Accused, madam! He was convicted. I ought to know; he was my partner he tried the game on. But I was too young for him. I had him arrested before he had time to melt pots; indicted him, and sent him across the herring pond, with all of his person's coat, the rascal."

"Helen drew back, as if a serpent had stung her. "What was you who had him transported?" cried she, turning her eyes on him with horror.

"Of course it was me," said Mr. Adams, firing up; "and I did the country good service. I look upon a forger as worse a murderer. What is the matter? You are ill."

"The poor girl was half-fainting at the sight of the man who destroyed her Robert, and she owned it."

"Oh, no," she cried, hastily; "let me get away—let me get away from here—you cruel, cruel man."

"She tottered to the door, and got to her carriage, she scarcely knew how, without the information she went for."

"The bill-broker was no fool; he saw now how the land lay; he showed her down the stairs, and tried to stammer excuses, 'Baring Cross Hotel,' said she, faintly, and hid her face against the cushion to avoid the sight of him."

"When she got home, she cried bitterly at her feminine weakness and her incapacity; and she entered this pitiable failure in her journal with a severity our mail readers will hardly, we are disposed to imitate; and she added, by way of comment—

"Is this how I carry out my poor Robert's precept: Be

obstinate as a man; be supple as a woman!"

That night she consulted her father on this difficulty, so slight to any but an inexperienced girl. He told her there must be a report of the trial in the newspapers, and the report would probably mention the counsel; she had better consult a file.

Then the thing was to where to find a file. After one or two failures, the British Museum was suggested. She went thither, and could not get into read without certain formalities! While these were being complied with, she was at a stand-still.

That same evening came a line from Arthur Wardlaw:

"DEAREST HELEN,

"I hear from Mr Adams that you desire to know the name of the counsel who defended Robert Penfold. It was Mr. Tollemache. He has chambers in Lincoln's Inn.

"Ever devotedly yours,

"ARTHUR WARDLAW."

Helen was touched with this letter, and put it away endorsed with a few words of gratitude and esteem, and copied it into her diary, and remarked, "This is one more warning not to judge hastily. Arthur's agitation was probably only great emotion at the mention of one, whose innocence he believes and whose sad fate distresses him." She wrote back and thanked him sweetly, and in terms that encouraged a visit. Next day she went to Mr. Tollemache. A seedy man followed her at a distance. Mr. Tollemache was not at his chambers, nor expected till four o'clock. He was in court. She left her card, and wrote on it in pencil that she would call at four.

She went at ten minutes after four. Mr. Tollemache declined through his clerk to see her if she was a client; he could only be approached by her solicitor. She felt inclined to go away and cry; but this time she remembered she was to be obstinate as a man, and supple as a woman. She wrote on a card, "I am not a client of Mr. Tollemache, but a lady deeply interested in obtaining some information, which Mr. Tollemache can with perfect propriety give me. I trust to his courtesy as a gentleman not to refuse me a short interview."

"Admit the lady," said a sharp, little voice.

She was ushered in, and found Mr. Tollemache standing before the fire.

"Now, madam, what can I do for you?"

"Some years ago you defended Mr. Robert Penfold; he was accused of forgery."

"Oh, was he? I think I remember something about it. A banker's clerk, wasn't he?"

"Oh, no, sir. A clergyman."

"A clergyman? I remember it perfectly. He was convicted."

"Do you think he was guilty, sir?"

"There was a strong case against him."

"I wish to sift the case."

"Indeed. And you want to go through the papers."

"What papers, sir?"

"The brief for the defence."

"Yes," said Helen, boldly; "would you trust me with that, sir. Oh, if you knew how deeply I am interested!" The tears were in her lovely eyes.

"The brief has gone back to the solicitor, of course. I dare say he will let you read it upon a proper representation."

"Thank you, sir. Will you tell me who is the solicitor, and where he lives?"

"Oh, I can't remember who was the solicitor. That is the very first thing you ought to have ascertained. It was no use coming to me."

"Forgive me for troubling you, sir," said Helen, with a deep sigh.

"Not at all, madam; I am only sorry I cannot be of more service. But do let me advise you to employ your solicitor to make these preliminary inquiries. Happy to consult with him and re-open the matter, should he discover any fresh evidence." He bowed her out, and sat down to a brief while she was yet in sight.

She turned away heart-sick. The advice she had received was good: but she shrank from baring her heart to her father's solicitor.

"She sat disconsolate awhile, then ordered another cab, and drove to Wardlaw's office. It was late, and Arthur had gone home; so, indeed, had everybody, except one young subordinate, who was putting up the shutters. "Sir," said she, "can you tell me where old Mr. Penfold lives?"

"Somewhere in the suburbs, m'ls."

"Yes, sir, but where?"

"I think it is out Pimlico way."

"Could you not give me the street. I would beg you to accept a present if you could." This sharpened the young gentleman's wits; he went in and groped here and there, till he found the address; and gave it her:—No. 3, Fairfield Cottages, Primrose Lane, Pimlico. She gave him a sovereign, to his infinite surprise and delight; and told the cabman to drive to the hotel.

The next moment the man, who had followed her, was chatting familiarly with the subordinate, and helping him put up the shutters. "I say, Dick," said the youngster, "Penfold's up in the market; a duchess was here just now, and gave me a sov, to tell her where he lived. Wait a moment till I spit on it for luck."

The agent however did not wait to witness that interesting ceremony. He went back to his Hansom round the corner, and drove at once to Arthur Wardlaw's house with the information.

Helen noted down Michael Penfold's address in her diary, and would have gone to him that evening but that she was engaged to dine with her father.

Next day she went down to 3 Fairfield Cottages at half-past four. On the way her heart palpitated, for this was a very important interview. Here at least she might hope to find some clue, by following out which she would, sooner or later, establish Robert's innocence. But then came a fearful thought. "Why had not his father done this already, if it was possible to do it? His father must love him. His father must have heard his own story and tested it in every way. Yet his father remained the servant of a firm the senior partner of which had told her to her face Robert was guilty."

It was a strange and terrible enigma. Yet she clung to the belief that some new light would come to her from Michael Penfold. Then came bashful fears. "How should she account to Mr. Penfold for the interest she took in his son, she who was affianced to Mr. Penfold's employer." She arrived at 3 Fairfield Cottages with her cheeks burning, and repeating to herself, "Now is the time to be supple as a woman but obstinate as a man."

She sent the cabman in to inquire for Mr. Penfold; a sharp girl of about thirteen came out to her, and told her Mr. Penfold was not at home.

"Can you tell me when he will be at home?"

"No, miss. He have gone to Scotland. A telegraphum came from Wardlaw's last night, as he was to go to Scotland, first thing this morning; and he went at six o'clock."

"Oh, dear! How unfortunate!"

"Who shall I say called, miss?"

"Thank you, I will write. What time did the telegram come?"

"Between five and six last evening, miss."

She returned to the hotel. Fate seemed to be against her. Baffled at the very threshold! At the hotel she found Arthur Wardlaw's card, and a beautiful bouquet.

She sat down directly and wrote to him affectionately, and asked him in the postscript if he could send her a report of the trial. She received a reply directly, that he had inquired in the office, for one of the clerks had the reports of it, but this clerk was unfortunately out, and had locked up his desk.

Helen sighed. Her feet seemed to be clogged at every step of this inquiry.

Next morning however, a large envelope came for her, and a Mr. Hand wrote to her thus:—

"MADAM,

"Having been requested by Mr. Arthur Wardlaw to send you my reports of a trial, the Queen versus Penfold. I herewith forward the same, and would feel obliged by your returning them at your convenience.

"Your obedient servant,

"JAMES HAND."

Helen took the enclosed extracts to her bed-room, and there read them over many times.

In both these reports the case for the Crown was neat, clear, cogent and straightforward, and supported by evidence. The defence was chiefly arguments of counsel to show the improbability of a clergyman and a man of good character passing a forged note. One of the reports stated that Mr. Arthur Wardlaw, a son of the principal witness, had taken the matter so to heart that he was now dangerously ill at Oxford. The other

report did not contain this, but it stated, on the other hand, that the prisoner had endeavored to lay the blame on Mr. Arthur Wardlaw, but that the judge had stopped him, and he could only aggravate his offence by endeavoring to cast slur upon the Wardlaws, who had both shown a manifest desire to shield him; but were powerless for want of evidence.

In both the reports the summing up of the judge was moderate in expression, but leaned against the prisoner in every point, and corrected the sophistical reasoning of the counsel very sensibly. Both the reports said an Expert was called by the prisoner, whose ingenuity made the court smile, but did not counterbalance the evidence. Helen sat, cold as ice, with extracts in her hand.

Not that her sublime faith was shaken. But that poor Herbert appeared to have been so calmly and fairly dealt with by everybody. Even Mr. Hennessey, the counsel for the Crown, had opened the case with humane regret, and confined himself to facts, and said that nobody would be more pleased than would, if this evidence could be contradicted, or explained in a manner consistent with the prisoner's innocence.

What a stone she had undertaken to roll—up what a hill!

What was to be her next step? Go to the Museum, where was now open to her and read more reports? She shrank from that.

"The newspapers are all against him," said she; "and I don't want to be told he is guilty when I know he is innocent."

She now re-examined the extracts with a view to names, and found the only names mentioned were those of the counsel. The Expert's name was not given in either. However she knew that from Robert. She resolved to speak to Mr. Hennessey first, and try and get at the defendant's solicitor through him.

She found him out by the Law Directory, and called at a few minutes past four.

Hennessey was almost opposite to Tollemache. He was about the size of a gentleman's wardrobe; and, like most enormous men, good-natured. He received her, saw with his perspicacious eye that she was no common person, and, after a slight hesitation on professional grounds he heard her request. He sent for his note-book and found the case in one moment, mastered it in another, and told her the solicitor for the Crown in that case was Freshfield.

"Now," said he, "you want to know who was the defendant's solicitor? Jenkins, a stamped envelope. Write your name and address on that."

While she was doing it he scratched a line to Mr. Freshfield asking him to send the required information to the enclosed address.

She thanked Mr. Hennessey with the tears in her eyes.

"I dare not ask you whether you think him guilty," she said.

Hennessey shook his head with an air of good-natured buke.

"You must not cross-examine counsel," said he, "but will be any comfort to you, I'll say this much, there was just shadow of doubt, and Tollemache certainly let a chance slip. If I had defended your friend, I would have insisted on a postponement of the trial until this Arthur Wardlaw" (looking at his book) "could be examined either in court, or otherwise. He was really dying. Is he dead, do you know?"

"No."

"I thought so. Sick witnesses are often at death's door; I never knew one pass the threshold. Ha! ha! The trial ought to have been postponed till he got well. If a judge refused a postponement in such a case I would make him so odious to the jury, that the prisoner would get a verdict in spite of his teeth."

"Then you think he was badly defended?"

"No; that is saying a great deal more than I could justly say. But there are counsel who trust too much to their powers of reasoning, and underrate a chink in the evidence proper or improper, and a few back-falls, cure them of that."

Mr. Hennessey uttered this general observation with a certain change of tone, which showed he thought he had said much more than his visitor had any right to expect from him; and she, therefore, left him; repeating her thanks, and went home pondering on every word he had said, and entered it all in her journal, with the remark, "How strange! the doubt of Robert's guilt comes to me from the lawyer who caused him to be found guilty. He calls it the shadow of doubt."

"That very evening Mr. Freshfield had the courtesy to send her by messenger the name and address of the solicitor who had defended Robert Penfold. Lovejoy and James, Lincoln's Inn Fields. She called on them, and sent them her card. She was kept waiting a long time in the outer office, and felt ashamed, and sick at heart, seated among young clerks. At last she was admitted, and told Mr. Lovejoy she and her father, General Rolleston, were much interested in a late client of his Robert Penfold, and would he be kind enough to let her see the brief for his defence?"

"Are you a relation of the Penfolds, Madam?"

"No, sir," said Helen, blushing.

"Humph!" said Lovejoy.

He touched a hand-bell. A clerk appeared.

"Ask Mr. Upton to come to me."

Mr. Upton, the managing clerk, came out in due course. and Mr. Lovejoy asked him—

"Who instructed us in the Queen versus Penfold?"

"It was Michael Penfold, sir."

Mr. Lovejoy then told Helen that she must get a line from Mr. Michael Penfold, and then the papers should be submitted to her.

"Yes; but, sir," said Helen, Mr. Penfold is in Scotland."

"Well, but you can write to him."

"No; I don't know in what part of Scotland he is."

"Then you are not very intimate with him?"

"No, sir; my acquaintance is with Mr. Robert Penfold."

"Have you a line from him?"

"I have no written authority from him; but will you not take my word that I act by his desire?"

"My dear madam," said the lawyer, "we go by rule. There are certain forms to be observed in these things. I am sure your own good sense will tell you that it would be cruel and improper of me to submit those papers without an order from Robert or Michael Penfold. Pray consider this as a delay, not as a refusal."

"Yes, sir," said Helen, "but I meet with nothing but delays, and my heart is breaking under them."

The solicitor looked sorry, but would not act irregularly. She went home sighing, and condemned to wait the return of Michael Penfold.

The cab-door was opened for her by a seedy man, she fancied she had seen before.

Baffled thus, and crippled in every movement she made, however slight, in favour of Robert Penfold, she was seduced on the other hand into all the innocent pleasures of the town. Her adventure had transpired somehow or other, and all General Rolleston's acquaintances hunted him up; and both father and daughter were courted by people of ton as lions. A shipwrecked beauty is not offered to society every day. Even her own sex raved about her, and about the chain of beautiful pearls she had picked upon somehow on her desolate island. She always wore them; they linked her to that sacred purpose she seemed to be forgetting. Her father drew her with him into the vortex, hiding from her that he embarked in it principally for her sake, and she went down the current with him out of filial duty. Thus unfathomable difficulties thrust her back from her up-hill task: and the world, with soft but powerful hand, drew her away to it. Arthur brought her a choice bouquet every evening, but otherwise did not intrude much upon her; and though she was sure he would assist her, if she asked him, gratitude and delicacy forbade her to call him again to her assistance. She preferred to await the return of Michael Penfold. She had written to him at the office to tell him she had news of his son, and begged him to give her instant notice of his return from Scotland.

Day after day passed, and he did not write to her. She began to chafe, and then to pine. Her father saw, and came to a conclusion that her marriage with Arthur ought to be hastened. He resolved to act quietly but firmly towards that end.

A SIERRA LEONE WEDDING.

The behavior of the applicants for the bonds of Hy-men is, for the most part, decorous; but I am sometimes compelled to read them a lecture, as well as the friends who attend them; I make, however, every allowance for their not knowing better. The most troublesome and unpleasant part of the duty is to regulate and keep in order the ill-behaved, and very

often disreputable, characters who crowd into the church on such occasions, and would, if not restrained by severe and decisive interference, bring their ribaldry up to the railings of the altar. I have often been obliged to send for a policeman to preserve decorum; and then the miserable beings will run out of the church with laughter and grins, and every other expression of ignorance and contempt. The dress of the bride and bridegroom at the bridal merits a better pen than mine to describe it. The uglier the parties, the more pains they seem to take to show contrast of finery and colour; fancy a short, dumpy, waddling bit of a body, black as jet, covered with white silk and satin! flounced four deep, white satin shoes; white gloves; artificial wreath, or a fillet of natural flowers, encircling her curly pate!—there is no exaggeration in this. Then the massive ear-rings of virgin gold depending from two monstrous lapping ears, the almost imperceptible nose, the pouting lip, and white pearly teeth! So much for the bride; now for the bridegroom. Scarcely able to turn one way or the other, so tightly is he cased in a blue swallow-tailed coat, with guilt figured buttons, white folding waistcoat, and everything else to correspond. The wedding-ring must not be over-looked, as it is frequently a curiosity itself, and not always of gold, or plain, but sometimes silver, brass, tin, broad and twisted. The glove of the bashful lady has generally to be violently taken off to admit the putting on the finger the emblem of fidelity and perpetuity of love; and I have never wanted volunteers to officiate for me in helping the most interested of the party to get the ring honestly and fairly in its appointed place. The most painful part of my duty in those matters was to get them to repeat the words of the service after me; the wretched stupidity they would show in trying to do this exceeds belief, and the unseasonable ridicule it would provoke in their own people was distressingly trying. In short, their deplorable ignorance in numerous cases of the serious nature of the responsibility they were undertaking could not fail of causing regret that they marry at all. After the ceremony is over, they are very fond of parading themselves through the streets, but cannot conceal the uneasiness they are manifestly suffering from a style of dress to which they are not habituated. Not unfrequently the new-married couple take off shoes and stockings, tuck up their smart flounces, and in this more simple way of travelling pursue their path homewards to conclude the day with the marriage feast. Those connubial suppers are conducted according to the circumstances of the parties, on a scale equal to, if not beyond, their means. The earnings and savings of many months are expended in furnishing them with what their notions of good things deem necessary for so grand a palaver, to use a homely expression; they set their hearts upon being able to hoard together as much of everything as they can purchase, or otherwise obtain, and very often foolishly expend all they possess.—*Dr. Poole.*

THE BEAUTY OF VIRTUE.—Everybody loves the virtuous, whereas the vicious scarcely love one another. Upon the same subject an Arabian happily observed, that he learned virtue from the bad, for their wickedness inspired him with a distaste for vice.

A CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME.

'The shades of night were falling fast,'
As through the streets of London passed
A youth who trudged through snow and ice,
Stamped on his heart the fond device,
Loved Arabella!

His coat was rough, his hat was sleek,
The frost had nipped both nose and cheek;
But as he walked he softly sung,
Those words so often on his tongue,
Loved Arabella!

To Camden Town, try not the way,
The snow has fallen thick to-day:
This was a comrade's last good-bye,
But bold, he said, For Her I'll try,
Loved Arabella!

Oh! buy my chestnuts baked and warm,
A damsel cried, then touched his arm;
A longing look was in his eye,
But still he answered with a sigh,
Loved Arabella!

About the pantomime he'd read,
Of fays and sprites, so onward sped;
For to these scenes of festive light
He'd vowed to lead his lady bright,
Loved Arabella!

The villa reached, he saw the light
Of chandelier and firelight bright;
While on the blind he traced a shade
Like that of his long-worshipped maid,
Loved Arabella!

E'en as he gazed, beside her came
A hated rival, 'Jones' by name;
One she had sworn no more to meet,
Nor even bow to in the street,
False Arabella!

Above her head he held a spray—
A sacred plant, 'twas once, they say;
Then under this protection base,
He bent and kissed her blushing face,
False Arabella!

The outside lover shook his fist,
To choke his rival much he wished;
For acting such a traitor's part,
And stealing thus his fair one's heart,
False Arabella!

A moment later he was there
Glaring at the detected pair;
With words of anger sharp, but few,
He bade the maid a last adieu,
False Arabella!

Then on he went, for well he knew
That maxim old, and yet so true—
'There's always good fish in the sea,'
And, therefore, maids more true than she,
False Arabella!

A SENSIBLE MAN.

A young fellow—no matter what his name was—thought he was destined to rival Paganini, and he as rich as a bank. So he went to the conservatory, and worked hard, and carried off the first prize for the violin. He rubbed his hands and said, "Now one concert will suffice to make Paris and the whole world know what I am capable of; and the day after I give it all I shall have to do will be to stoop down and pick up bank-notes and laurels." He gave the concert. There was nobody present but schoolfellows to whom he had given tickets; and not half of the schoolfellows to whom he had given free tickets were present. He said to himself, "It seems it is not as easy to be successful as I had thought; I will try again next year."

The following season he gave a second concert; there were

twelve paying auditors, which were not enough to cover a quarter of the expenses. He then began to give lesson on the violin at three francs a lesson, and great was the walking he had to do to procure six pupils. He kept on at this rate for three years, and then he said one morning, "My youth is passing away in a profitless manner. I have had enough of art; I write a good hand, and I am master of arithmetic; so I mean to become a bookkeeper. It is the way I, the artist, commit suicide and desert art." As he said all this to himself the housemaid called out to him, "Master, I have three eggs, butter and parsley, to make an omelet for you, but not a bit of wood can I find to cook it withal." He exclaimed in reply, and clapped his hands to his brow as he spoke, "No wood? wait, old lady, and I'll give you wood." He went to his violin case, took out the violin given him as first prize at the conservatory, carried it to the kitchen and gave it to the cook, saying, "Take this bit of wood and make a good fire with it, for 'tis well seasoned." The servant obeyed, she cooked the omelet, and the musician declared that it was the best he ever ate in his life. He obtained a place under government and rose rapidly, and is now wealthy, comfortable, and honored.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE

If from 6 you take 9, and from 9 you take 10; and if 50 from 40 be taken there will just half a dozen remain.

ANSWER.

From SIX
Take IX
8

From IX
Take X
I

From XL
Take L
X Remains.

THE MONEY GAME.

A person holding in one hand a piece of gold, and in the other a piece of silver, you may tell in which hand he has the gold and in which he has the silver, by the following method. Some value represented by an even number such as eight, and an odd number such as three must be assigned to the silver; after which, desire the person to multiply the number in the right hand by any even number whatever, such as two and that in the left hand by any odd number such as three; then bid him add together the two products; and if the whole sum be odd, the gold will be in the right hand and the silver in the left; if the sum be even the contrary will be the case.

To conceal the artifice better, it will be sufficient to ask whether the sum of the two products can be halved without a remainder; for in that case the total will be even, and in the contrary case odd.

It may be readily seen, that the pieces, instead of being in the two hands of the same person may be supposed to be in the hands of two persons, one of whom has the even number, or piece of gold, and the other the odd number or piece of silver. The same operation may then be performed in regard to these two persons, as are performed in regard to the two hands of the same person, calling one privately the right and the other the left.

RIDDLE.

As I was beating on the far east grounds,
Up starts a hare before my two greyhounds:
The dogs, being light of foot, did fairly run,
To her fifteen rods, just twenty-one;
And the distance that she started up before,
Was six-and-ninety rods, just and no more;
Now, I would have you merry boys declare
How far they ran, before they caught the hare.

CONUNDRUMS.

- 49 Why is a gooseberry pie like counterfeit money?
- 50 Why does a fisherman blow his horn?
- 51 Why is there no danger of starving in a desert?

ANSWERS TO NO. 40 PAGE 162.

RIDDLE.—

It is but D-cent, as you see,
If you 500 send,
But truly XL lent 'twill be,
When you the 40 lend

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POETRY.

UNITED FOR EVER.

When the starry veil of midnight spreads its folds upon the earth,
And through the sleeping city all hush'd is daylight's mirth;
And the nightingale's sweet music is heard from every tree—
'Tis then, my own lost spirit-bride, I feel thou art with me.

And though the breadth of heaven divides my soul from thine,
I feel thy tender love-lit eyes are gazing into mine,
I feel thy hand's soft pressure, thy sweet lips' mute caress—
Those lips that never opened but to pity or to bless.

And in my ear an angel-voice doth whisper, "Hope and wait
For the day when I may meet thee at heaven's golden gate."
And I see an angel form floating upwards through the air;
And I gaze up into heaven, and feel my heart is there!

HAROLD,

THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

THE NATION'S CHOICE.

The difficulty between the fierce Tostig and his subjects had been decided by an appeal to the Witan much to the disgust of Tostig himself. To the assemblage of this Witan it now wanted but three days; most of its members had already assembled in the city; and Harold, from the window of the monastery in which he lodged, was gazing thoughtfully into the streets below, where, with the gay dresses of the thegns and enchts, blended the grave robes of ecclesiastic and youthful scholar—for to that illustrious university (pillaged and persecuted by the sons of Canute) Edward had, to his honor, restored the schools—when Haco entered, and announced to him that a numerous body of thegns and prelates, headed by Alfred, archbishop of York, craved an audience.

"Knowest thou the cause, Haco?"

The youth's cheek was yet more pale than usual, as he answered slowly—

"Hilda's prophecies are ripening into truths."

The earl started, and his old ambition, reviving, flushed on his brow, and sparkled from his eye—he checked the joyous emotion, and bade Haco briefly admit the visitors.

They came in, two by two, a body so numerous that they filled the ample chamber; and Harold, as he greeted each, beheld the most powerful lords of the land—the highest dignitaries of the Church—and, oft and frequent, came old foe by the side of his truest friend. They all paused at the foot of the narrow dais on which Harold stood, and Alfred repelled by a gesture his invitation to be the foremost to mount the platform.

Then Alfred began an harangue, simple and earnest. He described briefly the condition of the country; touched with grief and with feeling on the health of the king; and the failure of Cerdic's line. He stated honestly his own strong wish, if possible, to have concentrated the popular suffrages on the young Atheling; and, under the emergency of the case, to have waved the objection to his immature years. But as distinctly and emphatically he stated, that that hope and intent he had now formally abandoned, and that there was but one sentiment on the subject with all the chiefs and dignitaries of the realm.

"Wherefore," continued he, "after anxious consultations with each other, those whom you see around have come to you: yea, to you, Earl Harold, we offer our hands and hearts to do our best to prepare for you the throne, on the demise of Edward, and to seat you thereon as firmly as ever sate King of England and son of Cerdic; knowing that in you, and in you alone, we find the man who reigns already in the English heart; to whose strong arm we can trust the defense of our land; to whose just thoughts, our laws. As I speak, so think we all!"

With downcast eyes Harold heard; and but by a slight heaving of his breast under his crimson robe, could his emotion be seen. But as soon as the approving murmur, that succeeded the prelate's speech, had closed, he lifted his head, and answered—

"Holy father, and you, right worthy my fellow-thegns, if ye could read my heart at this moment, believe that you would not find there the vain joy of aspiring man, when the greatest of earthly prizes is placed within his reach. There you would see, with deep and wordless gratitude for your trust and your love, grave and solemn solicitude, earnest desire to divest my decision of all mean thought of self, and judge only whether indeed, as king or as subject, I can best guard the weal of England. Pardon me, then, if I answer you not as ambition alone would answer; neither deem me insensible to the glorious lot of presiding, under heaven, and by the light of our laws, over the destiny of the English realm—if I pause to weigh

well the responsibilities incurred, and the obstacles to be surmounted. There is that on my mind I would fain unbosom, not of a nature to discuss in an assembly so numerous, but which I would rather submit to a chosen few, whom you yourselves may select, to hear me, in whose cool wisdom, apart from personal love to me, ye may best confide—your most veteran thegns, your most honored prelates. To them will I speak, to them make clean my bosom; and to their answer, their counsels, will I in all things defer; whether with loyal heart to serve another, whom, hearing me, they may decide to choose; or to fit my soul to bear, not unworthily, the weight of a kingly crown."

Alfred lifted his mild eyes to Harold, and there was both pity and approval in his gaze, for he divined the earl.

"Thou hast chosen the right course, my son; and we will retire at once, and elect those with whom thou may'st freely confer, and by whose judgment thou may'st righteously abide."

The prelate turned, and with him went the convalesce.

Left alone with Haco, the last said, abruptly—

"Thou wilt not be so indiscreet, O Harold, as to confess thy compelled oath to the fraudulent Norman?"

"That is my design," replied Harold, coldly.

The son of Sweyn began to remonstrate, but the earl cut him short.

"If the Norman say that he has been deceived in Harold, never so shall say the men of England. Leave me. I know not why, Haco, but in the presence, at times, there is a glamour as strong as in the spells of Hilda. Go, dear boy; it is not thy fault, but the superstitious infirmities of a man who hath once lowered, or, it may be, too highly strained, his reason to the things of a haggard fancy. Go! and send to me my brother Gurth. I would have him alone of my house present at the solemn crisis of its fate."

Haco bowed his head, and went.

In a few moments more, Gurth came in. To this pure and spotless spirit Harold had already related the events of his unhappy visit to the Norman; and he felt as the young chief passed his hand, and looked on him with his clear and loving eyes, as if Honor made palpable stood by his side.

Six of the ecclesiastics, most eminent for Church learning—small as was that which they could boast, compared with the scholars of Normandy and the Papal States, but at least more intelligent and more free from mere formal monasticism than most of their Saxon cotemporaries—and six of the chiefs most renowned in war or council, selected under the sagacious promptings of Alfred, accompanied the prelate to the presence of the earl.

"Close, thou! close! close! close! Gurth," whispered Harold: "for this is a confession against man's pride, and sorely doth it shame; so that I would have thy bold, sinless heart beating near to mine."

Then leaning his arm upon his brother's shoulder, and in a voice, the first tones of which, as betraying earnest emotion, irresistibly chained and affected his noble audience, Harold began his tale.

Various were the emotions, though all more akin to terror than repugnance, with which the listeners heard the earl's plain and candid recital.

Among the lay chiefs the impression made by the

compelled oath was comparatively slight: for it was the worst vice of the Saxon laws, to entangle all charges, from the smallest to the greatest, in a reckless multiplicity of oaths, to the grievous loosening of the bonds of truth; and oaths then had become almost as much mere matter of legal form, as certain oaths—bad relic of those times—still existing in our parliamentary and collegiate proceedings, are deemed by men, not otherwise dishonorable, even now. And to no kind of oath was more latitude given than to such as related to fealty to a chief; for these, in the constant rebellions which happened year after year, were openly violated, and without reproach. Not a Welsh king in Wales who harried the border, not an earl who raised banner against the Basileus of Britain, but infringed his oath to be a good man and true to the lord paramount; and even William the Norman himself never found his oath of fealty stand in his way whenever he deemed it right and expedient to take arms against his suzerain of France.

On the churchmen the impression was stronger and more serious: not that made by the oath itself, but by the relics on which the hand had been laid. They looked at each other, doubtful and appalled, when the earl ceased his tale; while only among the laymen circled a murmur of mingled wrath at William's bold design on their native land, and of scorn at the thought that an oath, surprised and compelled, should be made the instrument of treason to a whole people.

"Thus," said Harold, after a pause, "thus have I made clear to you my conscience, and revealed to you the only obstacles between your offers and my choice. From the keeping of an oath so extorted, and so deadly to England, this venerable prelate and mine own soul have freed me. Whether as king or as subject, I shall alike revere the living and their long prosperity more than the dead men's bones, and, with sword and with battle-ax, hew out against the invader my best atonement for the lip's weakness and the heart's desertion. But whether, knowing what hath passed, ye may not deem it safer for the land to elect another king—this it is which, free and pre-thoughtful of every chance, ye should now decide."

With these words he stepped from the dais, and retired into the oratory that adjoined the chamber, followed by Gurth. The eyes of the priests then turned to Alfred, and to them he spoke as he had done before to Harold—he distinguished between the oath and its fulfilment—between the lesser sin and the greater—the one which the Church could absolve—the one which no Church had the right to exact, and which, if fulfilled, no penance could expiate. He owned frankly, nevertheless, that it was the difficulties so created, that had made him incline to the Atheling; but, convinced of that prince's incapacity, even in the most ordinary times, to rule England, he shrunk yet more from such a choice, when the swords of the Norman were already sharpening for contest. Finally he said, "If a man as fit to defend us, as Harold, can be found, let us prefer him, if not——"

"There is no other man!" cried the thegns with one voice. "And," said a wise old chief, "had Harold sought to play a trick to secure the throne, he could not have devised one more sure than the tale he hath now told us. What! just when we are most assured that the doughtiest and deadliest foe that our land can brave, waits but for Edward's death to enforce on us

a stranger's yoke—what! shall we for that very reason deprive ourselves of the only man able to resist him! Harold hath taken an oath! God wot, who of us hath not taken some oath at law for which we have deemed it meet afterward to do a penance, or endow a convent? The wisest means to strengthen Harold against that oath is to show the moral impossibility of fulfilling it, by placing him on the throne. The best proof we can give to this insolent Norman that England is not for prince to leave, or subject to barter, is to choose solemnly in our Witan the very chief whom his frauds prove to us that he fears the most. Why, William would laugh in his own sleeve to summon a king to descend from his throne to do him the homage which that king, in the different capacity of subject, had (we will grant, even willingly,) promised to render."

This speech spoke all the thoughts of the laymen, and, with Alred's previous remarks, reassured all the ecclesiastics. They were easily induced to believe that the usual Church penances, and ample Church gifts, would suffice for the insult offered to the relics: and—if they in so grave a case outstripped, in absolution, an authority amply sufficing for all ordinary matters—Harold, as king, might easily gain from the pope himself that full pardon and thrift, which as mercer earl, against the prince of the Normans, he would fail of obtaining.

These or similar reflections soon terminated the suspense of the select council; and Alred sought the earl in the oratory, to summon him back to the conclave. The two brothers were kneeling side by side before the little altar; and there was something inexpressibly touching in their humble attitudes, their clasped, supplicating hands, in that moment when the crown of England rested above their House.

The brothers rose, and, at Alred's sign, followed the prelate into the council-room. Alred briefly communicated the result of the conference; and, with an aspect, and in a tone, free alike from triumph and indecision, Harold replied:—

"As ye will, so will I. Place me only where I can most serve the common cause. Remain you now, knowing my secret, a chosen and standing council: too great is my personal stake in this matter to allow my mind to be unbiassed; judge ye, then, and decide for me in all things; your minds should be calmer and wiser than mine; in all things I will abide by your council; and thus I accept the trust of a nation's freedom."

"Each thegn then put his hand into Harold's, and called himself Harold's man.

"Now, more than ever," said the wise old thegn who had before spoken, "will it be needful to heal all dissension in the kingdom—to reconcile with us Mercia and Northumbria, and make the kingdom one against the foe. You, as Tostig's brother, have done well to abstain from active interference; you do well to leave it to us to negotiate the necessary alliance between all brave and good men."

And to that end, as imperative for the public weal, your consent," said Alred, thoughtfully, "to abide by our advice, whatever it be?"

"Whatever it be, so that it serve England," answered the earl.

A smile, somewhat sad, flitted over the prelate's pale lips, and Harold was once more alone with Gurth.

The soul of all council and cabal, on behalf of Harold, which had led to the determination of the principal chiefs, and which now succeeded it was Haco.

His rank as son of Sweyn, the first-born of Godwin's house—a rank which might have authorized some pretensions on his own part, gave him all field for the exercise of an intellect singularly keen and profound. Accustomed to an atmosphere of practical statecraft in the Norman court, with faculties sharpened from boyhood by vigilance and meditation, he exercised an extraordinary influence over the simple understands of the homely clergy and the uncultured thegns. Impressed with the conviction of his early doom, he felt no interest in the objects of others; but equally believing that what ever of bright, and brave, and glorious, in his brief, condemned career, was to be reflected on him from the light of Harold's destiny, the sole desire of a nature which, under other auspices, would have been intensely daring and ambitious, was to administer to Harold's greatness. No prejudice, no principle, stood in the way of this dreary enthusiasm. As a father, himself on the brink of the grave, schemes for the worldly grandeur of the son, in whom he confounds and melts his own life so this somber and predestined man, dead to earth and to joy, and the emotions of the heart, looked beyond his own tomb to that existence in which he transferred and carried on his ambition.

If the leading agencies of Harold's memorable career might be, as it were, symbolized and allegorized by the living beings with which it was connected—as Edith was the representative of stainless Truth—as Gurth was the type of dauntless Duty—as Hilda embodied aspiring Imagination—so Haco seemed the personation of Worldly Wisdom. And cold now in that worldly wisdom, Haco labored on—now conferring with Alred and the partisans of Harold—now closeted with Edwin and Morcar—now gliding from the chamber of the sick king. That wisdom foresaw all obstacles, smoothed all difficulties; ever calm, never resting; marshaling and harmonizing the things to be; like the ruthless hand of tranquil fat. But there was one with whom Haco was more often than with all others—one whom the presence of Harold had allured to that anxious scene of intrigue, and whose heart leaped high at the hopes whispered from the smileless lips of Haco.

THERE have been some pretty tough stories told illustrative of the ignorance of the people of Pike and other truly rural localities, of matters pertaining to religion. Here is something to match:

Calino was on his death-bed, he was ninety years old. A priest who came to give him spiritual comfort addressed to him the elementary questions about divinity.

"How many gods are there?" he asked.

"Three," said Calino.

"You mean three persons in one God?"

"Dame! I was assured in my youth that there were three; but I am ninety years old now, and it may be that some of them have died during that time."

REPRESENTATIVE MEN OF UTAH.

(Character-sketches and Biography.)

BY EDWARD W. TULLIDGE.—[NO. 1.]

WILLIAM JENNINGS.

I shall give in my three opening sketches the Representative Merchant Princes of Mormondom—William Jennings, William S. Godbe and Henry Lawrence. Our Delegate, (W. H. Hooper,) General H. B. Clawson and Horace S. Eldredge, though merchants, must have another classification. In the commercial history of Utah, the gentlemen chosen are the most representative, and they afford the best types of their class for character sketches. Chief among his class is William Jennings; and in the history of the growth of Utah into commercial importance, he justly deserves the leading place.

It may, perchance, be deemed an eccentricity in a Mormon author that he should give to the merchants the opening of his sketches of representative men, passing by the authorities of the people, and forgetting for a time his pets of the professions. Good taste, however, seems to suggest this method, for everybody loves novelty and variety. Moreover, I look upon commercial men as the very leaders in the social growth of a people—the very pillars among society-builders; and while I pray, God bless the men who establish churches, I not less fervently pray, God bless the men who build up and beautify cities and send commerce over all the earth. To this class William Jennings, William S. Godbe and Henry Lawrence belong.

In the growth of Utah into importance in the nation, our commercial men have a distinct and very superior mission. While, on the one hand, for now nearly a quarter of a century, the people of the United States have paid but little attention to the doctrinal theology of the Mormon Elders, no sooner had we grown into commercial importance than this community began to be respected in the nation. Men everywhere can understand the gospel of commerce, and the manifestations of the kingdom of God are quite as palpable in the growth of cities and commercial influence abroad as in the more spiritual affairs. We must, therefore, give to such men as William Jennings a very important apostleship in the building up of the Mormon people and commonwealth. We must value men's missions by the *practical* good to society which they work out in their career in life, and not for any fanciful superiority, as regards the men personally, derived from the authority which God has conferred upon mortals. That authority was bestowed to make them instruments to the accomplishment of His purposes; and, therefore, when we see Providence working out the commonwealth of Israel in the lives and enterprise of certain representative men, not in the list of special Church authorities, we should recognize their usefulness and even give to them an apostleship according to their own order. Pursuing this vein of thought and its illustration in history it may be affirmed that Mr. Jennings's class has done more to build up Utah and to bring this community into a recognized importance in the United States than any

chiant prince to the dignity of our Apostles, nor imply that his name will be emblazoned in history with their quality, but rather to make prominent a few practical facts.

Before now the mission of commerce touching this people was not too clearly recognized, and our merchants were somewhat a proscribed class, but the independence of character and enterprise of such men as William Jennings, W. S. Godbe and Henry Lawrence have redeemed their class, and made themselves a power in the commonwealth of our modern Israel. We see them now leaders in Zion's Co-operative Mercantile movement, backing with their wealth and unity the vast design of President Young; and should it not bring forth the great results nascent in the sublime conception of a social and commercial unity, it will certainly not be the fault of President Young nor William Jennings, W. S. Godbe and Henry Lawrence. All that men can do, to make a vast and somewhat problematical movement a practical fact, will be done by these merchant princes in question. What a suggestive change in a few years! The great social and commercial worth of such men, proved unquestionable by their tried fidelity to the common cause, has made our monied men the very pillars of the State. Foremost in every direction, which has led to this result, has always been our merchant-king, William Jennings. I will pass now from this general introduction to a special sketch of his character, with a biographical epitome of his life.

HIS CHARACTER.

William Jennings is not merely chief of the Utah merchants in his present position, and in the commercial history of Salt Lake City, during the last ten years, but he is this in his very constitution. He is the type of the men who create wealth, as naturally as poets germinate thought and store the world with the treasures of mind. Chief among the merchants—chief among railroad directors—chief among bankers—is Mr. Jennings's rank, and he is capable of reaching either of these high places in society just according to his opportunities and actual training. Of course to fill the career of one of the world's great bankers, we should have to presuppose the necessary education, and practical training among the banking princes, as well as considerable insight into the policies of nations. Now Mr. Jennings has all the fitness of nature, but he has not the fundamental training and intimate association with the financial administration of nations and the vast commerce of a world. His name has a local, not a general, significance, just in accord with his career and training; yet he has the genius for a more extended sphere, and, perhaps, may find it, when, under the era of the Pacific railroad, Utah shall have opened to her a broader highroad into the affairs and vast enterprises of our great republic. Most certainly, had his destiny not been cast with this people, he would, giving him a sufficient length of life, have been one of the most successful emigrants that ever came to America, and would at the end of his days rank as one of the great American merchants. Is not this his own conception of himself? "I would accumulate wealth in any part of the world!" was the man's words to me, years ago.

the sign of a man's character is concerned. And William Jennings was right; he *would* accumulate wealth in any part of the world! A man's conception of himself is always true, when, like these words of Mr. Jennings, they are the spontaneous expressions of his nature. Thus it is with poetic genius, when it says I can do this and that. It was also thus with Napoleon, when laying down the map of Europe before his Secretary, Bourrienne, both of them *squatted* on the floor in his cabinet, the Great First Consul exclaimed, lost in his theme and positions, "I shall meet and beat the Austrians here, and there!" There is no egotism in genius, and there is none in really representative men, even in their sublimest flights of power, and there was none when William Jennings said me, "I would accumulate wealth in any part of the world!" This is the natural expression of the wealth-creating faculty. It is not the language of the miser. The capacity to create wealth burdened the words of a merchant prince, which, I well remember, was loaded with as much pride of conscious power as a George Stephenson might manifest in affirming, "I could build a railroad in any part of the world!" The miser's *hoarding* and *saving* qualities of mind utterance to the omnipotency of money in a very different style. There is in the miser's travelling. His impious worship of mammon speaks of his everlasting self-communion, "With gold I can buy everything," but to the world he says, I am poor, my poor.

Mr. Jennings has what phrenologists call the organ of Acquisitiveness as largely developed as most men, but the organ is not in the mood to hoard and save. So often is this talent confounded with the lower manifestations of acquisitiveness seen in those most worthless of human wretches, who, grudging themselves the crust of bread they nibble with toothless gums, die alone in a garret possessed of half a million. Hence it has become a proverb, "Any fool can make money." But this is not true. Never was there a popular saying more destitute of the philosophy of character, nor one more in discord with the actual experience of life than this saying, that "any fool can make money." It is, however, true that any fool can *save* and *hoard* money, and that any groveling wretch can die rich by turning miser, if he has acquisitiveness large and even the commonest talents of ordinary men. Now as there are degrees of this miser's passion with the fool's brain, in England and America we find them as small shop-keepers scraping together and saving money, and so the proverb has been kept very English, "any fool can make money." But Isaiah never made that admission, nor does your genuine Yankee who would buy and sell the universe if he could make a good trade out of the concern. Napoleon the First made the same general mistake when he spoke contemptuously of the English as a nation of shopkeepers. Any fool can make money, was the tenor of his thought, whether thus worded or not, and England being estimated merely as a nation of shopkeepers, such as Frenchmen had seen swarm like bees in perfidious Albion, commercial England was deemed worthy of the contempt of that extraordinary man, whose genius was to create empires and not to keep stores. Now had Great Britain been represented by that numerous class of shopkeepers which

cant of the British people, not by any means equaling their robust yeomanry and cunning artizans—then the Man of Destiny would not have found England his rock to split upon. It so happened, however, that Great Britain as a commercial nation possessed for its representative men the very class of which William Jennings, William S. Godbe and Henry Lawrence are types. It was the commercial England, such as their class constituted, backed by the hardy stamina and irresistible force of the Saxon-Norman race that proved to Napoleon that no military empire can stand against a dominant commercial empire.

There is a type of genius which I will denominate the commercial genius. We recognize poetic and musical genius, the Napoleonic class of genius, and the genius of our great statesmen, such as our Cecil of England, Richelieu of France, and our Websters of America; but we do not distinctly recognize the genius commercial. The Jews as a race represent this genius, but it is also manifested by individuals of other nations, and William Jennings is pre-eminently of its type. It brings forth our great bankers, merchant princes, and ministers of finance. All, however, who belong to the dominion of commerce are not *specialty* of it, any more than are the thousands who can write prose and poetry excellently well authors and poets born, and authors and poets made by the irresistible necessities and instincts of their nature. But thus it is of our Shakespeares, Byrons and Dickenses. They are of a special type, and comparable with them are those of the commercial genius. Its language is that of Mr. Jennings: "I would accumulate wealth in any part of the world," which always implies, "I will engage in all the great enterprises of the nation." Men who are eminently endowed with this genius pursue the tracks of commerce as unerringly as does the hound the scent of the fox. It is instinct in both. They are successful from a kind of manifest destiny, and they are more to be relied on than men intellectually their superiors. They astonish us with their sagacity; but they are not idealists. How naturally William S. Godbe and William Jennings start upon our pages in contrast just here. The latter is, by far the best specimen of the *special* type, for, though the former is largely endowed with the commercial nature, he also blends with it that of the idealist. Now of these two classes of men comes the commerce of the world. They bring forth our Sir Robert Peels, Gladstones, John Jacob Astors, and our Rothschilds. In these names of commercial origin there is strikingly suggested the blending of the instincts and idealities of commerce, and the fact that this genius becomes ruling in Prime Ministers and Chancellors of Exchequers, as in Peel, Gladstone, and Disraeli is a proof how high it deserves to rank, how vast in the affairs of nations is the empire it wields. William Jennings types its instincts, W. S. Godbe its idealities.

A sketch of the life of our merchant chief will appear in our next.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE,

SATURDAY, JAN. 9, 1869.

THE NEXT VOLUME OF THE MAGAZINE

REDUCED PRICE. GIFTS OF PERIODICALS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Every one will read with interest the proposition of the firm of Harrison and Co. for the new volume of this magazine, which will be found on the 3d page of our advertisements.

The great success which has attended the magazine hitherto, has determined the proprietors to present it at the close of the present volume (which will end with No. 52) in an enlarged and greatly improved form. For this purpose, a larger and very superior article of paper with an entire new outfit of type etc. is being procured from the East.

The magazine will be enlarged from twelve to sixteen pages of solid reading matter, with cover in addition; and in this enlarged form will be presented at the reduced price of \$4.50 per year, if obtained from the office or had through the post; or for the trifling extra charge of 50 cents per year if delivered at the residence of the subscriber in the city.

GRATUITOUS PUBLICATIONS, &c.

To make this enlarged and improved magazine the more acceptable, the proprietors have determined to present gratuitously to their subscribers the following handsome premium of Eastern publications, which will include the choicest and the most richly illustrated papers published in the United States: Every Club of four persons will be furnished weekly with two of the best Eastern periodicals, free of cost; a club of six persons will be presented with three periodicals; a Club of twelve will receive five per week while a Club of twenty will receive weekly the handsome donation of no less than eight of the best periodicals of the day.

The Ladies will find among these publications for their benefit Harper's Bazar with its fashion plates, and crowds of splendid engravings of patterns for dresses and fancy work, and The New York Ledger with its stories. The politically inclined will have Harper's Pictorial Weekly, with Frank Leslie's Illustrated Paper. The scientific will find the Phrenological Journal and the Scientific American for their entertainment. The farmer will have that fine serial—The American Agriculturist for his perusal; while the literary reader will have Harper's Illustrated Monthly, with its travels, biographies and stories, with the Pictorial Literary Album, and The Chimney Corner in addition; and this list for selection will be yet greatly extended.

We think this is an offer which for its attractiveness and real utility cannot be excelled. In addition, we will pay premiums in cash to all getters-up of Clubs.

Let it be understood these publications will be presented at once to our readers as soon as the Club is formed and the money forwarded to us, without waiting till our New Volume commences, which will be sent to every subscriber as soon as No. 53 is due.

For further particulars, we say read the advertisement; form your Clubs and have the benefit of all this reading matter right away.

OUR FRIENDS IN THE SETTLEMENTS

will now have plenty of amusement for their Winter evenings. Any enterprising man can commence by getting up a club of four persons, and the two publications promised will be sent, without delay. He can then enlarge the club to six, twelve or twenty persons, and the extra publications will be forwarded

just as the club grows—until the club has a weekly library eight publications for the perusal of its members.

As these publications will cost us cash, and cash down, orders must be accompanied by cash in advance. It must also be understood that a name now and another at some later date does not constitute a club. To enable us to meet the expense of these costly periodicals the names and pay necessary to form the club must come at one time; but as stated, a small club can be formed first, and afterwards enlarged. This will give everybody a chance.

Specimen copies of our new volume will be issued before the close of the present one. If not satisfactory money will be returned.

Our numerous friends throughout the city and settlements will confer a favor by drawing the attention of their acquaintances to our proposition.

"OUR HIRED MAN" IN THE FLOUR TRADE

Disgusted with Editing and Railway Speculation, the partner of our literary labors looked around him one fine morning recently, for some honorable employment. Now to what department could a high-minded man so readily turn as to the "flour and general produce business." That calling—unlike the mean profession of merchandising—has always retained its own flowery whiteness; and has never been degraded by the meanness of men. Hence, having exactly enough money to purchase one sack of flour, two bushels of potatoes and a string of onions, "Our Hired Man" leased one quarter of a ten-foot square shanty and "started for himself."

In the innocence of his unsuspecting nature, Our Hired Man supposed that the price of flour was always determined in the settlements by the raising thereof, and brought to Salt Lake City with its price unalterably tacked on the back of each sack. Hence, judge his bewilderment when starting to make his first purchase, and bashfully sidling up to the flour wagon he met, and asking the proprietor of two whole sacks, the price of flour, to be met with the usual definite and highly characteristic answer of—"Whichever gives." Of course "Our Friend" would give what it was worth; and of course, the amiable proprietor of the flour replied "Very likely, but it's worth what I can get for it, yer see."

In other communities and by-gone times, Our Literary friend had heard of flour markets with quotations showing that flour was "dull this morning at 15s," "lively at 18s;" or "mad and kicking at 20s." He therefore innocently told the vender of the two sacks in question, to wait while he went and asked the price at the stores! He found that it was worth exactly \$9.50 at four stores, \$9.75 at two stores, \$10 at three stores and exactly what could be got for it at the ten other ones. With this enlightenment, he returned to the flour proprietor prepared to purchase, but on his way in time to see his two sacks disappearing on two pairs of legs into the store of Messrs. Shave & Grindem.

Our friend next made a dive at a 6-sack wagon when a gentleman of the touting profession, on the other side of the wagon, remarked he "might as well go home for he had looked at that 'ere flour first." The amiability of his soul, Our Friend turned away from another wagon just coming down the street with two more gentlemanly touters each hold of the horse

bridles, and bidding like a couple of madmen for four sacks—at that moment performing the part of a spring seat to one lady and three small children. Gentlemenly touters, finally compromising matters by each collaring two sacks apiece, while our new flour dealer gazed agast.

In ten minutes more, Our Hired Man was after a wagon with ten bushels of potatoes and seven sacks of flour, and he found himself in the center of a group of four touters; while the wretched flour proprietor—who was being pulled all ways—was in an agony of doubt whether he ought to sell to anybody, seeing that, judging from appearances, he might get \$50 per sack by waiting till to-morrow. He had arrived in the city expecting to sell at nine dollars—that amount being exactly three dollars more than he ever expected to get for it when he raised it; but owing to Providence and four touters, he was compelled to witness his flour go at the starvation price of ten dollars per sack. If those four touters had only had the toothache, or the lumbago that morning, Providence would probably have sold the flour at nine dollars or less, but the touters being all abominably healthy, the flour went at ten while Our Hired Man's abilities went for exactly nothing at all.

Our Hired Man made just ten other feeble-minded attempts to purchase flour that morning, retiring greatly demoralized each time. He succeeded at last in buying three bushels of potatoes and got a promise of some flour next time the man comes into town. However our friend has retired in disgust with his faith in flour greatly shaken. He returns a wiser and a sadder man to the "buzzum" of the editorial profession which opens its arms to receive its repentant son. He intends to write a book shortly, showing that Providence may manage most things, but it is touters that control the flour question. Innocent and unenlightened mortals may imagine that the price of flour depends on the quantity in the country, this delusion he means to dispel by showing that it is the size of the breakfast and the number of cups of coffee drank by the touters that determine the question whether you or I pay six dollars or twenty-five for our flour. This interesting and remarkable work will be affectionately dedicated to his late brethren of the touting fraternity.

BOUCICAULT AND SHAKSPEARE.

Boucicault is the idol of modern managers. He is on their platform; they are up to his level. They can understand his effects and methods for they belong to stage materialism. It is the gaudy tinsel, the red light, and the paper crown which they represent, and not the empire of art; and their effects are not metaphysical but of the lowest sensationalism. To the intellectual taste, however, there is nothing but disgust created by the means which they adopt to excite; and their terrific efforts at stage managing provoke as much contempt in an author's mind as that in the London urchin when, in supreme disgust, he gracefully measures the length of his own hand from the tip of his nose and exclaims with much real dramatic effect "He w'n't set the Thames a' fire."

At one time the Drama commanded the highest genius, and there was not a great poet from Shak-

speare and Milton down to the introduction of the sensational class of plays, who did not give to it their best efforts. If Milton figures not as a dramatist, side by side with Shakspeare, it is not because he did not test the capacity of his genius on the drama, but because his genius was epic-theological rather than dramatic in its manifestations; hence, the tragedies which he wrote were plays written by an Isaiah, or a David rather than by a Shakspeare. Byron, also, as well as Milton, both exercised and tested his genius in dramatic compositions, and, if we forget them in the presence of Shakspeare, it is but another evidence how transcendent is the dramatic genius, how great our monarch's rank in the empire of art. But forsooth, Shakspeare must bow his head in shame when the divine Boucicault enters his presence. With Boucicault come *his* managers, not excluding from that august circle the managers of the Salt Lake theatre, and the authors and the critics bow their head to them with as much reverence as the humble Shakspeare pays to the idol of the modern stage. And yet this superlative genius of Boucicault and his managers, by which they rule the theatrical world, exhausts itself to produce an "Under the Snow," whose avalanche, as witnessed by us last night on the Salt Lake stage, at the very best resembled nothing better than the falling of an old house. It is true, it cost the Boucicaultian genius about half an hour to fix up for that stupendous triumph, but what of that, the culmination of talent was reached at last and Madam Scheller and Mr. John C. Graham were buried under the snow for three months, perhaps four, for I have not yet discovered how long they were buried. Now, though I highly appreciate Madam Scheller as a genuine *artiste*, and much esteem that excellent comedian, John C. Graham, I was not very much affected by the terrible catastrophe of the avalanche. True, the beautiful simplicity of a pure minded maiden, with the artless romance of her mountain shepherdess life was very nicely interpreted by the *artiste* the other night; so was the grand trustfulness of woman's nature—grand in the very artlessness of its faith—well described in the exquisite woman-touches of Madam Scheller. But all this is to be credited to the gifted lady, and not to the author. He has simply given to an interesting *artiste* an opportunity to bring out woman's angelic nature, and Madam Scheller portrayed it beautifully; Boucicault's part consisted simply in the *situations* and his avalanche. His crude conception of woman's chaste nature and the artless simplicity of an orphan maiden with interesting surroundings have not even the poor merit of originality for they can be found in nearly every novel published for the last hundred years. Can that be said of Ophelia, Desdemona, Cleopatra, Lady Macbeth, Miranda, Beatrice, Cordelia, Juliet, Mrs. Page, Emilia, or any single one of Shakspeare's female characters, no matter how small in the cast of his plays? Can it be said of Hamlet, Othello, Shylock, Richard, Romeo, Macbeth, Lear, Falstaff? These are conceptions—all creations. Boucicault's are all situations. He never did, nor can he, create a character. He has not the genius. He can only give opportunities to carpenters and stage managers. I will show to them, in my next, what Shakspeare can do.

FOUL PLAY.

BY CHARLES READE AND DON BOUICAULT.
[CONTINUED]

CHAPTER LXI.

Up to this time Helen's sex, and its attributes, had been a great disadvantage to her. She had been stopped on the very threshold of her inquiry by petty difficulties which a man would have soon surmounted. But, one fine day the scale gave a little turn, and she made a little discovery, thanks to her sex. Women, whether it is that they are born to be followed or are accustomed to be followed, seem to have eyes in the back of the head, and instinct to divine when somebody is after them. This inexperienced girl, who had missed seeing many things our readers have seen, observed in merely passing her window a seedy man in the courtyard of the hotel. Would you believe it, she instantly recognized the man who opened her cab-door in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Quick as lightning it flashed through her mind, "Why do I see the same figure in Lincoln's Inn Fields and at Charing Cross?" At various intervals, she passed the window; and twice she saw the man again. She pondered, and determined to try a little experiment. Robert Penfold, it will be remembered, had mentioned an expert as one of the persons she was to see. She had looked for his name in the Directory; but exports were not down in the book. Another fatality! But at last she had found Undercliff, a lithographer, and fancied he must be the same person. She did not hope to learn much from him; the newspapers said his evidence had caused a smile. She had a distinct object in visiting him the nature of which will appear. She ordered a cab, and dressed herself. She came down, and entered the cab; but instead of telling the man where to drive, she handed him a slip of paper, containing the address of the lithographer. "Drive there," said she a little mysteriously. The cabman winked, suspecting an intrigue, and drove off to the place. There she learned that Mr. Undercliff had moved to Firth Street, Soho, number unknown. She told the cabman to drive slowly up and down the street, but could not find the name. At last she observed some lithographs in a window. She let the cabman go all down the street, then stopped him and paid him off. She had no sooner done this than she walked very briskly back, entered the little shop and enquired for Mr. Undercliff. He was out, and not expected in for an hour. "I will wait," said Helen; and she sat down with her head upon her white hand. A seedy man passed the window rapidly with a busy air; and, if his eye gave a glance into the shop, it was so slight and careless, that no one would have thought he was a spy, and had done his work effectually as he flashed by. In that moment the young lady, through the chink in her fingers, which she opened for that purpose, not only recognized the man, but noticed his face, his hat, his dirty linen, and the pin in his neck-tie.

"Ah!" said she, and flushed to the brow.

She became conscious of a formidable old woman, who was standing behind the counter at a side door eyeing her with the severest scrutiny. This old woman was tall and thin, and had a fine face, the lower part of which was feminine enough; but the forehead and brows were alarming. Though the hair was silvery, the brows were black and shaggy, and the forehead was divided by a vertical furrow into two temples. Under those shaggy brows shone dark-grey eyes that passed for black with most people; and those eyes were fixed on Helen, reading her. Helen's light-hazel eyes returned their gaze. She blushed, and still looking, said, "Pray, madam, can I see Mr. Undercliff?"

"My son is out for the day, miss," said the old lady, civilly.

"O, dear! how unfortunate I am!" said Helen, with a sigh.

"He comes back to night. You can see him to-morrow at ten o'clock. A question of handwriting?"

"Not exactly," said Helen, "but he was a witness in favor of a person, I know was innocent."

"But he was found guilty," said the other with a cool keenness.

"Yes, madam; and he has no one to clear him but me; a poor weak girl, baffled and defeated whichever way I turn." She began to cry.

The old woman looked at her crying with that steady composure which marks her sex on these occasions, and when she

was better said quietly; "You are not so weak as you think." She added, after a while, "If you wish to retain my son, you had better leave a fee."

"With pleasure, madam. What is the fee?"

"One guinea. Of course, there is a separate charge for any work he may do for you."

"That is but reasonable, madam." And with this she paid the fee and rose to go.

"Shall I send any one home with you?"

"No thank you," said Helen. "Why?"

"Because you are followed, and because you are not used to being followed."

"Why, how did you find that out?"

"By your face when a man passed the window—a shabby genteel fellow; he was employed by some gentleman, no doubt. Such faces as yours will be followed in London. If you feel uneasy, miss, I will put on my bonnet, and see you safe home."

Helen was surprised at this act of civility from the Gorgon. "Oh, thank you, Mrs. Undercliff," said she. "No I am not the least afraid. Let them follow me, I am doing nothing that I am ashamed of. Indeed I am glad I am worthy the trouble of following. It shows me I am not so thoroughly contemptible. Good-bye, and many thanks. Ten o'clock to-morrow."

And she walked home without looking once behind her till the Hotel was in sight; then she stopped at a shop-window, and in a moment her swift eye embraced the whole landscape. But the shabby-genteel man was nowhere to be seen.

CHAPTER LXII.

When Joseph Wylie disappeared from the scene, Nancy Rouse made a discovery, which very often follows the dismissal of a suitor,—that she was considerably more attached to him than she had thought. The house became dull, the subordinate washerwomen languid; their taciturnity irritated and depressed Nancy by turn.

In the midst of this, Michael Penfold discovered that Helen had come back safe. He came into the parlor, beaming with satisfaction, and told her of the good news. It gave her immense delight at first. But when she had got used to her joy on that score, she began to think she had used Joe Wylie very ill. Now that Helen was saved, she could no longer realize that Wylie was so very much to blame.

She even persuaded herself that his disappearance was the act of a justly offended man; and as he belonged to a class of whose good sense she had a poor opinion, she was tormented with fears that he would do some desperate act,—drown himself, or, worst of all, marry some trollop. She became very anxious and unhappy. Before this misfortune she used to go about singing the first verse of a song and whistling the next, like any ploughboy; an eccentric performance, but it made the house gay. Now both song and whistle were suspended; and, instead, it was all hard work, and hard crying; turn about.

She attached herself to Michael Penfold because he had known trouble, and was sympathetic; and these two opened their hearts to each other, and formed a friendship that was very honest and touching.

The scene of their conversation, and mutual consolation was Nancy's parlor; a little mile of a room she had partitioned off from her business. "For," said she, "a lady I'll be — after my work is done, — if it's only in a cupboard." The room had a remarkably large fire-place, which had originally warmed the whole floor, but was now used as a ventilator only. The gas would have been stifling without it. As for lighting a fire in it, that was out of the question.

On a certain evening, soon after Mr. Penfold's return from Scotland, the pair sat over their tea, and the conversation turned on the missing sweetheart. Michael had been thinking it over, and was full of encouragement. He said:—

"Miss Rouse, something tells me that, if poor Mr. Wylie could only know your heart, he would turn up again directly. What we ought to do, is to send somebody to look for him in all the sailors' haunts; some sharp fellow,—dear me, what a knocking they keep up next door."

"O, that is always the way when one wants a quiet chat. Pray the woman! I'll have her indicted."

"No, you won't. Miss Rouse: she is a poor soul, and has no business except letting lodgings; she is not like you. But I do hope she will be so kind as not to come quite through the wall."

"ear heart!" said Nancy, "go on, and never mind her noise! It is worse than a hogan-grinder."

"Well, then, if you can't find him in that way, I say,—Advice."

"He!" cried Nancy, turning very red. "Do I look like a woman who would advertise for a man?"

"O, ma'am: quite the reverse. But what I mean is, you put in something not too plain. For instance: if J. will return to N. E., all will be forgotten and forgiven."

"He'd have the upper hand of me for life," said Nancy. "No; I won't advertise for the fool. What business had he in off at the first word? He ought to know my bark, it is more than my bite this time. You can, though."

"He bite, ma'am?" said the old gentleman.

"Bite? no: advertise, since you're so fond of it. Come, you own and write one, and for the matter of that I'll pay it."

Michael sat down, and drew up the following: "If Mr. Joseph will call on Michael Penfold, at No. 3, E. C., he will do something to his advantage."

"To his advantage?" said Nancy doubtfully. "Why not tell the truth?"

"Why, that is the truth, ma'am. Isn't it to his advantage to be reconciled to an honest, virtuous, painstaking lady, that loves him with her affection—and me with her friendship? Does it, it is the common form; and there is nothing like sticking to form."

"Mr. Penfold," said Nancy, "any one can see you was born a gentleman; and I am a deal prouder to have you and your thing, than I should him as pays you wages; pale eyes, pale hair—pale eyebrows—I wouldn't trust him to mangle a letter."

"O Miss Rouse! Pray, don't disparage my good master to me."

"I can't help it, sir: thought is free, especially in this bore department. Better speak one's mind than die 'o the sulks. But your ear when my music jars. But one every other is enough: if he won't back for that, why he must go, and must look out for another; there's as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it. Still, I'll not deny I have a great respect for poor Joe. O, Mr. Penfold, what shall I do! Oh, oh, oh!"

"There, there," said Michael, "I'll put this into the Times for you."

"You are a good soul, Mr. Penfold. Oh—oh, oh!"

"When he had finished the advertisement in a clerical hand, she had finished her cry, she felt comparatively comfortable and favored Mr. Penfold with some reflections."

"Dear heart, Mr. Penfold, how you and I do take to one another, to be sure. But so we ought: for we are honest folk, pair, and has had a hard time. Don't it never strike you as curious that two thousand pounds was at the bottom of our troubles, yours and mine? I might have married Joe been a happy woman with him; but the devil puts in my way—There you go again hammering! Life ain't worth living next door to that lodging-house. Drat the woman, if must peck, why don't she go in the churchyard and peck own grave; which we will never be quiet till she is there: these here gimcrack houses, they won't stand no more knocking at than a soap-sud. Ay, that's what hurts me, Mr. Penfold: the Lord had given him and me health and strength and honesty; our betters had wed for love and wrought for money, as the saying is; but I must go against Nature, that'd 'Come couple'; and must bargain for two thousand pounds. So now I've lost the man, and not got the money, never shall: and, if I had, I'd burn—Ah—ah—ah—ah—ah!"

"His trade ended in stifled screams of terror, caused by the dis appearance of a human hand, in a place and in a manner well adapted to shake the stoutest laundress's nerves."

"This hand came through the brickwork of the chimney-place, remained there a moment or two: then slowly retired, and, retired, something was heard to fall upon the shavings tinsel of the fire-place."

"Nancy, by a feminine impulse, put her hands before her face, inside this supernatural hand; and, when she found courage withdraw them, and glare at the place, there was no appearance whatever in the brick-work; and, consequently, the hand seemed to have traversed the solid material, both coming and going."

"O Mr. Penfold," cried Nancy; "I'm a sinful woman. This business of talking of the devil arter sunset"; and she sat trembling so that the very floor shook."

"Mr. Penfold's nerves were not strong. He and Nancy both

had not a vestige of color left in them."

However, after a period of general paralysis, Penfold whispered:

"I heard it drop something on the shavings."

"Then we shall be all in a blaze o' brimstone," shrieked Nancy, wringing her hands.

And they waited to see.

Then, as no conflagration took place, Mr. Penfold got up, and saw what it was the hand had dropped.

Nancy, in whom curiosity was beginning to battle with terror, let him go to the fireplace without a word of objection, and then cried out—

"Don't go anigh it, sir; it will do you a mischief; don't touch it whatever. TAKE THE TONGS."

He took the tongs, and presently flung into the middle of the room a small oilskin packet. This, as it lay on the ground, they both eyed like two deer glowering at a piece of red cloth, and ready to leap back over the moon if it should show signs of biting. But oilskin is not preternatural, nor has tradition connected it however remotely, with the Enemy of man.

Consequently, a great revulsion took place in Nancy, and she passed from fear to indignation at having been frightened so.

She ran to the fireplace, and, putting her head up the chimney, screamed, "Heave your dirt where you heave your love, ye Brazen!"

While she was objugating her neighbor, whom, with feminine justice, she held responsible for every act done in her house, Penfold undid the packet, and Nancy returned to her seat, with her mind more at ease, to examine the contents.

"Bank-notes!" cried Penfold.

"Ay," said Nancy, incredulously, "they do look like bank-notes, and feel like 'em; but they ain't wrote like them. Bank-notes ain't wrote black like that in the left-hand corner."

Penfold explained.

"Ten-pound notes are not, nor fives; but large notes are. These are all fifties!"

"Fifty what?"

"Fifty pounds."

"What, each of them bits of paper worth fifty pounds?"

"Yes. Let us count them; 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18—O Lord!—20. Why, it is two thousand pounds—just two thousand pounds. It is the very sum that ruined me; it did not belong to me, and it's being in the house ruined my poor Robert. And this does not belong to you. Lock all the doors, bar all the windows, and burn them before the police come."

"Wait a bit," said Nancy, "wait a bit."

They sat on each side of the notes; Penfold agitated and terrified, Nancy confounded and perplexed.

CHAPTER LVIII.

Punctually at ten o'clock, Helen returned to Frith street, and found Mr. Undercliff behind a sort of counter, employed in tracing; a workman was seated at some little distance from him; both bent on their work.

"Mr. Undercliff?" said Helen.

He rose and turned towards her politely: a pale, fair man, with a keen grey eye, and a pleasant voice and manner; "I am Edward Undercliff. You come by appointment?"

"Yes, sir."

"A question of handwriting?"

"Not entirely, sir. Do you remember giving witness in favor of a young clergyman, Mr. Robert Penfold, who was accused of forgery?"

"I remember the circumstance: but not the details."

"Oh, dear, that is unfortunate," said Helen, with a deep sigh; she often had to sigh now.

"Why, you see," said the Expert, "I am called on such a multitude of trials. However, I take notes of the principal ones. What year was it in?"

"In 1864."

Mr. Undercliff went to a set of drawers arranged chronologically, and found his notes directly. "It was a forged bill, Madam, endorsed and presented by Penfold. Here is my facsimile of the Robert Penfold endorsed upon the bill by the prisoner." He handed it her, and she examined it with interest. "And here are fac-similes of genuine writing, by John Wardlaw; and here is a copy of the forged note."

He laid it on the table before her. She started, and eyed it with horror. It was a long time before she could speak. At

Robert Penfold."

"Not that piece of paper, but the original; this is a fac-simile, so far as the writing is concerned. It was not necessary in this case to imitate paper and color. Stay, here is a sheet on which I have lithographed the three styles; that will enable you to follow my comparison. But perhaps that would not interest you?" Helen had the tact to say it would. Thus encouraged, the Expert showed her that Robert Penfold's writing had nothing in common with the forged note. He added, "I also detected in the forged note habits which were entirely absent from the true writing of John Wardlaw. You will understand there were plenty of undoubted specimens in Court to go by."

"Then, oh, sir," said Helen, "Robert Penfold was not guilty."

"Certainly not, of writing the forged note. I swore that, and I'll swear it again. But, when it came to questions, whether he had passed the note, and whether he knew it was forged, that was quite out of my province."

"I can understand that," said Helen; "but you heard the trial; you are very intelligent, sir, you must have formed some opinion as to whether he was guilty or not."

The Expert shook his head. "Madam," said he, "mine is a profound and difficult art, which aims at certainties. Very early in my career I found that to master that art I must be single-minded, and not allow my ear to influence my eye. By purposely avoiding all reasoning from external circumstances, I have advanced my competitors in expertise; but I sometimes think I have rather weakened my powers of conjecture through disuse. Now, if my mother had been at the trial, she would give you an opinion of some value of the outside facts. But that is not my line. If you feel sure he was innocent, and want me to aid you, you must get hold of the handwriting of every person who was likely to know old Wardlaw's handwriting, and so might have imitated it; all the clerks in his office, to begin with. Nail the forger; that is your only chance."

"What, sir?" said Helen, with surprise, "if you saw the true handwriting of the person who wrote that forged note, should you recognize it?"

"Why not? It is difficult; but I have done it hundreds of times."

"Oh! Is forgery so common?"

"No; but I am in all the cases; and, besides, I do a great deal in a business that requires the same kind of expertise—anonymous letters. I detect assassins of that kind by the score. A gentleman or lady, down in the country, gets a poisoned arrow by the post, or perhaps a shower of them. They are always in disguised handwriting; those who receive them, send them up to me, with writings of all the people they suspect. The disguise is generally more or less superficial; five or six unconscious habits are the true characteristic of the writer. And I'll tell you something curious, madam; it is quite common for all the suspected people to be innocent; and then I write back, 'Send me the handwriting of the people you suspect the LEAST; and amongst them I often find the assassin!'"

"Oh, Mr. Undercliff," said Helen, "you make my heart sick."

"Oh, it is a vile world, for that matter," said the Expert; "and the country no better than the town; for all it looks so sweet with its green fields and purring rills. There they sow anonymous letters like barley; the very girls write anonymous letters, that make my hair stand on end. Yes, it is a vile world."

"Don't you believe him, miss," said Mrs. Undercliff, appearing suddenly. Then, turning to her son, "How can you measure the world? You live in a little one of your own: a world of forgers and anonymous writers; you see so many of these, you fancy they are common as dirt; but they are only common to you, because they all come your way."

"Oh, that is it?" said the Expert, doubtfully.

"Yes, that is it, Ned," said the old lady, quietly; then after a pause she said, "I want you to do your very best for this young lady."

"I always do," said the Artist. "But how can I judge without materials? And she brings me none."

Mrs. Undercliff turned to Helen, and said, "Have you brought him nothing at all, no handwritings—in your bag?"

Then Helen sighed again. "I have no handwriting except Mr. Penfold's; but I have two printed reports of the trial."

"Printed reports," said the Expert, "they are no use to me. Ah! here is an outline I took of the prisoner during the trial. You can read faces: tell the lady whether he was guilty or

not;" and he handed the profile to his mother with an iron look; not that he doubted her proficiency in the rival reading faces, but that he doubted the existence of the art.

Mrs. Undercliff took the profile, and, coloring slightly to Miss Rolleston, "It is living faces I profess to read: that can see the movement of the eyes and other things, that son, here, has not studied." Then she scrutinized the profile. "It is a very handsome face," said she.

The Expert chuckled. "There's a woman's judgment!" he. "Handsome! the fellow I got transported for life down Exeter was an Adonis, and forged wills, bonds, and power attorney by the dozen."

"There's something noble about this face," said Mrs. Undercliff, ignoring the interruption; "and yet something simply think him more likely to be a catpaw than a felon." Helen delivered this with a certain modest dignity, she laid the file on the counter before Helen.

The Expert had a wonderful eye and hand; it was a gift, for society he had elected to be gamekeeper, instead of poacher; detector of forgery, instead of forger. No photograph was ever truer than this outline. Helen started, bowed her head over the sketch to conceal the strong and various emotions that swelled at sight of the portrait of her martyr. In vain; if the eyes were hidden the tender bosom heaved, the graceful body quivered, and the tears fell fast upon the counter.

Mrs. Undercliff was womanly enough, though she looked like the late Lord Thurlow in petticoats; and she instantly aided the girl to hide her beating heart from the man, though that man was her own son. She distressed his attention. "Give me all your notes, Ned," said she, "and let me know whether I can make something of them; but first, perhaps Miss Rolleston will empty her bag on the counter. Go back to your work a moment, for I know you have enough to do."

The Expert was secretly glad to be released from a case in which there were no materials; and so Helen escaped unserved except by one of her own sex. She saw directly what Mrs. Undercliff had done for her, and lifted her sweet eyes, thick with tears, to thank her. Mrs. Undercliff smiled maternally, and next these two ladies did a stroke of business in twinkling of an eye, and without a word spoken; when anon, Helen being once more composed, Mrs. Undercliff turned up the prayer-book, and asked her with some curiosity what could be in that.

"Oh," said Helen, "only some writing of Mr. Penfold. Undercliff does not want to see that; he is already sure Robert Penfold never wrote that wicked thing."

"Yes, but I should like to see some more of his handwriting for all that," said the Expert, looking suddenly up.

"But it is only in pencil."

"Never mind; you need not fear I shall alter my opinion." Helen colored high. "You are right; and I should disguise my good cause by withholding anything from your inspection. There, sir." And she opened the prayer-book and laid Corcoran's dying words before the Expert; he glanced over them with an eye like a bird, and compared them with his notes.

"Yes," said he, "that is Robert Penfold's writing, and I am again, that hand never wrote the forged note."

"Let me see that," said Mrs. Undercliff.

"Oh, yes," said Helen, rather irresolutely, "but you look into the things as well as the writing, and I promised papa—"

"Can't you trust me?" said Mrs. Undercliff, turning suddenly cold and a little suspicious.

"Oh yes, madam: and, indeed, I have nothing to reproach myself with. But my papa is anxious—However, I am sure you are my friend; and all I ask is that you will never mention to a soul what you read there."

"I promise that," said the elder lady, and instantly bent her black brows upon the writing. And, as she did so, Helen observed her countenance rise, as a face is very apt to do when its owner enters on congenial work.

"You would have made a great mistake to keep this from me," said she, gravely. Then she pondered profoundly; then she turned to her son and said, "Why, Edward, this is the very young lady who was wrecked in the Pacific Ocean, and cast on a desolate island. We have all read about you in the paper, miss; and I felt for you, for one, but, of course, not as I now I have seen you. You must let me go into this with you."

"Ah, if you would," said Helen. "Oh madam, I have gone through tortures already for want of somebody of my own sex to keep me in countenance. Oh, if you could have seen how I have been received! with what cold looks, and sometimes with

continent stares before I could even penetrate into the rest of those cold looks, and petty formalities. Any misstraw was excuse enough to stop me on my errand of judgment, mercy, and gratitude."

"Yes, madam. The papers have only told that I was wrecked and cast away. They don't tell you that Robert told me the ship was to be destroyed, and I disobeyed and affronted him in return, and he never reproached me even by a look. And we were in a boat with the sail-bell-starved—not hungry; starved—and mad with thirst, yet in his own agony he hid something for me to eat. All I thought, all his fear, was for me. Such things are not done on these great extremities of the poor, vulgar, suffering, body, but by angels, in whom the soul rises above the flesh. And such an angel. I have had a knife lifted over me to kill me—yes; and again it was he who saved me. I owe my life to him on the island over and over again; and in return he promised to give him back his honor, that he values more than life, as all such noble spirits do. Ah, my poor lawyer, how feebly I plead your cause. Oh help me! pray, help me! All is so dark, and I so weak, so weak. In the loving eyes streamed; and this time not an eye was in the little shop.

The Expert flung down his tracing with something between a curse and a curse. "Who can do that drudgery," he cried, "that the poor young lady—Mother, you take it in hand; use some material, though it is no bigger than a fly's foot, but a clue no thicker than a spider's web, and I'll follow through the whole labyrinth. But you see I'm impotent: no basis for me. It is a case for you. It wants a vivid sagacious body that can read facts and faces: and—just what you are, Miss Rolleston, for you are deeply in the fact. Well, then, she really is a woman with a wonderful light into facts and faces. She has got a way of reading as I read handwriting; and she must have taken a great deal to you, for as a rule she never does us the honor to med-

"Have you taken a fancy to me, madam?" said Helen, modestly and tenderly, yet half archly.

"That I have," said the other. "Those eyes of yours went into my heart last night, or I should not be here this morning. That is partly owing to my own eyes being so dark, yours the loveliest hazel. It is twenty years since eyes like yours have gazed into mine. Diamonds are not half so rare a tenth part so lovely, to my fancy." She turned her head away, melted probably by some tender reminiscence. It was only for a moment. She turned round again, and said lightly, "Yes, Ned, I should like to try what I can do; I think I can do these reports of his trial. I'll begin by reading them."

She read them both very slowly and carefully, and her face was like a judge's, and Helen watched each shade of expression with deep anxiety.

That powerful countenance showed alacrity and hope at first; doubt, and difficulty, and at last dejection. Helen's heart felt cold, and for the first time she began to despair. For she was a shrewd person with a plain prejudice in her favor and Robert's, was staggered by the simple facts of the trial.

CHAPTER LIX.

Mrs. Undercliff, having read the reports, avoided Helen's eyes (another bad sign). She turned to Mr. Undercliff, and probably because the perusal of the reports had disappointed her, said almost angrily, "Edward, what did you say to make me laugh at that trial? Both these papers say that 'an Ex-Expert' was called, whose ingenuity made the court smile, but not counterbalance the evidence."

"Why, that is a falsehood on the face of it," said the Expert, turning red. "I was called simply and solely to prove Penfold did not write the forged note; I proved it to the judge's satisfaction, and he directed the prisoner to be acquitted on that point. Miss Rolleston, the lawyers often do sneer at Experts; then, four Experts out of five are rank impostors: a set of rascals, who go by arbitrary rules framed in the closet, and by large and laborious comparison with indisputable documents. These charlatans are not aware that five thousand forged and tremulous, but genuine, signatures are written every day by honest men, and so they denounce every crampy and tremulous writing as a forgery. The varieties in a man's signature caused by his writing with his glove on, or off, with a

quill, or a bad steel pen, drunk or sober, calm or agitated, in full daylight or dusk, etc., all this is a dead letter to them, and they have a bias towards suspicion of forgery; and a banker's clerk, with his mere general impression, is better evidence than they are. But I am an artist of a very different stamp. I never reason 'a priori'. I compare; and I have no bias. I never will have. The judges know this, and the pains and labor I take to be right, and they treat me with courtesy. At Penfold's trial the matter was easy; I showed the court he had not written the note, and my evidence crushed the indictment so far. How could they have laughed at my testimony? Why, they acted upon it. Those reports are not worth a straw. What journals were they out of?"

"I don't know," said Helen.

"Is there nothing on the upper margin to show?"

"No."

"What, not on either of them?"

"No."

"Show them me, please. This a respectable paper too: 'The Daily News.'"

"Oh, Mr. Undercliff, how can you know that?"

"I don't know it; but I think so, because the type and paper are like that journal: the conductors are fond of clean type; so am I. Why, here is another mis-statement: the judge never said he aggravated his offence by trying to cast a slur upon the Wardlaws. I'll swear the judge never said a syllable of the kind. What he said was, 'you can speak in arrest of judgment on grounds of law, but you must not impugn the verdict with facts.' That was the only time he spoke to the prisoner at all. These reports are not worth a button."

Helen lifted up her hands and eyes in despair. "Where shall I find the truth?" said she. "The world is a quicksand."

"My dear young lady," said Mrs. Undercliff, "don't you be discouraged: there must be a correct report in some paper or other."

"I am not so sure of that," said Undercliff, "I believe the reporters trundle off to the nearest public house together, and light their pipes with their notes, and settle something or other by memory. Indeed, they have reached a pitch of inaccuracy that could not be attained without co-operation. Independent liars contradict each other: but these chaps follow one another in falsehood, like geese toddling after one another across a common."

"Come, come," said Mrs. Undercliff, "if you can't help us, don't hurt us. We don't want a man to talk yellow jandice to us. Miss Rolleston must employ somebody to read all the other papers and compare the reports with these."

"I'll employ nobody but myself," said Helen. "I'll go to the British Museum, directly."

"The Museum!" cried Mr. Undercliff, looking up with surprise. "Why, they will be half an hour groping for a copy of the Times. No, no, go to Peele's Coffee House." He directed her where to find that place; and she was so eager to do something for Robert, however small, that she took up her bag directly, and put up the prayer-book, and was going to ask for her extracts, when she observed Mr. Undercliff was scrutinizing them with great interest, so she thought she would leave them with him; but, on looking more closely, she found that he was examining, not the reports, but the advertisements and miscellanea on the reverse side.

She waited out of politeness, but she colored and bit her lip. She could not help feeling hurt and indignant. "Any thrash is more interesting to people than poor Robert's case," she thought. And, at last, she said bitterly,

"Those advertisements seem to interest you, sir; shall I leave them with you?"

"If you please," said the Expert, over whose head, bent in dogged scrutiny, this small thunderbolt of feminine wrath passed unconscious.

Helen drove away to Peele's Coffee House.

Mrs. Undercliff pondered over the facts that had been elicited in this conversation; the Expert remained absorbed in the advertisements at the back of Helen's reports.

When he had examined every one of them minutely, he held the entire extracts up to the light and looked through them; then he stuck a double magnifier in his eye, and looked through them with that. Then he took two pieces of card, wrote on them *Re Penfold*, and looked about for his other materials, to put them all neatly together. Lo! the profile of Robert Penfold was gone.

SKETCHES OF PROMINENT MEN IN UTAH.

[From the Phrenological Journal 1866.]

EDWARD HUNTER, THE PRESIDING BISHOP.

This is one of the most eccentric but best men in the Mormon Church. He is the presiding Bishop over the whole people. He has a large head, great originality of mind, but there is much irrelevance about the mouth. Every Mormon quotes Edward Hunter's old sayings with infinite drollery, though there is nothing facetious intended by him. "It beats the devil—it beats the devil!" "Yes, yes, yes; every poor man should have a cow." If you asked him for his daughter, you would probably be answered. "Yes, yes; cattle dying on the ranges. Man came in to me last night and said cattle were dying on the ranges very fast." The Bishop would not have enough unkindness to say you should not have his daughter, but this would be enough we should think for any wooer. Upon the subject of the Constitution he says: "Father came in to see me, and said, 'Edward, what do you think of the Constitution of the United States?' 'Too good for a wicked world.'" He possessed large landed property in Pennsylvania, but gave it all to the Church. He is the third Presiding Bishop, having succeeded Bishop Whitney.

THE MYSTERIOUS BED.

A traveler, while wending his way through the eastern part of the State of New York, stopped over night at the village of S—, with some friends, who were great wags. In one of the bedrooms of the house there was a bedstead fastened by pulleys to the ceiling. Night time came and our traveler was shown to this room. A girl led the way, candle in hand, and, after pointing out the bed, departed with the light, saying that she needed it for the other lodgers. The traveler undressed and groped his way to the bed, or to the spot where he had seen it, but was surprised to find that it had disappeared. From corner to corner he groped, but the search was useless. Somewhat frightened, he commenced shouting, proclaiming that the house was bewitched. The landlord and two or three of his guests, bearing lights, answered the emphatic summons, and just as he was about to tell the story of the missing bed, he looked, and lo! there it stood as it was before. He tried to inform them of his inability to find the bedstead, but they only laughed at him, telling him he must be crazy. Bidding him good night, and advising him to go to bed at once, and sleep off his delirium, they left him. As soon as they had shut the door he made a dive for the bed and landed on the floor. He then began to holler and yell louder than ever, and darted for the door. In attempting to descend the stairs he fell headlong to the bottom, making such a terrible noise that all the inmates of the house rushed to him to learn the cause of the disaster. Again he told his story, but it was received with ridicule. To satisfy him that he had been mistaken one of the guests proposed that he should enter the room with him and remain there till he fell asleep. The proposition was gladly accepted,

and in about twenty minutes the traveler was fast asleep. The wags then gently hoisted the bedstead almost to the ceiling and commenced shouting "fire, murder, etc." Thoroughly alarmed, he sprang out of bed; but the distance being fully six times what he had calculated, he imagined he had fallen over fifty feet. Fear seemed to strengthen his lungs, and he shouted like a trooper, proclaiming that the house was haunted, and that the imp of darkness had attempted to fly away with him. The other guests who had entered the room, coolly pointed to the bedstead saying that it could not have moved; but they were unable to shake his belief that His Infernal Majesty had taken refuge in the mysterious bed.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

ELASTICITY OF THE AIR.

This can be shown by a beautiful philosophical toy that easily be constructed. First procure a glass jar, then mould three or four little figures in wax, and make them hollow within, and having each a minute opening at the heel, by which the water may pass in and out. Place them in a glass jar, and adjust them by the quantity of water admitted to them, so that in specific gravity they differ a little from each other. The mouth of the jar should now be covered with skin or India-rubber, and then, if the hand be pressed on the top or mouth of the jar, the figures will be seen to rise or descend as the pressure is heavy or light, rising or falling or standing still, according to the pressure made.

REASON FOR THIS.

The reason for this is, that the pressure on the top of the jar condenses the air between the cover and the water surface. This condensation then presses on the water below, and induces it through its whole extent, compressing also the air the figures, forcing as much more water into them as to render them heavier than the water, and therefore heavy enough to sink.

CRARADE.

When winter months have passed away,
And summer suns shine bright,
You ope the coffer where I lay
And bring my first to light.
My second is a valiant knight,
Who wears his crest and spur,
And when he's challenged to a fight,
He does not long demur.
My whole, as ancient fables say,
Was once a friend of Juno,
In dress he makes a grand display—
His name by this time you know.

CONUNDRUMS.

52 How is it that Methuselah was the oldest man, when he died before his father?

53 What is that which, supposing its greatest breadth to be four inches, length nine inches, and depth three inches, contains just a solid foot?

ANSWERS TO NO. 41, PAGE 180.

RIDDLE—The hounds gain 6 rods in every 21. They therefore run as many times 21 rods as 6 will go into 96. Therefore 96 divided by 6 equals 16. 21 multiplied by 16 equals 336 rods.

CONUNDRUMS.

49—Because it is not current (current).

50—To let you know he is coming.

51—Because of the Sand which is (Sandwiches) under your feet.

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VOL. 2

POETRY.

IN MEMORIAM.

Closed are those eyes for ever, once so full
Of light and tenderness! Mute that sweet voice,
Whose silver music, in the days gone by,
Shed o'er my lonely life such radiance!
Cold that pure heart, which once I fondly hoped
To call my own! But, no! it cannot be!
That could not die! It has but winged its flight
Beyond the skies, to its own native home
Of peace and love. I feel it near me now,
While, lone and desolate, I sadly gaze
Into the dying fire, and dream of all
That might have been. I feel thy presence, love
Through the long watches of the restless night,
While sleeping on my lonely couch I lie,
Waiting the hour when this sad, weary heart
May join thee in thy home, and be at rest.
Then come, my spirit love, and cheer my soul
With thy pure influence! With thy radiance light
The pathway of my darkened life, until,
By death released, my spirit mounts with thee
To that bright realm of joy, where never word
Of parting comes; and we at last may be
Once more united—for eternity!

HAROLD,

THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

It was the second day after that which assured him
of the allegiance of the thegus, that a message was
sent to Harold from the Lady Aldyth. She was
at Evesham, at a convent, with her young daughter by
the Welsh king; she prayed him to visit her. The
Lady Aldyth, whose active mind, abstaining from the intrigues
of the court, was delivered up to the thoughts, restless
and everish, which haunt the repose of all active
souls, was not unwilling to escape awhile from him.
He went to Aldyth. The royal widow had laid
aside the signs of mourning; she was dressed with the
stately and loose-robed splendor of Saxon ma-
jesty, and all the proud beauty of her youth was re-
flected to her cheek. At her feet was that daughter
afterward married the Fleance so familiar to us
in Shakespeare, and became the ancestral mother of
the Scottish kings who had passed, in pale shadows,
the years of Macbeth, by the side of that child

Harold to his surprise saw the ever ominous face of
Haco.

But proud as was Aldyth, all pride seemed humbled
into woman's sweeter emotions at the sight of the earl,
and she was at first unable to command words to an-
swer his greeting.

Gradually, however, she warmed into cordial con-
fidence. She touched lightly on her past sorrows;
she permitted it to be seen that her lot with the fierce
Gryffyth had been one not more of public calamity
than of domestic grief, and that in the natural awe
and horror which the murder of her lord had caused,
she felt rather for the ill-starred king than the beloved
spouse. She then passed to the differences still exist-
ing between her house and Harold's, and spoke well
and wisely of the desire of the young earls to concil-
iate his grace and favor.

While thus speaking, Mercar and Edwin, as if ac-
cidentally, entered, and their salutations of Harold were
such as became their relative positions; reserved, not
distant—respectful, not servile. With the delicacy of
high natures, they avoided touching on the cause be-
fore the Witan (fixed for the morrow) on which de-
pended their earldoms or their exile.

Harold was pleased by their bearing, and attracted
toward them by the memory of the affectionate words
that had passed between him and Leofric, their illus-
trious grandsire, over his father's corpse. He thought
then of his own prayer; "Let there be peace between
thine and mine!" and looking at their fair and stately
youth, and noble carriage, he could not but feel that
the men of Northumbria and of Mercia had chosen
well. The discourse, however, was naturally brief,
since thus made general; the visit soon ceased, and
the brothers attended Harold to the door with the
courtesy of the times. Then Haco said, with that
faint movement of the lips which was his only ap-
proach to a smile,

"Will ye not, noble thegus, give your hands to my
kinsman?"

"Surely," said Edwin, the handsomer and more gen-
tle of the two, and who, having a poet's nature, felt a
poet's enthusiasm for the gallant deeds even of a rival
—"surely, if the earl will accept the hands of those
who trust never to be compelled to draw sword
against England's hero."

Harold stretched forth his hand in reply, and that
cordial and immemorial pledge of our national friend-
ships was enterchanged.

On the next day, Harold said to his nephew

"Standing as I do toward the young earls, that appeal of thine had been better omitted."

"Nay," answered Haco; "their cause is already prejudged in their favor. And thou must ally thyself with the heirs of Loofric and the successors of Siward."

Harold made no answer. There was something in the positive tone of this beardless youth that displeased him; but he remembered that Haco was the son of Sweyn, Godwin's first-born, and that, but for Sweyn's crimes, Haco might have held the place in England he held himself, and looked to the same bright destinies beyond.

In the evening a messenger from the Roman house, arrived, with two letters for Harold; one from Hilda, that contained but these words: "Again peril menaces thee, but in the shape of good. Beware! and, above all, of the evil that wears the form of wisdom."

The other letter was from Edith; it was long for the letters of that age, and every sentence spoke a heart wrapped in his.

Reading the last, Hilda's warnings were forgotten. The picture of Edith—the prospect of a power that might at last effect their union, and reward her long devotion—rose before him, to the exclusion of wilder fancies and loftier hopes; and his sleep that night was full of youthful and happy dreams.

The next day the Witan met. The meeting was less stormy than had been expected; for the minds of most men were made up, and so far as Tostig was interested, the facts were too evident and notorious, the witnesses too numerous, to leave any option to the judges. Edward, on whom alone Tostig had relied, had already, with his ordinary vacillation, been swayed toward a right decision, partly by the counsels of Alred and his other prelates, and especially by the representations of Haco, whose grave bearing and profound dissimulation had gained a singular influence over the formal and melancholy king.

By some previous compact or understanding between the opposing parties, there was no attempt, however, to push matters against the offending Tostig to vindictive extremes. There was no suggestion of outlawry, or punishment, beyond the simple deprivation of the earldom he had abused. And in return for this moderation on the one side, the other agreed to support and ratify the new election of the Northumbrians. Morcar was thus formally invested with the vice-kingship of that great realm; while Edwin was confirmed in the earldom of the principal part of Mercia.

On the announcement of these decrees, which were received with loud applause by all the crowd assembled to hear them, Tostig, rallying round him his house-carles, left the town. He went first to Githa, with whom his wife had sought refuge; and after a long conference with his mother, he and his haughty countess journeyed to the seaboard, and took ship for Flanders.

Gurth and Harold were seated in close commune in the earl's chamber, at an hour long after the complin (or second vespers), when Alred entered unexpectedly. The old man's face was unusually grave,

and Harold's penetrating eye saw that he was gloomed with some matters of great moment.

"Harold," said the prelate, seating himself, "the hour is come to test thy truth, when thou saidst thou wert ready to make all sacrifice to thy land, further, that thou wouldst abide by the counsel those free from thy passions, and looking on thee as the instrument of England's weal."

"Speak on, father," said Harold, turning somewhat pale at the solemnity of the address; "I am ready to do the council so desire, to remain a subject, and at the choice of a worthier king."

"Thou divinest me ill," answered Alred; "I do not call on thee to lay aside the crown, but to crucify thy heart. The decree of the Witan assigns Mercia and Northumbria to the sons of Algar. The old decorations of the heptarchy, as thou knowest, are sworn out; it is even now less one monarchy, than various states retaining their own laws, and inhabited by different races, who under the sub-kings, call earls, acknowledge a supreme head in the Basileus of Britain. Mercia hath its March law and its prince; Northumbria its Dane law, and its leader. To effect a king without civil war, these realms, for so they are, must unite with and sanction the Witan's decision where held. Only thus can the kingdom be preserved against foes without and anarchy within; and more so, from the alliance between the new earls, those great provinces and the House of Gryffith, which still lives in Caradoc his son. What if, at Alward's death, Mercia and Northumbria refuse to sanction thy accession? What if, when all our forces are needed against the Norman, the Welsh break loose from their hills, and the Scots from their moorlands? Malcolm of Cumbria, now king of Scotland, is Tostig's dearest friend, while his people side with Morcar. Verily these are dangers enough for a new king, even if William's sword slept in its sheath."

"Thou speakest the words of wisdom," said Harold, "but I knew beforehand that he who wears the crown must abjure repose."

"Not so; there is one way, and but one, to reconcile all England to thy dominion—to win to thee the cold neutrality but the eager zeal of Mercia and Northumbria; to make the first guard thee from the Welsh, the last be thy rampart against the Scot. In a word, thou must ally thyself with the blood of these young earls; thou must wed with Aldyth the sister."

The earl sprang to his feet aghast.

"No—no!" he exclaimed; "not that! any sacrifice but that!—rather forfeit the throne than resign my heart that leans on mine! Thou knowest my pledge to Edith, my cousin; pledge hallowed by the faith of long years. No—no, have mercy human mercy can wed no other!—any sacrifice but that!"

The good prelate, though not unprepared for Harold's burst, was much moved by its genuine anguish; but steadfast to his purpose, he resumed—

"Alas, my son, so say we all in the hour of trial, any sacrifice but that which duty and heaven ordain. Resign the throne thou canst not, or thou leavest the land without a ruler, distracted by rival claims and ambitions, an easy prey to the Norman. Resign human affections thou canst and must; and the more O Harold, that even if duty compelled not this

alliance, the old tie is one of sin, which as king, and a high example, in high place to all men, thy conscience within, and the church without, summon thee to break. How purify the erring lives of the churchmen, if thyself a rebel to the Church? and if thou hast thought that thy power as king might prevail on the Roman pontiff to grant dispensation for wedlock within the degrees, and so that thou mightest legally confirm thy now illegal troth, bethink thee well, thou hast a more dread and urgent boon now to ask—in absolution in thine oath to William. Both prayers, surely, our Roman father will not grant. Wilt thou choose that which absolves from sin, or that which consults but thy carnal affections?"

Harold covered his face with his hands, and groaned aloud in his strong agony.

"Aid me, Gurth," cried Alred, "thou, sinless and spotless; thou, in whose voice a brother's love can blend with a Christian's zeal; aid me, Gurth, not to melt the stubborn, but to comfort the human heart."

Then Gurth, with a strong effort over himself, knelt by Harold's side, and in strong, simple language, backed the representations of the priest. In truth, all argument drawn from reason, whether in the state of the land, or the new duties to which Harold was committed, were on the one side, and unanswerable; on the other, was but that mighty resistance which love opposes ever to reason. And Harold continued to murmur, while his hands concealed his face—

"Impossible!—she who trusted, who trusts—who so loves—she whose whole youth has been consumed in patient faith in me!—Resign her, and for another! I can not—I can not. Take from me the throne! Oh vain heart of man, that so long desired its own cruel place on it the Atheling; my manhood shall defend his youth. But not this offering! No, no—I will not!"

It were tedious to relate the rest of that prolonged and agitated conference. All that night, till the last stars waned, and the bells of prime were heard from church and convent, did the priest and the brother alternately plead and remonstrate, chide and soothe; and still Harold's heart clung to Edith's with its bleeding roots. At length they, perhaps not unwisely, left him to himself: and as, whispering low their hopes and their fears of the result of the self-conflict, they went forth from the convent. Haco joined them in the courtyard, and while his cold, mournful eye scanned the faces of priest and brother, he asked them "how they had sped?"

Alred shook his head, and answered—

"Man's heart is more strong in the flesh than true to the spirit."

"Pardon me, father," said Haco, "if I suggest that your most eloquent and persuasive ally in this, were Edith herself. Start not so incredulously; it is because she loves the earl more than her own life, that—once show her that the earl's safety, greatness, honor, duty, lie in release from his troth from her—that naught save his erring love resists your counsels and his country's claims—and Edith's voice will have more power than yours."

The virtuous prelate, more acquainted with man's selfishness than woman's devotion, only replied by an impatient gesture. But Gurth, lately wedded to a woman worthy of him, said gravely—

"Haco speaks well, my father; and methinks it is

due to both that Edith should not, unconsulted, be abandoned by him for whom she has abjured all others; to whom she has been as devoted in heart as if sworn wife already. Leave me awhile, my brother never the slave of passion, and with whom England must at last prevail over all selfish thought; and ride we at once to tell to Edith what we have told to him; or rather—woman can best in such cases speak to woman—let us tell all to our lady—Edward's wife, Harold's sister, and Edith's holy godmother—and abide by her counsel. On the third day we shall return."

"Go we so charged, noble Gurth," said Haco, observing the prelate's reluctant countenance, "and leave we our reverend father to watch over the earl's sharp struggle."

"Thou speakest well, my son," said the prelate, "and thy mission suits the young and the layman, better than the old and the priest."

"Let us go, Haco," said Gurth, briefly. "Deep, sore and lasting is the wound I inflict on the brother of my love; and my own heart bleeds in his; but he himself hath taught me to hold England as a Roman held Rome."

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

TO TELL THE NUMBER OF CARDS BY THE WEIGHT.

Take a pack of cards, say forty, and privately insert among them two cards rather larger than the others; let the first be the fifteenth, and the other the twenty-sixth, from the top. Seem to shuffle the cards, and cut them at the first long card; pause those you have taken off in your hand, and say "There must be fifteen cards here;" then cut them at the second long card, and say, "There are but eleven here;" and piling the remainder, exclaim, "And here are fourteen cards." On counting them, the spectators will find your calculations correct.

RIDDLE.

I go, but never stir,
I count, but never write,
I measure and divide, and, sir,
You'll find my measures right.
I run but never walk,
I strike, but never wound,
I tell you much, but never talk.
In my diurnal round.

CONUNDRUMS.

54. My first is appropriate, my second 'tis nine to one if you guess it. My whole elevates the soul above the earth.

55. Why is a conundrum like a monkey?

ANSWERS TO NO. 12, PAGE 192.

CHARADE.—Pea-cock.

CONUNDRUM.—52. His Father was translated.

53. A Shoe.

A merry heart makes sunshine. Everybody is warmed and enlivened by it. It exhilarates a whole household. Its cultivation should be general. The world is better for it, and vastly happier.

REPRESENTATIVE MEN OF UTAH

(Character-sketches and Biography.)

AUTHOR'S NOTE.--The author is alone responsible for his views of men; and he is resolved to follow his own judgment and say and think just what he pleases. He will not condescend to write for any magazine or newspaper in which he cannot be just generous and independent. The design laid down is to bring out to the public notice the representative men of Utah and men of talent wherever he can find them. It will take in, with special intentions, genius among the people of whom the author is one, and proudly aims to represent. His encyclopædia of characters and biographies will include T. B. H. Stenhouse, William Silver, John Sharp, William Morris, Joseph A. Young, Philip Marquette, Henry Bowring, William Dunbar, Geo. Ottinger, Daniel Wiegand, etc. Among our Lawyers and Military men, Seth M. Blair, James Ferguson, the historical General Charles C. Rich, and General Burton will appear. These names will illustrate the design. The sensitive editor plead with the author to drop W. S. Godbe from the arrangement in consequence of his present connection with the Magazine, but the programme was fixed. The author will not ask Mr. Godbe what he shall say of Mr. Jennings nor consult Mr. Jennings as to what he shall say of Mr. Godbe or of any other man; nor will the UTAH MAGAZINE exclude the Daily Telegraph, or any other compeller for public patronage, or one dash of the editor's pen pass over any estimate of the characters presented. In short, if Edward Tullidge cannot be just, truthful, broad in his aims, and generous in his feelings, bold in his thoughts and manly in his expressions through the medium of any paper or Magazine, he will promptly break off all connection with it as an unworthy thing.

Since commencing the article on Mr. Jennings, we have concluded to vary the professions and shall therefore leave the merchants awhile. Our next characters will be T. B. H. Stenhouse and Joseph A. Young.

WILLIAM JENNINGS.

BY EDWARD W. TULLIDGE.--[NO. 2.]

Mr. William Jennings belongs to that famous Jennings family who originally did so much to build up Birmingham, just as he himself has done to build up Salt Lake City. The great lawsuit in chancery, of the family over the vast property belonging to it amounting to the value of forty millions of dollars, cost the father of our Jennings twenty thousand pounds. Our Utah merchant, however, believes that his branch of the family is not quite so direct to the heirship as another of the branches found in America, though his father was a principal in the action. He further thinks that the English government is too politic to allow a property so vast to pass out of its hands to enrich an American heir. The lawsuit, therefore, is expected never to reach any issue, and the contested property will remain in chancery till doomsday. Perhaps the descendants of the Utah branch may say in their future among the great merchants of the Pacific, we need not, for our commercial importance, even the wealth lost to the family in the famous chancery suit.

The Jenningses came over to England with William the Conqueror; and they are, therefore, not only a very ancient family, but also high in historical rank among the English aristocracy. However, while some of the stock still rank among the gentry and aristocracy of England in various parts of the realm, the father of the subject of our biographical sketch was born in the class of the English yeomanry. Notwithstanding the fact that his branch had found in its descent the level of the robust working classes,

the instincts of the "self-made men" have been strongly manifested in its present representatives, the father and the brother in England making their mark as the great butchers of Birmingham, while William Jennings becomes an emigrant to America, and has grown into the importance of chief merchant of Utah.

The subject of our sketch was borne in 1823, in Yardley, Worcestershire, his native place being three miles from Birmingham. In his youth, he was brought up to cattle dealing and butchery.

In 1847 he left his father's house like many an adventurous youth before, to seek his fortunes in a strange land. It is the history of all ages, but not the history of the Prodigal son, who said, "Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me."

But your true-spirited mansays ever, "I ask no portion. I will go abroad into the great world and make myself. I will carve out my own fortune." Of such are all the "self-made men" of the world; and William Jennings was constituted of the very elements to make a successful man in any part of the earth, but especially the successful emigrant to America.

England passed out of the destiny of William Jennings and his descendants from the moment he planted his foot upon the emigrant ship in the Mersey Docks.

He, perchance, dreamt not of his great success in the land of America. Yet when the future Utah millionaire sailed from Liverpool, he became divorced from his old nationality—linked for ever with his descendants to the destiny of America by the very success of the career that awaited him.

Our emigrant landed at New York in 1847, at the age of 24. The world was before him, the generous reward of a generous nation within his reach, for in the United States all who are equal to it and worthy of it can become "Self Made Men."

The young emigrant, on his arrival in New York, became acquainted with a Mr. Taylor, a Manchester man with whom he engaged as employee. His occupation was in salting pork. His wages amounted to the sum of six dollars per week; as many thousands made now in man's allotted six days of labor would not excite our Utah merchant. But William Jennings had the grit and stamina of the working man as well as the instincts of wealth, coupled with the ambition which characterizes all "self-made men." To this fact he owes his great success, and not to sheer luck as many suppose. Take the illustrations of it in the development of his career.

Having stayed five months in New York, he removed into Ohio with his employer, Mr. Taylor. Here he was again occupied with the pork salting business which he followed for a short period. He next went into cattle dealing, to which he was brought up, and which to this day he acknowledges with a commendable pride as his primitive business. This is a peculiarity of all men who have made their mark in the world, especially in republican America. They are not ashamed of their origin. If they really feel their own capacity and are truly proud of their own success, they boldly proclaim themselves to the world, and the self-reliant plebeian with an infinite complacency challenges the aristocrat with the exulting assumption, I am of the people; what art thou? I have made myself; your ancestors made you. Who has the most cause to be proud? Google

William Jennings followed the business of cattle dealer in Ohio for some time and made some means out of his shrewd "tradings." This, doubtless, sharpened his native English talents for business in this country and gave him his first tendencies for the American speculativeness which generally combines the Yankee sagacity. Hence from the bent of his training, we see to-day the go-ahead enterprise of this nation rather than the slow solidity of England. Nor was this lessened by his coming home one day after a hunting recreation to find himself robbed of all he possessed in the world.

After this robbery, our emigrant engaged himself as a journeyman butcher at twenty dollars per month. His next employment was as superintendent of a warehouse in the bacon business.

In March, 1849, Mr. Jennings removed to St. Louis. Not finding employment readily in his own line, and being now imbued with the genius of the American who turns his hand to everything nearest him, William went to work manfully on the landing unloading steamboats, which occupation he followed for three weeks. His stay in St. Louis was but short for in April of the same year, he went to St. Joe's in Missouri to try the bent of his fortunes farther west. There he engaged as a journeyman butcher until July, when the cholera struck him down. In bed two months, helpless and alone, without the gentle care of a loving wife to sooth and sustain him; such was the circumstances of the "princely Jennings" then. It is but as a day in the by-gone time; no longer ago than the autumn of 1848 he arose from a bed of sickness just snatched from Death, all that he had made in life wasted, every penny gone, and two hundred dollars in debt! How changed the circumstances of William Jennings to-day?

As soon as he became fairly convalescent our emigrant, nothing discouraged, again started into life. About this period he became acquainted with a benevolent Roman Catholic Priest, the Rev. Mr. Sheandlan. From this kind friend he borrowed fifty dollars and once more commenced the butchering business. Was there luck in the borrowed money? Perhaps not; but there was a providence in its results, for from the day the benevolent Catholic priest loaned William Jennings fifty dollars he became the successful man, and everything has flourished in his hands. Surely all men are brothers, Catholic and Protestant, Mormon and Gentile. Such providential hintings ever and anon opens our minds to these universal thoughts and sympathies. God, by these helps which we meet in life, breaks down our sectarian barriers and makes us feel how much humanity are all akin. It was this benevolent Catholic priest and not the Mormon priest that started William Jennings into his successful career.

After our Utah merchant received the loan from his kind friend he resumed his calling of butcher and cattle dealer, which he followed with considerable profit till the Spring of 1852, when he sold out and started for Great Salt Lake City, where he arrived on the 12th of May of the same year.

In the meantime, however, Mr. Jennings had married at St. Joe, in 1851. His bride was a young lady of the Mormon persuasion; her name was Miss Jane Walker, who was like himself an emigrant from Eng-

land. Thus his destiny became united to that of the Mormon people and from that union God more abundantly blessed him.

William Jennings, however, was not himself connected with the Latter-day Saint Church until after his arrival in Salt Lake City; but not sooner had he fairly "looked around", than, like a sensible man, he not only identified himself with the social progress of the people, but also with their religious destiny. Eight days after his arrival he was baptized by Jeter Clinton, our well-known Justice of the Peace.

Mr. Jennings commenced his career in Great Salt Lake as a butcher and cattle dealer. In 1855 he also entered into the tanning business, and in both of these primitive occupations his enterprise was vast and profitable. It was not until 1860 that he emerged into the broad dominion of commerce proper when he soon outstripped all the merchants of Utah, and grew to what he is now to-day.

NOBILITY OF BLOOD.

Grantz in his "Saxon History," tells us of an Earl of Alsatia, surnamed an account of his great strength "The Lion;" who was a favorite of Edward the Third, of England, and much envied, as favorites are always sure to be, by the rest of the courtiers. On one occasion, when the king was absent, some noblemen maliciously instigated the Queen to make trial of the noble blood of the favorite, by causing a lion to be let loose upon him, saying, according to the popular belief, that if the Earl was truly noble, the lion would not touch him. It being customary with the Earl to rise at the break of day, before any other person in the Palace was stirring, a lion was let loose during the night, and turned into the lower court. When the Earl came down in the morning, with no more than a night-gown cast over his shirt, he was met by the lion, bristling his hair and growling destruction between his teeth. The Earl, not in the least daunted, called out with a stout voice, "Stand, you dog!" At these words, the lion crouched at his feet, to the great amazement of the courtiers, who were peeping out at every window to see the issue of their ungenerous design. The Earl laid hold of the lion by the mane, turning him into his cage, and placing his night-cap on the lion's back, came forth without casting a look behind. "Now," said the Earl, calling out to the courtiers, "let him amongst you all that standeth most upon his pedigree, go and fetch my night-cap."

LIFE THE WORLD OVER.—When Peter of Cortono was engaged on a picture for the royal palace of Pitti, Ferdinand II particularly admired the representation of a weeping child. "Has your Majesty," said the painter, "a mind to see how easy it is to make this child laugh?" And, suiting the action to the word, the artist merely depressed the corner of the lips and the inner extremity of the eyebrows, when the little urchin seemed in danger of splitting his sides with laughing, who, in a moment before, seemed breaking his heart with weeping. If this be true in the world of living men, slight, very slight, are the causes that make or break the happiness of life.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE,

SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1869.

MADAME SCHELLER.

MAD'LE MARIE SCHELLER was born in the city of Hamburg, on the 25th July, 1841. Her parents were in easy circumstances—her father being a flourishing carriage manufacturer. She had three other sisters, Bertha, Pauline and Henrietta, who all subsequently followed the dramatic profession, Henrietta became the most distinguished of the three, and a very popular *soubrette* actress. M'lle Scheller, at an early age evinced a taste for music, for nature gave to her the soul of the true *artiste*. They who possess the poet-soul are children of the professions born; they who possess it not, belong not properly to the family of artists. Now, Madame Scheller, like our Julia Dean, was born with the poet-soul. By Nature's ordination, by the very necessities of her poetic composition and instincts, she belonged to the empire of art. One of those necessities manifested itself in the child, waking within her the harmonies of sound, as it now does the harmonies of poetic thought. This is evinced in her exquisite conception of the beautiful character of Ophelia, so finely drawn by Shakspeare, so seldom rendered by the actress. The author, the poet, the true *artiste*, whether of the opera or the regular drama, are all akin; and so the first expositions of Madame Scheller's artistic nature was in her early taste for music. This was wisely fostered, and the interesting child was entrusted to the care of the celebrated Madame Cornet, in Hamburg, who gave her a good musical education.

In September, 1848, our heroine came to America with the view of singing in German opera, but in consequence of this operatic enterprise being in inexperienced hands, it failed before she arrived. Upon the request of her brother-in-law, Mr. Adolph Maubert, husband of her sister Henrietta she entered in the walks of the drama, and for two seasons played the leading juvenile roles in her own language, rising rapidly to public favor. She created a great sensation as "Louise Muller," in Schiller's domestic tragedy of "Love and Intrigue," as "Emilia Gallotti" and other classical characters. Mr. J. Guido Methua, then one of the dramatic critics of New York, and almost a daily visitor at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Boucicault, had his attention directed to the young rising actress by Mrs. Boucicault (Agnes Robertson) who frequently visited the German theater. Mr. Boucicault, at the time, superintended the production of "Jessie Brown" in German, and it also achieved a great success in that language. She soon attracted the attention of other American critics, and won the sobriquet of "La Belle Scheller, the Pearl of the Stadt." Augustin Daly, author of "Under the Gaslight," then dramatic editor of the *Sunday Courier*, wrote the first elaborate essay upon her performances. He was followed by Thads Meighan, editor *Sunday Dispatch*, Robert Newell (Orpheus C. Kerr) of the *Sunday Mercury*, J. P. Wilkins of the *Herald*

and *Leader*, known under the name of "Personne," H. Morford of the *Atlas*, Henry Neill of the *Tribune*, D. Otis of the *Express*, Wm. Winter of the *Albion*, and other prominent critics, who all paid high compliments to her talent and genius.

On the 1st June, 1861, Mad'lle Scheller was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Mr. Methua, and retired from the stage for three years. Meanwhile, the New York critics prevailed upon her to study the English language and make the American stage the scene of her triumphs. She undertook this difficult task, and, with a strong resolution, commenced her studies in May, 1863; and, on the 2d March, 1864, she made her first *debut* on an English stage at the Boston theater, in the character of "Lorlie," in the drama of "Lorlie's Wedding," dramatized by Aug. Daly, from the German of Madame Birch-Pfeiffer, the famous authoress of "Fanchon, the Cricket," and a hundred other plays. Mr. Jno. McCullough supported her as "Reinhard, the Painter." Her success was highly flattering. On the 28th March, she appeared in the same character at the Winter Garden, New York. In October, 1864, she appeared at Niblo's Garden as "Ophelia" in "Hamlet," and "Pauline" in "The Lady of Lyons." In these characters she at once established her reputation as a first-class *artiste*. Mr. Ford, manager of the Holliday Street theater, Baltimore, then engaged her expressly to play the part of "Annie Lee" in "Enoch Arden," which was produced with great splendor, and obtained a lengthy run. She subsequently played highly successful engagements in Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Philadelphia and other leading cities. In the fall of 1866, Mr. Stuart, the able and scholarly manager of the Winter Garden, selected her to play the leading female characters in Booth's Shakspearean revivals and other productions. This gave her such a prominence in the World of Art as few actresses before have ever enjoyed. She achieved triumph after triumph, and her brilliant career at this theater was only suspended by the complete destruction of the Winter Garden by fire; in this sad catastrophe, she lost her entire wardrobe, the most valuable in the country. During this glorious engagement, the most memorable performance on record took place, when Dawson, the greatest living German actor, played Othello (in German), Mr. Booth, Iago (in English), and Madame Scheller, the part of Desdemona in German and English, an achievement never before known in the annals of dramatic history. A prominent critic said the following of her "Ophelia":

"Madame Scheller, as Ophelia, brought the character out in much more importance than we have ever seen it before. Indeed, one who was unacquainted with the play, would suppose Ophelia quite as important as Hamlet. In the fourth act, where grief dethrones reason, she is beautiful in her sorrow, thrilling in her misfortune. Throughout this act, there is a deep vein of pathos pervading her playing, that is the highest grade of eloquence. Carefully keeping within the bounds of her strength, she warbles out her sad songs, till one's heart quivers in unison with her voice. One who listens, feels her grief as she feels it, with all the sentiment of tenderness, and power of eloquence. It is no wonder that Booth plays best with Madame Scheller as Ophelia."

And here is another comment, also from an able pen:

"Madame Scheller as the 'fair and gentle' Ophelia, we venture to assert, has no superior on the modern stage, and her rendition of that character, last night, could not have been surpassed. The intonations of her flute-like voice seemed to blend with a thousand notes of delicious harmony. Her

speech: "O what a noble mind is here o'erthrown" was convincing evidence to us that she had a true conception of the character; in fact, her acting throughout was most excellent, and her representation was a creation of purity and loveliness, which did not fail to move the hearts of every lover of the beautiful who witnessed it."

In a few weeks after the calamity in the Winter Garden, she played an engagement in Pittsburg, and then slowly moved across the American Continent, fulfilling engagements on her way, until she neared Salt Lake City in May, 1868. In New York, she is exclusively known as the representative of legitimate, particularly Shakspearian character, but in the provinces where variety is necessary in order to attract, she assumes characters in every species of dramas and in the delineations of *naïve* sentimental parts, she is unrivalled. Her "Marie" in the "Pearl of Savoy," her "Lorlie," her "Mathilda," her "Josephine" in the "Child of the Regiment," her "Pauvrete" are beautiful creations. She has also shown her talent as a pantomimic *artiste*, as her impersonation of "Myrtillo" in "The Broken Sword" fully demonstrates.

SPIRITUALISM AND PRIESTHOOD.

In the present number will be found an extract from the *Daily American* concerning the new spiritualistic fascination, known as Planchette. It consists of a small heart-shaped board about one-eighth of an inch thick, supported on two little wheels, one under each lobe of the heart, and with a small pointed pencil under the point of the heart for the third leg. It is asserted, that upon persons of mediumistic tendencies extending the tips of their fingers upon the surface of "Planchette," and affectionately addressing the lady, invisible influences will cause the wheel legs to revolve, while the pencil leg writes an answer to any question, mental or otherwise, that may be put to it.

It is a wonderful thing is human nature on spiritualistic matters. Everybody laughs at believers in ghosts and everybody is always dying to hear something about them. From the cottage to the palace, secretly, "Planchette" has been consulted; so with other phenomena peculiar to the spiritualistic movement, its details have been greedily devoured.

True, this America of ours has produced, as some say, from 5 to 10 million of avowed believers in spirit manifestations, who affirm they have held converse with the spirits of the departed; and to-day there are published in our eastern cities spiritualistic sheets, which print regularly messages, professedly from spirits to their friends and relatives in different parts of the country.

For ourselves, while for reasons which we shall briefly adduce, we have no faith in spiritualism as a teacher or a reliable source of enlightenment, we consider the evidence of millions of people worth a great deal as to the truth of the phenomena itself. Whenever multitudes persistently affirm a fact through so many years, as spiritualism has existed—no matter to what extent imposture may be intermixed with the system, there must be a truth and a grand fact underlying the whole.

The weak point in spiritualism, we believe to be, that while its phenomena is in most cases true—except so far as it demonstrates the truth of a future life—it is comparatively a valueless system for the propagation of truth, when that fact is admitted.

Years ago, the earthly founder of Mormonism—Joseph Smith, struck out an idea which to our minds went deeper than Spiritualism ever ventured. He admitted in the main, the truth of spirit manifestations, but pointed to the fact of the untellable millions of spiritual intelligences appertaining to the earth, "behind the veil," and filling the innumerable worlds of space, needing some grand Godlike system for the preservation of order, and the correct transmission of truth. He pointed to the fact repeatedly *admitted by Spiritualists themselves*—that John Jones, or Daniel Webster dying was John Jones and Daniel Webster still, with the precise ignorance or enlightenment with which each laid the earthly body aside. And that spirits revealing—no matter how sincere—could but reveal their ignorance. It was clear to our minds then, as now, that in such a grand Universe of law and order as this, no such tremendous gap was left in the provisions of God for its beauty and progress as the lack of some channel through which truth from the highest sources could be correctly transmitted, and by which, amidst the multitudinous sentiments of conflicting millions, it might be correctly determined and preserved. It was clear to us that a God who left himself without such a grand method of furthering His movements, as some organized system for the transmission of His will, was destitute of the simple skill of the commonest organizing human mind; and therefore to our judgment evidently not the God who has inbreathed into intelligent man's composition throughout the world such a passion for organization. Here "Mormonism," to our view, then, as to day, exceeded Spiritualism—in the grandeur of its proportions concerning humanity; and therefore, we consider though Spiritualism—which is an unorganized, as well as unauthorized, system of revelation—doubtless imparts some truths and facts, there is one greater truth yet than all for its advocates yet to learn, and that is that there is, and must be, a divine system for the transmission of intelligence—a priesthood in fact—not a system of priestly control over the intelligence of mankind, but a system designed—however imperfectly developed at present in these its early days—to further and bless all intelligence and all freethought. A system without which the universe would be a desolation, and progress shorn of its mightiest wings. On this account spirits, both in and out of the flesh, who work out of this system, are incapable for their own or their fellow's fullest aid. They can but reflect weak glintings of the sun of truth. They stand on the steps of the palace of Humanity—they hear the echoing voices within the doors but they do not enter in.

It has long been a standing complaint with Spiritualists that they never could perfect an organization. How could they? Directed by ever varying and uneducated intelligences, they must eternally differ, and differing, waste that strength and force which they might converge for the blessing of mankind; and this we predict they will continue to do until the day comes when the priesthood with its greater enlightenment shall sweep them within its ample folds.

FOUL PLAY.

BY CHARLES READR AND DION BOUCHICAULT.

[CONTINUED]

CHAPTER LIX.

"Now that is too bad," said he. "So much for her dove-like eyes, that you admired so. Miss Innocence has stolen that profile."

"Stolen! she bought it—of me."

"Why, she never said a word."

"No; but she looked a look. She asked me with those sweet imploring eyes, might she have it; and I looked, yes: then she glanced towards you, and put down a note. Here it is."

"Why, you beat the telegraph, you two. Ten pounds for that thing! I must make it up to her somehow."

"I wish you could. Poor girl, she is a lady, every inch. But she is in love with that Penfold. I'm afraid it is a hopeless case."

"I have seen a plainer. But hopeless it is not. However, you work your way, and I'll work mine."

"But you can't, you have no materials."

"No; but I have found a door that may lead to materials."

Having delivered himself thus mysteriously, he shut himself up in obdurate silence, until Helen Rolleston called again, two days afterwards. She brought a bag full of manuscript this time; to-wit, copies in her own handwriting of eight reports, the Queen vs. Penfold. She was in good spirits, and told Mrs. Undercliff that all the reports were somewhat more favorable than the two she had left; and she was beginning to tell Mr. Undercliff he was quite right in his recollection, when he interrupted her and said, "All that is secondary now. Have you any objection to answer me a question?"

She colored; but said, "Oh, no. Ask me anything you like;" then she blushed deeper.

"How did you become possessed of those two reports you left with me the other day?"

At this question so different from what she feared, Helen cleared up and smiled, and said, "From a Mr. Hand, a clerk in Mr. Wardlaw's office, they were sent me at my request."

The Expert seemed pleased at this reply; his brow cleared, and he said, "Then I don't mind telling you that those two reports will bring Penfold's case within my province. To speak plainly, Miss Rolleston, your newspaper extracts—**ARE FORGERIES.**"

CHAPTER LX.

"Forgeries!" cried Helen, with innocent horror.

"Rank Forgeries," repeated the Expert, coolly.

"Forgeries?" cried Helen, "Why how can printed things be that?"

"That is what I should like to know," said the old lady.

"Why, what else can you call them," said the Expert.

"They are got up to look like extracts from newspapers. But they were printed as they are, and were never in any journal. Shall I tell you how I found that out?"

"If you please, sir," said Helen.

"Well, then, I looked at the reverse side and I found seven missprints in one side, and five in the other. That was a great number to creep into printed slips of that length. The trial part did not show a single erratum. 'Hullo!' said I, to myself: 'why one side is printed more carefully than the other.' And that was not natural. The printing of advertisements is looked after quite as sharply as any other part in a journal. Why, the advertisers themselves cry out if they are misprinted."

"Oh, how shrewd!" cried Helen.

"Child's play," said the Expert. "Well, from that blot I went on. I looked at the edges, and they were cut too clean. A gentleman with a pair of scissors can't cut slips out of a paper like this. They were cut in the printer's office. Lastly, on holding them to the light, I found they had not been machined upon the plan now adopted by all newspapers; but worked by hand. In one word—**forgeries!**"

"Oh!" said Helen. "To think I should have handled forgeries, and shown them to you for real. Ah! I'm so glad; for now I have committed the same crime as Robert Penfold; I have uttered a forged document. Take me up and have me

put in prison, for I am as guilty as ever he was." Her face shone with rapture at sharing Robert's guilt.

The Expert was a little puzzled by sentiments so high-flown and unpractical.

"I think," said he, "you are hardly aware what a valuable discovery this may prove to you. However, the next step is to get me a specimen of the person's handwriting who furnished you with these. The chances are, he is the writer of the forged note."

Helen uttered an exclamation that was almost a scream. The inference took her quite by surprise. She looked at Mrs. Undercliff.

"He is right, I think," said the old lady.

"Right or wrong," said the Expert, "the next step in the inquiry is to do what I said. But that demands great caution. You must write a short, civil note to Mr. Hand, and just ask him some question. Let me see; ask him what newspapers his extracts are from, and whether he has got any more. He will not tell you the truth: but no matter, we shall get hold of his handwriting."

"But, sir," said Helen, "there is no need for that. Mr. Hand sent me a note along with the extracts."

"The deuce he did. All the better. Any words in it that are in the forged note? Is Penfold in it, or Wardlaw?"

Helen reflected a moment, and then said she thought both those names were in it.

"Fetch me that note," said Undercliff, and his eyes sparkled. He was on a hot scent now.

"And let me study the genuine reports, and compare what they say with the forged ones," said Mrs. Undercliff.

"Oh, what friends have I found at last!" cried Helen.

She thanked them both warmly, and hurried home, for it was getting late.

Next day she brought Hand's letter to Mr. Undercliff, and devoured his countenance while he inspected it keenly, and compared it with the forged note.

The comparison was long and careful, but unsatisfactory. Mr. Undercliff could not conscientiously say whether Hand had written the forged note or not. There were pros and cons.

"We are in deeper water than I thought," said he. "The comparison must be enlarged. You must write as I suggested, and get another note out of Mr. Hand."

"And leave the prayer-book with me," said Mrs. Undercliff.

Helen complied with these instructions, and in due course received a civil line from Mr. Hand to say that the extracts had been sent him from the country by one of his fellow clerks, and he had locked them up, lest Mr. Michael Penfold, who was much respected in the office, should see them. He could not say where they came from; perhaps from some provincial paper. If of any value to Miss Rolleston, she was quite at liberty to keep them. He added there was a coffee-house in the city where she could read all the London papers of that date. This letter, which contained a great many more words than the other, was submitted to Undercliff. It puzzled him so that he set to work, and dissected every curve the writer's pen had made; but he could come to no positive conclusion, and he refused to utter his conjectures.

"We are in a deep water," said he.

Finally, he told his mother he was at a standstill for the present.

"But I am not," said Mrs. Undercliff. She added, after a while, "I think there is felony at the bottom of this."

"Smells like it to me," said the Expert.

"Then I want you to do something very clever for me."

"What is that?"

"I want you to forge something."

"Come! I say."

"Quite innocent I assure you."

"Well, but it is a bad habit to commence."

"All depends on the object. This is to take in a forger, that is all."

The Expert's eyes sparkled. He had always been sadly discontented with the efforts of the forgers, and thought he could do better.

"I'll do it," said he, gaily.

CHAPTER LXI.

General Rolleston and his daughter sat at breakfast in the hotel. General Rolleston was reading the Times, and his eye lighted on something that made him start. He looked towards Helen, and his first impulse was to communicate it to her; but on second thoughts, he preferred to put a question to her first.

"You have never told the Wardlaws what those sailors said?"

No papa. I still think they ought to have been told; but I knew you positively forbade me."

Of course I did. Why afflict the old gentleman with such a tale? A couple of common sailors! Who chose to fancy ship was destroyed."

Who are better judges of such a thing than sailors?"

Well, my child, if you think so, I can't help it. All I say, are the old gentleman such a report. As for Arthur, to tell the truth, I have mentioned the matter to him."

Oh, papa! Then why forbid me to tell him? What did he say?"

He was very much distressed. "Destroy the ship my Helen!" said he: "if I thought Wylie had done that I'd kill him with my own hand, though I was hanged for it next minute." Never saw the young fellow fire up so before. But when he began to think calmly over it a little while, he said: "I hope slander will never reach my father's ears; it would grieve deeply. I only laugh at it."

Laugh at it! and yet talk of killing?"

Oh, people say they laugh at a thing when they are very angry all the time. However, as you are a good girl, and I told what you are told, I'll read you an advertisement that will make you stare. Here is Joseph Wylie, who, you say, attacked the Proserpine, actually invited by Michael Penfold to call on him and hear of something to his advantage."

"Dear me!" said Helen; "how strange. Surely Mr. Penfold was the characters of that man. Stop a minute! Advertise him? Then nobody knows where he lives? There, papa; see he is afraid to go near Arthur Wardlaw: He knows he destroyed the ship. What a mystery it all is. And so Mr. Penfold is at home, after all; and not to send me a single line. Never met so much unkindness, and discourtesy, in all my life."

"Ah, my dear," said the General, "you never defied the old before, as you are doing now."

Helen sighed: but, presently recovering her spirit, said she done without the world on her dear island, and she would be its slave now.

As she was always as good as her word, she declined an invitation to play the lion, and, dressing herself in plain merino, sat down that very evening to Michael Penfold's cottage. She ran thither a little before her to relate briefly what had taken place there.

Nancy Rouse, as may well be imagined, was not the woman worth two thousand pounds. She locked the notes up; and, at that night, became very reserved on that head. So much that, at last, Mr. Penfold saw it was an interdicted topic, dropped it in much wonder.

When Nancy came to think of it in daylight, she could not but suspecting Wylie had some hand in it; and it occurred to her that the old gentleman, who lodged next door, might be an agent of Wylie's, and aspy on her. Wylie must have told him to push the £2000 into her room: but what a strange thing to do!

To be sure, he was a sailor, and sailors had been known to make sandwiches of bank-notes and eat them. Still her good sense revolted against this theory, and she was sore puzzled; after all there was the money, and she had seen it come through the wall. One thing appeared certain, Joe had not forgotten her; he was thinking of her as much as ever, or more as ever; so her spirits rose, she began singing and whistling again, and waited cunningly till Joe should reappear and explain his conduct. Hostage for his reappearance she held the £200. She felt so strong and saucy she was half sorry she had allowed Mr. Penfold to advertise; but, after all, it did not matter, she could always declare to Joe she had never seen him, for her part, and the advertising was a folly of Mr. Penfold's.

Matters were in this condition when the little servant came one evening to Mr. Penfold and said there was a young lady to see him.

"A young lady for me?" said he.

"O, she won't eat you, while I am by," said the sharp little maid.

"It is a lady, and the same that came before."

"Perhaps she will oblige me with her name," said Michael, smilingly.

"I won't show her up till she do," said this mite of a servant, who had been scolded by Nancy for not extracting that information on Helen's last visit.

Of course, I must receive her," said Michael, half consulting the mite; it belonged to a sex which promptly assumes control of such gentle creatures as he was.

"Is Miss Rouse in the way?" said he.

"The mite laughed, and said—

"She is only gone down the street. I'll send her in to take care on you."

With this she went off, and in due course led Helen up the stairs. She ran in, and whispered in Michael's ear—

"It is Miss Helen Rolleston."

Thus they announced a lady at No. 3.

Michael stared with wonder at so great a personage visiting him; and the next moment Helen glided into the room, blushing a little, and even panting inaudibly, but all on her guard. She saw before her a rather stately figure, and a face truly venerable, benignant and beautiful, though deficient in strength. She cast a devouring glance on him as she curtsied to him; and it instantly flashed across her, "but for you there would be no Robert Penfold." There was an unconscious tenderness in her voice as she spoke to him, for she had to open the interview.

"Mr. Penfold, I fear my visit may surprise you, as you did not write to me. But, when you hear what I am come about, I think you will not be displeased with me for coming."

"Displeased, madam! I am highly honored by your visit—a lady, who, I understand, is to be married to my worthy employer, Mr. Arthur. Pray be seated, madam."

"Thank you, sir."

Helen began in a low, thrilling voice, to which, however, she gave firmness by a resolute effort of her will.

"I am come to speak to you of one who is very dear to you, and to all who really know him."

"Dear to me? It is my son. The rest are gone. It is Robert."

And he began to tremble.

"Yes, it is Robert," said she, very softly; then, turning her eyes away from him, lest his emotion should overcome her, she said—

"He has laid me and my father under deep obligations."

She dragged her father in; for it was essential not to show Mr. Penfold she was in love with Robert.

"Obligations to my Robert? Ah, madam, it is very kind of you to say that, and cheer a desolate father's heart with praise of his lost son. But how could a poor unfortunate man in his position serve a lady like you?"

"He defended me against robbers, single-handed."

"Ah," said the old man, glowing with pride, and looking more beautiful than ever, "he was always brave as a lion."

"That is nothing; he saved my life again, and again, and again."

"God bless him for it! and God bless you for coming and telling me of it. Oh, madam, he was always brave and gentle, and just, and good; so noble, so unfortunate."

And the old man began to cry.

Helen's bosom heaved, and it cost her a bitter struggle not to throw her arms around the dear old man's neck and cry with him. But she came prepared for a sore trial of her feelings, and she clenched her hands and teeth, and would not give way an inch.

"Tell me how he saved your life, madam."

"He was in the ship, and in the boat with me."

"Ah, madam," said Michael, "that must have been some other Robert Penfold; not my son. He could not come home. His time was not up, you know."

"It was Robert Penfold, son of Michael Penfold."

"Excuse me a moment," said Michael; and he went to a drawer, and brought her a photograph of Robert. "Was it this Robert Penfold?"

The girl took the photograph, and eyed it, and lowered her head over it.

"Yes," she murmured.

"And he was coming home in the ship with you. Is he mad? more trouble! more trouble!"

"Do not alarm yourself," said Helen; "he will not land in England for years"—here she stifled a sob—"and long ere that we shall have restored him to society."

Michael started at that, and shook his head.

"Never," said he; "that is impossible."

"Why impossible?"

"They all say he is a felon."

"They all SHALL say that he is a martyr."

"And so he is; but how can that ever be proved?"

"I don't know. But I am sure the truth can always be proved, if people have patience and perseverance."

"My sweet young lady," said Michael, sadly, "you don't know the world."

"I am learning it fast, though. It may take me a few years perhaps to make powerful friends, to grope my way amongst forgers, and spies, and wicked, dishonest people of all sorts, but so surely as you sit there, I'll clear Robert Penfold before I die."

The good feeble old man gazed on her with admiration and astonishment.

She subdued her flashing eye, and said with a smile, "And you shall help me. Mr. Penfold, let me ask you a question. I called here before; but you were gone to Edinburgh. Then I wrote to you at the office, begging you to let me know the moment you returned. Now, do not think I am angry; but pray tell me why you would not answer my letter."

Michael Penfold was not burdened with "amour propre"; but who has not got a little of it in some corner of his heart? "Miss Rolleston," said he "I was born a gentleman, and was a man of fortune once, till false friends ruined me: and neither as a gentleman nor as a man of business could I leave a lady's letter unanswered. I never did such a thing in all my life. I never got your letter," he said, quite put out, and his wrath was so like a dove's, that Helen smiled and said, "But I posted it myself. And my address was in it; yet it was not returned."

"Well, madam, it was not delivered, I assure you!"

"It was intercepted, then."

He looked at her. She blushed, and said, "Yes, I am getting suspicious; over since I found I was followed and watched. Excuse me a moment." She went to the window and peered through the curtains. She saw a man walking slowly by; he quickened his pace the moment she opened the curtain.

"Yes," said she, "it was intercepted, and I am watched wherever I go."

Before she could say any more a bustle was heard on the stairs, and in bounced Nancy Rouse, talking as she came. "Excuse me, Mr. Penfolds, but I can't wait no longer with my heart a bursting; it is! it is! Oh my dear, sweet young lady; the Lord be praised. You really are here alive and well. Kiss you I must and shall; come back from the dead; there—there—there!"

"Nancy! my good, kind Nancy," cried Helen, and returned her embrace warmly.

Then followed a burst of broken exclamations; and, at last, Helen made out that Nancy was the landlady, and had left Lambeth long ago.

"But, dear heart," said she. "Mr. Penfolds, I'm properly jealous of you. To think of her coming here to see you, and not me."

"But I didn't know you were here, Nancy." Then followed a stream of inquiries, and such warm-hearted sympathy with all her dangers and troubles, that Helen was led into revealing the cause of it all.

"Nancy," said she, solemnly, "the ship was wilfully cast away; there was a villain on board that made holes in her on purpose, and sunk her."

Nancy lifted up her hands in astonishment. But Mr. Penfold was far more surprised and agitated.

"For heaven's sake, don't say that!" he cried.

"Why not, sir?" said Helen; "it is the truth; and I have got the testimony of dying men to prove it."

"I am sorry for it. Pray don't let anybody know. Why, Wardlaw would lose the insurance of £160,000."

"Arthur Wardlaw knows it: my father told him."

"And he never told me," said Penfold, with growing surprise.

"Goodness me! what a world it is," cried Nancy. "Why that was murder, and no less. It is a wonder she wasn't drowned, and another friend into the bargain that I had in that very ship. Oh, I wish I had the villain here that done it; I'd tear his eyes out."

Here the mite of a servant bounded in, radiant and giggling, gave Nancy a triumphant glance, and popped out again, holding the door open, through which in slouched a seafaring man, drawn by Penfold's advertisement, and decoyed into Nancy's presence by the imp of a girl, who thought to please her mistress.

Nancy, who for some days had secretly expected this visit, merely gave a little squeak; but Helen uttered a violent scream; and, upon that, Wylie recognized her, and literally staggered back a step or two, and these words fell out of his mouth:

"The sick girl!"

Helen caught them.

"Ay!" cried she; "but she is alive in spite of you: alive denounce you and to punish you."

She darted forward, and her eyes flashed lightning. "Look at this man, all of you," she cried. "Look at well: THIS IS THE WRETCH THAT SCUTTLED THE PROSPERINE!"

CHAPTER LXII.

"O Miss Helen, how can you say that?" cried Nancy utter dismay. "I'll lay my life poor Joe never did no wickedness."

But Helen waved her off without looking at her, and pointed at Wylie.

"Are you blind? Why does he cringe and cower at sight of me? I tell you he scuttled the Prosperine, and the great art he did it with I have seen and handled. Yes sir, you destroyed a ship, and the lives of many innocent persons, whose blood now cries to Heaven against you; and if I am alive to tell that cruel tale, it is no thanks to you; for you did your best to me, and, what is worse, to kill Robert Penfold, this gentleman's son; for he was on board the ship. You are no better than an assassin."

"I am a man that's down," said Wylie, in a low and broken voice, hanging his head. "Don't hit me any more. I didn't mean to take anybody's life: I took my chance with the lady, as I'm a man. I have lain in my bed many's the night crying like a child, with thinking you were dead. And now I am glad you are alive to be revenged on me. Well, you it is your turn now; you have lost me my sweetheart though she'll never speak to me again, after this. Ah, the poor wretch gets all the blame! You don't ask who tempted me; and, was to tell you, you'd hate me worse than ever; so I'll be if I'm a sinner, I'm a sufferer. England's too hot to hold I've only to go to sea, and get drowned the quickest way. And with this he vented a deep sigh, and slouched out of the room.

Nancy sank into a seat, and threw her apron over her head and rooked and sobbed as if her heart would break.

As for Helen Rolleston, she still stood in the middle of the room, burning with excitement.

Then poor old Michael came to her, and said, almost in a whisper,—

"It is a bad business; he is her sweetheart, and she had the highest opinion of him."

This softened Helen in a great measure. She turned and looked at Nancy, and said,—

"O dear, what a miserable thing! But I couldn't know that."

After a while, she drew a chair, and sat down by Nancy and said,—

"I won't punish him, Nancy."

Nancy burst out sobbing afresh.

"You have punished him," said she, brusquely, "and me as never did you no harm. You have driven him out of our country, you have."

At this piece of feminine justice Helen's anger revived. "Then," said she, "ships are to be destroyed and ladies and gentlemen murdered, and nobody is to complain or say an unkind word, if the wretch happens to be paying his addresses to you. That makes up for all the crimes in the world. What! Can honest woman like you lose all sense of right and wrong for a man? And such a man!"

"Why, he is as well-made fellow as ever I saw," sobbed Nancy.

"O, is he?" said Helen, ironically,—her views of manly beauty were different, and black eyes a "sine qua non" with her. "Then it is a pity his soul is not made to correspond. I hope by my next visit you will have learned to despise him if you ought. Why, if I loved a man ever so, I'd tear him out of my heart if he committed a crime; ay, though I tore my skin out of my body to do it."

"No you wouldn't," said Nancy, recovering some of her natural pugnacity; for we are all tarred with the same stick, gentle or simple."

"But I assure you I would," cried Helen; "and so would you."

"Well, miss, you begin," cried Nancy, suddenly firing through her tears. "If the Prosperine was scuttled, which I say your word for it, Miss Helen, and I never knew you to tell a lie, why, your sweetheart is more to blame for it than mine."

Helen rose with dignity.

"You are in grief," said she. "I leave you to consider whether you have done well to affront me in your own house."

and she was moving to the door with great dignity, when they ran and stopped her.

"O, don't leave me so, Miss Helen," she cried; "don't you quarrel with me for speaking the truth too plain and rude, is a plain spoken body at the best; and in such grief myself, scarce know what I do say. But indeed and in truth, you can't go and put it abroad that the ship was scuttled; if you do you won't hurt Joe Wylie; he'll get a ship and fly the colors. Who you'll hurt will be your own husband as is to be, Wardlaw."

"Shall I, Mr. Penfold?" asked Helen, disdainfully.

"Well, madam, certainly it might create some unworthy suspicion."

"Suspicion?" cried Nancy. "Don't you think to throw dust in my eyes. What had poor Joe to gain by destroying that ship? you know very well he was bribed to do it; and risk his life. And who bribed him? Who should bribe him, but the man as owned the ship?"

"Miss Rouse," said Mr. Penfold, "I sympathize with your grief, and make great allowance; but I will not sit here and hear my worthy employers blackened with such terrible insinuations. The great house of Wardlaw bribes a sailor to scuttle his own ship, with Miss Rolleston and one hundred and sixty thousand pounds' worth of gold on board? Monstrous! monstrous!"

"Then what did Joe Wylie mean?" replied Nancy. "Says 'the poor man gets all the blame. If I was to tell you who bribed me,' says he, 'you'd hate me worse.' Then, I say, why should she hate him worse? Because it's her sweetheart who's bribed mine. I stand to that."

"This inference, thus worded, struck Helen as so droll that she turned her head aside to giggle a little. But old Penfold smiled loftily,—

"Who cares what a Wylie says against a great old mercantile house of London City?"

"Very well, Mr. Penfolds," said Nancy, with one great final dash, and dried her eyes with her apron; and she did it with such an air, they both saw she was not going to shed another tear about the matter. "Very well; you are both against me; but I'll say no more. But I know what I know."

"And what do you know?" inquired Helen.

"Time will show," said Nancy, turning suddenly very dogmatic—"time will show."

Nothing more was to be got out of her after that; and Helen, on her return home, made her a civil, though stiff little speech; regretting the pain she had inadvertently caused her, and went away, leaving Mr. Penfold her address.

On her return home, she entered the whole adventure in her diary. She made a separate entry to this effect:

Mysterious.—My letter to Mr. Penfold at the office intercepted.

Wylie hints that he was bribed by Messrs. Wardlaw.

Nancy Rouse suspects that it was Arthur, and says time will show.

As for me, I can neither see why Wylie should scuttle the ship unless he was bribed by somebody, nor what Arthur or his father could gain by destroying that ship. This is all as dark as is that more cruel mystery which alone I care to solve.

CHAPTER LXIII.

Next morning, after a sleepless night, Nancy Rouse said to Mr. Penfold, "Have n't I heard you say as bank-notes could be traced to folk?"

"Certainly, madam," said Michael, "but it is necessary to make the numbers of them."

"Oh! And how do you do that?"

"Why, every note has its own number."

"La? ye don't say so; then them filices are all numbered alike."

"Certainly, and if you wish me to take down the numbers, I will do so."

"Well, sir, some other day you shall. I could not bear the sight of them just yet; for it has been them as has been the ruin of poor Joe Wylie, I do think."

Michael could not follow this; but, the question having been raised, he advised her, on the grounds of common prudence, not to keep them in the house without taking down their numbers.

"We will talk about that in the evening," said Nancy.

Accordingly, at night, Nancy produced the notes, and Michael took down the numbers and descriptions in his pocket-book. They ran from 16,444 to 16,463. And he promised her to try and ascertain through what hands they had passed. He

said he had a friend in the Bank of England, who might perhaps be able to discover to what private bank they had been issued in the first instance, and then those bankers, on a strong representation, might perhaps examine their books, and say to whom they had paid them. He told her the notes were quite new, and evidently had not been separated since their first issue.

Nancy caught a glimpse of his meaning, and set herself doggedly to watch until the person who had passed the notes through the chimney should come for them. "He will miss them," said she, "you mark my words."

Thus Helen, though reduced to a stand-still herself, had set an inquiry on foot which was alive and ramifying.

In the course of a few days she received a visit from Mrs. Undercliff. That lady came in and laid a prayer-book on the table, saying, "I have brought it you back, miss; and I want you to do something for my satisfaction."

"O, certainly," said Helen. "What is it?"

"Well, miss, first examine the book and the writing. Is it all right?"

"Helen examined it, and said it was: "Indeed," said she, "the binding looks fresher, if anything."

"You have a good eye," said Mrs. Undercliff. "Well, what I want you to do is—of course, Mr. Wardlaw is a good deal about you?"

"Yes."

"Does he go to church with you ever?"

"No."

"But he would if you were to ask him."

"I have no doubt he would, but why?"

"Manage matters so that he shall go to church with you, and then put the book down for him to see the writing, all in a moment. Watch his face and tell me."

Helen colored up and said, "No, I can't do that. Why, it would be turning God's temple into a trap! Besides,—"

"The real reason first, if you please," said this horribly shrewd old woman.

"Well, Mr. Arthur Wardlaw is the gentleman I am going to marry."

"Good Heavens!" cried Mrs. Undercliff, taken utterly aback by this most unexpected turn. "Why, you never told me that!"

"No," said Helen, blushing. "I did not think it necessary to go into that. Well, of course, it is not in human nature that Mr. Wardlaw should be zealous in my good work, or put himself forward; but he has never refused to lend me any help that was in his power; and it is repugnant to my nature to suspect him of a harm, and to my feelings to lay a trap for him."

"Quite right," said Mrs. Undercliff, "of course I had no idea that you were going to marry Mr. Wardlaw. I made sure Mr. Penfold was the man."

Helen blushed higher still, but made no reply.

Mrs. Undercliff turned the conversation directly. "My son has given many hours to Mr. Hand's two letters, and he told me to tell you that he is beginning to doubt whether Mr. Hand is a real person with a real handwriting at all."

"O Mrs. Undercliff! Why, he wrote me two letters! However, I will ask Mr. Penfold whether Mr. Hand exists or not. When shall I have the pleasure or seeing you again?"

"Whenever you like, my dear young lady; but not upon this business of Penfold and Wardlaw. I have done with it forever; and my advice to you miss, is not to stir in the mud any more." And with these mysterious words the old lady retired, leaving Helen discouraged at her desertion.

However she noted down the conversation in her diary, and made this comment: People find no pleasure in proving and accusing persons innocent; the charm is to detect guilt. This day a good, kind friend abandons me because I will not turn aside from my charitable mission to suspect another person as wrongfully as he I love has been suspected.

Mem: To see, or make inquiries about, Mr. Hand.

General Rolleston had taken a furnished house in Hanover Square. He now moved into it, and Helen was compelled to busy herself in household arrangements.

She made the house charming; but unfortunately stood in a draught whilst heated, and caught a chill, which a year ago would very likely have gone to her lungs and killed her, but now settled on her limbs in violent neuralgic pains, and confined her to her bed for a fortnight.

She suffered severely, but had the consolation of finding she was tenderly beloved. Arthur sent flowers every day, and affectionate notes twice a day. And her father was constantly by her bedside.

PLANCHETTE.

From the Daily American.

We do not know that being editor of a religious paper has a tendency to make men overwise, but the editors of several such journals have recently displayed an extraordinary amount of wisdom on the subject of Planchette. They acknowledge something remarkable and mysterious in its performances, but undertake to explain them away as the results of conscious or unconscious volition. Among other theories (which might easily be believed by those who have never seen Planchette work,) they announce that the answers given are *latent* in the mind of the operator, and that his eye must be kept on the machine to have it write correctly, while the contrary is known to be the case to every one who has honestly examined the workings of the phenomenon. Most of these editorials, however, possess one merit—they do not thrust the whole matter straightway upon the devil, but are willing to have the subject investigated without denouncing it 'in toto.' Their error lies in trying to explain away an unexplainable matter. Each one of them has a theory of his own, which to any one possessing a well regulated Planchette must appear ridiculous.

It has been our good fortune to witness the performances of one of these wonderful instruments, which, in our opinion, has not been excelled by any of those of whose doings various magazines have recently had reports. Of two facts we are as perfectly satisfied as of our own existence: first, that the answers given were, in every case, not the productions of the persons operating the Planchette, that they were not the authors of the replies, and acted merely as the mediums of some unknown power in transcribing them; and second, that the instrument worked equally as well when the operators were blindfolded; both of which facts show the fallacy of the theories advanced by the "Advance."

We approached the little mystery as most persons have done, with perfect faith that it was an unmitigated humbug, and were only convinced to the contrary after "confirmations strong as proofs of Holy Writ." In relating a few of our experiences we shall not give one-tenth of its remarkable sayings and doings, for time would not permit; and, moreover, an abler pen than ours has taken notes of the same and will shortly make them public, so we shall tell nothing which would occasion duplicates of the same phenomena. The writer, after hearing repeatedly of the curious performances of the instrument, devoted several half hours at different times to watching it, but it repeatedly refused to work while he was present. Of course this only confirmed him in his skepticism, and one day on going into the room where two ladies had their hands on the board, he said: "Now, Planchette, if you will answer a mental question for me, I will believe in your wonderful powers," and immediately inquired, *mentally*, "How many pages are in the letter I have just written?" Planchette immediately wrote in a plain hand, "six," which was correct. Now the peculiarities of this reply were, the question was mental, and had it been aloud no one but the questioner knew the truth, and he was not near the board. Surprised, but not satisfied that this might not have been a fortunate guess, several other questions were proposed, the answers to which could by

no possibility have been known excepting to the writer, and each time Planchette wrote correct replies. It was not until after repeated evidences as convincing as the above, that we were unwillingly forced to admit that Planchette was unmistakably operated by an intelligence, which evidently used the hands of operators to write whatever it willed; an intelligence, moreover, foreign to any one in the room.

In reply to questions as to who was writing, Planchette gave the name of a distinguished author long since dead, and what has been very remarkable in this particular intelligence always appears when the same person's hands are on the board. In fact, partial in this particular is Planchette to the person who questions, that it will move whenever she touches the board, writes readily and plainly, while for others it sometimes refuses to write entirely, sometimes writes poorly and slowly, as if under protest. For its favor it always writes rapidly and with the greatest accuracy, stopping to dot every *i* and cross every *t*. In its replies, however, it makes no pretensions to unerring accuracy, frequently asserting its ignorance of the correct answer, and warning against placing implicit confidence in its predictions, because, as it says, "If we always told the truth you would place implicit faith in us, and you must only believe in the true Word."

In reply to a query whether its action was akin to Spiritualism, it replied: "Something akin, but not the world understands the term," and then branched off upon a disquisition on electricity and magnetism.

One day, Planchette moved uneasily about the paper and would not write for some time, and then slowly spelled out the word MABEL—the name of our pet, a sweet, little, four year-old niece, with blue eyes and golden hair. Mabel was seated near the table, and placed her little hand on the board. Some one said, "Planchette, you ought to write something for Mabel," whereupon it started off rapidly and wrote without hesitating an instant:

"Little girl, with golden hair,
Will you come my home to share?
Little girl, with bright blue eyes,
Will you come beyond the skies?"

all of which Mabel declined to do.

One night, the lady whom we have called its favorite, was operating it for the amusement of some friends, when, in reply to a request for some poetry, it wrote:

"The day has fled with its gaudy clouds,
In purple and gold and crimson flock,
And the still, gray midnight is ushered in
By the striking of twelve o'clock.

Twelve silvery links is the tie that binds
Our Past with the coming To Be
And mystical blessings come oftentimes
In that hour to you and me"

Now the lady in question has never written a line of poetry in her life and probably never will; but with her hands alone on the board, sometimes blindfolded, and sometimes while she has been engaged in conversation with others, paying no attention to the table, Planchette has written more than a dozen little poems, some of them possessing considerable merit, and most of them possessing certain features of the style of the authoress already referred to, whose name Planchette always gives; and who, during her life, wrote some poetry much inferior to her present Planchettisms.

Concluded in our next.

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VOL. 2

POETRY.

MY ANGEL-DRESS.

BY LUCY LARCUM.

Heavenly Father, I would wear
Angel-garments, white and fair;
Angel-vesture undefiled
Wilt thou give unto thy child.

Not a robe of many hues.
Such as earthly fathers choose;
Discord weaves the gaudy vest:
Not in such let me be drest.

Take the raiment soiled away
That I wear with shame to day:
Give my angel robe to me
White with heavenly purity.

Take away my cloak of pride,
And the worthless rags 'twould hide;
Clothe me in my angel-dress,
Beautiful with holiness.

Perfume every fold with love,
Hinting heaven where'er I move;
As an Indian vessel's sails
Whisper of her costly bales.

Let me wear thy white robes here,
E'en on earth, my Father dear,
Holding fast Thy hand, and so
Through the world unspotted go.

Let me now my white robes wear,
Then I need no more prepare:
All apparelled for my home
Whensoe'er Thou callest "Come!"

Thus apparelled, I shall be
As a signet set for Thee,
That the wretched and the weak
May the same fair garments seek.

"Buy of Me," I hear Thee say:
I have naught wherewith to pay.
But I give myself to Thee,
Clothed, adopted I shall be.

HAROLD,

THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

OFFERED UP.

It is the nature of that happiness which we derive from our affections to be calm; its immense influence upon our outward life is not known till it is troubled or withdrawn. By placing his heart at peace, man leaves vent for his energies and passions, and permits their current to flow toward the aims and objects which interest labor or arouse ambition. Thus absorbed in the occupations without, he is lulled into a certain forgetfulness of that internal repose which gives health and vigor to faculties he employs abroad. But once mar this scarce felt, almost invisible harmony, and the discord extends to the remotest chords of our active being. Say to the busiest man whom thou seest in mart, camp, or senate, who seems to thee all intent upon his worldly schemes, "Thy home is reft from thee—thy household goods are shattered—that sweet, noiseless mechanism of the springs which set the large wheels of thy soul into movement is thine nevermore!"—and straightway all exertion seems robbed of its object—all aim of its alluring charm. "Othello's occupation is gone!" With a start; that man will awake from the sunlit visions of noon-tide ambition, and exclaim in his desolate anguish, "What are all the rewards of my labor, now thou hast robbed me of my repose? How little are all the gains wrung from strife in a world of rivals and foes, compared to the smile whose sweetness I knew not till it was lost; and the sense of security from mortal ill which I took from the trust and sympathy of love?"

Thus it was with Harold in that bitter and terrible crisis of his fate. This rare and spiritual love, which had existed on hope, which had never known fruition, had become the subtlest, the most exquisite part of his being; this love, to the full and holy possession of which, every step of his career seemed to advance him, was it now to be evermore reft from his heart, his existence, at the very moment when he deemed himself most secure of its rewards—when he most needed its consolation? Hitherto in that love he had lived in the future—he had silenced the voice of the turbulent human passion by the whisper of the pa-

tient angel, "A little while yet, and thy bride sits beside thy throne!" Now what was that future! how joyless, how desolate! The splendör vanished from ambition—the glow from the face of fame—the sense of duty remained alone to counteract the pleadings of affection; but duty no longer dressed in all the gorgeous colorings it took before from glory and power—duty stern, and harsh, and terrible, as the iron frown of a Grecian Destiny.

And thus, front to front with that duty, he sat alone one evening, while his lips murmured, "Oh fatal voyage! Oh lying truth in the hell-born prophecy! this, then, was the wife my league with the Normans was to win to my arms!" In the streets below were heard the tramp of busy feet hurrying homeward, and the confused uproar of joyous wassail from the various resorts of entertainment crowded by careless revelers. And the tread of steps mounted the stairs without his door, and there paused, and there was the murmur of two voices without; one the clear voice of Gurth, one softer and more troubled. The earl lifted his head from his bosom, and his heart beat quick at the faint and scarce heard sound of the last voice. The door opened gently, gently; a form entered, and halted on the shadow of the threshold; the door closed again by a hand from without. The earl rose to his feet, tremulously, and the next moment Edith was at his knees; her hood thrown back, her face upturned to his, bright with unfaded beauty, serene with the grandeur of self-martyrdom.

"O Harold!" she exclaimed, "dost thou remember that in the old time I said, 'Edith had loved thee less, if thou hadst not loved England more than Edith?' Recall, recall those words. And deemest thou now that I, who have gazed for years into thy clear soul, and learned there to sun my woman's heart in the light of all glories native to noblest man—deemest thou, O Harold, that I am weaker now than then, when I scarce knew what England and glory were?"

"Edith, Edith, what wouldst thou say? What knowest thou? Who hath told thee? What led thee hither, to take part against thyself?"

"It matters not who told me; I know all. What led me? Mine own soul, and mine own love!" Springing to her feet, and clasping his hand in both hers, while she looked into his face she resumed; "I do not say to thee, 'Grieve not to part;' for I know too well thy faith, thy tenderness—thy heart, so grand and so soft. But I do say, 'Soar above thy grief, and be more than man for the sake of men.' Yes, Harold, for this last time I behold thee. I clasp thy hand, I lean on thy heart, I hear its beating, and I shall go hence without a tear."

"It can not, it shall not be!" exclaimed Harold, passionately. "Thou deceivest thyself in the divine passion of the hour: when the fever slakes, it will leave thee to the exhaustion of a lonely heart—the despair of a crushed and broken fate. We were betrothed together by ties strong as those of the Church—over the grave of the dead, under the vault of heaven, in the form of ancestral faith! The bond can not be broken. If England demands me, let England take me with the ties it were unholy, even for her sake, to rend!"

"Alas, alas!" faltered Edith, while the flush on her cheek sank into mournful paleness. "It is not as

thou sayest. So has thy love sheltered me from the world—so utter was my youth's ignorance or my heart's oblivion of the stern laws of man, that when it pleased thee that we should love each other, I could not believe that that love was sin; and that it was sin hitherto I will not think; *now* it hath become one."

"No, no!" cried Harold; all the eloquence on which thousands had hung, thrilled and spell-bound, deserting him in that hour of need, and leaving to him only broken exclamations—fragments, in each of which his heart itself seemed shivered; "no, no—not sin! sin only to forsake thee. Hush! hush! This is a dream—wait till we wake! True heart! noble soul! I will not part from thee!"

"But I from thee! And rather than thou shouldst be lost for my sake—the sake of woman—to honor and conscience, and all for which thy sublime life sprang from the hands of Nature, if the cloister may not open to my soul, may the grave receive my form! Harold, to the last let me be worthy thee; and feel, at least, that if not thy wife—that bright, that blessed fate not mine! still, remembering Edith, just men may say, 'She would not have dishonored the hearth of Harold!'"

"Dost thou know," said the earl, striving to speak calmly, "dost thou know that it is not only to resign thee that they demand—that it is to resign thee, and for another?"

"I know it," said Edith; and two burning tears, despite her strong and preternatural self-exaltation, swelled from the dark fringe, and rolled slowly down the colorless cheek, as she added, with proud voice, "I know it: but that other is not Aldyth, it is England! In her, in Aldyth, behold the dear cause of thy native land; with her enweave the love which thy native land should command. So thinking, thou art reconciled, and I consoled. It is not for woman that thou desertest Edith."

"Hear, and take from those lips the strength and the valor that belong to the name of Hero!" said a deep and clear voice behind; and Gurth—who, whether distrusting the result of an interview so prolonged, or tenderly desirous to terminate its pain, had entered unobserved—approached, and wound his arm carelessly round his brother. "Oh, Harold!" he said, "dear to me as the drops in my heart is my young bride, newly wedded; but if for one tithe of the claims that now call thee to the torture and trial—yea, if but for one hour of good service to freedom and law—I would consent without a groan to behold her no more. And if men asked me how could I so conquer man's affections, I would point to thee, and say, 'So Harold taught my youth by his lessons, and my manhood by his life.' Before thee, visible, stand Happiness and Love, but with them, Shame; before thee, invisible, stands Woe, but with Woe are England and eternal Glory! Choose between them."

"He hath chosen," said Edith, as Harold turned to the wall, and leaned against it, hiding his face; then, approaching softly, she knelt, lifted to her lips the hem of his robe, and kissed it with devout passion.

Harold turned suddenly, and opened his arms. Edith resisted not that mute appeal; she rose, and fell on his breast, sobbing.

Wild and speechless was that last embrace. The

moon, which had witnessed their union by the heathen grave, now rose above the tower of the Christian church, and looked wan and cold upon their parting.

Solemn and clear poured the orb—a cloud passed over the disk—and Edith was gone. The cloud rolled away, and again the moon shone forth; and where had knelt the fair form, and looked the last look of Edith, stood the motionless image, and gazed the solemn eye, of the dark son of Sweyn. But Harold leaned on the breast of Gurth, and saw not who had supplanted the soft and loving Fylgia of his life—saw naught in the universe but the blank of desolation!

THE LAST DAYS OF KING THEODORE.

THE STORMING OF MAGDALA ON EASTER MONDAY.

About half past two o'clock the steel guns of the A-21 battery opened fire on the fortress, so directing their shells as to render the vicinity of the gate too hot for its defenders. Then the rockets were made to play among the houses, from which a desultory fire was being maintained, or made to disperse the crowds of fugitives who were taking refuge behind the rocks on the left, and might have proved troublesome on the flank. A more deafening fire, or a more deadly, it would be impossible to conceive, and Theodore's last lesson in this world was what the din of battle and the reality of utter defeat and despair meant. Now the rush was made up the steep and rugged pathway that led to the gateway, which, being strongly barricaded, at first refused to give way. All round was a thick edge of horizontal pointed stakes, through which bullets occasionally came whizzing, though without doing much harm. A sheep track to the right was discovered, up which a party of the Engineers and some of the 33d scrambled, in single file, and here they ultimately succeeded in surmounting the stakes by means of a scaling ladder. Then the gate was assailed on both sides, while others crowded up the narrow path and drove back the Abyssinians inside. The gateway was found to be composed of two doors, ten feet apart, the space between being securely built up with large stones. Inside the gate another loopholed battlement of about fifty feet high presenting its defiant front, and this can only be ascended by a rocky staircase, so narrow that only one man can run up at a time. It, too, is defended by a gate where Theodore made his stand, and near which, finding that all was over, he placed the muzzle of a pistol in his mouth, and shot himself, falling dead on the spot. Then all opposition ceased. Those who had fought when their king was alive, now threw away their arms, and tried to look as much like peaceful citizens as they could; the soldiery crowded up, with the loss of nine or ten, wounded, amid redoubled cheers from the women and tears of joy from the captives, who hobbled around as fast as their fetters would allow them, and kissed the hands and the feet of their liberators. Close by the King's house knelt a gallant sergeant of the 33d Regiment, with a file in his hand, and around him crowded a dozen captives, whose chains he was busily sawing asunder. Manifestations of joy and gratitude prevailed on all sides; not even in the palace itself did Theodore's death seem to be regretted.

Theodore, it has been ascertained, shot himself

dead, with a revolver which, many years ago, Queen Victoria sent him as a present for his kindness to the late Consul Plowden and Mr. Bell, two Englishmen who had succeeded in gaining the place of first favorites at his Court.

THE QUEEN OF ABYSSINIA—THEODORE'S WIDOW.

Her Majesty, who died of consumption in the British camp, was a lady-like woman of about six-and-twenty, with very fair complexion, full eyes, fine aquiline nose, and beautiful hands. What most attracted attention, however, was her magnificent hair, arranged in neat plaits, and instead of being tied in a knot at the nape of the neck, as is the custom of the country, falling in a cascade of glossy ringlets over her shoulders. Her dress was the simple white cotton dress of the country, gathered in a fold at the waist by a band. Theodore's left handed, but favorite Queen, is altogether a different sort of woman—stout, dark, and voluptuous-looking, reminding one very much of a fat Indian ayah. In the palace was a miscellaneous collection of "European" articles, and tokens of a civilization which showed itself nowhere else—pianos, harmoniums, musical boxes, cartridges for breech-loading rifles, and, as the catalogues says, a "variety of other articles too numerous to mention."

POST MORTEM APPEARANCE OF THE TYRANT.

The *Times* correspondent says:—"His face seemed to me rather a disappointing one, after all that has been said about it; but then it was impossible to judge properly after death, especially as the eye was said to be, from its fire and expression, the most remarkable feature. There was a look of bloated, sensual indulgence about the cheeks by no means heroic or kingly; but the forehead was intellectual, and the mouth singularly determined and cruel. A very strange smile still lingered about the lips, as if, even in the death-throe, his last thought had been one of triumph at having baulked his conquerors by dying a king." He was buried in the church in Magdala, the funeral being attended by a military escort of one or two staff officers. The fortress was afterwards destroyed by fire.

Theodore's son and heir, by the lady above described, a boy of about seven or eight years of age, has been taken charge of by Sir Robert Napier, who intended to have him educated under Dr. Wilson, of Bombay; but since then it has been resolved that he shall be brought up in England. And thus has ended one of the most difficult military undertakings in which any nation ever engaged, with hardly the loss of a single life in battle or in storming the fortress on the part of the British, though the monarch who fought against us was the most powerful and ferocious of all the African potentates, and though the stronghold which we assailed and captured is naturally the most impregnable in the world. Surely, no honors which this nation can bestow are too great for the magnificent commander and the valiant army who have brought this perilous undertaking to such a glorious conclusion!

ERRATUM.—In the Biographical sketch of Madame Scheller, first line, second paragraph, read In September, 1858, instead of 1848.

REPRESENTATIVE MEN OF UTAH

Character-sketches and Biography.

BY E. W. TULLIDGE.

"If I might give a hint to an impartial writer, it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolved to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiased truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth; let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearlessly, and this is the course I take myself."—*Dr. Fox.*

JOSEPH A. YOUNG.

Here is the type of the intellectual man. Review him as God created him, and as Phrenology and Physiognomy explain him in his signs of character. Look at him in his physical make up, and observe the organic signs and quality of his face and head. He is five feet ten and a half, and has just that symmetrical form and constitutional fineness seen in the artistic class, the aristocracy, and creatures of good blood generally. Instance the race horse and the hunter, as well as the intellectual man. There is more in the old aristocratic conceit of good blood, than the plebeian would have us credit. Indeed in the animal creation, below man, everybody recognizes the philosophy of good blood, which manifests itself in fineness, blended with a certain constitutional strength, and the physiognomist takes account of the same in man. Joseph A. Young, even at first sight, physically impresses you with the fact that he belongs to the finely organized class. There is pride, spirit, and independence and a certain consciousness of birth indicated. You would know that he drove fast horses, and with a seeming reckless dash, but it comes of a chivalric spirit. Indeed it was just such a gallant spirited race, as "Joseph A." which in olden times created the chivalry of Europe. His great father belongs not to that specialty, though Brigham has a deal of spirit and resistless will; but the best historical example of President Young is William Cecil, the most famous of England's Prime Ministers, who ruled the martial lions of the reign of "Good Queen Bess." Joseph A., eldest son of Brigham Young, born to rank in that age, would have been one of those gallant knights.

I have conceived this fancy with a special design and an appreciation of the man in my own mind. It is to bring him back to the grateful remembrance of the public, in the most touching episode of his life. We all remember him, or should remember him in that disastrous scene of the Handcart Emigration, when the elements combined to make calamitous a well arranged but perhaps badly executed scheme. In that day Joseph A. proved himself worthy to be his father's son. Just returned from his mission to England, scarcely at home and the fond welcome of his family and the embrace of his wife received, when the news of the disastrous emigration burst upon the city, harrowed the hearts of the people, and kindled in the soul of Joseph A. Young a heroic ardour to fly to the rescue. In that day, Joseph was a young hero, with all the generous impulses of the knights of old, who donned their armor and flew to succor the distressed. I need not detail the circumstances of those times, and the joy of the poor emigrants from Europe,

whose strength was worn out by the journey, and their route buried in the snow, when Joseph A. gallantly dashed into the advanced camp for the rescue and encouraged by his bold spirit their stricken hearts; but it can be truly said that to such men as Joseph A. Young, William Kimball and Ephraim Hanks, inspired by the fatherly care of Brigham and Heber, we owe the rescue of that Handcart emigration.

And there is in the mind of Joseph to-day a touching remembrance of that scene, and a simple gratefulness that Providence assigned to him the part he played, which has much pleased and affected the author of these sketches. Indeed it is this, and not the fact of his being the President's eldest son which has led me to give him No. 2 of my character sketches, in place of my friend T. B. H. Stenhouse, who has requested me not to parade his name before the public as one of the representative men of Utah. I have therefore suspended the name of one of my best loved friends, until after I shall have given a few such men as George A. Smith, General Wells and George Q. Cannon. But to return to the subject of my sketch No. 2.

It is scarcely three weeks ago when, in the privacy of the *Daily Telegraph*, in his residence on the hill, my friend, the editor, Joseph A. Young and myself, were in deep conversation upon topics for literary work. The Utah expedition, polygamy, and kindred subjects were under review, and Joseph A. by our special request, "talked up" the points with profundity of thought and eloquence of expression which much delighted me. Among the rest came the duties of an earnest and a true man's life, and the reminiscence of the Handcart days.

"It is the faithful performance of a man's duties of life," said Joseph A. Young, "that brings to me the most satisfaction. I take, it is true, a passing pleasure in the ball-room and in the circle of my acquaintances, but it is when I am alone with my own reflections, reviewing what I have done well in life of my duties as a man, that gives me satisfaction. The remembrance of the performance of my part in helping in the Handcart emigration, I value more than all the pleasures of society, or the brilliant advantages of position."

Such sentiments always leave a deep impression upon me, but the enthusiasm with which Joseph A. uttered these genuine sentiments of his heart, I cannot reproduce on paper. The heart and manly intellect spoke; for they alone could have impressed the mind of one whose subtle instincts are ever ready to seize traits of character, and trace the genuine expressions of men's thoughts and feelings. I confess from that time I have looked upon Joseph A. Young with much higher views, and a better appreciation than before, and believe that God created him to be a noble-minded, noble-acting man. If any flaws have come in his performance of the duties of life—as I realize, and painfully realize so many have come to mine,—still God made him to be a good and noble man. On the occasion of our conversation, I took my physiognomical and phrenological observations of him, and will take up again a scientific reading of the signs of his character, which I am interspersing with the incidents and examples of his life.

There is a classical form in the front head and

countenance of Joseph A. Young. The face is elongated, and shows Nature's fine chiseling. The eye is deep. It is not fathomless as the deep mystic black eye, nor like it passionate, changeful and consuming; nor is it the cold grey eye, so often found in statesmen and successful business men; but the courageous, frank and fond blue eye, which expresses warm affections and sentiments, but does not flash out volcanic passions. The nose is denominated the "Defensive Nose," is a blending of the Grecian and Roman, and as a specialty would be classified by Fowler and Wells as a genuine American nose. It does not indicate that aggressiveness and love of rule belonging to the Roman, nor the desire to crush everything beneath the heel which stands in the way, as does that prominent facial member which so strongly marks the countenance of that race of iron. The American nose, of which Joseph A.'s is a very fine specimen, indicates the love of liberty and a respect for human rights, rather than the disposition to crush either out of the world or out of the nation, — or better still, because applied to home, — not the disposition to crush the American genius out of Utah. He would indeed rather stand up for the people, and aim to show up worth and a "manly man," than strike him down. If this is not true of him, then he has perverted the manifestations of the character scientifically assigned to the American type. Being a blending of the Roman and Grecian, it also indicates the love of processiveness, or in the special phrase go-aheadativeness, combined with the love of refinement and intellectual pursuits. He should be both a reader and a patron of letters, a lover and a patron of art. He should also be the people's man, rather than the man of a codfish aristocracy. Indeed he would rather be a rival and an antagonist to the one, while he would defend and protect the other, and fly to their rescue as he did to the Handcart emigrants. If this is not the case always, as it was then, it must be because he has parted from the promptings and ordinations of his nature, or else because not continued opportunities have come along to keep him before the public as the people's helper and the people's favorite.

The mouth is generous. The lips are not thin nor compressed, but somewhat plump and red. There is a certain reckless benevolence, as well as a bold outspokenness in their expression, which shows once that he has both the heart and the daring to tell the truth. His not being the firm, closed, secretive man, which conceals and speaks only after much consideration and unalterable resolve, which is the case with his father — Joseph is therefore liable — to those around him, among his family, friends and workmen — to speak too quick and too severe; for as well as possessing the spirit of the nose, he has also the mental and excitable temperament, and from the unclosed mouth his fiery words will pour: he has therefore the mouth of burning eloquence as well of defence and offence. Not being too cautious nor too secretive, and very combative and high spirited, as indicated in both his head and face, he is liable to do and say things of which he afterwards repents, and would apologize for, but for his proud spirit and a certain haughtiness of his native character and birth. He is however much hurt when he realizes that he has betrayed himself into unkind words or actions, especially when the

matter concerns those under him, or those whom it is or he thinks it is in his power to hurt. This would apply very extensively to his workmen and very little to arrogant and "managing" men, whom he must by the ordinations of his very nature be antagonistic to, and to whom he never would and never could succumb. Convinced of being in the wrong, he would make the *amende honorable*, but nothing farther; to the working man in his employ, he would make it up with a certain lavish benevolence. He is not cruel, but the reverse; for "Destructiveness" is not large in his head, while his organs of antagonism are. "Combattivitàness," "Self Esteem," and "Firmness," being in good and powerful moods combined with his capacity and impulsive temperament, he has a great deal of "push" in life. His intellect is driven on, his idealities driven on, his instincts for the civilizing agencies of life driven on, and if ever he is *used* or *managed* it has always been in such matters as *music* or *literature*. But he is a natural patron, a natural power, and an active agent in such matters, and it is quite reasonable to expect and to find Joseph's influence and hand therein. And here I am brought to another reminiscence of Joseph, illustrative both of his literary instincts and his natural impulses to take into consideration any one in whom he saw the germinations of talent.

I had been a month or so laboring as an assistant editor of the *Millennial Star*. It was the period of my *debut* upon my stage — the press. Joseph A. Young was boarding for a few days at the "Conference House," where Thomas Williams and myself were regular boarders. One morning at the office in the "President's room," I read and revised with Frankling D. Richards an article in four chapters, entitled "Theocracy, or God's solution of the Social Problem." Joseph was there. He was struck by the article, as were also James Ferguson and others afterwards. When he returned to his Conference, on the receipt of the Conference President's advanced *Star*, sent before the general day of publication, on the Sunday morning, he read my article to the congregation instead of preaching his own sermon. He had preached up me, not himself; glorified my name and not his own. The circumstance of men *not* bringing out themselves and glorifying themselves, but rather preaching another's sermon in preference to their own, is so uncommon that I deem this case quite a unique point in my sketch of the character and life of Joseph A. Young. Had I met such in my life towards me, even in the exceptions and not the rule, I should not have dared in my feelings to speak of men and things as I find them. I thank God that I have not been proclaimed and asserted thus by many Joseph A. Youngs, for it has given me spirit and resolution to assert myself.

Joseph A. was ever a great lover of the best literature, and I well remember in those days with what enthusiasm and critical delight he expatiated upon Junius' Letters, the most classical of compositions, and the appreciation or analysis of which required a very classical taste and intellect. He *did* review them, and nicely pointed out to me the points of those matchless and cutting political epistles. Joseph, while in England on his first mission, collected a very select and extensive library. I saw the list of his choice before the purchases were made, and noticed

that his selection of books appeared to be first-class, including Junius' Letters, "Locke on the Understanding," Shakspeare, *Histories*, etc. And what Joseph reads or experiences he remembers. His was about the first worthy to be called a family library in Utah. Looking for virtues, I found him spoken of with great affection by men in his service, and lauded for his profuse benevolence. He seems to be much of an idol to those who profess to know him best by practical experience. That is surely *not* a bad sign of the character of Joseph A. Young.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE,

SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1869.

AN INVITATION TO ALL.

It is our wish to constitute the Magazine the representative of home talent; and, to this end, we solicit contributions from our friends throughout the Territory; and from all interested in the cause of education. We shall be happy to receive correspondence on any Educational, Scientific, or Literary questions, and lay the same before the public for their consideration. Short popular Lectures, simplifying any science, will also be gladly received; as will any brief communications in prose or poetry.

Let our Literary and Debating Societies also forward to us reports of Lectures or of any interesting points brought out at their meetings. They will be useful to similar societies in other parts of the Territory, and be interesting to the public.

We shall keep a corner for any humorous communications or racy correspondence of any kind. There are many of such, who could help to enrich our Home Magazine; and amuse the public. Let them send on their happiest conceits.

If any of our readers differ with us in their estimate of any views we may advocate, we shall be happy—provided their communications are not too long—to present their ideas before our readers, and having all such questions thoroughly ventilated.

In short, let all desirous of aiding us, send on their best thoughts. Let none be fearful of criticism, or delay sending until they can write perfectly. Practice will improve the untried and perfect the accomplished. We invite communications from all. Send on, we shall be glad to hear from you.

DANCING PARTIES, AND THE LADIES.

It took the advent of 1868, with its leap-year balls, to fully open our editorial eyes to the lamentable mismanagement of the masculine gender, in the conducting of our dance-parties. The superior enjoyment and interest felt by the ladies in the leap year parties on the one side, and the dolorous and unhappy condition of certain masculine "wall-flowers" on the other, first suggested to our minds that there was

something wrong somewhere. Being of the sex masculine, we naturally revolted from the idea that it could be with the men; but vengeance, as everybody knows, never will sleep, and ghostly visions of dance-parties we have attended in the past pursued us. We saw visions of rows of melancholy-looking ladies adorning one side of certain "gay and festive scenes," and rows of similarly lonely gentlemen, but less melancholy, adorning the other. We saw ladies of the class youthful, invited to dance ceaselessly without intermission, while ladies of the class elderly, were sitting with their hands before them, gazing hopelessly, and wondering when their turn would come—and save the introductory dance with their partner, thus sitting gazing and hoping from half-past seven p.m. until those poetical, but eternally quoted, "we sma' hours ayont the twal," arrived. As this vision opened to our understanding, we "smit our brow," called ourselves a villain for being a man; ordered sackcloth and ashes—but didn't wear it.

We make the above confession on behalf of ourselves and some of our brethren, fully assured that the latter will not be very likely to make it for themselves. And now seriously, what is the matter?—The matter is that we men haven't the sense of peacocks, if we have their vanity. We take ladies to dance-parties, and with a full knowledge that there is nothing under heaven so tasteless to a lady as the society of ladies—except when there is nothing better to be had—we stalk off in little men-ish groups, flap our coat-tails, look wise, cough and hem, and try to get up some flabby kind of talk,—while the ladies, who were specially created by nature to help us out of just such difficulties, are consigned to the same embarrassments with their own sex. And this is not all, we take such a disproportionate number of ladies to every party that Euclid himself could not contrive a plan by which they could all dance sufficiently to make the party interesting to them all. How often may we see ladies who have sat for hours without a solitary dance, follow with their eyes some special friend, wondering whether the multiplicity of his engagements will permit him to think of them. It is a sin—that is, it is nearly half a sin, and pretty well a whole shame, and it was leap-year parties which brought us to a sense of our true condition.

And now we say to Bishops—no not Bishops, for we mustn't talk to them—but to our managing men, make us do better. Lay a gentle hand—about the weight of an iron crow-bar—on these solitary groupings of men and women, and this stringing of ladies along the wall. Break up our unsociable habits; make us mix with and talk to the ladies—you'll have no trouble whatever in making the ladies talk to us—they are dying to do that all the time. See to it that we don't bring more ladies to a party than can be properly entertained, attended to, and go home rejoicing in you, and the UTAH MAGAZINE.

Fellow sinners—"in a Pickwickian sense"—accept these suggestions. You will have our blessing in carrying them into execution; and if you want to perfect yourselves in grace—get a law passed at this sitting of the legislature fining every man who uses that abominable phrase "*Extra Ladies*." Let there be additional ladies—if you please when their comfort will permit—but "*Extra*" ones never.

NOT FORGOTTEN.

I do not forget the brave and earnest men who built up the great British mission, and made all Europe palpitate with their godly zeal. Prouder am I of the men known to the world as Mormon Elders, than of the historic names of my native land, or the patriotic and heroic names of America, the land of my option and destiny. Prouder than even to be one of these historic names, am I to be and to have been twenty years one of those Mormon Elders. This no affectation, no special pleading for my orthodoxy, which I have but little, nor a sign of a disposition "tickle" my brave compeers—the host of Mormon Elders—that they might be satisfied with me, for I could much prefer to provoke men to stumble over me, to my own hurt and perchance their own, than to do out my fidelity through what Emerson calls a "mush of concession."

I am proud of my brethren, the Mormon Elders. They have been a host of heroes. Said James Marsden to me the night before I left London to emigrate to Zion: "I never saw such a brotherhood before, I never expect to see such a brotherhood again!" I had called to see brother Marsden after his exit from the Church, feeling for the sake of 'Auld Lang Syne' a desire to visit that brilliant champion of Mormonism in my native land, previous to severing my destiny from that native land forever.

"How do you do, sir?" said Elder Marsden, with sensitive suspicion, when his wife called him to answer to my desire to see him. "How do you do, brother Marsden," I replied cordially, holding out my hand. For a moment he eyed me searchingly, and then his hand came with all his heart, and with it the affection, thought aloud: "Yes, I know *you* do not treat as apostates the men who conscientiously change their views from those of your Church." He then told me how often he had been sought for by leading ministers to oppose the Church he had helped to build up in Great Britain, how he constantly refused, how he had tried to establish a new faith in his mind, and how his yearning towards the old people kept him from all new ties. His past had unmade him. He was no longer the Mormon Elder in name, but he was still his being the Mormon Elder still, and when he was not that he was not James Marsden even to himself. I was greatly affected by the mournful pathos manifested by the man, even when trying to convince me that the Book of Mormon was not of divine origin. He had been the great champion of that Book in England. "Brother Marsden," I said, "I have called to see you before my departure from my native land, for the sake of old friendship and old affections of our common brotherhood as Mormon Elders. You know me well. You cannot change me to the difference of feather's weight; I cannot change you. And do you not also know that you can even now turn round and meet on the public platform the best talent of the English clergy, in defending the Book of Mormon and our religion?" The Mormon Elder was alive in him, or I had touched his heart. With the same pride that I threw my name to the States in my articles in the *Galaxy*, under the style of "A Mormon Elder," so did James Marsden erect his head proudly as of yore, and exclaim: "I would match the greatest champions of your Church, even now, in defending the old cause!"

And soon upon this followed, uttered in an indescribable tone of blended tenderness and despair: "I never saw such a brotherhood before. I never expect to see such a brotherhood again!" Brethren of the old *corps* of Mormon Elders—of whom that man was thus proud, yet left in his intellectual advance of us, as he thought—shall we ever forget James Marsden and the work that he performed in building up our Church and maintaining our cause in the British mission? Or shall we forget any of our self-sacrificing, heroic band of Mormon Elders, who have done their work well in the old countries or in this, or any who have shown of old examples of devotion and tried worth? Shall we forget those at home, in our Zion, any more than I forget James Marsden, who came not home with us Mormon Elders, but took himself so far out of our hearts and out of our destiny?

Brothers of the old days and the old campaigns of Europe, we have forgotten *ourselves* since we have been home, and it is time that we should remember ourselves. We have forgotten one another, forgotten to love one another like we did of yore, when we traveled together preaching the Gospel without purse or scrip, sleeping together in the same bed, arms around each other, like brothers of the flesh sleeping in peace and confidence after our evening prayers. In our eager pursuits in life since we have been home, and in a certain seeming necessity for success in business, that we should each attend to our own affairs and forget every body else, we have really forgotten nearly every man who has been a "somebody" in past days in the great Mormon work, and in that part of our life we have even forgotten ourselves. Why there are men who have been pastors and presidents of missions, and men who have spent twenty years in the ministry in Europe, performing wonderful deeds, writing in their devoted lives immortal chapters of themselves, yet who have now forgotten what they have been and what they have done. They have wrought wonderful things in Europe, showed too God examples of devotion to His cause, combined with a grand self-sacrificing heroism of which there is no parallel in the history of religious movements. God has not forgotten! and those immortal chapters of their lives, written by them in their missions, are copied and preserved in the Recording Angel's book in the spheres above. I will help them to remember themselves and what they have done, and help others to remember it too, in my encyclopedia of the Representative Men of Utah. For that end it was designed. None shall be forgotten by me, not even those in a fallen state, if they are still true to our people, to the work of God, and in their lives aim to bring about "peace on earth and good will among men."

EDWARD.

REPRESENTATIVE WOMEN OF UTAH.—I design to intersperse my character sketches and biographies with the Representative Women of Utah. Why should not our sisters be represented? Woman is the greatest power in the world, spite of the arrogance of us lords of creation. I believe so much in "Women's Rights," so often sneered at by us men, that I would even give the women their political rights in the affairs of the nation.

FOUL PLAY.

BY CHARLES READE AND DION BOUCAULT.

CHAPTER LXIII.

(CONTINUED)

At last she came down to the drawing-room, but lay on the sofa, well wrapped up, and received only her most intimate friends. The neuralgia had now settled in her right arm and hand, so that she could not write a letter; and she said to herself with a sigh, "O, how unfit a girl is to do anything great! We always fall ill just when health and strength are most needed."

Nevertheless, during this period of illness and inaction, circumstances occurred that gave her joy.

Old Wardlaw had long been exerting himself in influential channels to obtain what he called justice for his friend Rolleston and had received some very encouraging promises; for the General's services were indisputable; and, while he was stirring the matter, Helen was unconsciously co-operating by her beauty, and the noise her adventure made in society. At last a gentleman, whose wife was about the queen, promised old Wardlaw one day, that, if a fair opportunity should occur, that lady should tell Helen's adventure, and how the gallant old General, when everybody else despaired, had gone out to the Pacific, and found his daughter, and brought her home. This lady was a courtier for ten years' standing; and waited her opportunity; but when it did come, she took it, and she soon found that no great tact or skill was necessary on such an occasion as this. She was listened to with great sympathy, and the very next day some inquiries were made, the result of which was that the Horse Guards offered Lieutenant General Rolleston the command of a crack regiment and a full generalship. At the same time, it was intimated to him from another official quarter, that a baronetcy was at his service, if he felt disposed to accept it. The tears came into the stout old warrior's eyes at this sudden sunshine of royal favor, and Helen kissed old Wardlaw of her own accord; and the star of the Wardlaws rose into the ascendant, and for a time Robert Penfold seemed to be quite forgotten.

The very day General Rolleston became Sir Edward, a man and a woman called at the Charing Cross Hotel, and asked for Miss Helen Rolleston.

The answer was, she had left the hotel about ten days.

"Where is she gone, if you please?"

"We don't know."

"Why, hasn't she left her new address?"

"No. The footman came for letters several times."

No information was to be got here, and Mr. Penfold and Nancy Rouse went home greatly disappointed, and puzzled what to do.

At first sight, it might appear easy for Mr. Penfold to learn the new address of Miss Rolleston. He had only to ask Arthur Wardlaw. But, to tell the truth, during the last fortnight Nancy Rouse had impressed her views steadily and persistently on his mind, and he had also made a discovery that co-operated with her influence and arguments, to undermine his confidence in his employer. What that discovery was, we must leave him to relate.

Look, then, at matters with a less unsuspicious eye than heretofore, he could not help observing that Arthur Wardlaw never put into the office letter-box a single letter for his sweetheart. He must write to her, thought Michael; but I am not to know her address. Suppose, after all, he did intercept that letter.

And now, like other simple, credulous men whose confidence has been shaken, he was literally brimful of suspicions, some of them reasonable, some of them rather absurd.

He had too little art to conceal his change of mind; and so, very soon after his vain attempt to see Helen Rolleston at the inn, he was bundled off to Scotland on business of the office.

Nancy missed him sorely. She felt quite alone in the world. She managed to get through the day—work helped her; but at night she sat disconsolate and bewildered, and she was now beginning to doubt her own theory. For certainly, if all that money had been Joe Wylie's, he would hardly have left the country without it.

Now, the second evening after Michael's departure, she was seated in his room, brooding, when suddenly she heard a peculiar knocking next door.

She listened a little while, and then stole softly down stairs to her own little room.

Her suspicions were correct. It was the same sort of knocking that had preceded the phenomenon of the hand and the notes. She peeped into the kitchen and whispered, "Jenny, Polly—come here."

A stout washerwoman and the mite of a servant came wondering.

"Now you stand there," said Nancy, "and do as I bid you. Hold your tongues, now. I know all about it."

The myrmidons stood silent, but with panting bosoms; the mysterious knocking now concluded and a brick in the chimney began to move.

It came out, and immediately a hand with a ring on it came through the aperture, and felt about.

The mite stood firm, but the big washerwoman gave signs of agitation that promised to end in a scream.

Nancy put her hand roughly before the woman's mouth. "Hold your tongue, ye great soft—" And, without finishing her sentence, she darted to the chimney and seized the brick with both her own and pulled it with such violence that her wrist followed it through the masonry, and a roar was heard.

"Hold on to my waist, Polly," she cried. "Jenny, take the poker and that string, and tie his hand to it while we hold quick! quick! Are ye asleep?"

Thus adjured, the mite got the poker against the wall, and tried to tie the wrist to it.

This, however, was not easy, the hand struggled so desperately.

However, pulling is a matter of weight, rather than muscle, and the weight of the two women pulling downwards overpowered the violent struggles of the man; and the mite contrived to tie the poker to the wrist, and repeat the ligation a dozen times in a figure of eight.

Then the owner of the hand, who had hitherto shown violent strength, taken at a disadvantage, now showed intelligence. Convinced that skill as well as force were against him, he ceased to struggle, and became quiet.

The women contemplated their feat with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes.

When they had feasted a reasonable time on the imprisoned hand, and two of them, true to their sex, had scrutinized green stone upon one of the fingers, to see whether it was real or false, Nancy took them by the shoulders, and bundled them good-humoredly out of the room.

She then lowered the gas and came out, and locked the room up, and put the key in her pocket.

"I'll have my supper with you," said she. "Come, Jenny, I'm cook; and you make the kitchen as a body could eat off for I expect visitors."

"La, ma'am," said the mite; "he can't get out of the chimney to visit his through the street door."

"No, girl," said Nancy. "But he can send a half-bossade so. Show her heyes and plague her art, as the play says, for all the dirty kitchens give me hers. I never was there but once, and my slipper come off for the muck, a sticking to a body like bird-lime."

There was a knock at Nancy's street door; the little servant, full of curiosity, was for running to it on the instant. But Nancy checked her.

"Take your time," said she. "It is only a lodging-house keeper."

CHAPTER LXIV.

Sir Edward Rolleston could not but feel his obligations to the Wardlaws, and, when his daughter got better, he spoke warmly on the subject, and asked her to consider seriously whether she had not tried Arthur's affection sufficiently.

"He does not complain to you, I know," said he; but he feels it very hard that you should punish him for an act of injustice that has already so deeply afflicted him. He says he believes some fool or villain heard him say that two thousand pounds was to be borrowed between them, and went and imposed on Robert Penfold's credulity, meaning, perhaps, to call again after the note had been cashed, and get Arthur's share of the money."

"But why did he not come forward?"

"He declares he did not know when the trial was till a month after: his father bears him out; says he was actually delirious, and his life in danger—I myself can testify that he was cut down just in this way, when he heard the Proserpine was lost, and you on board her. Why not give him credit for the same genuine distress at young Penfold's misfortune? Come, Helen, it is fair to afflict and punish this gentleman for the misfortune of another, whom he never speaks of but with affection."

I pity? He says that if you would marry him at once, he thinks he should feel strong enough to throw himself into the sea with you, and would spare neither money nor labor to reach Robert Penfold; but, as it is, he says he feels so wretched, and so tortured with jealousy, that he can't co-operate armily with you, though his conscience reproaches him every day. Poor young man! His is really a very hard case. For you promised him your hand before you ever saw Robert Penfold."

"I did," said Helen; "but I did not say when. Let me have one year to my good work, before I devote my whole life to Arthur."

"Well, it will be a year wasted. Why postpone your marriage for that?"

"I promised."

"Yes, but he chose to fancy young Wardlaw is his enemy. You might relax that, now he tells you he will co-operate with you as your husband. Now, Helen, tell the truth,—is it a woman's work? Have you found it so? Will not Arthur do it better than you?"

Helen, weakened already by days of suffering, began to cry, and say, "What shall I do? what shall I do?"

"If you have any doubt, my dear," said Sir Edward, "then think of what I owe to these Wardlaws."

And, with that he kissed her, and left her in tears; and, soon after, sent Arthur himself up to plead his own cause.

It was a fine summer afternoon; the long French casements looking on the garden of the Square, were open, and the balmy air came in and wooed the beautiful girl's cheek, and just stirred her hair at times.

Arthur Wardlaw came softly in, and gazed at her as she lay; her loveliness filled his heart and soul; he came and knelt by her sofa, and took her hand, and kissed it, and his own eyes glistened with tenderness.

He had one thing in his favor. He loved her.

Her knowledge of this had more than once befriended him, and made her refuse to suspect him of any great ill; it befriended him now. She turned a look of angelic pity on him.

"Poor Arthur!" she said. "You and I are both unhappy."

"But we shall be happy, ere long, I hope," said Arthur.

Helen shook her head.

Then he patted her, and coaxed her, and said he would be her servant, as well as a husband, and no wish of her heart should go ungratified.

"None?" said she, fixing her eyes upon him.

"Not one," said he; "upon my honor."

Then he was so soft and persuasive, and alluded so delicately to her plighted faith, that she felt like a poor bird caught in a silken net.

"Sir Edward is very good," said he; "he feels for me."

At that moment, a note was sent up.

"Mr. Wardlaw is here, and has asked me when the marriage is to be. I can't tell him; I look like a fool."

Helen sighed deeply, and had begun to gather those tears that weaken a woman. She glanced despairingly to and fro: and saw no escape. Then, Heaven knows why or wherefore—probably with no clear design at all but a woman's weak desire to cause a momentary diversion, to put off the inevitable for five minutes,—she said to Arthur: "Please give me that prayer-book. Thank you. It is right you should know this." And she put Cooper's deposition, and Welch's, into his hands.

He devoured them, and started up in great indignation. "It is an abominable slander," said he. "We have lost ten thousand pounds by the wreck of that ship, and Wyllo's life was saved by a miracle as well as your own. It is a foul slander. I hurl it from me." And he made his word good by hurling the prayer-book out of the window.

Helen uttered a scream. "My mother's prayer-book," she cried.

"Oh! I beg pardon," said he.

"As well you may," said she. "Run and send George after it."

"No, I'll go myself," said he. "Pray forgive me: you don't know what a terrible slander they have desecrated your prayer-book with."

He ran out, and was a long time gone. He came back at last, looking terrified.

"I can't find it," said he; "somebody has carried it off. O, how unfortunate I am!"

"Not find it," said Helen. "But it must be found."

"Of course it must be found," said Arthur. "A pretty scandal to go into the hands of Heaven knows who. I shall offer twenty guineas reward for it at once. I'll go down to the Times this moment. Was ever anything so unlucky?"

"Yes, go at once," said Helen; "and I'll send the servants into the Square. I don't want to say anything unkind, Arthur, but you ought not to have thrown my prayer-book into the public street."

"I know I ought not. I am ashamed of it myself."

"Well, let me see the advertisement."

"You shall. I have no doubt we shall recover it."

Next morning the Times contained an advertisement offering twenty guineas for a prayer-book lost in Hanover Square, and valuable not in itself, but as a relic of a deceased parent.

In the afternoon, Arthur called to know if anybody had brought the prayer-book back.

Helen shook her head sadly, and said "No."

He seemed very sorry, and so penitent, that Helen said:

"Do not despair. And if it is gone, why, I must remember you have forgiven me something, and I must forgive you."

The footman came in.

"If you please, miss, here is a woman wishes to speak to you; says she has brought a prayer-book."

"O, show her up at once," cried Helen.

Arthur turned away his head to hide a cynical smile. He had good reasons for thinking it was not the one he had hung out of the window yesterday.

A tall woman came in, wearing a thick veil, that concealed her features.

She entered on her business at once.

"You lost a prayer-book in this Square, yesterday, madam."

"Yes."

"You offer twenty guineas reward for it."

"Yes."

"Please to look at this one."

Helen examined it, and said with joy it was hers.

Arthur was thunderstruck. He could not believe his senses.

"Let me look at it," said he.

His eyes went at once to the writing. He turned as pale as death, and stood petrified.

The woman took the prayer-book out of his unresisting hand, and said:

"You'll excuse me, sir; but it is a large reward, and gentlemen sometimes go from their word when the article is found."

Helen, who was delighted at getting back her book, and rather tickled at Arthur having to pay twenty guineas for losing it, burst out laughing, and said:

"Give her the reward, Arthur; I am not going to pay for your misdeeds."

"With all my heart," said Arthur, struggling for composure. He sat down to draw a check.

"What name shall I put?"

"Hum! Edith Heskett."

"Two t's?"

"No, only one."

"There."

"Thank you, sir."

She put the check into her purse, and brought the prayer-book to Helen.

"Look it up at once," said she, in a voice so low that Arthur heard her murmur, but not the words; and she retired, leaving Helen staring with amazement, and Arthur in a cold perspiration.

CHAPTER LXV.

When the Springbok weighed anchor and left the island, a solitary form was seen on telegraph hill.

When she passed eastward, out of sight of that point, a solitary figure was seen on the cliffs.

When her course brought the island dead astern of her, a solitary figure stood on the east bluff of the island, and was the last object seen from the boat as she left those waters for ever.

What words can tell the sickening sorrow and utter desolation that possessed that yearning bosom.

When the boat that had carried Helen away was out of sight, he came back with uneven steps to the cave, and looked at all the familiar objects with stony eyes, and scarce recognized them, for the sunshine of her presence was there no more. He wandered to and fro in a heavy stupor, broken every now and then by sharp pangs of agony that almost made him scream. And so the poor, bereaved creature wandered about all day. He could not eat, he could not sleep, his misery was more than he could bear. One day of desolation succeeded another. And what men say so hastily, was true for once. "His life was a burden." He dragged it about with him he scarce knew how.

He began to hate all the things he had loved while she was there. The beautiful cave, all glorious with pearl, that he had made for her, he could not enter it, the sight killed him and she not there.

He left Paradise Bay altogether at last, and anchored his boat in a nook of Seal Bay; and there he slept in general; but sometimes he would lie down, wherever he happened to be, and sleep as long as he could.

To him to wake was a calamity. And, when he did wake, it was always with a dire sense of reviving misery, and a deep sigh at the dark day he knew awaited him.

His flesh wasted on his bones, and his clothes hung loosely about him. The sorrow of the mind reduced him almost to that miserable condition, in which he had landed on the island.

The dog and the seal were faithful to him; used to lie beside him, and often whimpered; their minds, accustomed to communicate without the aid of speech, found out. Heaven knows how, that he was in grief or in sickness.

These two creatures, perhaps, saved his life, or his reason. They came between his bereaved heart and utter solitude.

Thus passed a month of wretchedness unspeakable.

Then his grief took a less sullen form.

He came back to Paradise Bay, and at sight of it he burst into a passion of weeping.

These were his first tears, and inaugurated a grief more tender than, but less akin to madness and despair.

Now he used to go about and cry her name aloud, passionately, by night and day.

"Oh, Helen! Helen!"

And next his mind changed in one respect, and he clung to every reminiscence of her. Every morning he went round her haunts, and kissed every place where he had seen her put her hand.

Only the cave he could not face.

He tried, too. He went to the mouth of it again and again, and looked in; but go in it and face it, empty of her, he could not.

He prayed often.

One night he saw her in a dream.

She bent a look of angelic pity on him, and said but these words, "Live in my cave," then vanished.

Alone on an island in the vast Pacific, who can escape superstition?fills the air: He took this communication as a command, and the next night he slept in the cave.

But he entered it in the dark and left it before dawn.

By degrees, however, he plucked up courage and faced it in daylight. But it was a sad trial; he came out crying bitterly after a few minutes.

Still he persevered, because her image had bade him, and at last one evening he even lighted the lamp, and sat there looking at the glorious walls and roof his hapless love had made.

Getting stronger by degrees, he searched about and found little relics of her, a glove, a needle, a great hat she had made out of large leaves. All these he wept over and cherished.

But one day he found at the very back of the cave a relic that made him start as if a viper had stung his loving heart. It was a letter.

He knew it in a moment. It had already caused him many a pang; but now it almost drove him mad. Arthur Wardlaw's letter.

He recoiled from it and let it lie. He went out of the cave, and cursed his hard fate. But he came back. It was one of those horrible things a man abhors, yet cannot keep away from. He took it up, and dashed it down with rage many times; but it all ended in his lighting the lamp at night, and torturing himself with every word of that loving letter.

And she was going home to the writer of that letter, and he was left prisoner on the island. He cursed his generous folly, and writhed in agony at the thought. He raged with jealousy so that his very grief was blunted for a time.

He felt as if he must go mad.

Then he prayed—prayed fervently. And at last, worn out with such fierce and contending emotions, he fell into a deep sleep, and did not wake till the sun was high in heaven.

He woke; and the first thing he saw was the fatal letter lying at his feet in a narrow stream of sunshine that came peering in.

He eyed it with horror. This then was to haunt him by night and day.

He eyed it and eyed it. Then turned his face from it. But could not help eyeing it again.

And at last certain words in this letter seemed to him to bear an affinity to another piece of writing that had also caused him

a great woe. Memory, by its subtle links, connected the enemies of his together. He eyed it still more keenly; that impression became strengthened. He took the letter, looked at it close, and held it at arm's length, and devoutly and the effect of this keen examination was very remarkable. It seemed to restore the man to energy and to something like hope. His eyes sparkled, and a triumphant ah! burst from his bosom.

He became once more a man of action. He rose, and he walked rapidly to and fro upon the sands, working him up to a daring enterprise. He took his saw into the island and cut down a tree of a kind common enough there. It was wonderfully soft, and almost as light as cork. The work on this tree was literally useless for any other purpose than to which Penfold destined it. He cut a great many blocks of this wood, and drilled holes in them, and, having hundreds of yards of good line, attached these quasi corks to the gun, so as to make a life-boat. This work took him several days, during which time an event occurred that encouraged him.

One morning he saw about a million birds very busy in the bay, and it proved to be a spermaceti whale come ashore.

He went out to her directly with all his tools, for he was now his enterprise, and the seal oil was exhausted.

When he got near the whale in his boat, he observed a harpoon sticking in the animal's back. He cut steps with his knife in the slippery carcass, and got up to it as well as he could, extracted it by cutting and pulling, and threw it down in the boat, but not till he had taken the precaution to stick a piece of blubber on the barbed point. He then sawed back under difficulties, being buffeted and bothered by thousands of birds, so eager for slices, that it was as much as he could do to avoid the making of minced fowl; but true to his gentle creed, he contrived to get three hundred weight of blubber without downright killing any of these greedy petitioners, though he buffeted some of them, and nearly knocked out what little sense they had. He came ashore with his harpoon and harpoon, and, when he came to examine the latter, found that the name of the owner was cut deeply in the wood. Josh. Fullalove, J. Fernandez. This inscription had a great effect on Robert Penfold's mind. It seemed to bring the name of Juan Fernandez, and humanity in general, nearer to him.

He boiled down the blubber, and put a barrel of oil on board his life-boat. He had a ship's lantern to burn it in, and also pitched her bottom as far as he could get at it, and visioned her for a long voyage; taking care to lash the whale's back and beef back to the fore thwart and foremast, in case of rough weather.

When he had done all this, it occurred to him suddenly that should he ever escape the winds and waves, and get to England, he would then have to encounter difficulties and dangers of another class, and lose the battle by poverty.

"I play my last stake now," said he, "and will throw the dice away."

He reflected, with great bitterness, on the misery that money had already brought on him, and he vowed to make himself English rich, or go to the bottom of the Pacific.

This may seem a strange vow for a man to make on a remote island; but Robert Penfold had a powerful understanding, sharpened by adversity, and his judgment told him that he possessed wealth on this island, both directly and indirectly. In the first place knowledge is sometimes wealth, and the knowledge of this island was a thing he could sell to the American merchants on the coast of Chili; and with this view, he put on board his boat specimens of the various other woods, fruit, spices, pitch, guano, pink and red coral, pearl oysters, shells, cochineal, quartz, cotton, etc.

Then he took his chisel and struck all the larger pearls from the shells that lined Helen's cave. The walls and roof yielded nine enormous pearls, thirty large ones, and a great many of the usual size.

He made a pocket inside his waistcoat to hold the pearls safe.

Then he took his spade and dug into the Spanish ship's treasure. But this was terrible work. The sand returned to him the spade and trebled his labor.

The condition, to which time and long submersion had reduced this ship and cargo, was truly remarkable. Nothing had been seen of the deck but a thin brown streak that mingled with the sand in patches; of the timbers nothing but the upper part, and of these the larger half eaten and dissolved.

He dug five days and found nothing solid.

On the sixth, being now at the bottom of the ship, he struck his spade against something hard and heavy.

On inspection it looked like ore, but of what metal he could tell; it was as black as a coal. He threw this on one side. I found nothing more; but the next day he turned up some other fragments, which he took home and cleaned with fine oil.

They came out bright in place like silver. One piece was definitely a conglomeration of several silver coins, and the other was a silver coin encrusted with some marine growth or coral.

This discovery threw light on the other. The piece of black, weighing about seven pounds, was in reality silver coin a century of submersion had reduced to the very appearance it wore before it ever went into the furnace.

He dug with fresh energy on this discovery but found nothing more in the ship that day.

Then it occurred to him to carry off a few hundred weight pink coral.

He got some fine specimens; and, while he was at that work, fell in with a piece that looked very solid at the root and naturally heavy. On a nearer examination this proved to be a foreign substance encrusted with coral. It had twined and twisted and curled over the thing in a most unheard of way. Robert took it home, and by rubbing here and there with lime juice, at last satisfied himself that this object was a ver box about the size of an octavo volume.

It had no key hole: had evidently been soldered up for water security, and Robert was left to conjecture how it had come there. He connected it at once with the ship, and felt sure that some attempt had been made to save it. There it lay by the side of the vessel all these years, but falling far of the sand had been embraced by the growing coral, and was now a curiosity, if not a treasure.

He would not break the coral, but put it on board his life-boat just as it was.

And now he dug no more. He thought he could sell the treasure as well as the island, by sample, and he was impatient to be gone.

He reproached himself, a little unjustly, for allowing a man to undertake the task of clearing him.

"To what annoyances, and perhaps affronts, have I exposed you," said he. "No, it is a man's business to defend, not to be defended."

To conclude. At high tide one fine afternoon he went on board with Ponto, and, hoisting his foresail only, crossed the bay, ranging along the island till he reached the bluff. He stood under this, and by means of his compass and previous observations, set the boat's head exactly on the line the ducks were to take. Then he set his mainsail too, and stretched boldly out across the great Pacific Ocean.

Time seems to wear out everything, even bad luck. It ran long against Robert Penfold for years; but, when it had run out its worst hour, and parted him and Helen Rolleston relaxed, and a tide of good luck set in, which, unfortunately, the broken-hearted man could not appreciate at the time, however, so it was. He wanted oil, and a whale came ashore. He wanted treasure, and the sea gave him a little back of all it had swallowed: and now he wanted fine weather; and the ocean for days and nights was like peach-colored glass, dimpled with ripples; and soft westerly airs fanned him along by day and day.

To be sure he was on the true Pacific Ocean, at a period when it was entirely free from storms. Still even for that latitude he had wonderful weather for six days, and on the seventh he fell in with a schooner, the skipper and crew of which looked over the bulwarks with wonder and cordiality, and casting out a rope astern took him in tow.

The skipper had been eyeing him in amazement for some hours through his telescope; but he was a man that had seen a great many strange things, and it was also a point of honor with him never to allow that he was astonished, or taken by surprise, or greatly moved.

"Wal, stranger," said he, "what craft is that?"

"The Helen."

"Where d'ye hail from? not that I'm curious."

"From an unknown island."

"Do tell. What another! Is it any ways nigh?"

"Not within seven hundred miles."

"Je-rusalem! Have you sailed all that way in a cockle shell?"

"Yes."

"Why, what are ye? the Wandering Jew afloat, or the ancient mariner? or only a kinder nautilus?"

"I'm a landsman."

"A landsman! then so is Neptune. What is your name, when you are ashore?"

"Robert Penfold. The Reverend Robert Penfold."

"The Reverend! Je-rusalem!"

"May I ask what is your name, sir?"

"Wal, I reckon you may, stranger. I'm Joshua Fullalove of the United States, at present located on the island of Juan Fernandez."

"Joshua Fullalove! That is lucky. I've got something that belongs to you."

He looked about and found the harpoon, and handed it up in a mighty straightforward simple way.

Joshua stared at him incredulously at first; but afterwards with amazement. He handled the harpoon, and inquired where Robert had fallen with it. Robert told him.

"You're an honest man," said Fullalove, "you air. Come aboard." He was then pleased to congratulate himself on his having drifted across an honest man in the middle of the ocean. "I've heard," said he, "of an old chap as groped about all his life with a lantern and couldn't find one. Let's liquor."

He had some celestial mixture or other made, including rum, mint, and snow from the Andes. And then began his interrogatories again, disclaiming curiosity at set intervals.

"Whither bound, honest man?"

"The coast of Chili."

"What for?"

"Trade."

"D'ye buy or sell? Not that it's my business."

"I wish to sell."

"What's the merchandise?"

"Knowledge: the treasure."

Fullalove scratched his head. "Hain't ye got a few conundrums to swap for gold dust as well?"

Robert smiled faintly: the first time this six weeks.

"I have to sell the knowledge of an island, with rich products; and I have to sell the contents of a Spanish treasure ship, that I found buried in the sand of that island."

The Yankee's eyes glistened.

"Wal," said he, "I do business in islands myself. I've leased this Juan Fernandez. But one of them is enough at a time. I'm monarch of all I survey; but then what I survey is a mixallaneous bilin' of Irish and Otaheitan, that its pison to be monarch of. And now the darned Irish has taken to converting the heathens to superstition and the worship of images, and breaks their heads if they won't; and the heathens are all smiles and sweetness and immorality. No, islands is no bait to me."

"I never asked you," said Robert. "What I do ask you is to land me at Valparaiso. There I will find a purchaser, and will pay you handsomely for your kindness."

"That is fair," said Fullalove drily, "what will you pay me?"

"I will show you," said Robert. He took out of his pocket the smaller conglomeration of Spanish coin, and put it into Fullalove's hand. "That," said he, "is silver coin I dug out of the galleon."

Fullalove inspected it keenly, and trembled slightly. Robert then went lightly over the taffrail and slid down the low rope into his boat. He held up the black mass we have described.

"This is solid silver. I will give it you, and my best thanks, to land me at Valparaiso."

"Heave it aboard," said the Yankee.

Robert steadied himself, and hove it on board. The Yankee caught it, heavy as it was, and subjected it to some chemical test directly.

"Wal," said he, "that is a bargain. I'll land ye at Valparaiso for this. Jack, lay her head S.S.E. and by E."

Having given this order, he leaned over the taffrail and asked for more samples. Robert showed him the fruit, woods, and shells, and the pink coral; and bade him observe that the boat was ballasted with pearl oysters. He threw him up one, and a bunch of pink coral. He then shinned up the rope again and the interrogatories recommenced. But this time he was questioned closely as to who he was, and how he came on the island, and the questions were so shrewd and penetrating that his fortitude gave way, and he cried out in anguish, "Man, man! do not torture me so. Oh! do not make me talk of my grief, and my wrongs; they are more than I can bear."

PLANCHETTE.

(From Daily American)
CONCLUDED.

One night, in answer to questions, Planchette gave the personal history of this authoress, with which no one in the room happened to be familiar. The next day, on referring to her biography, written by Mrs. Gaskell, it was found that the particulars, as given, were correct, even so far as dates of years, months, and days.

But our Planchette is not only a philosopher and a poet, piously inclined, but, also, a punster. In numerous instances, it has perpetrated puns which it had to underline before its stupid readers could see through them. One of the younger members of the family having lost a gold pen and case, asked one night where it was. Planchette replied, "Not lost, but gone before." "Gone before what?" some one inquired. "Before— he wanted to have it go," was the facetious reply.

One day last week, Judge—, of the Superior Court of this State, was visiting at the house, and hearing of the instrument, wished it to write for him. It was asked what visitor was in the room. "The man with the wig," it replied, undoubtedly referring to the Judge, for our Planchette is English, where judges wear wigs. It was then asked how a certain bridge case, then before the Court, would be decided, to which it replied, "Ask the man with the wig; he ought to know." The judge asked if he was going to Europe soon, no one in the room knowing his intentions on the subject. Planchette replied, "Yes," then drew a picture of a steamer with the Judge standing on the quarter deck waving his handkerchief, and wrote underneath, "Wiggy, farewell."

The last time we witnessed its operations (Thanksgiving night), a gentleman was present who had just returned from Havana. Being utterly incredulous of its powers, he commenced asking questions, and was confounded at receiving intelligent replies written in excellent Spanish. As he was the only person in the room understanding the language, he became a speedy convert, and before an hour had passed, was as infatuated a believer in Planchette as any of its oldest acquaintances. This same night it wrote in eight different languages. The sentences in English, French, Spanish, German, Latin and Greek were found to be correct. The other sentences professed to be Russian and Dakota, and had every appearance of being genuine. The persons having their hands on while it was writing were versed in but two languages, and were entirely unconscious of what the board was writing.

Although we have not given a tithe of the remarkable doings of this singular discovery, (we regard it more as a discovery than an invention), our story is becoming too lengthy. For the genuineness of the facts given, and many others still more wonderful, we will vouch, and we have no hesitation in asserting that Planchette is no humbug, in the ordinary acceptance of the term.

A writer in *Harper's Magazine* has made a readable story, intended to show that Planchette is only a swindle, operated by some skillful hypocrite. Hundreds of persons know from their own experience that the author of said article is either himself a dupe or a

hypocrite. Planchette can undoubtedly be worked by any person and made to write whatever may be desired, but the motion of the arm is easily detected, and would deceive none but the inexperienced. Even admitting for the sake of argument that such was actually the case, it would still leave unexplained how such a person could write in an unknown language, or give correct information on subjects of which he was perfectly ignorant, or answer mental questions, all of which Planchette does. Moreover, the persons operating the Planchette of which we have spoken were persons above the suspicion of deceit, and were examining the subject not so much for amusement as for scientific investigation of the phenomena.

We have merely given a few facts. As to the causes we have no theory to offer, considering it merely one of those things, which, like electricity, is so, because it is so," and believing with a writer in the *Boston Journal of Chemistry*, that there is "no force or substance in nature, concerning which mankind are wholly in the dark."

LADIES' TABLE.

INSERTION FOR BABY'S GARMENTS IN CROCHET.

MATERIALS.—Penelope Crochet Hook, No. 4½, and Boar's Head Crochet Cotton, Nos. 26 or 30.

Commence by making a chain the length required, and fasten off. 1st Round.—Commence in first stitch, and work 1 treble, then work 2 treble in the 2 next stitches, making in all 3 treble. * 3 chain, miss 3 and 3 treble. Repeat from * to the end, and fasten off. Then work a row on either side of the 1st row, thus:—Through the 3 chain work 1 double, then 5 chain, miss the 3 treble, and repeat to the end, and fasten off. If the insertion should be required wider, a row on either side could be formed by working 7 double through each loop of 5 chain. Although simple, this pattern is very well suited to the purpose given.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

HOT WATER LIGHTER THAN COL.

Pour into a glass tube, about ten inches long, and one inch in diameter, a little water colored with pink or other dye; then fill it up gradually and carefully with colorless water, so as not to mix them; apply heat at the bottom of the tube, and the colored water will ascend and be diffused throughout whole.

The circulation of warm water may be very pleasingly shown, by heating water in a tube similar to the foregoing; the water having diffused in it some particles of any light substance not soluble in water.

RIDDLE.

Just equal are my head and tail,
My middle slender as can be,
Whether I stand on head or heel,
'Tis all the same to you or me.
But if my head should be cut off,
The matter's true, although 'tis strange,
My head and body, severed thus,
Immediately to nothing change.

ANSWERS TO NO. 43, PAGE 195.

RIDDLE.—A Clock.

CONUNDRUMS.—No. 54.—Pat-ten.

No. 55.—Because it is.—Far fetched and full of nonsense

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POETRY.

A LOVE SONG.

O pretty pet with the tangled hair,
Going to muse by the summer sea—
O dimpled darting with cheeks so fair,
Tell me, O dearest, when you get there,
Will you think of me?

O sweetest sweet, when the salt breeze sighs
Midst silken locks ever flowing free,
Whilst gulls glint white against sleepy skies,
Will looks of those loving bright-brown eyes
Ere be turned to me?

A laughing child, when your eyes beam bright,
And pouting lips are parted in glee;
When the shore is glad in still summer night,
With your sweet soft smile, and your laughter bright,
Do you smile on me?

When the moon is up, and sleeps the land
To tender music in minor key;
When bright silver ripples on the strand
Scarcely serve to dimple the golden strand,
Will you dream of me?

Poor little heart! when your cheeks are wet
With tears that sadden one's heart to see,
Your moist lips tremble:—you can't forget
The sun sometimes through the rain shines, pet—
When you weep for me!

HAROLD,

THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

THE THRONE.

It was the eve of the 5th of January—the eve of the day announced to King Edward as that of his deliverance from earth; and whether or not the prediction had wrought its own fulfillment on the fragile frame and susceptible nerves of the king, the last of the line of Cerdic was fast passing into the solemn shades of eternity.

Without the walls of the palace, through the whole city of London, the excitement was indescribable. All the river before the palace was crowded with boats; all the broad space on the Isle of Thorney itself, thronged with anxious groups. But a few days before, the new-built abbey had been solemnly con-

secrated, with the completion of that holy edifice, he had built his tomb.

Within the palace, if possible, still greater was the agitation more dread the suspense. Lobbies, halls, corridors, stairs, ante-rooms, were filled with churchmen and thegns. Nor was it alone for news of the king's state that their brows were so knit, that their breath came and went so short. It is not when a great chief is dying, that men compose their minds to deplore a loss. That comes long after, when the worm is at its work, and comparison between the dead and the living oft rights the one to wrong the other. But while the breath is struggling, and the eye glazing, life, busy in the bystanders, murmurs, "Who shall be the heir?" And, in this instance, never had suspense been so keenly wrought up into hope and terror. For the news of Duke William's designs had now spread far and near; and awful was the doubt, whether the abhorred Norman should receive his sole sanction to so arrogant a claim from the parting assent of Edward. Although, as we have seen, the crown was not absolutely within the bequest of the dying king, but at the will of the Witan, still, in circumstances so unparalleled, the utter failure of all natural heirs, save a boy feeble in mind as body, and half foreign by birth and rearing; the love borne by Edward to the Church; and the sentiments, half of pity half of reverence, with which he was regarded throughout the land; his dying word would go far to influence the council and select the successor. Some whispering to each other, with pale lips, all the dire predictions then current in men's mouths and breasts; some in moody silence; all lifted eager eyes, as, from time to time, a gloomy Benedictine passed in the direction to or from the king's chamber.

In that chamber, traversing the past of eight centuries, enter we with hushed and noiseless feet—a room known to us in many a later scene and legend of England's troubled history, as, "The Painted Chamber," long called "The Confessor's." At the farthest end of that long and lofty space, raised upon a regal platform, and roofed with regal canopy, was the bed of death.

At the foot stood Harold; on one side knelt Edith, the king's lady; at the other Alfred; while Stigand stood near—the holy rood in his hand—and the abbot of the new monastery of Westminster by Stigand's side; and all the greatest thegns, including Morcar and Edwin, Gurth and Leofwine, all the more illustrious prelates and abbots, stood also on the dais.

In the lower end of the hall, the king's physician

was warming a cordial over the brazier, and some of the subordinate officers of the household were standing in the niches of the deep-seat windows; and they—not great enow for emotion save that of human love for their kingly lord—they wept.

The king, who had already undergone the last holy offices of the Church, was lying quite quiet, his eyes half closed, breathing low but regularly. He had been speechless the two preceeding days; on this he had uttered a few words, which showed returning consciousness. His head reclined on the coverlid, was clasped in his wife's arms, who was praying fervently. Something in the touch of her hand, or the sound of her murmur, stirred the king from the growing lethargy, and his eyes opened, fixing on the kneeling lady.

"Ah!" said he faintly, "ever good, ever meek! Think not I did not love thee; hearts will be read yonder; we shall have our guerdon."

The lady looked up through her streaming tears. Edward released his hand, and laid it on her head as in benediction. Then motioning to the abbot of Westminster, he drew from his finger the ring which the palmers had brought to him, and murmured scarcely audibly:

"Be this kept in the House of St. Peter in memory of me."

"He is alive now to us speak—" whispered more than one thegn, one abbot, to Alfred and to Stigand, as the harder and more worldly man of the two, moved up, and bending over the pillow, between Alfred and the king, said—

"O royal son, about to win the crown to which that of earth is but an idiot's wreath of withered leaves, not yet may thy soul forsake us. Whom commendest thou to us as shepherd to thy bereaved flock? whom shall we admonish to tread in those traces thy footsteps leave below?"

The king made a slight gesture of impatience; and the queen, forgetful of all but her womanly sorrow, raised her eye and finger in reproof that the dying was thus disturbed. But the stake was too weighty, the suspense too keen, for that reverent delicacy in those around; and the thegns pressed on each other, and a murmur rose, which murmured the name of Harold.

"Bethink thee, my son," said Alfred, in a tender voice tremulous with emotion, "the young Atheling is too much an infant yet for these anxious times."

Edward signed his head in assent.

"Then," said the Norman bishop of London, who till that moment had stood in the rear, almost forgotten among the crowd of Saxon Prelates, but who himself had been all eyes and ears. "Then," said Bishop William, advancing, "if thine own royal line so fail, who so near to thy love, who so worthy to succeed, as William, thy cousin, the Count of the Normans?"

Dark was the scowl on the brow of every thegn, and a muttered "No, no; never the Norman!" was heard distinctly. Harold's face flushed, and his hand was on the hilt of his ateghar. But no other sign gave he of his interest in the question.

The king lay for some moments silent, but evidently striving to recollect his thoughts. Meanwhile the two arch-prelates bent over him—Stigand eagerly, Alfred fondly.

Then raising himself on one arm, while with the other he pointed to Harold at the foot of the bed, the king said—

"Your hearts, I see, are with Harold the earl: be it, *je l'octroi*."

At these words, he fell back on his pillow; a loud shriek burst from his wife's lips; all crowded round him as he lay as the dead.

At the cry, the indescribable movement of the throng, the physician came quick from the lower part of the hall. He made his way abruptly to the bedside, and said chidingly, "Air, give him air." The throng parted, the leach moistened the king's pale lips with the cordial, but no breath seemed to come for no pulse seemed to beat; and while the two prelates kneeled before the human body and by the blessing of God, the rest descended the dais, and hastened to their part. Harold only remained; but he had passed from the foot to the head of the bed.

The crowd had gained the center of the hall, when a sound that startled them as if it had come from the grave, chained every footstep—the sound of the king's voice, loud, terribly distinct, and full, as with the vigor of youth restored. All turned their eyes, and all palled; all stood spell bound.

There sat the king upright on the bed, his face seen above the kneeling prelates, and his eyes bright and shining down the hall.

"Yea," he said deliberately, "yea, as this shall be a real vision or a false illusion, grant me, Almighty One, the power of speech to tell it."

He paused a moment, and thus resumed:

"It was on the banks of the frozen Seine, this day thirty-and-one winters ago, that two holy monks, whom the gifted prophecy was vouchsafed, told me direful woes that should fall on England; 'For God said they, after thy death, has delivered England into the hand of the enemy, and fiends shall wander over the land.' Then I asked in my sorrow, 'Can naught avert the doom? and may not my people free themselves by repentance, like the Ninevites of old?' And the prophets answered, 'Nay, nor shall the calamity cease, and the curse be completed, till the green tree be sundered in twain, and the part cut be carried away; yet move, of itself, to the ancient trunk, unite to the stem, bud out with the blossoms, and stretch forth its fruit.' So said the monks, and even now, ere I spoke, I saw them again, then standing mute, and with the paleness of dead men, on the side of my bed!"

These words were said so calmly, and as it were so rationally, that their import became doubly awful from the cold precision of the tone. A shudder passed through the assembly, and each man shrank from the king's eye, which seemed to each man dwell on himself. Suddenly that eye altered in its cold beam; suddenly the voice changed its deliberate accent; the gray hairs seemed to bristle erect, the whole face to work with horror; the arms stretched forth, the form writhed on the couch, distorted fragments from the older Testament rushed from the lips—"Sanguelac! Sanguelac!"—the Lake of Blood, shrieked forth the dying king, "the Lord hath bent his bow, the Lord hath bared his sword. He comes down a warrior to war, and his wrath is in the steel and the flame. He boweth the mountains, and comes down, and darkness is under his feet!"

As if revived but for these tremendous denunciations, as the last word left his lips, the frame collapsed, the eyes set, and the king fell a corpse in the arms of Harold.

But one smile of the skeptic or the world-man was seen on the paling lips of those present: that smile was not on the lips of warriors and men of mail. It distorted the sharpened features of Stigand, the world-man and the miser, as, passing down, and amidst the group, he said, 'Tremble ye at the dreams of a sick old man?'

The time of year, customary for the National Assembly; the recent consecration of Westminster, for which Edward had convened all his chief spiritual lords; the anxiety felt for the infirm state of the king, and the interest as to the impending succession—all concurred to permit the instantaneous meeting of a Witan worthy, from rank and numbers, to meet the emergency of the time, and proceed to the most momentous election ever yet known in England. The thegns and prelates met in haste. Harold's marriage with Aldyth, which had taken place but a few weeks before, had united all parties with his own; not a claim counter to the great earl's was advanced; the choice was unanimous. The necessity of determining at such a crisis all suspense throughout the kingdom, and extinguishing the danger of all counter intrigues, forbade to men thus united any delay in solemnizing their decision; and the august obsequies of Edward were followed on the same day by the coronation of Harold.

It was in the body of the mighty Abbey Church, not indeed as we see it now, after successive restorations and remodelings, but simple in its long rows of Saxon arch and massive column, blending the first Teuton with the last Roman masonries, that the crowd of the Saxon freemen assembled to honor the monarch of their choice. First Saxon king since England had been one monarchy, selected not from the single House of Godric—first Saxon king, not led to the throne by the pale shades of fabled ancestors tracing their descent from the Father-God of the Teuton, but by the spirits that never knew a grave—the arch-eternal givers of crowns, and founders of dynasties—Valor and Fame.

Alfred and Stigand, the two great prelates of the realm, had led Harold to the Church, and up the aisle to the altar, followed by the chiefs of the Witan in their long robes; and the clergy with their abbots and bishops sung the anthems—'*Firmetur manus tua*,' and '*Gloria Patri*.'

And now the music ceased; Harold prostrated himself before the altar, and the sacred melody burst forth with the great hymn, '*Te Deum*.'

As it ceased, prelate and thegn raised their chief from the floor, and in imitation of the old custom of Teuton and Northman—when the lords of their armaments was borne on shoulder and shield—Harold mounted a platform, and rose in full view of the crowd.

"Thus," said the arch-prelate, "we choose Harold, son of Godwin, for lord and for king." And the thegns drew row by row, and placed hand on Harold's knee, and cried aloud, "We choose thee, O Harold for lord and for king." And row by row, line by line all the multitude shouted forth, "We choose thee, O

Harold, for Lord and for king." So there he stood with his calm brow, facing all, Monarch of England and Basileus of Britain.

Now unheeded amidst the throng, and leaning against a column in the arches of the aisle, was a woman with her vail round her face; and she lifted the vail for a moment to gaze on that lofty brow, and the tears were streaming fast down her cheek, but her face was not sad.

"Let the vulgar not see, to pity or scorn thee, daughter of kings as great as he who abandons and forsakes thee!" murmured a voice in her ear; and the form of Hilda, needing no support from column or wall, rose erect by the side of Edith. Edith bowed her head and lowered the vail, as the king descended the platform and stood again by the altar, while clear through the hushed assembly rang the words of his triple promise to his people:

"Peace to his Church and the Christian flock.

"Interdict of rapacity and injustice.

"Equity and mercy in his judgments, as God the gracious and just might show mercy to him."

And deep from the hearts of thousands came the low "Amen!"

Then after a short prayer, which each prelate repeated, the crowd saw afar the glitter of the crown held over the head of the king. The voice of the consecrator was heard, low till it came to the words "So potently and royally may he rule, against all visible and invisible foes, that the royal throne of the Angles and Saxons may not desert his scepter."

As the prayer ceased, came the symbolical rite of anointment. Then pealed the sonorous organ, and solemn along the aisles rose the anthem that closed with the chorus, which the voice of the multitude swelled, "May the king live forever." Then the crown that had gleamed in the trembling hand of the prelate, rested firm in its splendor on the front of the king. And the scepter of rule, and the rod of justice, "to soothe the pious and terrify the bad," were placed in the royal hand. And the prayer and the blessings were renewed till the close. "Bless, Lord, the courage of this prince, and prosper the works of his hand. With his horn, as the horn of the rhinoceros, may he blow the waters to the extremities of the earth; and may He who has ascended to the skies be his aid forever!"

Then Hilda stretched forth her hand to lead Edith from the place. But Edith shook her head and murmured—

"But once again, but once!" and with involuntary step moved on.

Suddenly, close where she paused, the crowd parted, and down the narrow lane so formed amidst the wedged and breathless crowd, came the august procession—prelate and thegn swept on from the church to the palace; and alone, with firm and measured step, the diadem on his brow, the scepter in his hand, came the king. Edith checked the rushing impulse at her heart, but she bent forward with vail half drawn aside, and so gazed on that form and form of more than royal majesty, fondly, prayerfully. The king swept on and saw her not; love lived no more for him.

A REMARKABLE METEOR.

The wonderful *bolide* of Warsaw, a few months ago, was something more fantastic than anything the astronomer ever dreamed of. On a starlight night the citizens of that place gazed petrified with fear at the rapid approach of an immense ball of fire, which at last burst over their heads with a noise and shock such as never has been heard or felt before on the face of the earth. After the globe burst, each of the pieces, in turn, broke up, until parts of the mass before reaching the earth, were in powder, the first discharge representing, from the sound, the discharge of artillery, and the smaller pieces, the rolling discharge of many regiments of small arms. M. Daubree, of the French Academy of Science, who has just been lecturing on the subject has obtained for the Academy 932 pieces of the broken *bolide*. M. Krantz, of Bonn, gathered up for himself 1,612 pieces. Other professors have done the same, and millions of pieces yet remain strewn over the district of country where it broke.

It was computed that this globe had a surface of 2,000 acres, and was consequently large enough to maintain the life of many microscopic nations. Where did it come from—and what was the force that directed it thus in a straight line against the earth? When first seen, it appeared as large as the moon, and never appeared larger till it struck our atmosphere, and exploded. This fact shows its frightful rapidity of motion; for, from the distance at which it appeared less than the moon, till the time it exploded, it must have shot so rapidly that the eye had not time to perceive its enlargement. Then, again, what was the cause of the explosion—and especially of an explosion so complete as to almost triturate the particles? Was it the density of the earth's atmosphere that broke it—or was the explosion due to the contact of certain gases of the meteor with the constituents of the air? It is more consoling to adopt the first theory, because we may then feel as if our atmosphere served as a cuirass to the earth, and would continue to protect us from the stray globes like that of Warsaw. The shock, and the spring of the air, must have been something beyond the computation of man; for it did not knock people down, and yet it occurred at something like fifty miles from the earth; and the pieces picked up show it to have been a tolerably hard stone.

NORWEGIAN PEASANT COSTUME.

All visitors to the Hardanger, who love the picturesque, will be pleased at the brilliancy and the variety of the costumes. Every valley, and almost every village, has its distinguishing dress, to which the peasants cling with almost a superstitious tenacity. Our servants frequently express their great surprise that the same dress should in England be worn by the inhabitants of "different valleys," and could hardly believe that the ladies of our party were close relations, and yet could wear dresses of a different cut and fashion. It seems, too, as if there were something half repulsive to their minds in the idea that unmarried girls should wear the same kind of bonnet as a married woman. Among the peasants, the cap is

one of the chief glories of matronhood; and the maiden must bind her hair with the snood, and cover it with a simple kerchief. The linen caps are the most striking articles of the costume. They are spread on frames and boards, twisted into horns, rolled into turbans and adorned with every combination of frills, gophering, and mysteries of fine needlework, according to the antique fashions of the various communities. Some resemble the high caps of the Normandy country folk, which have never changed their shape since the days of Hrolf the Ganger; others brought to our minds the quaintly-curved "faldur," or head-dress which is worn on grand occasions by the ladies of Iceland. At one village near Rosendal, we were received by an old lady in green bodice, with scarlet sleeves, scarlet stockings and bright blue skirt and hanging belt. At another place, a pretty farm-crews was making hay among the laborers in a skirt of white linen, with a bodice of scarlet and belt of apple-green, her face being shaded from the sun by the high starched cap, as large as a parasol. Of course, these fine clothes are not usually worn on work-days by the poorer villagers; but the sight on a Sunday morning was something to be admired. The churchyard was filled with the silk-aproned women in their brightest and best, chatting with hymn-books and handkerchiefs in hand with the men, who looked a little shy, in their miniature coats, silver brooches, and embroidered pantaloons.

AN INVITATION TO ALL.

It is our wish to constitute the Magazine the representative of home talent; and, to this end, we solicit contributions from our friends throughout the Territory; and from all interested in the cause of education. We shall be happy to receive correspondence on any Educational, Scientific, or Literary questions, and lay the same before the public for their consideration. Short popular Lectures, simplifying any science, will also be gladly received; as will any brief communications in prose or poetry.

Let our Literary and Debating Societies also forward to us reports of Lectures or of any interesting points brought out at their meetings. They will be useful to similar societies in other parts of the Territory, and be interesting to the public.

We shall keep a corner for any humorous communications or racy correspondence of any kind. There are many of such, who could help to enrich our Home Magazine; and amuse the public. Let them send on their happiest conceits.

If any of our readers differ with us in their estimate of any views we may advocate, we shall be happy—provided their communications are not too long—to present their ideas before our readers, and have all such questions thoroughly ventilated.

In short, let all desirous of aiding us, send on their best thoughts. Let none be fearful of criticism, or delay sending until they can write perfectly. Practice will improve the untold and perfect the accomplished. We invite communications from all. Send on, we shall be glad to hear from you.

READ IT.

The attention of all our friends is called to the Prospectus of the New Volume of the Magazine, published in the advertising pages of this number. Read the magnificent and attractive offer of Eastern periodicals to be given free to all Clubs. It is worth attention.

REPRESENTATIVE MEN OF UTAH.

Character-sketches and Biography.

BY E. W. TULLIDGE.

"If I might give a hint to an impartial writer, it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolved to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiassed truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth; let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless, and this is the course I take myself."—DE FOE.

DANIEL SPENCER.

Here is a man whose illustrious memory will even disarm envy. It is a Providence for an author to find such a subject for his sketch as Daniel Spencer. I have taken the pertinent hint of De Foe, to writers prophetic of their fate, if they dare to be impartial as a standing note to my "Representative men of Utah." I do not expect, however, that this point of the hint will ever be applicable to me as an author, viz: "If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law." I have no crimes of great men to tell, but this passage is pertinent: "If he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander." But who will slander me for honoring Daniel Spencer! On such a subject I am safe indeed! His grave—not yet reconciled to the common law of mortality, "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes," would agonize afresh, did any slanderer touch the name of Edward Tullidge for epitomizing the constant virtues in the life of that good, that noble, that just man! Deep in the hearts of the Saints—aye, of all who ever knew him—has Daniel Spencer been every moment of his honored and useful life; deep in the hearts of us who still remain, is the memory of the dear departed; everlasting shall he be in our love when a blessed immortality re-unites us all again.

Daniel Spencer belonged to the stock of the "Fine old English gentleman, one of the olden times," so often sung of Englishmen when they were something nobler than a nation of shop-keepers. The Spencers are not only from the best blood of England, high and renowned in history for their noble character and deeds, but they gave to England one of the fathers of poetry, aye, one of the very fathers of the English language. Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakspeare come in the lightning thought flashed upon my page. Even to this very day, the English Spencers are a very pure stock in all its branches, and that of Daniel Spencer is among the best.

The Hon. John C. Spencer, of New York, Secretary of the Treasury of the United States in 1843-4, is connected with the family of Daniel Spencer. His brother Orson was on visiting terms with the Secretary, and during his presidency of the Church in Great Britain, he assisted his distinguished relative in searching the Heraldry Office to trace the family in their connections. It was found that the ex-Treasurer of the United States was an offshoot of the Spencer stock, identified with the Puritan emigration of this country, and this identification of course brought in his distant relatives Orson and Daniel.

Tracing the immediate line of our own Spencers, who have made a distinguished mark in the history of this Church, and among the Representative Men of Utah, we find them in character noted for their love of independence and justice. The father of the subject of this memoir took up arms at the commencement of the Revolutionary War, for the inalienable rights of man and the independence of the American nation. Like Grant, he was resolved to "fight it out on that line all summer," and so the veteran father of Daniel and Orson Spencer held to his arms and fought in the great cause of humanity, which Washington led, until he saw the final surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown. Honor, therefore, be also to him who gave their being to those just and noble men, Daniel and Orson Spencer.

There were of the branch of the family of this veteran of the Revolution, whose name was also Daniel, seven sons besides daughters. The eldest son was Daniel, the subject of this sketch, and Orson and Hyrum were two of his younger brothers, who came into the Church of Latter-day Saints, following their natural leader and elder. Hyrum was a good and true man, well known for his integrity among the Nauvoo Saints. He was in effect a martyr to the cause he had espoused. About the time of the exodus from Nauvoo he and his nephew (Claudius) drove away a herd of cattle from their pursuers, the mob. They rode on and on in their flight until Hyrum fell exhausted, and in the morning he was beyond all mortal pursuit. He was with his God and the two martyrs, Joseph and Hyrum, who had but just gone before. Orson Spencer, the other brother, has a first-class historical name in the Church, and his character and memoir will hereafter appear among the Representative men of Utah.

Daniel, before he reached the age of twenty-one, bought his time out from his father, and made a manly and true American push into the great world to establish his character and social position in life. At that period a new commercial intercourse was opening between New England and the Southern States. The sagacious and enterprising youth, who afterwards so distinguished himself for a quarter of a century as the Chief Justice of the Mormons—as our "Daniel come to judgment,"—even then weighed in the balances of his mind the commercial situations of his country, and started into the Southern States. There he opened the way for five of his brothers, in the State of Georgia and also in North and South Carolina. For himself he established a flourishing mercantile house at Savannah, which he followed for thirteen years. As an example of the extent of his mercantile transactions in the South, his son has informed the writer that the business of his father while at Savannah, some days reached the magnitude of a hundred thousand dollars.

Daniel not only opened the way in the Southern States for five of his brothers, but with them gave to his brother Orson a collegiate training, bearing chiefly the expenses of that classical education for which Orson is so celebrated in our Church as a theologian and a highly accomplished author. It is well known that Orson was lame and his elder brother educated him for the pulpit instead of the counting house, and while his brothers were pursuing the calling of merchants in the South, he was rising to the sphere

of an influential clergyman in the Baptist Church in Massachusetts.

At the close of his commercial career in the South Daniel Spencer returned to his native place West Stockbridge, Mass. He was then about thirty-five years of age, in the very prime of manhood. After his return he married Sophronia, daughter of General Pomeroy. The family of his bride was of the old Puritan stock, high in social rank and respected by all for their moral worth and representative character. Some of the branches of her family are to-day figuring largely in the affairs of the nation, and are in high repute in the best circles of the land. Of this union came Claudius Spencer, and he was their only issue.

On his return to his native place, Daniel established a large mercantile house. He also became the proprietor of a first class hotel, and engaged largely in farming operation. His business was very prosperous and all his commercial relationship at that period most happy. Besides his more personal and extensive business concerns, he also became connected with a mercantile house in partnership with the Messrs. Boyngtons, celebrated marble dealers. So much trusted by the firm was he, that the whole supervision of the concern fell upon his shoulders. Among his townsmen he was universally respected, and he enjoyed the unbounded confidence of the people in all the region around, just as he ever did after he became a member of the Church of Latter Day Saints, by all who knew him, whether followers of his profession or disbelievers in the Mormon mission. At least every one who knew him believed in Daniel Spencer.

We now come to the period when Daniel Spencer became connected with the Mormon Church, of which he has been acknowledged by all—and by none more cordially than by Brigham Young—to be one of the leaders of its representative men. It was in January 1840. Until this date, no Elder of the Mormon Church had preached in his native town. Our esteemed citizen, John Van Cott, however, belonged to the same region, and already his relatives, the Pratts, had been laboring to impress Van Cott with the Mormon faith. But Daniel Spencer, up to this date, had no relationship whatever with the people with whom himself and his brother Orson afterwards became so prominently identified, in all their destiny, establishing for themselves among that people historical names.

At this time Daniel Spencer belonged to no sect of religionists, but sustained in the community the name of a man marked for character and moral worth. It was, however, his custom to give free quarters to preachers of all denominations. The Mormon Elder came. His coming created an epoch in Daniel Spencer's life. Through his influence the Presbyterian meeting house was obtained for the Mormon Elder to preach his Gospel, and the meeting was attended by the elite of the town.

At the close of the service, the Elder asked the assembly if there was any person present who would give him "a night's lodgings and a meal of victuals in the name of Jesus." For several minutes, a dead silence reigned in the congregation. None present seemed desirous to peril their character or taint their respectability by taking home a Mormon Elder. At length, Daniel Spencer, in the old Puritan spirit and the

proud independence so characteristic of the true American gentlemen, rose up, stepped into the aisle and broke the silence: "*I will entertain you, sir, for humanity's sake*," said our noble, departed brother, in answer to the appeal of the Elder to be taken into some benevolent house for Jesus' sake. The phrasing of the offer of a home in response to the appeal—*for humanity's sake*—was not only very characteristic of Daniel Spencer, but was more truly noble than though he had offered it for the sake of Christ. Any ordinary man might take a stranger in for the sake of the Lord of Life and Glory, who has fought our battles on the cross and in his resurrection, and done so much for us, but it took a Daniel Spencer to boldly set aside the style of the appeal of the Elder "for the sake of Jesus" and offer it for the sake of his fellow man. How much Daniel has since done for the sake of his Lord and Master, we all know somewhat, but what he did when he challenged by the honorable consistency of his own tried character, the reproach for taking to his home a despised Mormon Elder, he did for "humanity's sake."

Daniel took the poor Elder not to his public hotel, as was his wont with the preachers generally who needed hospitality, but he took him to his own house, a fine family mansion, and the next morning he clothed him from head to foot with a good suit of broad-cloth from the shelves of his store. But how stood he at that time regarding the mission of the Prophet of this new dispensation opened in America? He stood a firm, conscientious unbeliever, and would not hear anything from the preacher concerning Mormonism. He was prejudiced against his doctrines. He did not for a moment believe that Jesus had anything to do with the matter, and he took no merit to himself for winning his title to that blessed plaudit from the Lord, promised to such as he: "*When I was a hungered ye fed me; naked and ye clothed me; a stranger and ye took me in.*" He merely felt his duty to his fellows, and manifested that spirit of kindness and gentleness which so abundantly marked his life. Daniel Spencer loved his fellow man.

The Elder continued to preach the new and strange Gospel, and brought upon himself much persecution. This produced upon the mind of Daniel Spencer an extraordinary effect. Seeing the bitter malevolence from the preachers and the best of professing Christians, and being naturally a philosopher and a judge, he resolved to investigate the cause of this enmity and unchristian manifestation. The result came. It was as strongly marked as his conduct during the investigation. For two weeks he closed his establishment, refused to do business with any one, and shut himself up to study, and there alone with his God he weighed in the balances of his clear head and conscientious heart the divine message, and found it not wanting. One day when his son was with him in his study, he suddenly burst into a flood of tears and exclaimed: "My God, the thing is true, and as an honest man I must embrace it!" He had also weighed the consequences, but his conscientious mind compelled him to assume all the responsibility and take up the cross. He saw that he must, in the eyes of friends and townsmen, fall from the social pinnacle on which he then stood, to that of a despised people. But he stepped out like a man—like himself.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE,

SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1869.

IS IT ORTHODOX?

Such is the question we have heard asked a few times, with reference to some ideas expressed in Bro. Tullidge's late articles, and we wish to say a few words in reply.

With a strong faith in the omnipotence of truth, and a strong assurance that it can take care of itself, we have invited a free expression of thought from all who write for the MAGAZINE. Instead of confining ourselves to the principle of putting nothing in the MAGAZINE but what we can endorse in every particular, we prefer to insert the views of others, just as they are, even if we have to correct them immediately afterwards. This is the principle (very properly, we think) pursued by our leaders on ecclesiastical subjects, and we believe it is a correct one to apply in ordinary matters.

In a Universalian article, written a short time ago, Bro. Tullidge expressed his belief that the providences of the work of God were far from "being confined to little Utah." We all believe this sentiment when we examine it closely; but we are not accustomed to give it up in these exact words, hence some of our friends thought the expression unsound from a Mormon pen. Our own views on that subject are, that Utah and the people are more especially the seat and center around which Divine providences are clustered; than any other place on earth; and that no portion of the world is so immediately interesting to God and angels as this "little Utah of ours," because here is a people out of whom will be developed a Zion destined after the heavenly Zion above. God's providences are rich and full all over the earth, and all movements elsewhere are being directed by God for the benefit of the world; but it is our faith that here the master movement exists which is to take in and superscribe all others.

There are two sides to every subject, but when a writer is trying to bring up a side of the subject which he thinks has been overlooked, he is apt to appear to neglect the other side. There are but few men who can take in two ideas at one time and combine them. We know public speakers in this city who never speak of another life and its great bearings on the present, but what some one will assert they do not believe in the practical realities of to-day, when those very men are, of all others, in their character and family life, as intensely practical as any in the community. The fact is, all men speak of that side of the truth with which God has most touched their own souls. One man feels the wonderful purposes of God concerning the future of this community, and talks accordingly; another views the world in its great movements through all past ages, and, seeking for light from Heaven, is struck with an inspiration concerning the great movements of God in the world at large, and he talks from the standpoint from which God has permitted him to see things. The man to

whom a revelation of God on the destiny of this community has been made, says unthinkingly of his brother, whose eyes have been opened more particularly to another department of truth, "He is unorthodox!" "He is unsound!" It is time that we abolished all one-sided views, and understood that all men must think and feel as God opens their souls to think and feel. God cannot operate except through our organizations, and according to our organizations we are more adapted to be impressed by one truth than another. Hence some men see intensely a truth that others, perhaps their superiors in some matters, never see at all. They are not open to be impressed with that particular class of truths.

Before closing we wish to express our views upon another subject. In the article on Mr. Jennings, under the heading of "Representative men of Utah," it is stated that the mercantile class have done more to bring Utah into a recognized importance in the United States, than any other class. Now, any man with brains must know and feel what Bro. Tullidge knows and feels as much as anybody, that, in one sense, the movements of the priesthood or the apostolic "class" go below and before all operations of the merchants, because they brought the people here, and the people included the Mormon merchants themselves. There was no necessity to state so patent a fact. The establishment of a community here of course made opportunities for the merchants, and every other class. That the mercantile operations which have flowed out of the basework laid by our leaders has done very much to bring Utah into a recognized importance in the United States is very clear; and furthermore, that the mercantile operations of Utah may have done more to awaken an interest in the minds of thousands in the United States than anything else ever done by this community, is also certain, because people's brains and hearts in the United States, as elsewhere, generally lie in their pockets, and they can see a dollar plainer than a principle of truth, be that principle sublime as God or grand as the Universe itself.

Had Bro. Tullidge elaborated the article in question he would have gone on to explain that the intercourse of our merchants being directly with the United States, and personally in it, they have made themselves, of necessity, more practically felt by the men of money and influence than any other class.

Of course when time is taken to enter into detail, the facts of the case are these, (and would have been stated in the article in question, had the other side of the subject been under consideration): The Gospel gathered us and laid the foundation for a people; and since then it has not been altogether "the class" on missions abroad, or altogether "the class" on missions at home - behind the counter, with the spade, with the chisel, or with the pen - but the whole people, "one and indivisible," who have brought us to a recognized importance in the United States. We have all done a part, and the merchants, in appealing to an influential class, have very prominently done theirs.

NOTICE.- Specimen copies of the beautiful magazines and papers to be given away to clubs formed for our New Volume can be seen at this office. Read the Prospectus, page 3 of advertisements.

FOUL PLAY.

BY CHARLES READE AND DION BOUCCICAULT.

CHAPTER LXV.

[CONTINUED]

Fullalove forbore directly, and offered him a cigar. He took it, and it soothed him a little; it was long since he had smoked one. His agitation subsided, and a quiet tear or two rolled down his haggard cheek.

The Yankee saw, and kept silence.

But when the cigar was nearly smoked out, he said he was afraid Robert would not find a purchaser for his island, and what a pity Joshua Fullalove was cool on islands just now.

"Oh!" said Robert, "I know there are enterprising Americans on the coast who will give me money for what I have to sell."

Fullalove was silent a minute, then he got a piece of wood and a knife, and said, with an air of resignation:

"I reckon we'll have to deal."

Need we say that to deal had been his eager desire from the first.

He now began to whittle a peg, and awaited the attack.

"What will you give me, sir?"

"What, money down? And you got nothing to sell but chances. Why, there's an old cuss about, that knows where the island is as well as you do."

"Then of course you will treat with him," said Robert, sadly.

"Darned if I do," said the Yankee. "You are in trouble, and he is not, nor never will be till he dies, and then he'll get it hot, I calculate. He is a thief and stole my harpoon; you are an honest man and brought it back. I reckon I'll deal with you and not with that old cuss; not by a jugful! But it must be on a per centage. You tell me the bearings of that there island, and I'll work it and pay five per cent. on the gross."

"Would you mind throwing that piece of wood into the sea, Mr. Fullalove?" said Robert.

"Caen't be done, nohow. I caen't deal without whittlin'."

"You mean you can't take an unfair advantage without it, Come, Mr. Fullalove, let us cut this short. I am, as you say, an honest and most unfortunate man. Sir, I was falsely accused of a crime and banished my country. I can prove my innocence now if I can but get home with a great deal of money. So much for me. You are a member of the vainest and most generous nation in the world."

"Wal, now that's kinder honey and vinegar mixed," said Fullalove; "pretty good for a Britisher, though."

"You are a man of that nation, which in all the agonies and unparalleled expenses of civil war, smarting, too, under anonymous taunts from England, did yet send over a large sum to relieve the distresses of certain poor Englishmen who were indirect victims of the same calamity. The act, the time, the misery relieved, the taunts overlooked, prove your nation superior to all others in generosity. At least my reading, which is very large, affords no parallel to it either in ancient or modern history. Mr. Fullalove, please to recollect that you are a member of that nation, and that I am very unhappy and helpless, and want money to undo cruel wrongs, but have no heart to chaffer much. Take the island and the treasure, and give me half the profits you make. Is not that fair?"

Fullalove wore a rueful countenance.

"Darn the critter," said he, "he'll take the skin off my bones if I don't mind. Fust Britisher ever I met as had the sense to see that. T'was rather handsome, warn't it? Wal, human nature is deep; every man you tackle in business larns you something. What with picking ye out o' the sea, and you giving me back the harpoon the cuss stole, and your face like a young calf, when you are the cutest fox out, and you giving the great United States their due, I'm no more fit to deal than mashed potatoes. Now I cave: it is only for once. Next time don't you try to palaver me. Draw me a map of your island, Britisher, and mark where the Spaniard lies: I tell you I know her name, and the year she was lost in; I learned that at Lima one day. Kinder startled me, you did, when you showed me the coin out of her, Wal, there's my hand on half profits, and if I'm keen, I'm squar'."

Soon after this he led Robert to his cabin and Robert drew

a large map from his models; and Fullalove, being himself an excellent draughtsman, and provided with proper instruments, aided him to finish it.

The result is communicated below.

Next day they sighted Valparaíso, and hove to outside port.

All the specimens of insular wealth were put on board schooner and secreted, for Fullalove's first move was to lease of the island from the Chilean government, and it was part of his plan to trumpet the article he was going to buy.

After a moment's hesitation he declined to take the five pounds of silver. He gave as a reason, that having made a bargain that compelled him to go to Valparaíso at once, he not feel like charging his partner a fancy price for towing his boat thither. At the same time he hinted that, after all, the next customer would find him a very difficult Yankee to get the better of.

With this understanding, he gave Robert a draft for £1000 on account of profits; and this enabled him to take a passage to England with all his belongings.

He arrived at Southampton very soon after the event had related, and thence went to London, fully alive to the danger of his position.

He had a friend in his long beard, but he dare not rely on that alone. Like a mole, he worked at night.

CHAPTER LXVI.

Helen asked Arthur Wardlaw why he was so surprised the prayer-book being brought back. Was it worth two pounds to any one except herself?

Arthur looked keenly at her to see whether she intended more than met the ear, and then said that he was surprised at the rapid effect of his advertisement, that was all.

"Now you have got the book," said he, "I do hope you will erase that cruel slander on one whom you mean to honor with your hand."

This proposal made Helen blush, and feel very miserable. Of the obnoxious lines some were written by Robert Penfold, and she had so little of his dear handwriting. "I feel you are right, Arthur," said she; "but you must give me time. I shall meet no eye but mine; and on our wedding day I will erase all memorials of one—". Tears completed the sentence.

Arthur Wardlaw, raging with jealousy at the absent Penfold as heretofore Penfold had raged at him, heaved a deep sigh and hurried away, while Helen was locking up the prayer-book in her desk. By this means he retained Helen's pity.

He went home directly, mounted to his bed-room, unlocked a safe, and plunged his hand into it. His hand encountered the book, he drew it out with a shiver, and gazed at it with terror and amazement.

It was the prayer-book he had picked up in the square, and locked up in that safe. Yet that very prayer-book had been restored to Helen before his eyes, and was now locked up in her desk. He sat down with the book in his hand and a great dread came over him.

Hitherto Candour and Credulity only had been opposed to him, but now Cunning had entered the field against him, and his master hand was co-operating with Helen.

Yet, strange to say, she seemed unconscious of that co-operation. Had Robert Penfold found his way home by so strange means? Was he watching over her in secret?

He had the woman he loved watched night and day, but Robert Penfold was detected.

He puzzled his brain night and day, and at last he conceived a plan of deceit which is common enough in the East, where lying is one of the fine arts, but was new in this country, and he believed, and we hope to Heaven we shall not be the means of importing it.

An old clerk of his father's, now superannuated and pensioned off, had a son upon the stage in a very mean position. Once a year, however, and of course in the dog-days, he had the kind of benefit at his suburban theatre; that is to say, the manager allowed him to sell tickets, and take half the price of them. He persuaded Arthur to take some, and even to go to the theatre for an hour. The man played a little part, a pompous snark, with some approach to Nature. He seemed home.

Arthur found this man out; visited him at his own place. He was very poor, and mingled pomposity with obsequiousness, so that Arthur felt convinced he was to be bought, body and soul, what there was of him.

He sounded him accordingly, and the result was that the man agreed to perform a part of him.

Arthur wrote it, and they rehearsed it together. As to the dialogue, that was so constructed that it could be varied considerably according to the cues, which could be foreseen to a certain extent; but not precisely, since they were to be given by Helen Rolleston, who was not in the secret.

But whilst this plot was fermenting, other events happened, with rather a contrary tendency, and these will be more intelligible if we go back to Nancy Rouse's cottage, where indeed she have kept Joseph Wylie in a uncomfortable position a very long time.

Mrs. James, from next door, was at last admitted into Nancy's kitchen, and her first word was, "I suppose you know that I'm come about, ma'am."

"Which it is to return me the sass-pan you borrowed, no doubt," was Nancy's ingenious reply.

"No, ma'am. But I'll send my girl in with it, as soon as she have cleaned it, you may depend."

"Thank ye; I shall be glad to see it again."

"You're not afraid I shall steal it, I hope?"

"La, bless the woman, don't fly out at a body like that. I can't afford to give away my sass-pan."

"Sass-pans is not in my head."

"Nor in your hand, neither."

"I'm come about my lodger; a most respectable gentleman, which he have met with an accident. He did but go to put something away in the chimney, which he is a curious gent, and has traveled a good deal, and learned the foreign customs, when his hand was caught in the brick-work, somehow, and there he is hard and fast."

"I know nothing about it, Mrs. James," said Nancy. "Do you, girl?"

"No," said the mite, with a countenance of polished granite.

"La, bless me!" said Nancy, with a sudden start. "Why, is he talking about the thief as you and I caught putting his hand through the wall into my room, and made him fast again a policeman comes round?"

"Thief!" cried Mrs. James: "no more a thief than I am. Why, were you wouldn't ever be so cruel. Oh, dear! oh, dear! spite goes a far length. There, take an' kill me, do; and then you'll be easy in your mind. Ah, little my poor father thought ever I should come down to letting lodgings, and being maltreated this way. I am—"

"Who is maltreating of ye? Why your dreaming. Have a nap o' gin."

"With them as takes the police to my lodger? It would choke me."

"Well, have a drop and we'll see about it."

"You're very kind, ma'am, I'm sure. Heaven knows I need here's wishing you a good husband; and towards burying I unkindness."

"Which you means drowning of it."

"Ah, you're never at a loss for a word, ma'am, and always good spirits. But your troubles is to come. I'm a widdy. You will let me see what is the matter with my lodger, ma'am?"

"Why not? We'll all go and have a look at him."

Accordingly the three women and the mite proceeded to the little room, Nancy turned the gas on, and then they injected the imprisoned hand. Mrs. James screamed with dismay, and Nancy asked her drily whether she was to blame for seizing a hand which had committed a manifest trespass.

"You have got the rest of his body," said she, "but this hand belongs to me."

"Lord, ma'am, what could he take out of your chimney, without 'twas a handful of soot? Do pray let me loose him."

"Not till I have said two words to him."

"But how can you? He isn't here to speak to; only a morsel him."

"I can go into your house and speak to him."

Mrs. James demurred to that; but Nancy stood firm: Mrs. James yielded. Nancy whispered her myrmidons, and, in a few minutes, was standing by the prisoner, a reverend person with dark spectacles, and a grey beard, that created commiseration, or would have done so, but that this stroke of ill-fortune had apparently fallen upon a great philosopher. He had contrived to get a seat under him, and was smoking a pipe with admirable sang froid.

At sight of Nancy, however, he made a slight motion, as if he would not object to follow his imprisoned hand through the party wall. It was only for a moment though; the next, he smoked imperturbably.

"Well, sir," said Nancy, "I hopes you are comfortable."

"Thank ye, miss; yes. I'm at a double sheet anchor."

"Why do you call me miss?"

"I don't know. Because you are so young and pretty."

"That will do. I only wanted to hear the sound of your voice, Joe Wylie." And with the word she snatched his wig off with one hand, and his beard with the other, and revealed his true features to his astonished landlady.

"There, mum," said she, "I wish you joy of your lodger." She tapped the chimney three times with the poker, and telling Mr. Wylie she had a few words to say to him in private, retired for the present. Mrs. James sat down and mourned the wickedness of mankind, the loss of her lodger (who would now go bodily next door instead of sending his hand,) and the better days she had by iteration brought herself to believe she had seen.

Wylie soon entered Nancy's house, and her first question was "The £2,000, how did you get them?"

"No matter how I got them," said Wylie, sulkily.

"What have you done with them?"

"Put them away."

"That is all right. I'm blest if I didn't think they were gone for ever."

"I wish they had never come. Ill-gotten money is a curse." Then she taxed him with scuttling the Prosperpine, and asked him whether that money had not been the bribe. But Joe was obdurate. "I never split on a friend," said he "And you have nobody to blame but yourself, you wouldn't split without £2,000. I loved you; and I got it how I could. D'ye think that a poor fellow like me can make £2,000 in a voyage by hauling on ropes, and tying true lover's knots in the fore-top?"

Nancy had her answer ready: but this remembrance pricked her own conscience and paved the way to a reconciliation.

Nancy had no high flown notions. She loved money, but it must be got without palpable dishonesty; "per contra," she was not going to denounce her sweetheart, but then again she would not marry him so long as he differed with her about the meaning of the eighth commandment.

This led to many arguments, some of them warm, some affectionate, and so we leave Mr. Wylie under the slow but salutary influence of love and unpretending probity.

He continued to lodge next door. Nancy would only receive him as a visitor. "No," said she, "a little snapping and snarling is good for the health; but I don't care to take the bread out of a neighbor's mouth as keeps saying she have seen better days."

CHAPTER LXVII.

Helen had complained to Arthur, of all people, that she was watched and followed; she even asked him whether that was not the act of some enemy. Arthur smiled, and said: "Take my word for it. It is only some foolish admirer of your beauty; he wants to know your habits, in hopes of falling in with you; you had better let me go out with you for the next month or so; that sort of thing will soon die away."

As a necessary consequence of this injudicious revelation, Helen was watched with greater skill and subtlety, and upon a plan well calculated to disarm suspicion: a spy watched the door, and by a signal, unintelligible to any but his confederate, whom Helen could not possibly see, set the latter on her track.

They kept this game up unobserved for several days; but learned nothing, for Helen was at a standstill.

At last they got caught, and by a truly feminine stroke of observation.

A showily dressed man peeped into a shop where Helen was buying gloves.

With one glance of her woman's eye she recognized a large breast-pin in the worst possible taste; thence her eyes went up and recognized the features of her seedy follower, though he was now dressed up to the nine.

She withdrew her eye directly, completed her purchase, and went home, brooding defence and vengeance.

That evening she dined with a lady, who had a large acquaintance with lawyers, and it so happened that Mr. Tollemache and Mr. Hennessy were both of the party.

Now, when these gentlemen saw Helen in full costume, a queen in form as well as face, coroneted with her island pearls, environed with a halo of romance, and courted by women as well as men, they looked up to her with astonishment, and made up to her in a very different style from that in which they had received her visit. Tollemache she received coldly; he had defended Robert Penfold feebly, and she hated him for it. Hennessy she received graciously, and remembering Robert's

precept, to be supple as a woman, bewitched him. He was good-natured, able and vain. By eleven o'clock she had enlisted him in her service. When she had conquered him, she said, slyly, "But I ought not to speak of these things to you except through a solicitor."

"That is the general rule," said the learned counsel; "but in this case no dark body must come between me and the sun." In short, he entered into Penfold's case with such well-feigned warmth, to please the beautiful girl, that at last she took him by the horns and consulted.

"I am followed," said she.

"I have no doubt you are; and on a large scale: if there is room for another I should be glad to join the train."

"Ha! ha! I'll save you the trouble. I'll meet you half way. But, to be serious, I am watched, spied, and followed by some enemy to that good friend, whose sacred cause we have undertaken. Forgive me for saying 'we.'"

"I am too proud of the companionship to let you off. And this is the word."

"Then advise me what to do. I want to retaliate. I want to discover who is watching me, and why. Can you advise me? Will you?"

The counsel reflected a moment, and Helen, who watched him, remarked the power that suddenly came into his countenance and brow.

"You must watch the spies. I have influence in Scotland Yard, and will get it done for you. If you went there yourself they would cross-examine you and decline to interfere. I'll go myself for you, and put it in a certain light. An able detective will call on you: give him ten guineas, and let him into your views in confidence: then he will work the public machinery for you."

"Oh, Mr. Hennessey, how can I thank you?"

"By succeeding. I hate to fail: and now your cause is mine."

Next day a man with a hooked nose, a keen black eye, and a solitary folble (Mosaic) called on Helen Rolleston, and told her he was to take her instructions. She told him she was watched, and thought it was done to baffle a mission she had undertaken: but, having got so far, she blushed and hesitated.

"The more you tell me, miss, the more use I can be," said Mr. Burt.

Thus encouraged, and also remembering Mr. Hennessey's advice, she gave Mr. Burt, as coldly as she could, an outline of Robert Penfold's case, and of the exertion she had made, and the small result.

Burt listened keenly, and took a note or two, and, when she had done, he told her something in return.

"Miss Rolleston," said he "I am the officer that arrested Robert Penfold. It cost me a grinder that he knocked out."

"Oh dear!" said Helen, "how unfortunate! Then I fear I cannot reckon on your services."

"Why not, miss? What, do you think I hold spite against a poor fellow for defending himself? Besides, Mr. Penfold wrote me a very proper note: certainly, for a parson, the gent is a very quick biter; but he wrote very square: said he hoped I would allow for the surprise and the agitation of an innocent man, sent me two guineas too, and said he would make it twenty; but he was poor as well as unfortunate: that letter has stuck in my gizzard ever since; can't see the color of felony in it. Your felon is never in a fault: and, if he wears a good coat, he isn't given to show fight."

"It was very improper of him to strike you," said Helen, "and very noble of you to forgive it. Make him still more ashamed of it; lay him under a deep obligation."

"If he is innocent, I'll try and prove it," said the detective. He then asked her if she had taken notes. She said she had a diary. He begged to see it. She felt inclined to withhold it, because of the comments; but, remembering that this was womanish, and that Robert's orders to her were to be mainly on such occasions, she produced her diary. Mr. Burt read it very carefully, and told her it was a very promising case. "You have done a great deal more than you thought," he said. "You have netted the fish."

CHAPTER LXVIII.

"I netted the fish! what fish?"

"The man who forged the promissory note."

"Oh Mr. Burt!"

"The same man that forged the newspaper extracts to deceive you, forged the promissory note years ago, and the man who is setting spies on you is the man who forged those ex-

tracts; so we are sure to nail him. He is in the net; and much to your credit. Leave the rest to me. I'll tell you more about it to-morrow. You must order your carriage at six o'clock to-morrow, and drive down to Scotland Yard: go to the yard and you will see me; follow me without a word. When you go back the other spies will be so frightened, they will go off to their employer, and so we shall nail him."

Helen complied with these instructions strictly, and then returned home, leaving Mr. Burt to work. She had been home about half an hour, when the servant brought her up a message saying that a man wanted to speak to her.

"Admit him," said Helen.

"He is dressed very poor, miss."

"Never mind; send him to me."

She was afraid to reject anybody now, lest she might lose her back on information.

A man presented himself in well worn clothes, with a weathered face and close shaven chin: a little of his forehead also shaven.

"Madam, my name is Hand."

Helen started.

"I have already had the honor of writing to you."

"Yes, sir," said Helen, eyeing him with fear and aversion.

"Madam, I am come" (he hesitated)—"I am an unfortunate man. Weighed down by remorse for a thoughtless act that has ruined an innocent man, and nearly cost my worthy employer his life, I come to expiate as far as in him lies, let me be brief, and hurry over the tale of shame. I was a clerk at Wardlaw's office. A bill broker called Adams came talking to me and my fellow clerks, and boasting that nobody could take him in with a feigned signature. Bets were laid on our vanity was irritated by his pretensions. It was my fortune to overhear my young master and his friend Robert Penfold speak about a loan of two thousand pounds. In an hour I listened to the tempter, and wrote a forged note for the amount. I took it to Mr. Penfold: he presented it to Adams, and it was cashed. I intended, of course, to call next day, and tell Mr. Penfold, and take him to Adams, and restore the money, and get back the note. It was not due for three months. Alas! that very day it fell under suspicion. Mr. Penfold was arrested. My young master was struck down with illness at his friend's guilt, though he never could be quite able to believe it; and I, miserable coward, dared not tell the truth. Ever since that day I have been a miserable man. The other day I came into money, and left Wardlaw's service. But I carry my remorse with me. Madam, I am come to tell the truth. I dare not tell it to Mr. Wardlaw; I think he would kill me. But I will tell it to you, and you can tell it to him; ay, tell it to all the world. Let my shame be as public as his whom I have injured so deeply: but, Heaven knows, unintentional."

Mr. Hand sank all in a heap where he sat, and could say more.

Helen's flesh crawled at this confession, and at the sight of this reptile, who owned that he had destroyed Robert Penfold in fear and cowardice. For a long time her wrath overpowered all sense of pity, that she sat trembling, and eyes could kill. Mr. Hand would not have outlived his confession.

At last he contrived to speak. She turned her head away, not to see the wretch, and said, sternly,—

"Are you prepared to make this statement on paper if called upon?"

Mr. Hand hesitated, but said "Yes."

"Then write down that Robert Penfold was innocent, and you are ready to prove it whenever you may be called upon."

"Write that down?" said Hand.

"Unless your penitence is feigned, you will."

"Sooner than that should be added to my crime, I will avow all."

He then wrote the few lines she required.

"Now your address, that I may know where to find you at moment's notice."

He then wrote "J. Hand, 11, Warwick Street, Pimlico."

Helen then dismissed him, and wept bitterly. In that condition she was found by Arthur Wardlaw, who comforted her, and, on hearing her report of Hand's confession, burst out into triumph, and reminded her he had always said Robert Penfold was innocent. "My father," said he, "must yield to this evidence, and we will lay it before the Secretary of State, and get his pardon."

"His pardon! when he is—"

"That is the form: the deed must be done by the warm reception of his friends. I, for one, who all these

years have maintained his innocence, will be the first to welcome him to my house, an honored guest. What am I saying? Can I dare I? ought I? when my wife— Ah! I am more to be pitied than my poor friend is: my friend, my rival. Well, I leave it to you if he can come into your husband's house."

"Never."

"But, at least, I can send the Springbok out, and bring him home: and that I will do without one day's delay."

"Oh, Arthur!" cried Helen, "you set me an example of unselfishness."

"I do what I can," said Arthur. "I hope for a reward."

Helen sighed. "What shall I do?"

"Have pity on me! your faithful lover, and to whom your faith was pledged before ever you saw, or knew my unhappy friend. What can I do or suffer more than I have done and suffered for you? Have pity on me, and be my wife."

"I will; some day."

"Bless you; bless you. One effort more: what day?"

"I can't. I can't. My heart is dead."

"This day fortnight. Let me speak to your father: let him name the day."

As she made no reply, he kissed her hand devotedly, and did speak to her father.

Sir Edward meaning all for the best, said, "This day fortnight."

REPRESENTATIVE BOYS OF UTAH.

Character-Sketches and Biography.

BY SAXEY.

AUTHOR'S NOTE.—As one of the Representative geniuses of Utah, with powerful quill-faculty, is showing up the Representative men of Utah, and designs showing up the Representative females also, there is nothing left for me to do but take up the Boys' department at present, with a notification that I shall be after the girls in the course of a few days. I shall begin my sketches with a history of Saxey, as I am more intimately acquainted with the details of his life than any other writer of the present generation. I shall be as truthful in my delineations of his character, as circumstances will reasonably allow, and expect all the boys and girls, including adults, to dovetail their opinions exactly to fit my estimates. The Editor of the UTAH MAGAZINE can print my sketches as written without adding thereto or taking therefrom, or I shall petition the present Legislative Assembly to have them printed in pamphlet form and sold to the highest bidder by James Dwyer, Esq., at the Post Office.

SAXEY.

The object of our present sketch—and he is an object—like many other boys of Utah, was born in a very early period of his existence, while yet a youth, and at the period of his birth, evinced none of those reckless, devilish dispositions that so frequently adorn road-agents and railroad town desperadoes generally. His advent into the world was attended with a charity, but seldom ever realized by grown-up persons, and certainly never realized since by young Saxey himself—that is, some one made him a present of an entire suit of new clothes. It is an old saying: 'Once a man and twice a child;' and Saxey's only hope in second childishness, is *another new suit*.

One very remarkable characteristic of our youngster was his propensity for crying one moment and laughing the next, the former performance never failing to draw the attention of not only those in the room, but the neighborhood generally, within a radius of a quarter of a mile round. Mr. Robert Campbell, whose valuable autograph appears on all our city money, says he distinctly remembers him taking the first premium for crying, in the early days of the settlement of the Great Basin, in the Old Fort.

The precise time that Saxey was weaned does not appear in any of Judge Phelps' early almanacs, or any preserved copies of the *Keepapitchinin*, though it is reasonable to suppose that a change of diet must

have taken place prior to the days of his more mature manhood. It is lamentable, indeed, that a private secretary was not constantly in attendance upon him, to note down the various and changing epochs of his earlier days; but it seems foreordained, as in the case of Shakspeare, that a badly tangled, inextricable labyrinthian ambiguous uncertainty is skillfully thrown around the early history of true genius, in this, as in all other ages. But thanks be, we are not entirely left to vague supposition or conjecture, for many incidents connected with the early career of the subject of our present sketch, though they are by no means as complete as the autobiographer would wish them. We expect, however, to show the main links in the fifth chain of his eventful history.

I will here remark that all the necessary arrangements have been completed with Patrick Lynch Esq. (no relative of Judge Lynch) Clerk of the Third District court to have this sketch copyrighted.

Saxey showed his inventive powers in a very strikingly original manner at the early age of nine years. It was not then in Utah as it is now, there was no "Main Street," no Jew Stores, no co-operative arrangements, no beer saloons and no lockups. All the men and women here in those days were Representative ones and no mistake; clothes were very scarce—especially among the children in summer time—and Saxey's summer wardrobe consisted of a flour sack, (not of the Tanner brand either), cut bias, *a la "shimmy,"* and buttoned with a puckering string around the neck. This garment, when our hero stood erect, came earthwards nearly to his knees, and, except when overtaken by some runaway whirlwind, was a passably economical protection against the weather and large red ants. It could be ventilated to suit the condition of the thermometer, by adjusting the puckering string at the neck. The same advantages might be urged in behalf of this fashion that is urged in favor of crinolines, viz: they are cool in summer and warm in winter, or warm in summer and cool in winter, I have forgot which. Well, one day while Saxey's parents were at church, and he was in the ditch wading up and down, or doing something else equally as intellectual, the puckering string around his neck, by long usage, gave way, and his entire suit of clothes—all his earthly wearing apparel—wilted like a "tal-lered" rag, and lay around his feet like a pair of hoops when not in use or attached to anything. Here was a trying moment for our hero; no kind milliner happened to come that way, as they certainly would have done had this biographical sketch been a fiction; no comrade was near by with a waxed-end or a buckskin string to toggle the institution up. Like Robinson Crusoe on the island of Juan Fernandez, he was thrown upon his own resources. Now was the time and opportunity to witness an exhibition of his juvenile ingenuity that might indicate what might naturally be expected in a future manhood. Had he been a child of ordinary ability, we might have expected him to have scampered home in shame and dismay; not so with Saxey; he quietly picked up his duds, rolled them up under his left arm, and walking into the meeting house, demanded from his mother, a '*new puckering string*.' Here was a display of childish ingenuity and invention positively without a parallel in the history of youth and Utah, and youth and Utah is no small history I assure you.

PORTRAIT GALLERY.

LORD BROUGHAM.

Henry, Lord Brougham, the eminent ex-Chancellor of England, who as a legislator, reformer, and author had attained a high position forty years ago, died on the 9th of May last, at his country residence near Cannes, France. He was born in Edinburgh, September 19th, 1778, and had therefore nearly completed his ninetieth year.

His unusual longevity was due to the natural vigor and endurance of his constitution. His features manifested a powerfully marked motive temperament. He was, as it were, constituted of finely tempered steel, which possessed both the qualities of elasticity and toughness. He was active, lithe, sprightly, but at the same time intense, tenacious, untiring, and persistent. His industry as a scholar, a lawyer, a statesman, is unparalleled. The fibers of his brain seemed capable of sustaining any labor, any strain, which his disposition or intellectual pursuits could impose on them. He would sometimes work day and night with scarcely an interval of repose, and when he had attained the object of his labor, he appeared as fresh and vigorous as at the commencement of his undertaking. In fact, even in advanced life he was ever active. There is nothing striking in his countenance as regards peculiar genius in a department philosophical or artistic. His temperament and practical organization, his keen observing powers and superior analytical talent, and his untiring activity formed the basis of his great executive abilities. Benevolence is conspicuous in his top-head, and inspired those reformatory and philanthropic measures which honor his memory. During his student career at the University of Edinburgh, he exhibited marked scientific qualities, especially in the department of mathematics. Having chosen law as his profession, we find him as early as 1807 retained as counsel in suits of the highest importance.

In 1808, he settled in London, where the eloquence and ability displayed in an important commercial lawsuit attracted the attention of leading politicians, who succeeded in electing him a member of the House of Commons. There he soon took a strong position by reason of his aggressive zeal, oratorical vehemence, and pungent sarcasm. One of his first steps was to introduce measures for the suppression of the slave-trade. In their labors for this end Wilberforce and Clarkson had no more strenuous supporter than the fiery young Whig from Scotland. His efforts were not wanting in behalf of other liberal and progressive measures. The cause of Catholic emancipation, of reform in the government of India, and of the abolition of flogging in the army, received his powerful advocacy. Lord Brougham interested himself in the cause of popular education, and was mainly instrumental in the establishment of the "model schools" for the instruction of the poorer classes. The event of his life which conduced most to his popularity in England was his famous defense of Queen Caroline, on her trial before the House of Lords in 1820 and 1821. His eloquence on this occasion has seldom been equaled. On the formation of Earl Grey's ministry in 1830, he was appointed Lord Chancellor of

England. In this honorable sphere he continued four years, commanding general admiration for his singular energy and promptitude in transacting the business of his onerous office. In 1839 he retired from public life to his villa in the south of France, and spent the remainder of his days in the peaceful pursuit of literature. Among the most important published works, in addition to the collection of his speeches, are a "View of Sir Isaac Newton's Principia," an annotated edition of Paley's "Natural Theology," and "Sketches of Statesmen" and of "Men of Letters and Science" in the time of George III. Several editions of his "Political Philosophy" have been published, besides numerous minor works that are less known.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

AN EGG PUT INTO A PHIAL.

To accomplish this seemingly incredible act, requires the following preparation: You must take an egg and soak it in strong vinegar; and in process of time its shell will become quite soft, so that it may be extended lengthways without breaking, then insert it into the neck of a small bottle, and by pouring cold water upon it, it will reassume its former figure and hardness. This is really a complete curiosity, and baffles those who are not in the secret to find out how it is accomplished. If the vinegar used to saturate the egg is not sufficiently strong to produce the required softness of shell, add one teaspoonful of strong acetic acid to every two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. This will render the egg perfectly flexible, and of easy insertion into the bottle, which must then be filled with cold water.

CHARADE.

My first is the name to an article given
For ladies and dandies to put on their linen.
It comes from the forest, I've heard people say,
And is made from the skin of an animal gay,
My second is a fruit that comes from the South,
The Juice of it is sour, and 'twill pucker your mouth;
'Tis found in candy shops all over the town,
And, stranger to say, it is almost round.
My whole is an article that is often seen
In the gardens and fields almost covered with green:
It is very sweet, and also pleasant to eat,
And in hot summer days affords a rich treat.

CONUNDRUMS.

56.—What do we all do when we first get into bed?

57.—There is one word in the English language which is universally considered a preventive of harm; change a certain letter in it, and you make it an act of cruelty.

ANSWER TO RIDDLE IN NO. 44, PAGE 216.

The figure 8.

OH! SOFTLY SLEEP, MY BONNIE BAIRN.

Oh! softly sleep! my bonnie bairn,
Rock'd on this breast of mine;
The heart that beats sa sair within,
Will not awaken thine.
Lie still, lie still, ye canker'd thoughts,
That such late watches keep;
And if ye break the mother's heart,
Yet let the baby sleep.

Sleep on, sleep on, my ae, ae bairn,
Nor look so wae on me,
As if ye felt the bitter tear
That blin's thy mother's e'e
Dry up, dry up, ye salt, salt tears,
Lest on my bairn ye dreep:
And break in silence, wae fu' heart,
And let the baby sleep.

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Vol. 2

POETRY.

"THY NAME BE PRAISED."

Swells there a grand inspiring thought,
It comes from God,
And breaks with lofty purpose fraught,
On earth's green sod!

With tidal wave it ebbs, it flows
As centuries pass;
Man, knows not whence it comes, or goes,
Or why it was!

'Tis meteor-like, now here, now there,
Impulsive seems;
Now in the summers' morning-air,
Then, midnight dreams!

In zones apart, in lands afar,
With us, to-day!
Then moveless as yon radiant-star
Or milky way!

Erratic, yet there is design
And wondrous plan:
What sage hath lore to help define
For fellow man?

Yet inspiration shall be felt
And wide extend;
'Til fertile hearts our earth shall belt,
And Time shall end!

Hail glorious age, hail latter-day,
The days of light;
Hail Priesthood's grasp, hail its full sway
The rule of right!

For purpose is its end, its aim
From sire to son,
To give to God earth back again,
Which will be done!

How proudly beats the true man's heart,
But Gods can know;
For they to him that fire impart
Whose intense glow,
Shall light the world to higher spheres
That day of "earth's one thousand years!"

N.

HAROLD,

THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

The boat shot over the royal Thames. Borne along the waters, the shouts and the hymns of swarming thousands from the land shook, like a blast, the gelid air of the Wolf-month. All space seemed filled and noisy with the name of Harold the king. Fast rowed the rowers—on shot the boat; and Hilda's face, stern and ominous, turned to the still towers of the palace, gleaming wide and white in the wintry snow. Suddenly Edith lifted her hand from her bosom, and said passionately—

"Oh! mother of my mother! I can not live again in the house where the very walls speak to me of him; all things chain my soul to the earth; and my soul should be in heaven, that its prayers may be heard by the heedful angels. The day that the holy Lady of England predicted hath come to pass, and the silver cord is loosened at last. Ah, why, why, did I not believe her then? why did I then reject the cloister? Yet, no, I will not repent; at least I have been loved! But now I will go to the nunnery of Waltham, and kneel at the altars he hath hallowed to the mone and the monechyn."

"Edith," said the Vala, "thou wilt not bury thy life yet young in the living grave! And, despite all that now severs you—yea, despite Harold's new and loveless ties—still clearer than ever is it written in the heavens, that a day shall come in which you are to be evermore united. Many of the shapes I have seen, many of the sounds I have heard, in the trance and the dream, fade in the troubled memory of waking life. But never yet hath grown doubtful or dim the prophecy, that the truth pledged by the grave shall be fulfilled."

"Oh, tempt not! Oh, delude not!" cried Edith, while the blood rushed over her brow. "Thou knowest this can not be. Another's! he is another's! and in the words thou has uttered there is deadly sin."

"There is no sin in the resolves of a fate that rules us in spite of ourselves. Tarry only till the year brings round the birth-day of Harold; for my sayings shall be ripe with the grape, and when the feet of the vine herd are red in the Month of the vine, the Nor-nas shall knit ye together again!"

Edith clasped her hands mutely, and looked hard

into the face of Hilda—looked and shuddered, she knew not why.

The boat landed on the eastern shore of the river, beyond the walls of the city, and then Edith bent her way to the holy walls of Waltham. The frost was sharp in the glitter of the unwarming sun; upon leafless boughs hung the barbed ice-geins; and the crown was on the brows of Harold! And at night, within the walls of the convent, Edith heard the hymns of the kneeling monks; and the blasts howled, and the storm arose, and the voices of destroying hurricanes were blent with the swell of the choral hymns.

Tostig sate in the halls of Bruges, and with him sate Judith, his haughty wife. The earl and his countess were playing at chess (or the game resembling it which amused the idlesse of that age), and the countess had put her lord's game into mortal disorder, when Tostig swept his hand over the board, and the pieces rolled on the floor.

"That is one way to prevent defeat," said Judith, with a half smile and half frown.

"It is the way of the bold and the wise, wife mine," answered Tostig rising; "let all be destruction where thou canst win not thyself! Peace to these trifles! I can not keep my mind to the mock fight; it flies to the real. Our last news sours the taste of the wine, and steals the sleep from my couch. It says that Edward can not live through the winter, and that all men bruit abroad, there can be no king save Harold my brother."

"And will thy brother as king give to thee again thy domain as earl?"

"He must!" answered Tostig, "and despite all our branches, with soft message he will. For Harold has the heart of the Saxon, to which the sons of one father are dear; and Githa, my mother, when we first fled, controlled the voice of my revenge, and bade me wait patient, and hope yet."

Scarcely had these words fallen from Tostig's lips, when the chief of his Danish house-carles came in, and announced the arrival of a bode from England.

"His news? his news?" cried the earl, "with his own lips let him speak his news."

The house-carle withdrew but to usher in the messenger, an Anglo-Dane.

"The weight on thy brow shows the load on thy heart," cried Tostig. "Speak, and be brief."

"Edward is dead."

"Ha! and who reigns?"

"Thy brother is chosen and crowned."

The face of the earl grew red and pale in a breath, and successive emotions of envy and old rivalry, humbled pride and fierce discontent, passed across his turbulent heart. But these died away as the predominant thought of self-interest, and somewhat of that admiration for success which seems oft like magnanimity in grasping minds, and something too of haughty exultation, that he stood a king's brother in the halls of his exile, came to chase away the more hostile and menacing feelings. Then Judith approached with joy on her brow, and said.

"We shall no more eat the bread of dependence even from the hand of a father; and since Harold hath no dame to proclaim to the Church, and take throne on the dais, thy wife, O my Tostig, will have state in

fair England, little less than her sister in Rouen.

"Methinks so will it be," said Tostig. "How now nuncius? why lookest thou so grim, and why shakes thou thy head?"

"Small chance for thy dame to keep state in the halls of the king; small hope for thyself to win back thy broad earldom. But a few weeks ere thy brother won the crown, he won also a bride in the house of thy spoiler and foe. Aldyth, the sister of Edwin and Morcar, is Lady of England; and that union shut thee out from Northumbria for ever."

At these words, as if stricken by some deadly and inexpressible insult, the earl recoiled, and stood a moment mute with rage and amaze.

His singular beauty became distorted into the lineaments of a fiend. He stamped with his foot, as he thundered a terrible curse. Then, haughtily waving his hand to the bode in sign of dismissal, he strode to and fro the room in gloomy perturbation.

Judith, like her sister Matilda, a woman fierce and vindictive, continued, by that sharp venom that lies in the tongue of the sex, to incite still more the intense resentment of her lord. Perhaps some female jealousies of Aldyth might contribute to increase her own indignation. But without such frivolous addition to anger, there was cause enow in this marriage thoroughly to complete the alienation between the king and his brother. It was impossible that one so revengeful as Tostig should not cherish the deepest animosity, not only against the people that had rejected but the new earl that had succeeded him. In wedding the sister of this fortunate rival and despoiler, Harold could not, therefore, but gall him in his most sensitive sores of soul. The king, thus, formally approved and sanctioned his ejection, solemnly took part with his foe, robbed him of all legal chance of recovering his dominions, and, in the words of the bode, "shut him out from Northumbria forever." Nor was this even all. Grant his return to England; grant reconciliation with Harold; still those abhorred and more fortunate enemies, necessarily made now the most intimate part of the king's family, must be most in his confidence, would curb and chafe and encounter Tostig in every scheme for his personal aggrandizement. His foes, in a word, were in the camp of his brother.

While gnashing his teeth with a wrath the more deadly because he saw not yet his way to retribution, Judith, pursuing the separate thread of her own cogitations, said—

"And if my sister's lord, the Count of the Normans had, as rightly he ought to have, succeeded his cousin the Monk-king, then I should have a sister on the throne, and thou in her husband a brother more tender than Harold. One who supports his barons with sword and mail, and gives the villains rebelling against them but the brand and the cord."

"Ho!" cried Tostig, stopping suddenly in his disorderly strides, "kiss me, wife, for those words. They have helped thee to power, and lit me to revenge. If thou wouldst send love to thy sister, take graphium and parchment, and write fast as a scribe. Ere the sun is an hour older, I am on my road to Count William."

The Duke of the Normans was in the forest, or park land, of Rouvray, and his quens and his knights stood around him, expecting some new proof of his strength and his skill with the bow. For the duke was trying some arrows, a weapon he was ever employed in seeking to improve; sometimes shortening, sometimes lengthening the shaft; and suiting the wings of the feather and the weight of the point, to the nicest refinement in the law of mechanics. Gay and debonnair, in the brisk, fresh air of the frosty winter, the great count jested and laughed as the squires fastened a live bird by the string to a stake in the distant sward; and "*Pardex*," said Duke William, "Conan of Bretagne, and Phillip of France, leave us now so unkindly in peace, that I trow we shall never again have larger butt for our *fleches* than the breast of yon poor plumed trembler."

As the duke spoke and laughed, all the sere boughs behind him rattled and crunched, and a horse at full speed came rushing over the hard rime of the sward. The duke's smile vanished in the frown of his pride. "Bold rider and graceless," quoth he, "Who thus comes in the presence of counts and princes?"

Right up to Duke William spurred the rider, and then leaped from his steed; vest and mantle, yet more rich than the duke's, all tattered and soiled. No knee bent the rider, no cap did he doff; but, seizing the startled Norman with the grip of a hand as strong as his own, he led him aside from the courtiers, and said—

"Thou knowest me, William? though not, thus alone should I come to thy court, if I did not bring thee a crown."

"Welcome, brave Tostig!" said the duke, marveling. "What meanest thou?—naught but good, by thy words and thy smile."

"Edward sleeps with the dead!—and Harold is King of all England!"

"King!—England!—King!" faltered William, staggering in his agitation. England, then, is *mine*! King!—I am the king! Harold hath sworn it—my quens and prelates heard him; the bones of the saints attest the oath!"

"Somewhat of this have I vaguely learned from our *beau pere*, Count Baldwin; more will I learn at thy leisure; but take, meanwhile, my word as *miles* and Saxon—never, while there is breath on his lips, or one beat in his heart, will my brother, Lord Harold, give an inch of English land to the Norman."

William turned pale and faint with emotion, and leaned for support against a leafless oak.

Busy were the rumors and anxious the watch, of the quens and knights, as their prince stood long in the distant glade, conferring with the rider, whom one or two of them had recognized as Tostig, the spouse of Matilda's sister.

At length, side by side, still talking earnestly, they regained the group; and William, summoning the lord of Tancarville, bade him conduct Tostig to Rouen, the towers of which rose through the forest trees. "Rest and refresh thee, noble kinsman," said the duke; "see and talk with Matilda. I will join thee anon."

The earl remounted his steed, and saluting the company with a wild and hasty grace, soon vanished amidst the groves.

Then William, seating himself on the sward, mechanically unstrung his bow, sighing oft, and oft frowning; and without vouchsafing other word to his lords than "No further sport to-day!" rose slowly and went alone through the thickest parts of the forest. But his faithful Fitzosborne marked his gloom and fondly followed him. The duke arrived at the borders of the Seine, where his galley waited him. He entered, sat down on the bench, and took no notice of Fitzosborne, who quietly stepped in after his lord, and placed himself on another bench.

The little voyage to Rouen was performed in silence; and as soon as he had gained his palace, without seeking either Tostig or Matilda, the duke turned into the vast hall, in which he was wont to hold council with his barons; and walked to and fro, "often" says the chronicles, "changing posture and attitude, and oft loosening and tightening, and drawing into knots, the strings of his mantle."

Fitzosborne, meanwhile, had sought the ex-earl, who was closeted with Matilda; and now returning, he went boldly up to the duke, whom no one else dared approach, and said:

"Why, my liege, seek to conceal what is already known—what ere the eve will be in the mouths of all? You are troubled that Edward is dead, and that Harold, violating his oath, has seized the English realm."

"Truly," said the duke mildly, and with the tone of a meek man much injured; "my dear cousin's death, and the wrongs I have received from Harold, touch me nearly."

Then said Fitzosborne, with that philosophy, half grave as became the Scandinavian, half gay as became the Frank: "No man should grieve for what he can help—still less for what he can not help. For Edward's death, I trow, remedy there is none; but for Harold's treason, yea! Have you not a noble host of knights and warriors? What want you to destroy the Saxon and seize his realm? What but a bold heart? A great deed once well begun, is half done. Begin, Count of the Normans, and we will complete the rest."

Starting from his sorely tasked dissimulation; for all William needed, and all of which he doubted, was the aid of his haughty barons; the duke raised his head, and his eyes shone out.

"Ha, sayest thou so! then, by the splendor of God, we will do this deed. Haste thou—rouse hearts, nerve hands—promise, menace, win! Broad are the lands of England, and generous a conqueror's hand. Go and prepare all my faithful lords for a council, nobler than ever yet stirred the hearts and strung the hands of the sons of Rou."

A REFLECTION.—It is an exquisite and beautiful thing in our nature, that when the heart is touched and softened by some tranquil happiness or affectionate feeling, the memory of the dead comes over it most powerfully and irresistibly. It would seem almost as though our better thoughts and sympathies were charms, in virtue of which, the soul is enabled to hold some vague and mysterious intercourse with the spirits of those whom we loved dearly in life! Alas! how often how long may those patient angels hover above us watching for the spell which is so seldom uttered, and so soon forgotten!

REPRESENTATIVE MEN OF UTAH.

Character-sketches and Biography.

BY E. W. TULLIDGE.

"If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer, it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolved to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiased truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless, and this is the course I take myself."—DE FOE.

DANIEL SPENCER.

[CONTINUED.]

At mid-day, about three months after the poor Mormon Elder came into the town of West Stockbridge, Daniel Spencer took him by the arm and, not ashamed, walked through the town taking the route of the main street to the waters of baptism, followed by hundreds of his townsmen to the river's bank. It was quite a procession to witness the wonderful event, for thus it seemed in the eyes of his friends and fellow-townsmen. The profoundest respect and quiet were manifested by the vast concourse of witnesses, but also the profoundest astonishment. It was nothing wonderful that a despised Mormon Elder should believe in Joseph Smith, but it was a matter of astonishment that a man of Daniel Spencer's social standing and character should receive the mission of the Prophet and the divinity of the Book of Mormon. How very general have such cases been when any man of standing, tried integrity and solid judgment has come into this Church; and, to this day, it is a matter of great wonderment in the world that the sagacious Brigham Young should be a conscientious believer in the Mormon Prophet. That he does believe in his mission and also in his own, every sound philosopher of the nation is conscious of, for they at once perceive that without such a conscientious faith, he never could have been the Brigham Young of the day. Thus in a degree was it when Daniel Spencer entered the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. All felt that in him, at least, there was an exposition of a conscientious faith.

On the same day of his baptism, which was in April, 1840, he was confirmed into the Church by James Burnham, who officiated in the two initiatory ordinances; and, in the same month, he was ordained to the office of a Priest. After his confirmation, and on the same day, he received the gift of tongues. This was in itself a marvelous thing and thus I look upon it myself even while I write, that a Brigham should have been the first man whom Joseph Smith heard speak in tongues; and that, on the day of his confirmation, as a sign of his reception of the Holy Ghost, a Daniel should also be a speaker in tongues. These men were not created with excitable natures, but are men of sound minds. That they should be wise men astonishes no one, for God made them so; and the fact that they spoke in the tongue of the Spirit seems a powerful proof that they did receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. It was much in this view that the friends and townsmen of Daniel considered the subject after his baptism and confirmation. The manifestation of the Spirit through him carried a deep

and weighty conviction among many good families in the region, around which, in a few months, resulted in the establishment of a flourishing branch of the Church. This branch which he was the chief instrument in founding, and over which he presided, has contributed its full quota of respectable citizens to Nauvoo and Utah. John Van Cott, the man so long identified in the history of the Scandinavian mission and a Representative Man also came from that region.

About the period of Daniel Spencer's connection with the Mormon Church, the partners in the firm to which he belonged, took the benefit of the bankrupt law, which resulted in his financial depression. He then gave himself much to the ministry, and soon after brought into the Church his brother Orson. He continued for two years laboring in the ministry in that region, and then (1842) he removed to Nauvoo. He was scarcely arrived in the city of the Saints, when he was appointed on a mission to Canada. On his return, he was elected a member of the Nauvoo City Council; but soon afterwards was sent on a mission to the Indian nation. From the hardships of that mission he never recovered to the day of his death. The next year, he was sent on a mission to Massachusetts, returned and was elected Mayor of Nauvoo. When Joseph Smith planned the expedition to explore the Rocky Mountains, and the volunteers were called, Daniel Spencer was among the number. This was in 1844; and had it not been for the martyrdom of our beloved Prophet, Daniel would have been found among those designed Pioneers of the Pacific long before Fremont and Commodore Stockton possessed California for the United States by the *coup de main* of revolution. This is a very important point in a historical view, not only for Daniel Spencer, but for Joseph Smith and those who were designed as the Pioneers of the Pacific in 1844. It makes the subject a national one, and belongs legitimately to American history. Joseph petitioned Congress to allow him to possess California and Oregon for the United States, through the removal of his people on to the Pacific. Orson Hyde was Joseph's delegate to Washington upon the subject, and Senator Douglas was strongly with him; and had Congress boldly assumed the responsibility of allowing the Mormon Prophet to possess the Pacific in the name of the United States, and had he not been martyred, he would have explored the Rocky Mountains, his volunteers would have possessed California; and Fremont and Commodore Stockton would have found nothing to accomplish. Daniel Spencer was one of the men designed for that great national enterprise.

At the time of the great exodus from Nauvoo in 1846, Daniel started among the first of the Pioneers to the Rocky Mountains. He was a Captain of Fifty. But the leading companies finding that the journey could not be accomplished that year, and the news of the extermination of the remnant from Nauvoo reaching the President, Brigham departed from his first intentions and the Saints went into Winter Quarters. When the city was organized—then known as Winter Quarters but now as the city of Florence—Daniel Spencer was chosen to act as a Bishop of one of the Wards. He spent a large amount of his means in his benevolent administration to the suffering and dying of the sorely tried and afflicted "Camp of Israel." It was at the period when the dreadful plague struck the

camps of the Saints just following their flight from Nauvoo.

In the spring of 1847, when the Pioneers under President Young took the lead of the main body of the Church, Daniel was appointed President of two companies of Fifties to follow in the Pioneer van. There was considerable emulation between most of the captains of the companies, that year, to see who should reach the terminus of the journey first. A distinguished captain one day passing Daniel's company, which was encamped for the day recruiting the strength of both man and beast, with good-natured sarcasm asked brother Spencer if he had any message for the Pioneers. He answered significantly, "Toll them I am coming, if you see them first." Then turning to the camp he said, "Sisters, take plenty of time to wash, bake, rest, and go picking berries, and we will get to the terminus first and come back and help brother Parley in, for we shall have it to do." This turned out to be the case; and Daniel Spencer's company was the first of the Winter Quarters' emigration that followed the Pioneers into the Great Basin.

To help the organization of the Pioneer company, he had, at Winter Quarters, outfitted three men with provisions, clothing, seed grain, farming implements, team and wagon, and the first winter after the arrival he fed twenty-six souls. In the organization of the High Council of the Stake, he was appointed a member; and soon afterwards was elected its President, which position he filled up to his death. He was a member of the Legislature for years, and for some time sat in the senate of the Provisional government of the State of Deseret, and acted in connection with those who framed its Constitution. In 1855 he was appointed on a mission to England, and filled the place of First Counsellor to Franklin D. Richards, another of our representative men. He arrived in England just at the important period of the publication of the revelation on polygamy, and by his wisdom very much sustained the Church. Nothing but the power of God could have carried the Saints through that important crisis. Many of the representative Elders in the British mission at that period, who are now reading this memoir, will remember how abundantly the spirit of God was manifested through them at that important council, when the revelation on polygamy was read. Samuel W. Richards was president of the mission and editor of the *Millennial Star* at that period; and Providence had also placed that wise man, Daniel Spencer, in Great Britain, and his spirit and counsels were felt in the land at that critical time. Having honorably fulfilled his mission to Europe, he returned to his native land in 1856.

We all know the history of Daniel Spencer since his return, and the public heart was deeply touched by that splendid funeral sermon which President Young preached over the mortal relics of Daniel Spencer in honor of his memory.

READ IT.

The attention of all our friends is called to the Prospectus of the New Volume of the Magazine, published in the advertising pages of this number. Read the magnificent and attractive offer of Eastern periodicals to be given free to all Clubs. It is worth attention.

ITEMS FROM THE ELDERS' JOURNALS.

Last week we made an appeal to the talented among our readers for contributions in prose or poetry, humorous or sentimental. That application is still open; but this week, we make an appeal for some contributions of quite another kind.

At the suggestion of some influential friends, we have determined to open a department of the Magazine for "Items of interest from the journals of the Elders;" interesting adventures worth preserving; or what is more valuable still, incidents of providential interpositions or protection. Thousands of us have had such in our lives, both before we were members of this community as well as afterwards; and a record of such facts as are interesting and full of point, will be valuable and instructive to members of our families in years to come.

We want all our readers to contribute who have incidents worth preserving in their memory or in their journals.

None need be afraid because of their inability as writers; provided we can read their communications, we will put them into shape for them. All we want are the facts told in the best way the writers can present them. So long as we can get at the sense, we shall care little about any deficiency in grammar or spelling.

Let our subscribers tell their friends or any whom they believe have such facts at their command, and help us to make the *Magazine* THE HOME JOURNAL OF THE PEOPLE. Of course we cannot promise to publish all we receive, nor yet all at once. We must use our judgment as to what would be interesting, and select them so as to present the greatest variety. Let none think, however, that because their items are not published at once that they are forgotten. If suitable they will appear in due time.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

IGNORANCE wants to know how long it is since the earth has been formed, or since the Lord blessed the Seventh day. When the Lord blessed the Seventh day we do not know. Those who accept the Bible chronology believe it to be something under six thousand years since the first man was created. As to the age of the earth itself, geology goes to show that it must, as an earth, have existed thousands and thousands of years before the date assigned to the first man by the Bible. Geologists generally explain this difference by supposing the Bible history to refer only to the present races upon its surface; while the revelations of Geology or the history of the earth inscribed in the rocks belongs to pre-Adamite times.

NOTICE.—Specimen copies of the beautiful magazines and papers to be given away to clubs formed for our New Volume can be seen at this office. Read the Prospectus, page 3 of advertisements.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE,

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1869.

SAXEY'S ARTICLES.

The following editorial note was presented on the covers only, of last number, and is therefore reproduced here :

We present, in this number, the second of the original Saxey's good humored essays on representative boys. Saxey being one of the b'hoys, and being fearful that that class will not be represented, comes to the rescue bravely.

We insert Saxey's communications for their fun and the good nature that pervades them. His witty drive at our title of "Representative Men," and his felicitous imitation of "Author's Notes," etc., are rich hits, which we publishers and authors enjoy with the rest; and if we don't, we are not going to tell anybody so.

In the same number will be found the *serious* side of the same subject, taken up in the truthful and graphic description of the lamented and beloved Daniel Spencer. Let no thick-head imagine, because Saxey burlesques our title, that his shafts as an author or our purposes as a publisher have any reference, direct or indirect, to that honored memory, or to the serious and truthful delineation of any character which may appear under the title of "Representative Men."

DEMOREST'S MONTHLY—ADDITIONAL PERIODICAL OFFERED TO THE CLUBS.

Madame Demorest's splendid monthly is now added to the list of choice publications which we intend to give away to clubs got up for the new volume of the UTAH MAGAZINE.

This splendid monthly contains beautifully colored fashion plates, with full sized patterns for dresses, etc. It is full of elegant engravings, stories, poetry, and original essays. It contains, in addition, architectural designs for houses; two pages of music, with words arranged for voice and piano, and many other choice and interesting features.

With the other excellent publications offered to the clubs, the subscribers to our new volume will now have a choice selection.

MISTAKE IN PROSPECTUS.

In some copies of our Prospectus for the New Volume it is stated that "The *Literary Album*, *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Paper* or *The Chimney Corner* can be substituted for any periodicals named in any of the sets;" instead of the words "for any periodicals named," it should read *For any of Harper's periodicals named in the sets.*

NOVELS—WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY JOHN NICHOLSON.

Novels are of various classes. There is a class that is exceedingly watery and insipid, out of which if you leave maudlin twaddle and only let the plot incidents, sense and moral remain, they are indefinitely infinitesimal affairs. This class may be appropriately called the

WISHY WASHY KIND,

of which the writer will endeavor to give a specimen in a small compass :

It was a dismal night. So thought Mrs. Plumtree. Mr. Filagree's housekeeper, as she drew near the fire in her cozy parlor in Appleton Hall.

Rumble and roll came the growling thunder. Flashing and glaring sped the electric fluid after each other in a rous thunderclap, illuminating the sable darkness without. Patter and splash came the driving rain.

Suddenly Mrs. Plumtree started to her feet and uttered a slight scream, which was drowned in the suddenly increased violence of the storm without.

"Merciful heavens !" she exclaimed, "was that a knock at the window?"

A voice at the window exclaimed : "Mrs. Plumtree, it is I; for heaven's sake let me come in; it is Alfred." In less time than we take to narrate it, Mrs. Plumtree had opened the window and admitted the lawful heir of Appleton Hall.

That our readers may understand the position of the characters who shall be introduced to them in our tale, we will acquaint them with a few circumstances that transpired some three years previous to the events narrated in our last chapter.

Old Mr. Filagree was very rich. He was a fine old swell, and had occasional fits of the gout in his big toe.

Alfred, our hero, his only son and heir, was handsome, with the usual amount of light curly hair which fell in glossy ringlets over his expansive brow. He had blue eyes, finely chiselled nasal protuberance and a mouth, together with all other "fixings" necessary to make a hero of the first water. He was high minded and independent. The old gent and he quarrelled. The cause of the quarrel was that Alfred loved a poor but lovely maid, and wanted to marry her. The old gent was furious and struck Alfred a blow. Alfred rushed off and never was seen at Appleton Hall till three years afterwards he appeared at the old housekeeper's window. He had just returned from India, and was a much tanned and altered man.

To return to the scene in the parlor. After the usual amount of embracing, etc., in answer to the interrogations of Alfred, Mrs. Plumtree told how Mr. Filagree had mourned for his lost son, and how Eveleth Digby, Alfred's cousin, had insinuated himself into the good graces of the old gentleman in hopes of being made his heir. How the young nephew had fabricated a report that Alfred had been lost at sea.

Gentle reader, need we describe the reconciliation of father and son? How they fell upon each other's neck and sobbed? Delicacy forbids our giving details.

There was one who did not share in the universal joy caused by Alfred's return. That one was Eveleth

Digby. He was filled with rage because of his disappointed hopes.

Like many other "heavy villians," he was handsome, yet had an indefinable expression about the mouth that was difficult to read. He was determined to rid himself of the lawful heir of Appleton Hall.

On a dark night Alfred, on his way from the country town, had to pass a steep and overhanging precipice. Eveleth Digby came up suddenly and pushed him over. Eveleth thought Alfred had gone to the final resting place of well-behaved colored people. Vain delusion. Alfred in his fall was caught in some brush and was rescued by a gipsy woman. Alfred appeared before Eveleth next morning. At first he imagined he saw a ghost, but on finding Alfred tangible, he fled the country.

The old gipsy tells that Lizzie Lockeley (Alfred's lady love) is the daughter of Lord and Lady Tweedledum. That she had been bribed by Lady Hazletree to steal Lizzie from her parents while she was an infant, to revenge herself on Lady Tweedledum for having married his lordship, whom Lady Hazletree had loved in her youth. The gipsy told also how she had left the infant Lizzie in a basket on the doorsteps of her present guardians.

On the day following the revelations of the old gipsy woman, there was a grand meeting in the drawing-room at Appleton Hall.

The meeting of Lady Tweedledum and her daughter Lizzie (now Theresa Tweedledum) was most affecting. Lady T. exclaimed incoherently: "It must be, yet it cannot, perhaps it is, yet how is it possible." Oh! let me see is there a mole on her left arm. Yes! yes! 'Tis she! 'tis she! 'Tis my long lost daughter.

At this interesting juncture, those present made sundry pretences at blowing their noses, which was a miserable subterfuge to conceal the big tears that ran down their faces like rain on an oilskin overcoat!

Alfred's bliss was extatic. Mr. Filagrec forgot his gouty toe. Lord Tweedledum placed his daughter's hand in Alfred's, and the two old gents simultaneously exclaimed: "Bless you, my children." Thus ends the tale of "The Heir of Appleton Hall."

The above is a kind of sample, in substance, of numbers of novels that are spread over two or three hundred pages of print. They are eagerly read by many. Those who make it a practice to read such trash, commit the sin of wasting the precious time allotted them in this life, not to dream and fritter away in idleness and store their minds with useless and vain imaginings, but to benefit themselves and others.

Let the young men and women of Utah adopt the motto of that intellectual giant and indefatigable worker, Thomas Carlisle, who says that "Labor is worship."

There are other novels that are most damnable and injurious in effects. No leper ought to be shunned with greater repugnance than those morally pestilential vipers of literature. Keep them without the reach of your budding and blooming families, O ye Saints, if you wish to keep untainted the moral atmosphere of your mountain homes. Novels of this class may reasonably come under the heading of

THE BASER KIND.

Those appeal to the baser passions, and make light of crimes of the most detestable and atrocious char-

acter. They often hold up as heroes and heroines those guilty of them. Thus contaminating and corrupting the moral tendencies of the weak minded and unwary.

A wholesome law was passed in Scotland some years ago, which restricted the performance of the play of "Jack Sheppard" to a limited number of times in a given period. The reason of the restriction was because a large number of ambitious youths, inspired by witnessing the play, desired to rise into fame by emulating the thievish hero.

A ludicrous instance of a desire to imitate the heroine of an absurd tale, partly came under the writer's notice a short time since. He was assured by a person, whose veracity he had no reason to doubt, that certain young ladies had concluded to become "man haters" from reading a novel of that name. They doubtless thought it would be "so nice" to resemble the heroine of the tale. The ludicrousness of their position was nearly equal to that of those who indulge in the "Grecian bend."

The pen wields a mighty influence. It is a great power in the world for good or evil. It is a pity to see so many prostrating their noblest powers before unhallowed shrines.

If law were everywhere in consonance with justice, and the law universal in its application, men would be held responsible before earthly tribunals for the effects their actions would produce—harmonious with the common law of cause and effect, even as they are now responsible in a moral sense. It would be a good thing for the world were this kind of law enforced respecting men and women who write novels of a corrupting tendency.

If the truth were known, doubtless many who might—had they been free from the influence of such literature—have led an honorable life, have dated the commencement of a career of crime from impressions received by reading such works.

There are novels that are productive of good. Such may be called

THE ELEVATING KIND.

Those, like good plays, are calculated to inspire in the reader a greater appreciation of the beautiful and sublime in nature, an increased love for truth, virtue and purity, and give them a better insight into the human heart.

To accomplish this object should be the motive of every novel writer. It can only be done by depicting the detestability of sin of every kind, and the loveliness of virtue, honesty and integrity. Of this nature is "Foul Play." Although many of its incidents are most improbable, yet, for vividness and distinctness of individualization of the characters, it has few equals. It betrays in its authors much knowledge of the human heart, and a keen appreciation of individual idiosyncrasies. This much can scarcely be said of "Harold," as there is a little too much of dreamy unreality about it. Its semi-poetical, melancholy and weird-like tone, makes it a work from which but a limited number of beneficial impressions can be made on the mind of the peruser.

[So much, and correctly too, for its ideal portion. Historically, it presents many graphic pictures of the times of that good old Saxon land from whence so many of us have sprung, and is valuable on that account.—EDITOR.]

FOUL PLAY.

BY CHARLES READE AND DION FOUCAULT.

(CONCLUDED.)

CHAPTER LX.

The next morning came the first wedding presents from the jubilant bridegroom, who was determined to advance step by step and give no breathing time.

When Helen saw them laid out by her maid she trembled at the consequences of not giving a plump negative to so brisk a wooer.

The second post brought her two letters; one of them from Mrs. Undercliff. The other contained no word but only a pearl of uncommon size and pear-shaped.

Helen received this last as another wedding present, and an attempt on Arthur's part to make her a present of a pearl as large as those she had gathered on her dear island. But, looking narrowly at the address, she saw it was not written by Arthur; and, presently, she was struck by the likeness of this pearl in shape to some of her own. She got out her pearls, laid them side by side, and began to be moved exceedingly. She had one of her instincts, and it set every fibre quivering with excitement. It was some time before she could take her eyes off the pearls, and it was with a trembling hand she opened Mrs. Undercliff's letter.

That missive was not calculated to calm her. It ran thus:

"MY DEAR YOUNG LADY:

"A person called here last night and supplied the clue. If you have the courage to know the truth, you have only to come here, and to bring your diary, and all the letters you have received from any person or persons since you landed in England.

"I am yours obediently.

"JANE UNDERCLIFF."

The courage to know the truth!

This mysterious sentence affected Helen considerably. But her faith in Robert was too great to be shaken. She would not wait for the canonical hour at which young ladies go out, but put on her bonnet directly after breakfast.

Early as she was, a visitor came before she could start. Mr. Burt, the detective. She received him in the library.

Mr. Burt looked at her dress and her little bag, and said, "I am very glad I made bold to call so early."

"You have got information of importance to communicate to me?"

"I think so, miss; and he took out his notebook. "The person you are watched by is Mr. Arthur Wardlaw."

The girl stared at him.

"Both spies report to him twice a day at his house in Russell Square."

"Be careful, Mr. Burt; this is a serious thing to say, and may have serious consequences."

"Well, miss, you told me you wanted to know the truth."

"Of course I want to know the truth."

"Then the truth is that you are watched by order of Mr. Wardlaw."

Burt continued his report.

"A shabby-like man called on you yesterday."

"Yes; it was Mr. Hand, Mr. Wardlaw's clerk. And oh, Mr. Burt, that wretched creature came and confessed the truth. It was he who forged the note, out of sport, and for a bet, and then was too cowardly to own it."

She then detailed Hand's confession.

"His penitence comes too late," said she, with a deep sigh.

"It hasn't come yet," said Burt, drily. "Of course my lambs followed the man. He went first to his employer, and then he went home. His name is not Hand. He is not a clerk at all, but a little actor at the Corinthian Saloon. Hand is in America; went three months ago. I ascertained that from another quarter."

"Oh, goodness!" cried Helen: "what a wretched world! I can't see my way a yard for stories."

"How should you, miss? It is clear enough for all that. Mr. Wardlaw hired this actor to pass for Hand, and tell you a lie, that he thought would please you."

Helen put her hand to her brow, and thought; but her can did not get sadly in the way of her brain.

"Mr. Burt," said she, "will you go with me to Mr. Undercliff the Expert?"

"With pleasure, ma'am; but let me finish my report. Last night there was something new. Your house was watched six persons. Two were Wardlaw's, three were Burt's; but odd man was there on his own hook; and my men could make him out at all; but they think one of Wardlaw's men knew him; for he went off to Russell Square like the wind and brought Mr. Wardlaw here in disguise. Now, miss, that's all; and shall I call a cab, and we'll hear Undercliff's tale?"

The cab was called, and they went to Undercliff. On the way Helen brooded; but the detective eyed every man and everything on the road with the utmost keenness.

Edward Undercliff was at work at lithographing. He received Helen cordially, nodded to Burt, and said she could have a better assistant.

He then laid his fac simile of the forged note on the table with John Wardlaw's genuine writing and Penfold's endorsement.

"Look at that, Mr. Burt."

Burt inspected the papers keenly.

"You know, Burt, I swore at Robert Penfold's trial that I never wrote that forged note."

"I remember," said Burt.

"The other day this lady instructed me to discover, if I could, who did write the forged note. But, unfortunately, materials she gave me were not sufficient. But, last night a young man dropped from the clouds, that I made sure was an agent of yours, Miss Rolleston. Under that impression I was rather unguarded, and I let him know how far we had got, and could go no farther. I think I can help you," says the young man, and puts a letter on the table. Well, Mr. Burt, glance at the letter was enough for me. It was written by the man who forged the note."

"A letter," said Helen.

"Yes. I'll put the letter by the side of the forged note; and if you have any eye for writing at all, you'll see at once that one hand wrote the forged note and this letter. I am also prepared to swear that the letters signed Hand, are forgeries of the same person."

He then coolly put upon the table the letter from Arthur Wardlaw that Helen had received on board the *Proserpine*, and was proceeding to point out the many points of resemblance between the letter and the document, when he was interrupted by a scream from Helen.

"Ah!" she cried. "He is here. Only one man in the world could have brought that letter. I left it on the island. Robert is here: he gave you that letter."

"You are right," said the Expert, "and what a fool I must be. I have no eye except for handwriting!" He had a beard and such a beard!

"It is Robert!" cried Helen in raptures. "He is come just in time."

"In time to be arrested," said Burt. "Why his time is not out. He'll get into a trouble again."

"Oh, Heaven forbid!" cried Helen, and turned so faint, she had to be laid back on a chair, and salt applied to her nostrils.

She soon came to, and cried and trembled, but prepared to defend her Robert with all a woman's wit.

Burt and Undercliff were conversing in a low voice, and Burt was saying he felt sure Wardlaw's spies had detected Robert Penfold, and that Robert would be arrested and put into prison as a runaway convict.

"Go to Scotland Yard this minute, Mr. Burt," said Helen eagerly.

"What for?"

"Why, you must take the commission to arrest him. You are our friend."

Burt slapped his thigh with delight.

"That is first-rate, miss," said he; "I'll take the real fellow first, you may depend. Now, Mr. Undercliff, write your report, and hand it to Miss Helen with fac-similes. It will do harm if you make a declaration to the same effect before a magistrate. You, Miss Rolleston, keep yourself disengaged, and please don't go out. You will very likely hear from me again to-day."

He drove off, and Helen, though still greatly agitated by Robert's danger, and the sense of his presence, now sat down, trembling a little, and compared Arthur's letter with the forged document. The effect of this comparison was irresistible. The Expert, however, asked her for some letter of Arthur's that had never passed through Robert Penfold's hands. She

gave him the short note in which he used the very words, Robert Penfold. He said he would make that note the basis of his report.

While he was writing it, Mrs. Undercliff came in, and Helen told her all. She said, "I came to the same conclusion long ago; but when you said he was to be your husband—"

"Ah," said Helen, "we women are poor creatures; we can always find some reason for running away from the truth. Now explain about the prayer-book."

"Well, miss, I felt sure he would steal it, so I made Ned produce a fac-simile. And he did steal it. What you got back was your mother's prayer book. Of course I took care of that."

"Oh, Mrs. Undercliff," cried Helen, "do let me kiss you."

Then they had a nice little cry together, and, by the time they had done, the report was ready in duplicate.

"I'll declare this before a magistrate," said the Expert, "and then I'll send it you."

At four o'clock of this eventful day, Helen got a message from Burt to say that he had orders to arrest Robert Penfold, and that she must wear a mask and ask Mr. Wardlaw to meet her at old Mr. Penfold's at nine o'clock. But she herself must be there at half-past eight, without fail, and bring Undercliff's declaration and report with her, and the prayer-book, etc.

Accordingly, Helen went down to old Mr. Penfold's at half-past eight, and was received by Nancy Rouse, and ushered into Mr. Penfold's room: that is to say, Nancy held the door open, and on her entering the room, shut it sharply and ran down stairs.

Helen entered the room: a man rose directly and came to her; but it was not Michael Penfold—it was Robert. A faint scream, a heavenly sigh, and her head was on his shoulder, and her arm round his neck, and both their hearts panting as they gazed, and then clung to each other, and then gazed again with love unutterable. After awhile they got sufficient composure to sit down hand in hand and compare notes. And Helen showed him their weapons of defence, the prayer-book, the Expert's report, etc.

A discreet tap was heard at the door. It was Nancy Rouse. On being invited to enter, she came in and said, "O, Miss Helen, I've got a penitent outside, which he done it for love of me, and now he'll make a clean breast, and the fault was partly mine. Come in, Joe, and speak for yourself."

On this, Joe Wylie came in, hanging his head piteously.

"She is right, sir," said he; "I'm come to ask your pardon and the lady's. Not as I ever meant you any harm; but to destroy the ship, it was a bad act, and I've never throve since. Nancy, she have got the money. I'll give it back to the underwriters; and, if you and the lady will forgive a poor fellow that was tempted with love and money, why I'll stand to the truth for you, though it's a bitter pill."

"I forgive you," said Robert; "and I accept your offer to serve me."

"And so do I," said Helen. "Indeed, it is not us you have wronged. But, oh, I am glad, for Nancy's sake, that you repent."

"Miss, I'll go through fire and water for you," said Wylie, lifting up his head.

Here old Michael came in to say that Arthur Wardlaw was at the door, with a policeman.

"Show him in," said Robert.

"Oh no, Robert," said Helen. "He fills me with horror."

"Show him in," said Robert, gently. "Sit down, all of you."

Now Burt had not told Arthur who was in the house, so he came, rather uneasy in his mind, but still expecting only to see Helen.

Robert Penfold told Helen to face the door, and the rest to sit back; and this arrangement had not been effected one second, when Arthur came in, with a lover's look, and, taking two steps into the room, saw the three men waiting to receive him. At sight of Penfold, he started, and turned pale as ashes; but, recovering himself, said:

"My dearest Helen, this is indeed an unexpected pleasure. You will reconcile me to one whose worth and innocence I never doubted, and tell him I have had some little hand in clearing him."

His effrontery was received in dead silence. This struck cold to his bones, and, being naturally weak, he got violent. He said:

"Allow me to send a message to my servant."

He then tore a leaf out of his memorandum book, wrote on it, "Robert Penfold is here: arrest him directly, and take him

away," and, enclosing this in an envelope, sent it out to Burt by Nancy.

Helen seated herself quietly, and said:

"Mr. Wardlaw, when did Mr. Hand go to America?"

Arthur stammered out, "I don't know the exact date."

"Two or three months ago?"

"Yes."

"Then the person you sent to me to tell me that falsehood was not Mr. Hand?"

"I sent nobody."

"Oh, for shame! for shame! Why have you set spies? Why did you make away with my prayer-book; or what you thought was my prayer-book? Here is my prayer-book, that proves you had the Prosperpine destroyed; and I should have lost my life but for another, whom you had done your best to destroy. Look Robert Penfold in the face, if you can."

Arthur's eyes began to waver.

"I can," said he. "I never wronged him. I always lamented his misfortune."

"You were not the cause?"

"Never! so help me Heaven!"

"Monster!" said Helen, turning away in contempt and horror.

"Oh, that is it, is it?" said Arthur wildly. "You break faith with me for him? You insult me for him? I must bear anything from you, for I love you; but, at least, I will sweep him out of the path."

He ran to the door, opened it, and there was Burt, listening.

"Are you an officer?"

"Yes."

"Then arrest that man this moment: he is Robert Penfold, a convict returned before his time."

Burt came into the room, locked the door, and put the key in his pocket.

"Well, sir," said Burt to Robert Penfold, "I know you are a quick hitter. Don't let us have a row over it this time. If you have got anything to say, say it quiet and comfortable."

"I will go with you on one condition," said Robert. "You must take the felon as well as the martyr. This is the felon," and he laid his hand on Arthur's shoulder, who cowered under the touch at first, but soon began to act violent indignation.

"Take the ruffian away at once," he cried.

"What, before I hear what he has got to say?"

"Would you listen to him against a merchant of the city of London, a man of unblemished reputation?"

"Well, sir, you see we have got a hint that you were concerned in scuttling a ship; and that is a felony. So I think I'll just hear what he has got to say. You need not fear any man's tongue if you are innocent."

"Sit down, if you please, and examine these documents," said Robert Penfold. "As to the scuttling of the ship, here is the deposition of two seamen, taken on their death bed, and witnessed by Miss Rolleston and myself."

"And that book he tried to steal," said Helen.

Robert continued. "And here is Undercliff's fac-simile of the forged note. Here are specimens of Arthur Wardlaw's handwriting, and here is Undercliff's report."

The Detective ran his eye hastily over the report, which we slightly condense.

On comparing the forged note with genuine specimens of John Wardlaw's handwriting, no less than twelve deviations from his habits of writing strike the eye: and every one of these twelve deviations is a deviation into a habit of Arthur Wardlaw, which is an amount of demonstration rarely attained in cases of forgery.

1. The capital L.—Compare in London (forged note) with the same letter in London in Wardlaw's letter.

2. The capital D.—Compare this letter in "Date," with the same letter in "Dearest."

3. The capital T.—Compare it in "Two" and "Tollemache."

4. The word "To:" see "To pay," in forged note and third line of letter.

5. Small "o" formed with loop in the up-stroke.

6. The manner of finishing the letter "r."

7. Ditto the letter "w."

8. The imperfect formation of the small "a." This and the looped "o" run through the forged note and Arthur Wardlaw's letter, and are habits entirely foreign to the style of John Wardlaw.

9. See the "th" in connection.

10. Ditto the "of" in connection.

11. The incautious use of the Greek "c." John Wardlaw never uses this "c." Arthur Wardlaw never uses any other, apparently. The writer of the forged note began right, but at

the word "Robert Penfold," glided insensibly into his Greek "e," and maintained it to the end of the forgery. This looks as if he was in the habit of writing those two words.

12. Compare the words "Robert Penfold" in the forged document with the same words in the letter. The similarity is so striking that, on these two words alone, the writer could be identified beyond a doubt.

13. Great pains was taken with the signature, and it is like John Wardlaw's writing on the surface, but go below the surface, and it is all Arthur Wardlaw.

The looped o, the small r, the l dropping below the d, the open a, are all Arthur Wardlaw's. The open loop of the final w is a still bolder deviation into A. W.'s own hand. The final flourish is a curious mistake. It is executed with skill and freedom; but the writer has made the lower line the thick one. Yet John Wardlaw never does this.

How was the deviation caused? Examine the final flourish in Arthur Wardlaw's signature. It contains one stroke only but that stroke is a thick one. He thought he had only to prolong his own stroke and bring it round. He did this extremely well but missed the deeper characteristic—the thick upper stroke. This is a proof of a high character: and altogether I am quite prepared to testify upon oath that the writer of the letter to Miss Rolleston, who signs himself Arthur Wardlaw, is the person who forged the promissory note.

To these twelve proofs one more was now added.

Arthur Wardlaw rose, and, with his knees knocking together, said: "Don't arrest him, Burt; let him go."

"Don't let him go," cried old Penfold. "A villain! I have got the number of the notes from Benson. I can prove he bribed this poor man to destroy the ship. Don't let him go. He has ruined my poor boy."

At this Arthur Wardlaw began to shriek for mercy.

"Oh, Mr. Penfold," said he, "you are a father, and hate me. But think of my father. I'll say anything, do anything. I'll clear Robert Penfold at my own expense. I have lost men. She loathes me now. Have mercy on me, and let me leave the country."

He cringed and crawled so that he disarmed anger, and substituted contempt.

"Ay," said Burt. "He don't hit like you, Mr. Penfold; this is a chap that ought to have been in Newgate long ago. But, take my advice; make him clear you on paper and then let him go. I'll go downstairs a while. I mustn't take part in compounding a felony."

"Oh yes, Robert," said Helen; "for his father's sake."

"Very well," said Robert. "Now then, reptile, take the pen, and write in your own hand, if you can."

He took the pen and wrote to dictation: "I, Arthur Wardlaw, confess that I forged the promissory note for £2000, and sent it to Robert Penfold, and that £1400 of it was to be for my own use, and to pay my Oxford debts. And I confess that I bribed Wylie to scuttle the ship *Proserpine* in order to cheat the underwriters."

Penfold then turned to Wylie, and asked him the true motive of this fraud.

"Why, the gold was aboard the *Shannon*," said Wylie. "I played hanky-panky with the metals in White's store."

"Put that down," said Penfold. "Now go on."

"Make a clean breast," said Wylie. "I have. Say as how you cooked the *Proserpine*'s log, and forged Hiram Hudson's writing."

"And the newspaper extracts you sent me," said Helen, "and the letters from Mr. Hand."

Arthur groaned. "Must I tell all that?" said he.

"Every word, or be indicted," said Robert Penfold, sternly.

He wrote it all down: and then sat staring stupidly.

And the next thing was, he gave a loud shriek, and fell on the floor in a fit.

They sprinkled water over him, and Burt conveyed him home in a cab, advising him to leave the country, at the same time promising him not to exasperate those he had wronged so deeply, but rather to moderate them, if required. Then he gave Burt fifty guineas.

Robert Penfold, at Helen's request, went with her to Mr. Hennessy, and with the proofs of Arthur's guilt and Robert's innocence; and he undertook that the matter should go in proper form before the Secretary of State. But, somehow, it transpired that the *Proserpine* had been scuttled, and several of the underwriters wrote to the Wardlaws to threaten proceedings. Wardlaw senior returned but one answer to these gentlemen—"Bring your proofs to me at my place of business next Mon-

day at twelve, and let me judge the case, before you go where."

"That is high and mighty," said one or two; but they complied and agreed to the terms, so high stood the old merchant name.

They came; they were received with stiff courtesy. A deposition of Cooper and Welch was produced, and Wardlaw kept up to the mark by Nancy, told the truth, and laid his thousand pounds intact down on the table.

"Now that is off my stomach," said he, "and I'm a again."

"Ay, and I'll marry you next week," said Nancy.

"Well, gentlemen," said old Wardlaw, "my course is very clear. I will undo the whole transaction, and return your money less the premiums, but plus five per cent. interest."

And this he did on the spot, for the firm was richer for the error.

When they were gone, Robert Penfold came in, and said:

"I hear, sir, you devote this day to repairing the wrong done by your firm: What can you do for me?"

He laid a copy of Arthur's confession before him.

The old man winced a moment where he sat, and then passed through his soul.

It was a long time before he could speak. At last he said:

"This wrong is irreparable, I fear."

Robert said nothing. Sore as his own heart was, he was the one to strike a grand old man, struggling so bravely against dishonor.

Wardlaw Senior touched his hand-bell.

"Request Mr. Penfold to step this way."

Michael Penfold came.

"Gentlemen," said the old merchant, the house of Wardlaw exists no more. It was built on honesty, and cannot survive as a fraud. Wardlaw and Son were partners at will. I have decided to dissolve that partnership, wind up the accounts, put up the shutters. But now, if you like, I will value the business and hand the business over to Penfold and son, on easy terms. Robert Penfold has been accused of forging John Wardlaw's name; to prove this was a calumny, I put Penfold over the door instead of Wardlaw. The City of London will understand that, gentlemen, believe me."

"Mr. Wardlaw," said Robert, "you are a just, a noble man."

He could say no more.

"Ah, sir," said Michael; if the young gentleman had been like you."

"Mention his name no more to me. His crime and his punishment have killed me."

"Oh," said Robert hastily, "he shall not be punished for your sake."

"Not be punished? It is not in your hands to decide. He has punishment him. He is insane."

"Good Heavens!"

"Quite mad, quite mad. Gentlemen, I can no longer support this interview. Send me your solicitor's address; deeds shall be prepared. I wish the new firm success; profit is the road to it. Good day."

He wound up the affairs, had his name and Arthur's put out at his own expense, and directed the painters to paint Penfolds' in at theirs; went home to Elm Trees, and died three days. He died lamented and honored, and Robert Penfold was much affected. He got it into his head that he had done him with Arthur's confession, putting it before him so suddenly.

"I have forgotten who said 'Vengeance is mine,'" said Robert Penfold.

The merchant priest left the office to be conducted to his father; he used the credit of the new firm to purchase a house in the Vale of Kent; and thither he retired, grateful to his defence, but not easy in his conscience. He now accused himself of having often distrusted God, and seen his fellow creatures in too dark a light. He turned towards religion, and the care of souls.

Past suffering enlightens a man, and makes him tender to people soon began to walk and drive considerable distances to hear the new vicar. He had a lake with a peninsular shape of which he altered, at a great expense, as soon as he came there.

He wrote to Helen every day, and she to him. Nancy could do anything "con amore" till the post came in.

One afternoon, as he was preaching with great untiring saw a long puritanical face looking up at him with a deep expression of amazement and half irony. The stranger called him, and began at once:

"Wal, parson, you are a buster, you air. You ginn

you did. I'm darned if I ain't kinder ashamed to talk of world's goods to a saint upon airth like you. But I never sed a parson yet as couldn't collar a dollar."

After this preamble he announced that he had got a lease of island from Chili, dug a lot of silver plate out of the gal-sold ten tons of choice coral, and a ship load of cassia socca-nuts. He had then disposed of his lease to a California Company for a large sum. And his partner's share of profits came to £17,249 13s. 3½d., which sum he had paid to ael, for Robert Penfold in drafts on Baring, at thirty days sight.

Robert shook his hand, and thanked him sincerely for his try and probity. He stayed that night at the Vicarage, by that means fell in with another acquaintance. General Rolleston and his daughter drove down to see the Parson. Helen wanted to surprise Robert; and, as often happens, surprised herself. She made him show her everything; so he took her on to his peninsula. Lol the edges of it been cut and altered, so that it presented a miniature copy of Sodsand Island.

As soon as she saw this, Helen turned round with a sudden of love.

"Oh, Robert!" and the lovers were in each other's arms.

"What could any other man ever be to me?"

"And what could any other woman ever be to me?"

They knew that before. But this miniature island made a speak out and say it. The wedding-day was fixed before left.

Her Majesty pardoned this scholar, hero, and worthy, the he he had never committed.

Uncle Rouse took the penitent Wylie without the £2000. Old Penfold, who knew the whole story, lent the money at 5 per cent; so the Wylies pay a ground rent of £60 a year a property which, by Mrs. Wylie's industry and judgment, worth at least £400. She pays this very cheerfully, and as to Joe whether that is not better than the other way.

Arthur Wardlaw is in a private lunatic asylum, and is taken at care of. In his lucid intervals, he suffers horrible dis- of mind; but, though sad to see, these agonies furnished one hope of his ultimate recovery. When not troubled by e returns of reason, he is contented enough. His favorite employment is to get Mr. Undercliff's fac-similes, and to write e-letters to Helen Rolleston, which are duly deposited in the t-office of the establishment. These letters are in the hand- of Charles L. Paoli, Lord Bacon, Alexander Pope, Lord sterfield, Nelson, Lord Shaftesbury, Addison, the late Duke Wellington, and so on. And, strange to say, the Greek e-er appears in any of them. They are admirably like; nigh, of course, the matter is not always equally consistent h the characters of those personages.

Helen Rolleston married Robert Penfold. On the wedding-, the presents were laid out, and, amongst them, there was a silver-box encrusted with coral.

A female curiosity demanded that this box should be opened. Helen objected; but her bridesmaids rebelled; the whole com-ny sided with them, and Robert smiled a careless assent.

A blacksmith and carpenter were both enlisted, and with in- te difficulty the poor box was riven open.

Inside was another box, locked, but with no key. That was oned with comparative ease, and then handed to the bride, i fair throats were opened in some disappointment.

A lady, however, of more experience, examined the contents i said, that, in her opinion, many of them were uncut gems great price; there were certainly a quantity of jaspers and odstones, and others of no value at all. "But look at these o pearl shaped diamonds," said she, "why, they are a little tane; and, oh!"

The stone that struck this fair creature dumb was a rough y as big as a blackbird's egg, and of amazing depth and fire. "No lady in England," said she, "has a ruby to compare h this."

"The information proved correct. The box furnished Helen th diamonds and emeralds of great thickness and quality. t the huge ruby placed her on a level with sovereigns. She sars it now and then in London, but not often. It attracts o much attention, blazing on her fair forehead like a star, d eclipses everything.

Well, what her ruby is amongst stones, she is amongst wives. d he is worthy of her.

Through much injustice, suffering, danger, and trouble, they ave passed to health, happiness, and peace, and that entire ion of two noble hearts, in loyal friendship and wedded love, hich is the truest bliss this earth affords.

REPRESENTATIVE BOYS OF UTAH.

Character-Sketches and Biography.

BY SAXEY.

SAXEY.

We might, very truthfully, say that his puckering string advent was the first time that Saxey was brought prominently before the public—his notoriety as a genius was just becoming prominent, in fact a public anxiety seemed to pervade the community in regard to his future peregrinations; or, if such was not the case, it is very evident that such an influence *might* have been created, and either way it is immaterial with the highly gifted author of this sketch.

His first school teacher was Judge W. W. Phelps, now chaplain in the House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Utah assembled. The Judge, at the time Saxey was sent to school to him, was younger than he is now, and from our hero's recollection of certain abrupt movements of his right arm, to the end of which was attached a mulberry or birch cutting, he is positively certain that the Judge was a remarkably active man for one of his age, and, physically, well developed. Saxey, the very first day in school, manifested remarkable ability; and, by means of his inventive powers, introduced an entirely new branch of study, now almost universally adapted in all common schools. He took a pin and by giving it a few ingenious twists and turns with his fingers and teeth, brought it into a shape that would support itself, point upwards, when set on any smooth surface. About the time Saxey had completed his "Invigorator," as he called it an excellent opportunity was immediately offered to test its workings, by the removal of one of the boys from his seat for a few moments. The "Invigorator," of course, being slyly conducted to the proper place on the form. But a short time elapsed before the return of the absent one; he took his seat, but only for the shortest space of time that human imagination can possibly compute; he arose without any direction from the teacher; and, as he arose, there issued from his mouth one of the largest, longest, strongest and healthiest yells that ever penetrated the echoing cliffs of the surrounding Rocky Mountains. In poetical language—

"At once there rose so wild a yell
As if all the fiends from heaven that fell,
Had peeled the banner-cry of Hell."

It might be necessary to add that for this innova- tion on school exercises, our young friend received from the Judge, personally, a practical essay, entitled: "An Instantaneous Patent Tanning Process," warrant- ed to straighten out and limber up the most refractory hides. The Judge made young Saxey a present of this valuable *work*; and, in justice to the purity of feelings existing among his comrades, we are pleased to chronicle the fact that none of his companions envied him his gift, or importuned the Judge for a simi- lar donation.

At this period of our narration, it may be instructive to instance a circumstance that occurred in school and created no little sensation, in a literary point of view. Heretofore, Saxey had not been credited with possessing the massive powers of mind that subse- quently shone forth in such brilliant colors. A day

was set apart for competition in composition, each scholar selecting his own subject, the prize being a medal hereafter to be described. Saxey was not expected to join in the intellectual race for the prize, from the fact that he never had evinced any particular fancies in that direction; the most of his learnings previously had been towards a certain standard known now-a-days as "cussedness."

Composition day came, and with it, busy preparations on the part of contestants for the honors to be achieved, to say nothing about the longing anxiety to secure the prize. The compositions were handed in with each author's name written on the outside of the wrappers, and among the many was one branded "Saxey," which was laid by to be read last, it being considered the least important and least likely to attract the attention of either scholars' or teacher. It was finally read; and, as a document of Saxey's first attempt, not to mention the obligations we are under to posterity, we give it in full, verbatim. The subject he chose was—

"THE FLEA."

The flea is the smallest-potatoc of a carnivorous critter or bug-animal that lives by the sweat of somebody else's brow; they are not too small to be sneezed at, but sneezing don't play them out. When they bite, you feel it tolerably well without the aid of a microscope or the steel-yards. They are found in the ground in California, in the summer; but generally pick out some warm, soft spot on the human body to winter. They don't "instinct" as much as a bed-bug does, but make it all up in activity and portness. I never heard of an individual who had caught a flea; have heard of many hunts, but no captures. On the other hand, who has not perpetrated a bed-bug murder right under their very noses. The only successful and effectual way to kill a flea is to have Mr. Ashley from Ohio, or some other talented lunatic introduce into Congress an act to have it totally dismembered by Congressional enactment. If it could be proven that fleas are immortal, it would be a powerful argument in favor of Infidelity. If an elephant had the "get-up-and-dust" in him, in proportion to his size, that a flea has, he could give the Atlantic Cable thirty minutes the start, and beat it to Ireland more than a quarter of a century."

The reading of this document was received with acclamation. A well executed and universal shout announced that Saxey was the winner of the prize. The teacher rushed towards Saxey to embrace him, but he stubbed his toe against a knot-hole in the floor, and fell down before he got there. A half-day's holiday was given the school, in commemoration of the event, and three pop-guns fired in honor of the occasion. A United States' flag would have been unfurled, but it was not definitely known how many States were in the Union. A committee of three (representing the number of three cent postage stamps you can buy for a dime) waited upon Saxey and, with tears in their eyes, awarded and handed him the prize. It consisted of a lead medal of curious and wonderful workmanship, bearing on one side the following inscription in raised letters:

"BULLY BOY WITH A GLASS EYE."

On the opposite side was the representation of the Goddess of Liberty analyzing Goddard's pure article of cider, with a mournful expression of dubiety on her countenance. Instead of the usual word "Liberty"

on her cap, there appeared in lightning letters "Stamps and Dismemberment." The lady, however, looked disgusted with her cap.

At the close of the first quarter of the school, a balance sheet of conduct exhibited the following statement of Saxey's scholastic attainments:

Attendance,	Slim and irregular.
Black marks,	166
White marks,	000
Quarrels,	27
Fights with boys,	10 (retreated in good
do with girls,	1 (Saxey victorious
Caught picking up things,	8 times.
Repented,	8 times.
Promised to do better,	8 times.
Chastised for not doing so,	8 times.
Mischief,	Full complement.
Religious indications,	Not very promising.
Composition,	First prize.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

HOW TO LIFT A HEAVY MAN.

One of the most remarkable and inexplicable experiences relative to the strength of the human frame, which we have ourselves seen and admired, is that in which a heavy man, raised with the greatest facility, when he is lifted up the instant that his own lungs, and those of the persons who raise him, are inflated with air. This experiment was, I believe, first shown in England a few years ago by Major H., who saw performed in a large party at Venice under the direction of an officer of the American navy. As Major H. performed it more than once in my presence, I shall describe, as nearly as possible, the method which he prescribed. The heaviest person of the party lies down upon two chairs, his legs being supported by the one and his back by the other. Four persons, one each leg and one at each shoulder, then try to raise him, as they find his dead weight to be very great, from the difficulty they experience in supporting him. When he is replaced on the chairs, each of the four persons takes hold of the body before, and the person to be lifted gives two signals by clapping his hands. At the first signal he himself and the four lifters begin to draw a long and full breath, and when the inhalation is completed, or the lungs filled, the second signal is given, for raising the person from the chairs. To his own surprise and that of his bearers, he rises with the greatest facility as if he were no heavier than a feather. On several occasions I have observed that when one of the bearers performs his part ill, by making the inhalation out of time, the part of the body which he tries to raise is left, as it were, behind. As I have repeatedly seen this experiment, and have performed it part both of the body and of the bearer, we can testify how remarkable the effects appear to all parties, and how complete is the conviction, either that the load has been lightened, or the bearer strengthened by the prescribed process.

RIDDLE.

Figures, they say, won't lie: but here

Is something either false or queer.

I find that, in my family,

One taken from two still leaves me three,

And two from two, by the same score,

Leaves a remainder of just four.

ANSWER TO NO. 15, PAGE 240.

CHARADE.—Musk-melon, if your second is turned inside out thus: lem-on.

CONUNDRUMS.—No. 56—Make an impression.

"57—Prescription—proscription.

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POETRY

LIFE'S VOYAGE.

The sun shines in the eastern sky.
On the sea its splendor pours,
And a ship is sailing into sight,
And it comes from distant shores.

Sweet music make the flapping sails,
As into port it steers,
And from the shore, the pleasant sound,
A welcoming of cheers.

A little life is welcomed in
A bark from unknown shores;
Upon the world it casts its freight
Of precious goods and stores.

Sweet music make the welcome words—
"To thee a child is given."
We hail it, as the ship is hailed,
A blessing sent from heaven.

The sun sinks in the western sky,
The evening faints in night,
As the ship sails out to the unknown seas,
And soon is lost to sight.

Sad music make the flapping sails,
As sea-ward far it steers,
And dimly faint the shadowy masts,
Seen through a mist of tears.

A weary life goes sinking out,
And it drifts to a distant sea,
And its goal is the everlasting shores
Of wide eternity.

A voyage made by ships and men
Across an ocean vast—
The goods and ills of life and death,
The future and the past.

HAROLD,

THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

Brief was the sojourn of Tostig at the court of Rouen; speedily made the contract between the grasping duke and the guilty traitor. All that had been promised to Harold was now pledged to Tostig—if the last would assist the Norman to the English throne.

At heart, however, Tostig was ill satisfied. His

chance conversations with the principal barons, who seemed to look upon the conquest of England as the dream of a madman, showed him how doubtful it was that William could induce his vassals to a service to which the tenure of their fiefs did not appear to compel them; and, at all events, he prognosticated delays that little suited his fiery impatience. He accepted the offer of some two or three ships, which William put at his disposal, under pretense to reconnoiter the Northumbrian coasts. For William, ever suspicious, distrusted both his faith and his power. Tostig, with all his vices, was a poor dissimulator, and his sullen spirit betrayed itself when he took leave of his host.

"Chance what may," said the fierce Saxon, "no stranger shall seize on the English crown without my aid. I offer it first to thee. But thou must take it in time, or——"

"Or what?" asked the duke gnawing his lip.

"Or the father race of Rou will be before thee! My horse paws without. Farewell to thee, Norman; sharpen thy swords, hew out thy vessels, and goad thy slow barons."

Scarcely had Tostig departed, ere William began to repent that he had so let him depart; but seeking counsel of Lanfranc, that wise minister reassured him.

"Fear no rival, son and lord," said he. "The bones of the dead are on thy side, and little thou knowest, as yet, how mighty their fleshless arms. All Tostig can do is to distract the forces of Harold. Leave him to work out his worst; nor then be in haste. Much hath yet to be done—cloud must gather and fire must form, ere the bolt can be launched. Send to Harold mildly, and gently remind him of oath and of relics—of treaty and pledge. Put right on thy side, and then——"

"Ah, what then?"

"Rome shall curse the forsworn—Rome shall hal- low thy banner; this be no strife of force against force, but a war of religion; and thou shalt have on thy side the conscience of man, and the arm of the Church."

Meanwhile, Tostig embarked at Harfleur; but instead of sailing to the northern coasts of England, he made for one of the Flemish ports; and there, under various pretenses, new manned the vessels with Flemings, Fins and North meditations during his voyage had decided trust to William; and he now bent his

fair wind and favoring weather, to the shores of his maternal uncle, King Sweyn of Denmark.

In truth to all probable calculation his change of purpose was politic. The fleets of England were numerous, and her seamen renowned. The Normans had neither experience nor fame in naval fights; their navy itself was scarcely formed. Thus, even William's landing in England was an enterprise extremely arduous and dubious. Moreover, even granting the amplest success, would not this Norman prince, so profound and ambitious, be a more troublesome lord to Earl Tostig than his own uncle Sweyn?

So, forgetful of the compact at Rouen, no sooner had the Saxon lord come in the presence of the king of the Danes, than he urged on his kinsman the glory of winning again the scepter of Canute.

A brave but cautious and wily veteran was King Sweyn; and a few days before Tostig had arrived, he had received letters from his sister Githa, who, true to Godwin's command, had held all that Harold did and counseled, as between himself and brother, wise and just. These letters had placed him on his guard, and shown him the true state of affairs in England. So King Sweyn, smiling thus answered his nephew Tostig:—

"A great man was Canute, a small man am I: scarce can I keep my Danish dominions from the gripe of the Norwegian, while Canute took Norway without slash and blow; but great as he was, England cost him hard fighting to win and sore peril to keep. Wherefore best for the small man not to venture to count on the luck of the great Canute; for luck but goes with the great."

"Thine answer," said Tostig with a bitter sneer, "is not what I expected from an uncle and warrior. But other chiefs may be found less afraid of the luck of high deeds."

"So," saith the Norwegian chronicler, "not just the best friends, the earl left the king," and went on in haste to Harold Hardrada of Norway."

The traitor succinctly detailed all weak points in the rule of his brother. A treasury exhausted by the lavish and profitless waste of Edward; a land without castle or bulwark, even at the mouths of the rivers—a people grown inert by long peace, and so accustomed to own lord and king in the northern invaders, that a single successful battle might induce half the population to insist on the Saxon coming to terms with the foe, and yielding, as Ironside did to Canute, one half of the realm. He enlarged on the terror of the Norsemen, that still existed throughout England, and the affinity between the Northumbrians and East Anglians with the race of Hardrada. That affinity would not prevent them from resisting at the first; but grant success, and it would reconcile them to the after sway. And, finally, he aroused Hardrada's emulation by the spur of the news, that the Count of the Normans would seize the prize if he himself delayed to forestall him.

These various representations, and the remembrance of Canute's victory, decided Hardrada; and, when Tostig ceased, he stretched his hand toward his slumbering war-ships, and exclaimed:

"Eno; you have whetted the beaks of the ravens, and harnessed the steeds of the sea?"

Meanwhile, King Harold of England had made himself dear to his people, and been true to the fame he had won as Harold the Earl. From the moment of his accession, "he showed himself pious, humble and affable, and omitted no occasion to show any token of bounteous liberality, gentleness, and courteous behavior." The grievous customs also, and taxes which his predecessors had raised, he either abolished or diminished; the ordinary wages of his servants and men-of-war he increased, and further showed himself very well bent to all virtue and goodness.

To the young Atheling he accorded a respect not before paid to him; and, while investing the descendant of the ancient line, with princely state, and endowing him with large domains, his soul, too great for jealousy, sought to give more substantial power to his own most legitimate rival, by tender care and noble counsels, by efforts to raise a character feeble by nature, and denationalized by foreign rearing. In the same broad and generous policy, Harold encouraged all the merchants from other countries who had settled in England, nor were even such Normans as had escaped the general sentence of banishment on Godwin's return, disturbed in their possessions.

King Harold came from York, and in the halls of Westminster he found a monk who awaited him with the messages of William the Norman.

Bare-footed, and serge-garbed, the Norman envoy strode to the Saxon's chair of state. His form was worn with mortification and fast, and his face was hueless and livid with the perpetual struggle between zeal and the flesh.

"Thus saith William, Count of the Normans," began Hugues Maigrot, the monk.

"With grief and amazement hath he heard that you, O Harold, his sworn liege-man, have, contrary to oath and to fealty, assumed the crown that belonged to himself. But, confiding in thy conscience, and forgiving a moment's weakness, he summons thee mildly and brother-like to fulfill thy vow. Send thy sister, that he may give her in marriage to one of his queens. Give him up the stronghold of Dover; march to thy coast with thine armies to aid him—thy liege lord—and secure him the heritage of Edward his cousin. And thou shalt reign at his right-hand, his daughter thy bride, Northumbria thy fief, and the saints thy protectors."

The king's lip was firm, though pale, as he answered:

"My young sister, alas! is no more: seven nights after I ascended the throne, she died: her dust in my grave is all I could send to the arms of the bridegroom. I can not wed the child of thy count: thy wife of Harold sits beside him." And he pointed to the proud beauty of Aldyth, enthroned under the drapery of gold. "For the vow that I took, I deny it not. But from a vow of compulsion, menaced with unworthy captivity, extorted from my lips by the very need of the land whose freedom bound in my chains—from a vow so compelled, Church and conscience absolve me. If the vow of a maiden on whom to bestow but her hand, when unknown to her parents is judged invalid by the Church, how much more invalid the oath that would bestow on a stranger the fates of a nation, against its knowledge, and unconscionably sullying its laws! This royalty of England hath ever

rested on the will of the people, declared through its chiefs in their solemn assembly. They who alone could bestow it, have bestowed it on me; I have no power to resign it to another; and were I in my grave, the trust of the crown would not pass to the Norman, but return to the Saxon people."

"Is this, then, thine answer, unhappy son?" said the monk, with a sullen and gloomy aspect.

"Such is my answer."

"Then, sorrowing for thee, I utter the words of William. 'With sword and with mail will he come to punish the perjurer; and by the aid of St. Michael, archangel of war, he will conquer his own. Amen!'"

"By sea and by land, with sword and with mail, will we meet the invader," answered the king, with a flashing eye. "Thou hast said; so depart."

The monk turned and withdrew.

Back went Hugues Maigrot, the monk, to William, and told the reply of Harold to the duke, in the presence of Lanfranc. William himself heard it in gloomy silence, for Fitzosborne as yet had been wholly unsuccessful in stirring up the Norman barons to an expedition so hazardous, in a cause so doubtful; and though prepared for the defiance of Harold, the duke was not prepared with the means to enforce his threats and make good his claim.

So great was his abstraction, that he suffered the Lombard to dismiss the monk without a word spoken by him; and he was first startled from his reverie by Lanfranc's pale hand on his vast shoulder, and Lanfranc's low voice in his dreamy ear—

"Up! Hero of Europe: for thy cause is won! Up! and write with thy bold characters, bold as if graven with the point of the sword, my credentials to Rome. Let me depart ere the sun sets; and as I go, look on the sinking orb, and behold the sun of the Saxon that sets evermore on England."

Then briefly, that ablest statesman of the age (and forgive him, despite our modern lights, we must; for sincere son of the Church, he regarded the violated oath of Harold as entailing the legitimate forfeiture of his realm, and, ignorant of true political freedom, looked upon Church and learning as the only civilizers of men), then, briefly, Lanfranc detailed to the listening Norman, the outline of the arguments by which he intended to move the pontifical court to the Norman side; and enlarged upon the vast accession throughout all Europe which the solemn sanction of the Church would bring to his strength. William's re-awakening and ready intellect soon seized upon the importance of the object pressed upon him. He interrupted the Lombard, drew pen and parchment toward him, and wrote rapidly. Horses were harnessed, horsemen equipped in haste, and with no unfitting retinue, Lanfranc departed on the mission, the most important in its consequences that ever passed from potentate to pontiff. Re-braced to its purpose by Lanfranc's cheering assurances, the resolute, indomitable soul of William now applied itself, night and day, to the difficult task of rousing his haughty vassals. Yet weeks passed before he could even meet a select council composed of his own kinsmen and most trusted lords. These, however, privately won over, promised to serve him "with body and goods." But one and all they told him, he must gain the consent of the whole principality in a general council.

That council was convened; thither came not only lords and knights, but merchants and traders—all the rising middle class of a thriving state.

The duke bared his wrongs, his claims and his schemes. The assembly would not or did not discuss the matter in his presence, they would not be awed by its influence; and William retired from the hall.

The assembly broke at once into knots of tens, twenties, thirties, gesticulating and speaking loud, like freemen in anger. And ere William, with all his prompt dissimulation, could do more than smother his rage, and sit gripping his sword hilt, and setting his teeth, the assembly dispersed.

Such were the free souls of the Normans under the greatest of their chiefs; and had those souls been less free, England had not been enslaved in one age, to become free again, God grant, to the end of time!

Through the blue skies over England there rushed the bright stranger—a meteor, a comet, a fiery star! "such as no man before ever saw;" it appeared on the 8th, before the kalends of May; seven nights did it shine, and the faces of sleepless men were pale under the angry glare.

On the roof of his palace stood Harold the king, and with folded arms he looked on the Rider of Night. And up the stairs of the turret came the soft steps of Haco, and stealing near to the king, he said—

"Arm in haste, for the bodes have come breathless to tell thee that Tostig, thy brother, with pirate and war-ship, is wasting thy shores and slaughtering thy people!"

Tostig, with the ships he had gained north from Norman and Norwegian, recruited by the Flemish adventurers, fled fast from the banners of Harold. After plundering the Isle of Wight, and the Hampshire coasts, he sailed up the Humber, where his vain heart had counted on friends yet left him in his ancient earldom; but Harold's soul of vigor was everywhere. Morcar, prepared by the king's bodes, encountering and chased the traitor, and, deserted by most of his ships, with but twelve small craft, Tostig gained the shores of Scotland. There, again forestalled by the Saxon king, he failed in succor from Malcolm, and retreating to the Orkneys, waited the fleets of Hardrada.

And now Harold, thus at freedom for defense against a foe more formidable and less unnatural, hastened to make secure both the sea and the coast against William the Norman. "So great a ship force, so great a land force, no king in the land had before." All the summer, his fleets swept the channel; his forces "lay every where by the sea."

But alas! now came the time when the improvident waste of Edward began to be felt. Provisions and pay for the armament failed. The summer was gone, the autumn was come; was it likely that William would dare to trust himself in an enemy's country as winter drew near? The Saxon character naturally peaceful, willing to fight when there was absolute need, but loathing the tedious preparations and costly sacrifices for war not yet actually thundering at the door, revolted from this strain on its energies. Joyous at the temporary defeat of Tostig, men said, "Marry, a joke, indeed, that the Norman will put his shaven head into a hornets' nest! Let him come if dare!"

And now what had passed in the councils of William? The abrupt disappointment which the Grand Assembly had occasioned him did not last very long. Made aware that he could not trust to the spirit of an assembly, William now artfully summoned merchant, and knight, and baron, one by one. Submitted to the eloquence, the promises, the craft of that master intellect, and the awe of that imposing presence; unassisted by the courage which inferiors take from numbers, one by one yielded to the will of the count, and subscribed his quota for moneys, for ships, and for men. And while this went on, Lanfranc was at work in the Vatican. At that time, the Archdeacon of the Roman Church was the famous Hildebrand. This extraordinary man, fit fellow-spirit to Lanfranc, nursed one darling project, the success of which, indeed, founded the true temporal power of the Roman pontiffs. It was no less than that of converting the mere religious ascendancy of the Holy See into the actual sovereignty over the states of Christendom.

William was at high feast with his barons, when Lanfranc dismounted at his gates and entered his hall.

"Hail to thee, King of England!" he said. "I bring the bull that excommunicates Harold and his adherents; I bring to thee the gift of the Roman Church, the land and royalty of England. I bring to thee the gonfalon hallowed by the heir of the Apostle, and the very ring that contains the precious relic of the Apostle himself? Now who will shrink from thy side? Publish thy ban, not in Normandy alone, but in every region and realm where the Church is honored. This is the first war of the Cross!"

Then indeed was it seen—that might of the Church! Soon as were made known the sanction and gifts of the pope, all the continent stirred, as to the blast of the trumpet in the crusade, of which that war was the herald. From Maine and from Anjou, from Poitou and Bretagne, from France and from Flanders, from Aquitaine and Burgundy, flashed the spear, galloped the steed. The robber-chiefs from the castles now gray on the Rhine; the hunters and bandits from the roots of the Alps; baron and knight, varlet and vagrant—all came to the flag of the Church, to the pillage of England. For side by side with the pope's holy bull was the martial ban:—"Good pay and broad lands to every one who will serve Count William, with spear, and with sword, and with cross-bow." And the duke said to Fitzosborne, as he parceled out the fair fields of England into Norman fiefs—

"Harold hath not the strength of mind to promise the least of those things that belong to me. But I have a right to promise that which is mine, and also that which belongs to him. He must be the victor who can give away both his own and what belongs to his foe."

All on the continent of Europe regarded England's king as accursed—William's enterprise as holy; and mothers who had turned pale when their sons went forth to the boar chase, sent their darlings to enter their names, for the weal of their souls, in the swollen muster-roll of William the Norman. Every port was busy with terrible life; in every wood was heard the ax felling logs for the ships; and from every anvil flew the sparks from the hammer, as iron took shape into helmet and sword. All things seemed to favor the Church's chosen one.

PORTRAIT GALLERY.

HOGARTH.

Hogarth, though truly great as an original painter of life and manners, was far from being a scholar. In all probability, much of his juvenile days at school were passed in sketching characters on his slate, instead of learning his lessons; and, no doubt, the punishment which we see him undergoing, in a popular engraving, was too often his lot. The painter of the original, R. W. Buss, has depicted Master Hogarth as a sturdy young rogue, mounted on a stool, with a dunce's cap upon his head. He has been caricaturing, as usual, and this is his punishment; but his half-closed eye seems to say, "What do I care for it?" But we will leave the picture to tell its own tale, and give a sketch of the life of the illustrious culprit.

William Hogarth was born in the parish of St. Martin's, Ludgate, in 1697 or 1698. His father, who was the son of a yeoman in the neighborhood of Kendal, in Westmoreland, kept a school in the city. Hogarth was bound apprentice to Mr. Ellis Gamble, a respectable silversmith of Cranbourne Street, Leicester Fields, who employed him in engraving ciphers and crests on spoons and pieces of plate. Having been accidentally present at a drunken fray one Sunday at a public-house on the road to Highgate, his humor in sketching characters was first displayed by his drawing one of the unfortunate combatants streaming with blood. Soon after, he produced a print of Wanstead Assembly.

In 1720 he commenced business for himself, painting portraits, and making designs and book plates for the booksellers. Mr. Bowles, at the "Black Horse," Cornhill, was one of his earliest patrons, but paid him very low prices. Mr. Philip Overton, however, who next employed him, rewarded him better. For these two persons he designed and engraved plates for "La Motraye's Travels," "The Golden Ass of Apuleius," Beaver's "Military Punishments of the Ancients," "Cassandra," Butler's "Hudibras," "Perseus and Andromeda," etc. He also painted small groups or family pieces, for which he was very inadequately remunerated, and had sometimes much difficulty in procuring any payment after his pictures were finished.

As an instance, it is related that a very ugly and deformed nobleman having sat to him, the likeness produced was so strong that his sitter refused to have it; and Hogarth, after several pressing letters for payment, at length told him, that if he did not send the money for it, he should add a tail, and some other appendages, and sell it to Mr. Hare, a famous wild beast man, who had applied to have it to hang up over his booth. This stratagem had the desired effect; Hogarth received the money, and the nobleman put the picture in the fire.

In 1726, the affair of Mary Toft, the rabbit breeder, happened, and Hogarth was employed by some of the medical men in London to produce a picture on the subject, which he engraved. In 1727, he was obliged to prosecute one Morris, an upholsterer, who had commissioned him to paint a picture, which he also refused to have when finished; but here again Hogarth was successful. In 1830, Hogarth was secretly married to the only daughter of Sir James Thornhill, and soon after commenced his celebrated

series of pictures, called the "Harlot's Progress." In the year 1733, this work brought his great powers fairly before the public, for at a meeting of the Board of Treasury, one of the members carried the third print, just then published, and showed it to the other members, as containing, among other excellences, a striking likeness of Sir John Gonson; and on the Board's breaking up, all the members went and purchased impressions. Such was now the great sale and popularity of his works that they were copied and pirated, and he was in consequence obliged to apply to Parliament for a Protecting Act, to secure to artists the fruits of their industry, as had been already granted to authors.

Some notion may be formed of the hold the "Harlot's Progress" took of the public mind, by the fact that it was converted into a pantomime and a ballad opera, and represented on the stage. The scenes were also engraved in a small size, to adorn the fans of ladies of rank and fashion. In 1745 he issued proposals for an auction of his original pictures, to commence on the first day of February, and to remain open to bidders for the whole month, the book to be closed on the 28th February at twelve o'clock, when the prices were declared as follows:—"The six pictures of "Harlot's Progress," 88*l.* 4*s.*; eight pictures of "Rake's Progress," 183*l.* 16*s.*; Morning, 21*l.*; Noon, 38*l.* 17*s.*; Evening, 39*l.* 18*s.*; Night, 27*l.* 6*s.*; Strolling Players Dressing in a Barn, 27*l.* 6*s.*

The same year his prints of Marriage à la Mode appeared, which were very successful. But as it had been observed by his detractors that he only painted the dark side of human nature, he commenced a set of designs for a work to be called the "Happy Marriage," which, however, he never finished. In 1749, having paid a visit to France, he was arrested at Calais, while sketching the gate of the town, and on his return he commemorated the affair in his excellent print, "O the Roast Beef of Old England." He now purchased a small house at Chiswick, where he chiefly resided, going occasionally to his house in Leicester Fields. In 1735 his work on the "Analysis of Beauty" appeared; in writing which he was assisted successively by Dr. Benjamin Hoadley, the physician, Mr. Ralph, by Dr. Morell, who finished it, and the Reverend Mr. Townley, who wrote the preface. This work was translated into German in 1754, and into Italian at Leghorn in 1761.

In 1762 his health began to give way. He complained much of an inward pain, which was followed by a general decay. The last year of his life he spent chiefly at Chiswick in retouching his plates; in which labor he was assisted by several other engravers. On October 25, 1764, he was so seriously indisposed that he was removed, at his own request, to his house in London, where he was immediately put to bed, but, being seized with a violent vomiting, he rung his bell loudly, the bell-rope broke, and he soon afterwards fell back and expired. It was then ascertained that his illness had been caused by an aneurism of the great artery.

The house in which Hogarth lived and died is now the northern wing of the "Sablons Hotel," Leicester Square. His name is on a brass plate on the door, with the sign of the "Golden Head" over it. His favourite walk, in the evening, was in that now neglected enclosure of Leicester Square, where stands

the dilapidated statue of George I. His usual dress was a scarlet roquelaure and cocked hat.

Hogarth had one failing, in common with most people who attain great wealth and eminence without the advantages of a liberal education. He affected to despise every kind of knowledge which he did not possess; and having been very rarely admitted into polite circles, he continued to the last a very gross and uncultivated man. He was also subject to violent bursts of rage upon receiving the smallest contradiction; so that, altogether, he was far from being an acceptable member of society on any account, except on the score of his talents. He was, besides, exceedingly self-conceited and vain, and very subject to fits of absence of mind, of both which tendencies many extraordinary instances are related by his biographers.

In originality of imagination, Hogarth may be placed on an equality with Shakspeare, and in point of execution as a painter he is superior to most artists of the age in which he lived. His genius is at all times enlisted on the side of virtue and morality. He holds the mirror up to nature, and "through the eye corrects the heart." He exhibits vice in all its deformity; villany is stripped of its cloak, and held up to detestation.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"JINGLE" ON LOCAL MATTERS.

EDITOR MAGAZINE: DEAR SIR—As your Magazine is open to the ignorant as well as the learned, the subscriber may, with safety, trust his little "composition" therein; without fear of being "blown up," especially if the ingredients introduced be not of an inflammatory nature; but should I fail to divest my communications of all such matter as might endanger the security of said institution. I trust that some kind friend, connected therewith, will throw a safeguard around them; but I will request him to abstain (as far as may be consistent with such "security," from throwing "cold water" on my feeble efforts to please an enlightened public; and when I say "enlightened," I say what I mean, for I well know that it is always the most "enlightened" members of the community who favor you with their patronage. [Of course, ahem!—Ed.] I have proved that intelligence, courage, honesty and amiability, must be integral parts of the person's organization, who reaches the class which subscribes for your paper; [All our establishment, down to the devil, are agreed on this point.—Ed.] I therefore certify that as far as your correspondent's influence extends, every person's qualifications for eligibility to office or matrimony, shall henceforth be estimated in proportion to the size of their club for the *UTAH* MAGAZINE; [Let a bill to that effect be passed immediately.—Ed.] I will also petition the proper authorities, that a life-size portrait of every individual who shall be so successful as to raise a "club" of twenty subscribers for said periodical, be exhibited, on an improved "system," in Professor Tyrrel's dissolving show, at fifty cents a head, children half price, with large reduction made to families. [And their biographies published by Saxey, forthwith.—Ed.]

I might here state for the benefit of those who fear

to invest, that Professor Tyrrel's "phantasmagoria" is (to use language I think I have heard before) equalled by few and excelled by none; but with regard to his "diminutive steam engine," I should feel guilty and suffer in my dreams, did I not caution spectators to secure seats as near the door as possible, to expedite their exit in case of an "explosion." Perhaps it may not be out of place to request that the lecturer inform his audience whether the track is ever set on fire by such passing "monsters," for if such a terrible state of things be enacted in real life, I fear that when the U. P. R. R. shall "whistle through our peaceful vales," if we survive, we may expect to see our principal cities reduced to ashes, and numbered among the things that are past; and if such a catastrophe is to be expected, I shall forthwith motion that the large bill on railroads, which is now occupying so much of the valuable time of the Legislative Assembly, be laid on the table "indefinitely," or referred to the committee on "unfinished business;" whereupon the orator of the 4th of July can make a "flaming" speech on the subject, which would annihilate the U. P. R. R., and leave us to sit under our own "vines" and "fig trees," or somebody else's, without fear of railroads or other wicked and destructive inventions.

A. JINGLE.

[Our correspondent is but a young jingler, and does well for a beginner. Jingle again.—EDITOR.]

THE UTAH MAGAZINE,

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1869.

DOES THE WORLD ADVANCE?

It is not usual to call upon editors to explain or defend, through the columns of their papers, statements made by them in private or in the capacity of public speakers; but, as the following extract from a letter addressed to us, refers to a subject upon which we wish to speak, we introduce it here:

"SALT LAKE CITY, Jan. 30, 1869.

"DEAR SIR: You preached a most excellent discourse in the 13th Ward Assembly Rooms, three weeks ago, with one exception; you stated in the course of your remarks that a spirit after it had left the body, was capable of doing anything that it had done while in the body—and was capable of doing more, for any step we took was a step of progression and in advance of the former one."

Such views as these our correspondent believes to be contrary to certain doctrines taught by Joseph Smith, concerning the spirit world. On this subject we have nothing to say, inasmuch as the views ascribed to us by the writer, are not such as we believe in. In the first place, the spirit world, or its mysteries, was not specially our subject. We only referred to it incidentally, and that to show that to prepare for it by cultivating heavenly qualities in the soul, was as much in the line of the "*practical realities of life*," as building houses, cultivating farms, or "digging post holes." To illustrate this, we referred to such facts concerning the tangibility and reality of the next

life, as have been taught years and years ago, and ought to be familiar to every one.

Our general statement was, that every step taken by mankind, as a world, was a step in advance of the former one. But this had no particular reference to the superiority of a disembodied spirit over an embodied one. That question we did not presume to discuss; although we believe, that in many points, the condition of the next state of existence must be superior to this—an idea which will in no way interfere with Joseph Smith's statements that "that state is one of imperfection, compared to states beyond that again." What we then asserted was with regard to the movements of Providence upon this earth; that, taken as a whole, every fresh stage of the world's history, from the dawn of creation, has been a step ahead of the preceding one. And that this age is the best of all, because the latest of all, and therefore just so much nearer the culmination of God's movements. On this account, every age succeeding this will and must be better than the last. We believe this also, because the facts of history, sacred and secular, assert it, as we shall endeavor to show. More than this, every cultivated human soul has a witness within itself, that the order of the Universe, as stamped on rock, tree and flower—as much as on man himself—is eternal improvement and progression forever.

In saying this much, we do not mean to assert that there have not been apostacies from certain truths. The Church established by Jesus declined in its purity and spiritual powers. All should understand this: but the earth, as a whole, was being gradually advanced by God all the time in other matters. Even in the darkest periods the student of history can distinctly trace preparations for the day when this temporary apostacy should be overruled by His providences for the special blessing of later ages. The movements of God have been like the encroachments of the ocean on certain islands of the sea, slow but sure. Here they have lost, there they have gained twice as much. But they have been pushed steadily forward, encroaching and encroaching every age on the area of barbarism and ignorance.

To see how gloriously every succeeding age has been an improvement on its predecessor, we have but to go back to the beginning of human history. The earliest days of mankind, as nations, were their rougher, their most savage and brutal periods. It was the rule for kings to be bloody tyrants—lords of life and death; and the bulk of their subjects as debased as themselves. Brutal subjects made brutal and ferocious rulers. The whole earth slept in unbroken night, while here and there—with about as much effect as a man trying to light up the darkness of midnight with a solitary candle—an Abraham and a Jacob appeared. They were men far in advance of their times. But for every solitary Abraham or Jacob, there were millions upon millions who would have carved up Abraham or Jacob, and laid both as a bloody sacrifice upon the altars of their gods.

We sometimes speak of Abraham's time as one superior to later periods because one or two great and good men "talked with their Maker." This is not a proper way to estimate the condition of that age of the world. One or two solitary men to a whole world—and that world yet unrisen from barbarism—do not make an age of light.

We refer to this period of the world to demonstrate that, notwithstanding the appearance of an occasional binary on its surface, how unspeakably dark was condition; and also to show that from this condition, according to the great law of eternal progress, did emerge. The times of the Jewish Nation came—times in which light and harmonizing influences were multiplied, compared to the past, but still able indeed alongside of those which God has since provided for humanity. It is true we habituate ourselves to think of Jewish times as periods of wonder-light, compared to recent centuries. But even upon this favored nation *only one or two really advanced men appeared at a time*, and they were quickly ordered for being ahead of their times, by the semi-civilized race to which they belonged.

Owing to the way we have been taught from our childhood to regard matters, there is a kind of a glamour thrown around the history of the Jewish people, and we speak of them as though they represented the condition of the world at that date. We also refer their times as periods when the world, as a whole, shined in light and revelation; but it was not so. Not only were the representatives of truth but solitary specimens in the midst of the Jews, but they were a little insignificant and unknown nation—a speck on the geography of the globe, compared to the huge world outside of them, which knew nothing about them, or knew them only to speak of them with contempt.

But backward as was the condition of the world during the Jewish period, it was a grand elevation over the past. The great designs of God, by multitudinous providences, were moving along, and the world was progressing. Kings and wise men were raised among the Gentiles, inspired to civilize and cultivate; until by the time Jesus appeared, so much had things advanced, that the Jewish nation—whose circumstances had shut them in to themselves—were far behind great portions of the world in general intelligence, as well as in the arts which humanize and refine. God had been moving elsewhere. The reflections of divine light which had been occasionally shed in their midst, were destined—in co-operation with the civilizing agencies started by Providence in other nations—to pioneer the way to still brighter ages.

At this stage of the world's history, we cannot put our finger upon any one period as we go back to earlier times, without resting on a darker time every age. In tracing events as we travel up from the beginning, we do not arrive at an age but what we find the world at large better than was the one that preceded it.

MISTAKE IN PROSPECTUS.

In some copies of our Prospectus for the New Volume it is stated that "The *Literary Album*, *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Paper* or *The Chimney Corner* can be substituted for any periodicals named in any of the sets;" instead of the words "for any periodicals named," it should read *For any of Harper's periodicals named in the sets.*

REPRESENTATIVE BOYS OF UTAH.

Character-Sketches and Biography.

BY SAXEY.

SAXEY.

The author was informed, yesterday, that his sketch was a little inconsistent in some respects, especially where we mix up the incidents of to-day with those of "twenty years ago." The writer can't see it; besides he don't care much about so little a matter as an *inconsistency* any how. He feels as independent as do Harrison and Gedbe in furnishing the Legislature their Magazine free of expense to the Government. Inconsistency does not trouble the author; his main object is facts, grammar and convenience. He expects, during this biography, to completely annihilate Time, knock Circumstances into a cocked-hat, change Dates, tip up Geography and play "hob" generally if it's only *convenient*.

The winter term of school being over, and spring with her green blankets, warbling birds and the occasional cackling of some high strutting pullet, having arrived, Saxey made his calculations for the summer campaign, which consisted of taking care of a herd of sheep that were pastured during the day on the banks of the Jordan (near the place where you can now pay twenty-five cents and have the privilege of breaking your neck on the ice) and "kraaled" at night. There can be no doubt that Saxey's proverbial benevolence and innocence are mainly attributable to the early impressions made by those emblems of purity—lambs.

As a financier, the subject of this sketch was decidedly a success as will be seen from what follows: He conceived the idea that sheep-raising was a money-making investment, if properly attended to; and, though very young and inexperienced, resolved to take the sheep herd and, by a little borrowed capital, purchase a few head of his own, which were expected of course to increase during the year. By numerous trades and promises, he finally succeeded in owning four nice sheep, which, in Saxey's estimation, would count eight or ten by another spring.

To make a long story short, our hero kept the sheep three years, and notwithstanding his superlative ability as a financier, the sheep never multiplied themselves beyond the original number. The cause of this strange freak of nature was an impenetrable mystery to Saxey, he could not account for it on any consistent principles to him know. It is presumed the matter would still have remained unriddled, had not Saxey's cousin from Cottonwood paid him a visit (those kind of debts are always paid) and made the astounding discovery that the *four sheep were wethers!* It is now generally conceded that *wether-sheep* are not as profitable for purposes of increase, as some other kinds; but whether this fact was known prior to Saxey's speculative investment, is not definitely decided in any of the histories of the late rebellion.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE DIAMOND STEALERS,

THE STORY OF A FATAL GIFT.

CHAPTER I

Upon the night of the 12th of April, exactly a quarter of a century ago, at the other side of the world, a Spanish merchant-ship went down in a gale, and all hands save two were lost.

These two saved were Englishmen—one a sailor, the other a passenger. They were part of a boat's crew that had put off from the sinking ship, and after four days' exposure on the sea, were the only survivors who reached the land.

When, at last, the frail craft drifted on to the shingle, one lay at the bottom of the boat so weak he could not, unaided, crawl on shore. A returning wave would have washed the boat back again had not the strongest of the two castaways, exerting what strength remained to him, dragged it, with its inmate, to a place of safety among the rocks, where presently the rising waves wedged it fast.

Then, raising his companion in his arms, the strong sailor half led, half carried him up the rocks, nor quitted his hold until they reached a patch of verdure high and dry beyond high water mark.

"You are safe now," he said. "Rouse up, man! How do you feel?"

"Most dead," the other answered, surlily. "I wish I were dead! Why did not you leave me where I was? What business was it of yours what became of me?"

"That's easy enough remedied, friend, retorted the disappointed benefactor, with some excusable anger. "Throw yourself back into the sea if you don't prefer stopping where you are. It's for you to choose, not me."

"What are we better off here?" the other asked, in the same discontented tone. "I suppose we shall starve, or be eaten by savages or wild beasts."

"I haven't a notion! When you've rested yourself, we'll go on a little further, if you like, and then we shall see what we shall see."

An hour or so later the two shipwrecked travelers were making a slow and painful journey across the country. They found that it was an island upon which they had thus landed, about nine miles broad and seven miles long.

Save for a meagre crop of weedy grass, it was almost destitute of vegetation. Rugged lumps of rock lay scattered in wild confusion upon its surface, seemingly as though, in some long bygone age, giants had flung stones at one another, and they had rested on the spot where they had fallen, their weight embedding them in the earth. Larger rocks were grouped here and there in towering masses, and many of these bore fantastic shapes, as of human forms strangely distorted—grinning heads, ruined castles, and broken bridges.

But nowhere was there a tree to be seen—not a bush—not a shrub. Nor could they discover any signs of fresh water. In the course of their dreary pilgrimage, they came upon one or two small pools formed in cavities of the rock by the collected rain, and at one of these they lay down and drank.

As night closed in, they found a sort of cave—a hole six feet broad at most, which some freak of nature had fashioned—and dead beat, they huddled closely together, and fell asleep, to wake again and again, and start and tremble, listening to the roaring wind.

Sick for want of food, they next day breakfasted upon a dead fish the sea had cast upon the shore and the sun dried. This miserable repast, washed down by a few mouthfuls of strong-smelling rain-water, lasted them until the evening.

Late in the day, one of the men fortunately killed a bird with a stone, and collecting a quantity of dry grass, lit a fire, after some trouble, by striking together broken pieces of rock. By the aid of which they half-cooked, half-scorched their food. They ate greedily, and, creeping back into their hole, fell asleep again.

Next day, they caught a fish in a shallow pool, in which the sea had left it. The day after, they killed another bird, cooking their food always in the same way. On the fourth day of their captivity, a heavy rain began to fall, which lasted for half a week, and rendering all attempts at making a fire fruitless.

During the time, had they not found a few muscles to appease the gnawing pangs of hunger, they must have starved. The rain, too, penetrated into their cave, and soaked them to

the skin; and it was so bitterly cold, that during the long nights they were often compelled to rise and pace to and fro and keep themselves warm.

But this wet season was succeeded by one of such dryness that the small supply of water hitherto to be found among the rocks was completely dried up. And now the sufferings of the poor captives from thirst were terrible.

He who had been strongest when they first landed, sickened with a fever, and lay helpless in the cave, dependent on his companions' tender mercies.

These tender mercies were not reliable. There were times when it seemed more than probable that the sick man's friends would have left him to shift for himself, had there been any chance of escape. Many long hours together the latter lay stretched out listlessly in the sun, idly playing with the pebbles of the shore; or with his eyes fixed earnestly upon the setting sun; he watched it at the close of the day slowly sinking down as it seemed, into the sea.

While thus occupied, his knitted brows and tightly-drawn lips showed that his brain was busy with far-off scenes and actions; and perhaps he indulged, too, in wild hopes of a future never to be realized. It was very certain that he preferred thus to dream away his life, and to go hungry through sheer idleness, than to devote himself seriously to ameliorating his condition.

"Things will do well enough as they are," he said. "I was not born to die here like a dog in this out-of-the-way hole. No; no; Ned Carrow has a better fate in store for him yet. He has had his turn of ill-luck; but there's a good time coming—presently."

This Ned Carrow, as he called himself—or Shifty Ned, as some others had called him—had had in his time several strokes of good fortune, and as many reverses. His energies had been at a very early age devoted to the mysteries of money grubbing.

He had begun life without a shilling, and, with a lucky stroke, made a small fortune. He had lost this fortune by an unlucky stroke in a spec which seemed twice as likely; landed again upon a series of madly hazardous ventures, and lost all upon a dead certainty, and so on. He had been luckier than ever during the last year, and was one day home to the land of his birth (England was thus distinguished), when a storm arose and Ned Carrow was caught on the shore upon this desert island, a beggar.

When the ship was sinking, he would have gone back for his money; but there was no time for this, and it was only at the very last moment he got a place in the boat. In descending from the ship's side, he had slipped his foot, and fallen. It was the other survivor who had then stretched forth a helping hand, as we have seen, he also did on a subsequent occasion.

Twice in a very short period had Tom Westlake saved Edward Carrow's life; but we have yet to see how the latter requited his kindness.

Ned Carrow had been a passenger on board the lost ship. Tom Westlake was one of the crew. Westlake was a bad hand, strong, sharp and active, but unreliable; a drunken noisy fellow, more his own enemy than any one else's; a good-natured worthless rascal, who had taken a sort of fancy for the flash, speculator when on board, and had tendered little civilities. Edward Carrow repaid with an ill-natured sarcasm when he felt in the humor, or at other times insultingly ignored.

Edward Carrow was a well-made, handsome fellow, of thirty or thereabouts. The other man was over fifty—a grim, grizzly man, with a ragged grey beard.

One evening during Tom Westlake's illness, he lay upon his uneasy couch of dry grass; while Ned Carrow, in his favorite attitude, with his chin resting in his hands, was gazing out wistfully across the sea at the setting sun.

"Is there anything out of common seawards?" Tom asked wearily. His companion rarely talked, and the long silences were not a little irksome.

"It's redder than usual; and there's a deal of gold—a deal of gold."

"What's the good of a golden sky? It will turn to copper in a while, then to lead."

"As well keep one's gold in the sky as on this accursed island. What good would it be to any one here?"

"Very little; unless we ever to have the luck to get picked up by a passing ship. For my part, I'm not very sorry to have something towards a fresh start."

Carrow listened in silence to this speech, and seemed to think it over. Some time afterwards, however, and as though in continuation of the conversation he asked, abruptly, "What

"Have you got towards starting afresh? A few shillings—a pound or two?"

The sick man smiled faintly.

"More than that—at least, the value of more. It's not money."

The other turned his eyes inquiringly towards him, as though he would have asked where this something—whatever it might be—was kept; but he changed his mind, if such were his intention, before the question was put. Indeed, the other had imparted the required information by an involuntary gesture; for as Ned Carrow looked towards him, he carried his hand to his heart, and seemed to feel for some object lying hidden there, to assure himself that it was safe.

That night Tom Westlake's fever was rather worse, and, in the intense gloom of the cave, he groaned and gasped for breath, and again and again called in a weak voice to his companion.

"Are you there? Speak, if you're there! Only say a word! It's so lonely lying here sick in this pitchy darkness!"

But perhaps Ned Carrow slept more soundly that night than was his wont, for he made no response; and the suffering man wore the hours away painfully, thanking heaven with fervor when the first faint streaks of daylight crept in at the mouth of the cave.

From this night, Westlake's illness assumed an alarming aspect. He was for some days light-headed and talked wildly, often arousing his companion from slumber by his loud and incoherent cries.

He had got a notion that his treasure was in danger, and, with one hand hidden in his breast, kept jealous guard of it. Once he struggled into an upright posture, and, with shrill lamentations, declared that he had been robbed—that the fortune he so long had hidden away, and so carefully preserved, some wretch had taken from him. Ned Carrow came to his side, and, with gentle words, tried to soothe his fears!

"Give it to me," he said; "I will take care of it for you. It will be quite safe with me."

Tom Westlake stared stupidly at the speaker, and at first seemed not to comprehend his meaning. And then a cunning smile crossed his face.

"It is better where it is," he said—"better with me. You shall not take it while I have the strength left to raise my hand."

"I take it from you?" retorted Carrow, in a tone of disgust. "Keep your rubbish to yourself and much good may it do you!"

The other seemed to understand his companion's reproach, and he laid his hand, with a conciliatory gesture, upon Carrow's arm.

"I am afraid I sha'n't last much longer," he said, in a scarcely audible tone, "You must take care of it for me—for my child. Will you promise?"

"Yes, yes, of course! But there is no occasion for you to give it to me without you choose. One thing is certain, you need not be afraid I shall run very far away."

Next day, Westlake, feeling himself even worse, produced the precious object that had been the subject of their conversation. It was a necklace, with an old-fashioned setting, discolored by age and dirt.

He passed it, with a trembling hand, to his friend, and Ned Carrow held it up to the light, and turned it over curiously.

It seemed to him, at first sight, that the necklace was composed of twenty roughly-cut pieces of glass, clumsily set in a metal which, had it not gone black almost entirely, he might have fancied was silver, but was more inclined to look upon as lead. A clumsy piece of workmanship altogether. The wreck of some gawdy bit of jewelry, which might, in its time, have cost a dozen shillings in a dear market.

But as he turned the thing over and over in his hands, he fancied that, in spite of the gloominess of the cave, the glass glittered with a remarkable lustre.

"I shouldn't wonder," he said to himself, "if the fool does not fancy he has got hold of some real diamonds;" and presently, when his companion gave utterance to that idea, he could scarcely refrain from laughing in his face.

"Yes, I have carried it a long way," said Tom Westlake, "and have passed through many dangers, and yet kept it safe. I've been wrecked and lost on the prairies. I've been in the hands of savages, and fallen among pirates. I've had I can't tell you how many narrow squeaks for life, with those jewels lying by my heart, and I've got them safe so far you see—to what end!"

The sick man sighed deeply here, and passed his hand across

his eyes. His companion was in no mood for sentiment; indeed, he seldom was, except upon the subject of his own misfortunes.

"You call these diamonds, don't you?"

"Yes, I know they are. There are ways of telling real ones that are easy enough. Do you suppose I'd have gone through what I have to take care of something sham? Not likely. I might have turned them into gold long ago if I had chosen, but the money was easier carried this way, and the best place to change it into hard cash is London, where they know what a big prize is worth, and can pay the proper price for it."

"You think it is worth a good deal, then?"

"I have, over there in England, friend, a bright-eyed little darling, that I love with all the love such a rough-shaped fellow as I am capable of. I'm not the sort to put it in fine words; but, there, I love that young girl of mine better than my eyes—better than my life; and I sha'n't care half as much about dying in this hateful place, if I die with your promise you'll do what's right when I am gone. You won't die here, I feel certain. No more should I, if I could but last out this fever. There'll come a ship, as sure as I lie here, and pick you up: but it'll come too late for me."

"Perhaps not. You are not as bad as you fancy. You'll pull through right enough. You're a tough one, you are."

"Not tough enough for this work, I'm afraid. See here—on this bag I've carried the necklace in these two years is the name of the house where you will find her, please God she lives. You will take the diamonds first to a diamond merchant, and will sell them at their full value, and accept a hundred pounds of their price for your trouble."

Ned Carrow laughed out.

"A hundred pounds! And pray how many hundred is the chain worth, in your estimation?"

At this moment, however, a violent fit of coughing prevented the sick man from making any reply, and Ned Carrow sat silently with the necklace in his hand, and the same amazed and half contemptuous smile upon his face.

But, of a sudden, a change came over his expression, as he asked himself two questions.

Could there be any truth in the other's story?

If the story were true, what would the jewels be worth?

He looked at the necklace again—much more carefully this time. Surely no glass ever shone so brightly? Were these what are called Paris diamonds? No; Westlake said he had them in his possession for more than two years, and after some exposure, Parisian diamonds became as dull as common glass.

He touched one of the stones with his tongue, and it seemed very cold—much colder than glass; but then he had no glass at hand to verify the difference. He immersed a portion of the chain in a roughly fashioned clay pot they used for drinking, and the stones glittered as brightly as before in the water, which he had heard was a test of true diamonds.

The stones were set opaque, and that puzzled him, otherwise he thought he remembered that a small flame, such as a lighted taper, seen through the facets of a diamond, gave a single image; but even of this he was not quite certain—one so soon forgets such knowledge, for want of practice.

After all, he was obliged to own to himself that he was no judge of precious stones, and knew nothing about the subject. What were the probabilities in the case?

Was it likely this man would carry about the necklace for two years and more, without finding out that the diamonds were sham ones, were such the case?

How had he become possessed of this treasure? Who could say? He had probably stolen it, and he might have had reasons for believing that the necklace was composed of real diamonds, because it had come from a quarter where it was likely that real diamonds should be found.

While he was yet pondering upon these questions, the sick man stretched out his trembling hand, and regaining possession of his jewels, returned them to his breast in nervous haste. His friend sat silent and thoughtful. After a long pause, he asked:

"Are you any worse this evening?"

"A good deal worse, I think."

"A good deal!"

Ned Carrow did not lie down to sleep upon his bed of dry grass at as early an hour as he usually did. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and he sat about for some hours among the rocks on the sea-shore.

The scene around was awfully still. There was not a breath of air stirring, and the water stretched out at his feet seemed as smooth as the surface of a lake.

"How much more of my life am I to waste here?" he said.

aloud. "Shall I ever escape—and what then? What, then, without friends, without money? Am I to begin afresh the old weary work—the old, hateful life—the lies, the tricks, the quibbles and evasions? Ah, if I had that diamond necklace—"

The moon rose higher in the heavens, casting a long streak of soft yellow, rippling light across the sea. There were no clouds to be seen, and the deep blue of the firmament was studded with countless stars.

"There will be no rain for another month, perhaps. We can find no spring. We shall go mad for want of water, perhaps; or I shall go mad, for he will be dead, I suppose, in a day or two. He will be dead, and then the diamonds—"

He rose from his feet, and scrambling down the rocks, entered the cave, then called to his companion by name. There was no answer. He called again, and then striking a light, held up a wisp of burning grass.

"Westlake! Westlake!"

The man lay there with his pallid face upturned. The breast of his shirt was a little open, affording a glimpse of the bag containing the necklace. This much Carrow saw, and then the light went out.

He stood for a moment, irresolute and trembling. But he could not remain any longer in suspense, and laid his hand upon his companion's breast, upon his heart, which throbbed very faintly beneath the bag that held the diamonds.

It seemed as though something stronger than his will held his hand upon the spot, and his fingers tightened upon the treasure. How easily he could take it!

He went to his corner, and threw himself down, with a sigh, upon the grass. But though he closed his eyes resolutely, he could not sleep; and presently, rising again, wandered out and up the rocks.

He sat down near the place where he had been sitting before, and again gazed out across the placid sea, on which the flood of moonlight rippled.

He had been gazing thus a moment, when, as it seemed to him, at a little more than a mile's distance, there passed across the streak of light the shadow of a ship.

In a moment he was upon his feet, shouting with all the power of his lungs, and wildly waving his arms in the air.

The ship had passed by into the darkness, and he saw it no more, but yet he continued to shout until he was hoarse.

Then in frantic haste he scrambled down the rocks to the cave, and gathering up the grass of his bed, rushed back with it, and lit a fire on the rocks.

He watched by the fire for hours. He dragged off his shirt, and waved it to and fro. At intervals he shouted, till at length, with the exertion, he lost his voice, and could speak only in a hoarse, broken whisper.

Again he went down to the cave, and fetched away some of the straw from under the sick man, who, undisturbed by the noise and motion, lay still in much the same attitude in which Ned Carrow had found him when he had taken him for dead.

Without trying to arouse him to consciousness, scarcely heeding him, the other went back to his fire, and threw on more fuel. The night wore away, and he was still watching; but an hour before daylight he heard a gun fired across the sea, and his heart bounded violently at the sound. His signals had been seen.

He kept the fire burning with infinite labor, and as soon as day broke, he saw, at a distance, a great ship riding at anchor. They lowered a boat, which rowed rapidly towards him, but not rapidly enough for his impatience; for, sobbing with joy, he plunged into the sea, and waded towards them, tossing up his arms.

But they signed him to go back, and presently six English sailors landed, and crowded round him, with a score of eager questions.

"How did you come here? Are there any more of you? What is there on the island? Is there any water?"

He was as eager to talk as they were, and was upon the point of telling them all the history of the wreck in an impetuous flood of words, but a sudden thought occurred to him, and for a moment he was dumb.

Here was the chance of escape, and the owner of the diamonds lay there upon the point of death, if no help came to him.

"I was wrecked here three weeks ago. I and another only escaped. The other is dead."

In answer to the other questions, he told them that there was no water to be found; that the small store of rain water was exhausted, all but a pint or two. Then the officer in command

of the party ordered his men back to the boat, and invited Carrow to come with them.

"I have a trifle over there among the rocks—a little worthless locket—of great value to me, however. May I take it? I will not be gone a moment."

He was gone scarcely longer than he had promised, and carried a small bag in his hand when he returned. The vessel was waiting for him, and at once the sailors rowed him to ship.

"What makes you look back so wistfully at the shore? You would think: you wanted to return, or had left something behind."

It was the captain who spoke in jest; but he to whom the spoke turned deadly pale, and would have fallen, had he not clung to the gunwale for support.

For some reason, the steam was not put on immediately, the ship was for some hours in sight of the island. During the whole of that time, in spite of all entreaty, the rescued man persisted in remaining on deck; but when at length the vessel speck marking the place where the island existed, faded together away, he drew a long breath—a sigh of relief—putting his hand into his breast, felt there the necklace he had stolen.

The Fair Endeavor steamed onward upon its homeward course. The passengers feasted and drank, danced, sang, made merry. But at dead of night, when others slept, the rescued man tossed sleeplessly in his berth, for at that silent hour came back the vision of the silent figure, with the pallid face as he had seen it for a moment the night before. Was he dead yet? Had he partially recovered, and missed his treasure? Had he crawled forth with trembling limbs, and was he searching wildly, or signalling hopelessly for help from ship so far out of his reach?

As the day passed swiftly away, some of the recollection of his base treachery probably faded from his mind; at any rate he was at all times the best of company—a jovial, merry fellow, and handsome, too, when he was properly shaven and shod, and had changed his wet rags for a decent suit of cloth. He was, indeed, the hero of the voyage; and though he came on board without money or valuables of any kind, his promise that it would be all right when he landed, was sufficient to cure him the best of everything at the saloon-cabin table, there was an air about him, all agreed, which betokened a real gentleman.

He was, however, a real gentleman, who slept badly of night, and more than once aroused the sleepers in the adjoining cabins by his sudden starts and uneasiness. At those and lonely hours he was, perhaps, never wholly free from the dread phantom of a forlorn wretch, with a haggard face, emaciated form, clinging to the rocks, and gazing out to sea with wistful eyes.

This was the man he had left to die—whom he had consigned to a living tomb—whom he had destroyed: then was he a murderer?

Sometimes, too, the treacherous villain's thoughts wandered to England, where that little girl whom Tom Westlake loved so dearly, was waiting for him.

Did she know that the diamonds were coming to her? Did she think they were on the road?

There had been so little time to talk after Westlake revealed his secret, and Carrow had been so eager upon one subject alone, that he had asked no questions respecting the child, whom the precious stones were destined.

But he had plenty of leisure to ponder now upon this matter—now, indeed, more than he cared for; and sometimes he dreamed of it at night.

Now he would dream of a little lady, reared tenderly in every care and kindness. He pictured her in a luxurious, furnished home. He seemed to see a fire blazing on the hearth, curtains closely drawn; a winter's landscape without—the snow falling heavily.

She was sitting by the fire, her pretty little face resting her hands, the ruddy glow of the live coals bathing her young head. She was sitting waiting.

Then she had started up. A sound had caught her ear—footfall on the road without. Somehow, he was there, too, her side, dreading the coming step; trying to persuade the child that it was her fancy—that she had heard no sound; trying to induce her to allow him to put up the chain and bolt the door for the night, for it must be now too late for her father to come.

But she would not listen to him. She had gone to the door. The steps grew nearer. He dare not wait where he was, but

rest follow her—wait close to her—gaze shudderingly out into the darkness—listen with a greedy ear for the dread sound.

But no! Thank heaven, no one was there! She had been mistaken. All was silent save the faint murmur of the coming wind—the wind rising afar off, rustling among the trees, now swelling into a roar around the house.

He wished the wind would cease, that he might listen, for he fancied that he could hear something like the sound of a human voice. The girl was listening too, but she did not seem to hear what he heard.

Now she did, however. Now they both heard it distinctly. It was the voice of a despairing man—a voice that cried for succor in a piteous tone.

"Take me off!" it said—"take me off! I have been robbed, and left here to die. Will nobody save me—nobody come to my rescue?"

At another time, in his unhappy dreams, he would picture a poor ragged child, watching outside the dock gates, gazing wistfully into the faces of the passers by, and begging or news of her father, whom she expected to arrive.

He thought that, when he landed, he found her waiting, and that she picked him out among the crowd.

He saw her white, wan face look at him through the iron bars of the gates. He saw her eyes following his every movement. Somehow, he knew her instinctively, and she seemed to know him.

How was he to avoid her? Was there any escape? Any way out besides through the gates where she waited? No.

Then he must screw up his courage, and face her. He had reached the gate. She looked at him anxiously. He passed in silence. He had escaped.

But not a sound upon the pavement—a soft touch on his arm behind him.

"Oh, sir, what message did he send me? You have come from him, have you not? When will he be here? Oh, sir, I am so weary of waiting!"

So much for the fanciful creations of this rascal's brain. Now for reality.

She was waiting for him. Many weary weeks and months she had been hoping for his return. The last letter written fixed the probable date, and she had underscored it joyously upon the almanac.

But the time had passed by, and he yet came not. Oh, weary, weary life for those who live but to wait—who wait but to meet with disappointment in the end!

So long a time elapsed at last, that the hope died within her breast.

"He was always a lazy, drunken ne'er-do-well," her friends said in her hearing. "He's most likely dead long ago."

After a time, she came to think him dead. She could not think that he could be alive, and yet thus cruelly desert her. She used to think he had been drowned. She never thought of him as he was—a ragged, half-famished creature, clinging to a desperate life, upon a tiny scrap of barren earth, surrounded by a waste of water.

The most wakeful of his neighbors heard Edward Carrow all out as though in terror in his slumbers, and sometimes a few incoherent words would reach them, which frightened them not a little.

"I wish they'd left the fellow where he was," said one testy old gentleman. "There's no getting a wink of sleep for him."

But, one night, the new passenger was even more restless than usual, and his restlessness began at an early hour. Little more than half an hour after he had gone into his cabin, he began to knock the things about.

It seemed to the testy old gentleman that he was changing the position of everything the cabin contained. At length, he raised a great shout and uproar, and the steward came running to know what was the matter.

"I have been robbed!" he cried. "Who has been in my cabin? I have been robbed! I am ruined! All I have in the world is gone!"

He was wild with rage and grief; and it was impossible to elicit from him any reasonable explanation; but the captain, a long-headed man in his way, made this remark:

"You told us, when you came on board, if I remember right, that you had no property of any kind to be robbed of."

Upon this, Ned Carrow was slightly confused, and, after some stammering and contradiction, he owned that that locket he had gone back to fetch was more valuable than he had at first admitted.

Then said the captain, "If there is a thief on board, there would be a search to find out who he is,"

One of the passengers indignantly demanded that the search should be at once commenced; and this proposition others seconded; but, strange to say, Edward Carrow protested loudly against such a course. In the end, however, the search was made, but no locket was found. A week afterwards, the good ship *Fair Endeavour* reached the London docks, and the passengers separated and went their different ways.

Ned Carrow also went his way—thence is, he walked briskly away, until he was out of sight, round a corner, and then he came to a standstill, to consider what on earth was to become of him, and where he should that night lay his head.

He had told them a sufficiently good story to induce them to allow him to depart without making any payment. He was to call and settle next day. This arrangement did not trouble him much, but his present necessities were urgent.

He landed with empty pockets—without a friend or a shilling in the world, and the diamond necklace gone.

A DIG AT SAXEY.

EDITOR UTAH MAGAZINE—Sir: Accept congratulations on your publication of "Representative Boys of Utah," for as many know, some "boys"—add to them years, as you may—will never be but *boys*, and perchance might fail of being published as "Representative Men."

Give the boys a wide space, "puckered" or "unpuckered."

Respectfully,
LADY CONTRIBUTOR AND SUBSCRIBER.

[Our correspondent is evidently a "Representative Woman." Saxey will be after her biography shortly.—EDITOR.]

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Persons intending to subscribe for Eastern papers, can now obtain any of Harper's periodicals, *Demorest's Monthly*, *The Scientific American*, *The Phrenological Journal*, *The New York Ledger*, or *The American Agriculturist*, at reduced figures, by paying for any one of them and the new volume of *THE UTAH MAGAZINE*, in advance. Those popular English papers, *THE FAMILY HERALD*, *THE LONDON JOURNAL*, OR *BOW BELLS*

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GOOD-BY.

Is that your hand in mine, love,
Or is its clasp a dream?
Life's tide is ebbing fast, love:
I'm drifting with the stream.

Are these your darling eyes, love,
Or are they stars of heaven?
My own are dim and weary;
All looks alike at even.

Is that your voice that sobs, love?
Are these your tears that burn?
We two at last are parted—
From life and you I turn.

WOMAN'S SPHERE IN UTAH.

[From The Phrenological Journal.]

The women of Salt Lake City, as will be seen by the following communication, are not disposed to be left behind in the race of improvement by their Eastern sisters. They feel the importance of extending their sphere of labor and of usefulness, and of making for themselves room in the world for the more complete exercise and development of all their faculties. The object of the "Female Relief Society" is certainly a good one, and we have no doubt but that the women who have the work in hand will make it a means of good not only to those who may receive its help in time of need, but to themselves also, in the promotion of their own social, moral and intellectual improvement.

A valued lady correspondent of Salt Lake City, under date of November 13th, 1868, writes as follows:

SALT LAKE CITY, 13th November, 1868.

The laying of a corner-stone of a "Temple of Commerce," by the Female Relief Society of the fifteenth ward, Salt Lake City, took place yesterday. The novelty consists in its being a female enterprise, developed under the fostering care of Bishop R. T. Burton. A large audience, composed in part of members of the Society, was on the ground. At 2 p. m., after the usual form on such occasions, the following address was read by the president, followed by an extempore speech by E. R. Snow, on Woman's Relations to the Sterner Sex; a speech by Bishop Burton, commendatory and encouraging, and one by Mrs. Bashaby Smith appropriate to the occasion.

MRS. S. M. K.

ADDRESS.

Gentlemen and Ladies—I appear before you on this interesting occasion in behalf of the Female Relief Society, to express thanks to Almighty God that the wheels of progress have been permitted to run until they have brought us to a more extended field of useful labor for female minds and hands.

It will be readily admitted that woman's allotted sphere of labor is not sufficiently extensive and varied to enable her to exercise all her God-given powers and faculties in the manner best calculated to strengthen, and develop, and perfect her; nor are her labors made sufficiently remunerative to insure her that independence essential to true womanly dignity.

We realize that unless wisely conducted, our practical operations may subject us to criticisms and censure. But the consciousness that our theory is correct, and our efforts in the direction of human improvement and universal good, will strengthen and encourage us, bestowing that boon—

"Which nothing earthly gives or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy."

With feelings of humility and gratitude I stand upon this consecrated rock, and contemplate the anticipated result of the completion of this unpretending edifice, (which I will here call "Our Store"), the upper story of which will be dedicated to art and to science; the lower story to commerce or trade. I

view this as a stepping stone to similar enterprise on a grander scale.

The object of the building is to enable the members of the Society more perfectly to combine their labors, their means, their tastes, and their talents for improvement, physically, socially, morally, intellectually, and financially, and for more extended usefulness.

Many gentlemen kindly proffer their aid in forwarding this enterprise. To them, in behalf of the cause for which we labor, we extend heartfelt thanks.

We feel that our friends who so graciously patronize us will expect much at our hands. We propose to you our best endeavors to meet your highest expectations. But we ask you mercifully to remember the seat at the merchant's counting-room table is a new one for us to occupy, hence, as pioneers for our sex in this department of female labor in our Territory, we beg you not to be too severe in your criticisms, but show your magnanimity by giving us an approving look and an occasional encouraging word. With such helps, and the continued blessing of God, we have all confidence that we shall be enabled to tend variously needed relief, and make our labor a blessing to the cause of humanity.

[Now this is a bold—may we not say grand movement for the Salt Lake sisterhood, with its inevitable franchise, for which women are asking, demanding, these Mormon wives and mothers will in the majority, and when they vote it will fix the just as they please. We are in favor of the movement. Let the usurping "lords of creation" make their peace while they may. Clear the track, for the locomotive is on its way to Salt Lake City.]

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of Eleven letters,
My 1st is the most important of the vowels,
" 2d is one of the liquids,
" 3d is an imported herb,
The loss of my 4th, 5th, 8th, and 7th subjects a person to much private ridicule,
If my 9th, 10th, and 11th is disobedient, much sorrow in the family circle is the result,
If to my 4th, 1st, 5th, 2d, 3d, 4th Y be affixed, you will find what all Latter-day Saints are striving to become.
My whole is a name familiar to all the readers of the Utah Magazine.

By D., MOUNTAIN DEPT.

PUZZLE.

I'm composed of letters four,
A turkey, cock, or hen;
Behold me, and I upward soar.
Put on my head again,
Transpose me, then a beast I am,
Both bloodthirsty and wild,
That preys on many a helpless lamb,
And oft devours a child.

ANSWER TO NO. 46, PAGE 240.

RIDDLE.—One child from two parents makes three.

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SALT LAKE CITY, FEB. 20, 1869.

VOL. 2.

POETRY

SLEIGHING.

With never a plume of the wind set humming,
The snow has come, and still is coming,
Yonder, and hither, and everywhere,
Its silent feet in the pathless air
Trip down, and around, and over the ground,
With a visible hush there is nothing glum in,
Nothing but beauty and peace profound.

Ho, now for fun! never wait for the sun!
The girls are dancing, the steeds are prancing,
The boys are glancing, and sigh for a run
In the glimmering, shimmering, hovering, covering.
Like flaky moonlight dropped on a lover in,
Shadowy glens that a lover knows,
With their foliage clouds and moonbeam snows.

Now verily, merrily, cheerily go
Over, and under and through the snow,
Willie, and Lillie, and Nellie and Joe,
Black-eyed Nellie, and blue-eyed Willie,
Hazel-eyed Lillie, and berry of sloe
Twinkling under the brow of Joe,
With the mischief in him as big as a crow!

Ho, with a shout! we are out and away!
Tangling, mingling, jangling, jingling,
Laughing, chaffing, twingling, tingling,
Bells on the horses, and belles in the sleigh.
Merrily, cheerily measure the way,
Shouting up echoes with "Caw, caw!"
To frighten the crows from thicket and haw

Shuffle toes, muffle nose, under the buffaloes!
Smothering, feathering, gathering snow,
Over and under, around and below,
Yet nobody cares but the whitening crow!
Fast through the dingle we follow the jingle,
And a sig for the fellows who doze by the ingle
When life goes leaping along the snow!

HAROLD,

THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

THE FIGHT WITH HARDRADA.

And now, while war thus hungered for England,
The last and most renowned of the sea-kings, Harold
Hardrada, entered his galley, the tallest and strong-
est of a fleet of three hundred sail, that peopled the
seas round Solundir.

Tostig joined him off the Orkney Isles, and this
great armament soon came in sight of the shores of

England. They landed at Cleveland, and at the
dread of the terrible Norsemen, the coastmen fled or
submitted. With booty and plunder they sailed on
to Scarborough; but there the townsfolk were brave,
and the walls were strong. The Norsemen ascended
a hill above the town, lit a huge pile of wood, and
tossed the burning piles down on the roofs. House
after house caught the flame, and through the glare
and the crash rushed the men of Hardrada. Great
was the slaughter, and ample the plunder; and the
town, awed and depeopled, submitted to flame and to
sword.

Then the fleet sailed up the Humber and Ouse, and
landed at Richall, not far from York; but Morcar, the
earl of Northumbria, came out with all his forces—
all the stout men and tall of the great race of the
Anglo-Dane.

Then Hardrada advanced his flag, called Land-
Eyda, the "Ravager of the World," and, chanting a
war-stave, led his men to the onslaught.

The battle was fierce, but short. The English
troops were defeated, they fled into York; and the
Ravager of the World was borne in triumph to the
gates of the town. An exiled chief, however tyran-
ous and hateful, hath ever some friends among the
desperate and lawless; and success over finds allies
among the weak and the craven—so many Northum-
brians now came to the side of Tostig. Dissensions
and mutiny broke out amid the garrison within; Mor-
car, unable to control the townsfolk, was driven forth
with those still true to their country and king, and
York agreed to open its gates to the conquering in-
vader.

At the news of this foe on the north side of the
land, King Harold was compelled to withdraw all the
forces at watch in the south against the tardy inva-
sion of William. It was now deep in September;
eight months had elapsed since the Norman had
launched forth his vaunting threat. Would he now
dare to come? Come or not, *that* foe was afar, and
this was in the heart of the country!

Now, York having thus capitulated, all the land
round was humbled and awed; and Hardrada and
Tostig were blithe and gay; and many days, thought
they, must pass ere Harold the king can come from
the south to the north.

The camp of the Norseman was at Stanford bridge,
and that day it was settled that they should formally
enter York. Their ships lay in the river beyond; a
large portion of the armament was with the ships.
The day was warm, and the men with Hardrada had

laid aside their heavy mail and were "making merry," talking of the plunder of York, jeering at Saxon valor, and gloating over thoughts of the Saxon maids, whom Saxon men had failed to protect—when suddenly between them and the town rose and rolled a great cloud of dust. High it rose, and fast it rolled, and from the heart of the cloud shone the spear and the shield. "What army comes yonder?" said Harold Hardrada.

"Surely," answered Tostig, "it comes from the town that we are to enter as conquerors, and can be but the friendly Northumbrians who have deserted Morcar for me."

Near and nearer came the force, and the shine of the arms was like the glancing of ice.

"Advance the World-Ravager!" cried Harold Hardrada, "draw up, and to arms!"

Then, picking out three of his briskest youths, and he dispatched them to the force on the river with orders to come up quick to the aid. For already, through the cloud and amidst the spears, was seen the flag of the English king. On the previous night King Harold had entered York, unknown to the invaders—appeased the mutiny—cheered the townsfolk; and now came, like the thunderbolt borne by the wind to clear the air of England from the clouds of the North.

Both armaments drew up in haste, and Hardrada formed his array in the form of a circle—the line long but not deep, the wings curving round till they met, shield to shield. Those who stood in the first rank set their spear shafts on the ground, their points level with the breast of a horseman; those in the second, with spears yet lower, level with the breast of a horse; thus forming a double palisade against the charge of cavalry.

In the center of this circle was placed the Ravager of the World and round it a rampart of shields. Behind that rampart was the accustomed post at the onset of the battle for the king and his body guard. But Tostig was in front, with his own Northumbrian lion banner, and his chosen men.

While this army was thus being formed, the English king was marshaling his force in the far more formidable tactics, which his military science had perfected from the warfare of the Danes. That form of battalion, invincible hitherto under his leadership, was in the manner of a wedge or triangle. So that, in attack, the men marched on the foe presenting the smallest possible surface to the missiles, and, in defense, all three lines faced the assailants. King Harold cast his eye over the closing lines, and then, turning to Gurth, who rode by his side, said:

"Take one man from yon hostile army, and with what joy should we charge on the Northmen!"

"I conceive thee," answered Gurth mournfully, "and the same thought of that one man makes my arm feel palsied."

The king mused, and drew down the nasal bar of his helmet.

"Thegns," said he suddenly, to the score of riders who grouped round him, "follow." And shaking the rein of his horse, King Harold rode straight to that part of the hostile front from which rose, above the spears, the Northumbrian banner of Tostig. Wondering, but mute, the twenty thegns followed him

Before the grim array, and hard by Tostig's banner the king checked his steed and cried—

"Is Tostig, the son of Godwin and Githa, by the flag of the Northumbrian earldom?"

With his helmet raised, and his Norwegian mantle flowing over his mail, Earl Tostig rode forth at the voice, and came up to the speaker.

"What wouldst thou with me, daring foe?"

The Saxon horseman paused, and his deep voice trembled tenderly, as he answered slowly—

"Thy brother, King Harold, sends to salute thee. Let not the sons from the same womb, wage, in the soil of their fathers, unnatural war."

"What will Harold the king give to his brother?" answered Tostig, "Northumbria already he hath bestowed on the son of his house's foe."

The Saxon hesitated, and a rider by his side took up the word.

"If the Northumbrians will receive thee again, Northumbria shalt thou have, and the king will bestow his late earldom of Wessex on Morcar; if the Northumbrians reject thee, thou shalt have all the lordships which King Harold hath promised to Gurth."

"This is well," answered Tostig; and he seemed to pause as in doubt; when, made aware of this parley, King Harold Hardrada, on his coal-black steed, with his helm all shining with gold, rode from the lines, and came into hearing.

"Ha!" said Tostig, then turning round, as the giant form of the Norse king threw its vast shadow over the ground—

"And if I take the offer, what will Harold, son of Godwin give to my friend and ally, Hardrada of Norway?"

The Saxon rider reared his head at these words and gazed on the large front of Hardrada, as he answered loud and distinct—

"Seven feet of land for a grave, or, seeing that he is taller than other man, as much more as his corpse may demand!"

"Then go back, and tell Harold my brother to get ready for battle; for never shall the scalds and the warriors of Norway say that Tostig lured their king in his cause, to betray him to his foe. Here did he come, and here came I, to win as the brave win, or die as the brave die!"

A rider of younger and slighter form than the rest here whispered the Saxon king—

"Delay no more, or thy men's hearts will fear treason."

The tie is rent from my heart, O Haco," answered the king, and the heart flies back to our England."

He waved his hand, turned his steed and rode off. The eye of Hardrada followed the horseman.

And who," he asked calmly, "is that man who spoke so well?"

"King Harold," answered Tostig, briefly.

"How," cried the Norseman, reddening, "how was not that made known to me before. Never should he have gone back—never told hereafter the doom of this day."

With all his ferocity, his envy, his grudge to Harold, and his treason to England, some rude notions of honor still lay confused in the breast of the Saxon; and he answered stoutly—

"Imprudent was Harold's coming, and great his danger; but he came to offer me peace and dominion."

Had I betrayed him, I had not been his foe but his murderer!"

The Norse king smiled approvingly, and said. "That man was shorter than some of us, but he rode firm in his stirrups."

And then this extraordinary person began, in his rich full voice that pealed deep as an organ, to chant his impromptu war song.

Meanwhile the Saxon phalanx came on, slow and firm, and in a few minutes the battle began. It commenced first with the charge of the English cavalry (never numerous), led by Leofwine and Haco, but the double palisade of the Norman spears formed an impassable barrier; and the horsemen, recoiled from the foe. Harold himself, standing on a little eminence, more exposed than his meanest soldier, deliberately eyed the sallies of the horse, and watched the moment he foresaw, when encouraged by his own suspense, and the feeble attacks of the cavalry, the Norsemen would lift their spears from the ground, and advance themselves to the assault. That moment came; unable to withhold their own fiery zeal, stimulated by the pomp and the clash, and the war hymns of their king and his choral scalds, the Norseman broke ground and came on.

"To your axes, and charge!" cried Harold; and passing from the center to the front, he led on the array.

The impetus of that artful phalanx was tremendous; it pierced through the ring of the Norwegians; it clove into the rampart of shields; and King Harold's battle-axe was the first that shivered that wall of steel; his step the first that strode into the innermost circle that guarded the Ravager of the World.

Then forth, from under the shade of that great flag, came, himself also on foot, Harold Hardrada; shouting and chanting, he leaped with long strides into the thick of the onslaught. He had flung away his shield, and swaying with both hands his enormous sword, he bowed down man after man, till space grew clear before him; and the English, recoiling in awe before an image of height and strength that seemed superhuman, left but one form standing firm, and in front to oppose his way.

At that moment the whole strife seemed not to belong to an age comparatively modern, it took a character of remotest eld; and Thor and Odin seemed to have returned to the earth. Behind this towering and Titan warrior, their wild hair streaming long under their helms, came his scalds, all singing their hymns, drunk with the madness of battle. And the Ravager of the World tossed and flapped as it followed, so that the vast raven depicted on its folds seemed horrid with life. And calm and alone, his eye watchful, his ax lifted, his foot ready for rush or spring—but firm as an oak against flight—stood the last of the Saxon kings.

Down bounded Hardrada, and down shore his sword; King Harold's shield was cloven in two and the force of the blow brought himself to his knee. But as swift as the flash of that sword, he sprang to his feet; and as Hardrada still bowed his head, not recovering from the force of the blow, the ax of the Saxon came so full on his helmet, that the giant reeled, dropped his sword, and staggered back; while his scalds and his chiefs rushed around him. That gallant stand of King Harold saved his English from

flight; and now, as they saw him almost lost in the throng, yet still cleaving his way—on, on—to the raven standard, they rallied with one heart, and shouting forth, "Out, out! Holy cross!" forced their way to his side, and the fight now waged hot and equal, hand to hand. Meanwhile Hardrada, borne a little apart, and relieved from his dinted helmet, recovered the shock of the weightiest blow that had ever dimmed his eye and numbed his hand. Tossing the helmet on the ground, his bright locks glittering like sunbeams, he rushed back to the *metee*. Again helm and mail went down before him; again through the crowd he saw the arm that had smitten him; again he sprang forth to finish the war with a blow,—when a shaft from some distant bow pierced the throat which the casque now left bare; a sound like the wail of a death-song murmured brokenly from his lips, which then gushed out the blood, and tossing up his arms wildly, he fell to the ground a corpse. At that sight a yell of such terror, and woe, and wrath, all commingled, broke from the Norsemen, that it hushed the very war for the moment!

"On!" cried the Saxon king, "let our earth take its spoiler! On to the standard, and the day is our own."

"On to the standard," cried Haco, who, his horse slain under him, all bloody with wounds not his own, now came to the king's side. Grim and tall rose the standard, and the streamer shrieked and flapped in the wind as if the raven had voice, when right before Harold, right between him and the banner, stood Tostig, his brother, known by the splendor of his mail, the gold work on his mantle—known by the fierce laugh, and defying voice.

"What matters," cried Haco: "strike, O King, for thy crown."

Harold's hand gripped Haco's arm convulsively; he lowered his ax, turned round, and passed shudderingly away.

Both armies now paused from the attack; for both were thrown into great disorder, and each gladly gave respite to the other, to reform its own shattered array.

The Norsemen were not the soldiers to yield because their leader was slain—rather the more resolute to fight, since revenge was now added to valor; yet, but for the daring and promptness with which Tostig had cut his way to the standard, the day had been already decided.

During the pause, Harold summoning Gurth, said to him in great emotion "For the sake of Nature, for the love of God, go, O Gurth—go to Tostig; urge him, now Hardrada is dead, urge him to peace. All that we can proffer with honor, proffer—quarter and free retreat to every Norseman. Oh, save me; save us from a brother's blood."

Gurth lifted his helmet, and kissed the mailed hand that grasped his own.

"I go," said he. And so, bareheaded, and with a single trumpeter, he went to the hostile lines.

Harold awaited him in great agitation; nor could any man have guessed what bitter and awful thoughts lay in that heart, from which, in the way to power, the after tie had been wrenched away. He did not wait long; and even before Gurth rejoined him, he knew by a unanimous shout of fury, to which the clash of countless shields chimed in, that the mission had been in vain.

Tostig had refused to hear Gurth, save in the presence of the Norwegian chiefs; and when the message had been delivered, they all cried, "We would rather fall one across the corpse of the other, than leave a field in which our king was slain."

"Ye hear them," said Tostig: "as they speak, speak I."

"Not mine this guilt too, O God!" said Harold, solemnly lifting his hand on high. "Now, then, to duty."

By this time the Norwegian reinforcements had arrived from the ships, and this for a short time rendered the conflict that immediately ensued, uncertain and critical. But Harold's generalship was now as consummate as his valor had been daring. He kept his men true to their irrefragable line. Even if fragments splintered off, each fragment threw itself into the form of the resistless wedge. One Norwegian, standing on the bridge of Stanford, long guarding that pass; and no less than forty Saxons are said to have perished by his arm. To him the English king sent a generous pledge, not only of safety for the life, but honor for the valor. The Viking refused to surrender and fell at last by a javelin from the hand of Haco. As if in him had been embodied the unyielding war god of the Norsemen, in that death, died the last hope of the vikings. They fell literally where they stood; many, from sheer exhaustion and the weight of their mail, died without a blow. And in the shades of night-fall, Harold stood amidst the shattered ramparts of shields, his foot on the corpse of the standard bearer, his hand on the Ravager of the World.

"Thy brother's corpse is borne yonder," said Haco, in the ear of the king, as, wiping the blood from his sword, he plunged it back into the sheath.

The Norwegian preparations for departure were soon made, and the ships vouchsafed to their convoy raised anchor, and sailed down the stream. Harold's eye watched the ships from the river banks.

"And there," said he, at last, "there glide the last sails that shall ever bear the devastating raven to the shores of England."

Truly, for in that field had been the most signal defeat those warriors, hitherto almost invincible, had known. On that bier lay the last son of Berserker the sea-king; and be it, O Harold, remembered in thine honor, that not by the Norman, but by thee, true-hearted Saxon, was trampled on the English soil the "Ravager of the World!"

"So be it," said Haco, "and so, methinks, will it be. But forget not the descendant of the Norsemen, the Count of Rouen!"

Harold started, and turned to his chiefs. "Sound trumpet, and fall in. To York we march. There, re-settle the earldom, collect the spoil, and then back, my men, to the southern shores. Yet first kneel thou, Haco, son of my brother Sweyn: thy deeds were done in the light of Heaven, in the sight of warriors in the open field; so should thine honors find thee! Not with the vain fripperies of Norman knighthood do I deck thee, but make thee one of the elder brotherhood of Minister and Miles. I gird round thy loins mine own baldric of pure silver; I place in thy hand mine own sword of plain steel; and bid thee rise to take place in council and camps among the Proceres of England—Earl of Hertford and Essex. "Boy," whispered the king, as he bent over the pale cheek of his nephew, "thank not me. From me the thanks should

come. On the day that saw Tostig's crime and death, thou didst purify the name of my brother Sweyn! On to our city of York!"

High banquet was held in York; and, according to the custom of the Saxon monarchs, the king could not absent himself from the Victory Feast of the thegns. He sat at the head of the boards, between his brothers. Morcar, whose departure from the city had deprived him of a share in the battle, had arrived that day with his brother Edwin, whom he had gone to summon to his aid. And though the young earls envied the fame they had not shared; the envy was noble.

Gay and boisterous was the wassail; and live the Song, long neglected in England, woke as it woke ever, at the breath of Joy and Fame. As in the days of Alfred, the harp passed from hand to hand; martial and rough the strain beneath the touch of the Anglo-Dane, more refined and thoughtful the lay when it chimed to the voice of the Anglo-Saxon. But the memory of Tostig—all guilty though he was—brother slain in war with a brother, lay heavy on Harold's soul. Still, so had he schooled and trained himself to live but for England—know no joy and no sorrow not hers—that by degrees and strong efforts he shook off his gloom. And music, and song, and wine, and blazing lights, and the proud sight of those long lines of valiant men, whose hearts had beat and whose hands had triumphed in the same cause, all aided to link his senses with the gladness of the hour.

And now, as night advanced, Leofwine, who was ever a favorite in the banquet, as Gurth in the council, rose to propose the *drink-hoel*, which carries the most characteristic of our modern social customs to an antiquity so remote. And the roar was hushed at the sight of the young earl's winsome face. With decorum, he uncovered his head, composed his countenance, and began:

"Craving forgiveness of my lord the king, and of this noble assembly," said Leofwine, "in which are many from whom what I intend to propose will come with better grace, I would remind you that William, Count of the Normans, meditates a pleasure excursion, of the same nature as our late visitor, Harthadradra."

A scornful laugh rang through the hall.

"And as we English are hospitable folk, and give any man, who asks, meat and board for one night, one day's welcome, methinks, will be all that the Count of the Normans will need at our English hands."

Flushed with the joyous insolence of wine, the wassailers roared applause.

Wherefore, this *drink-hoel* to William of Rouen. And, to borrow a saying now in every man's lips, and which, I think, our good scopos will take care that children's children shall learn by heart—since we covet our Saxon soil, 'seven feet of land' in fee pledge to him forever!"

"*Drink-hoel* to William the Norman!" shouted the revelers; and each man, with mocking formality, took of his cap, kissed his hand, and bowed. "*Drink-hoel* to William the Norman!" And the shout rolled from floor to roof—when, in the midst of the uproar, a man, all bedabbled with dust and mire, rushed into the hall, rushed through the rows of the banqueters, rushed to the throne-chair of Harold, and cried aloud:

'William the Norman is encamped on the shores of Sussex; and with the mightiest armament ever yet seen in England, is ravaging the land far and near.

OLIVER CROMWELL—HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER.

BY EDWARD W. TULLIDGE.

"Put your trust in God, and keep your powder dry."

ELIZABETH and CROMWELL! How well their names **class** together! How well the missions they represent! Their fame and their infamy, according to the point of view taken, have both come from the same **forceful**, heroic character, the same belief in their missions, and their strikingly comparable acts. How much like two halves of one whole are they? They are as two great instruments of destiny raised up to complete one great work, to let the world go on, and bring forth those mighty changes out of which not only has the religious face of Europe been changed, but republican empire grown up (almost in a day in six thousand years) to its present gigantic proportions.

Where would have stood the old world to-day?—where would have been republican America, had not Providence given us an Elizabeth and a Cromwell? Moreover, those instruments must have been of a corresponding type in their missions and characters, for in striking down the massive consolidations of ages, destiny must raise up individuals as mighty battering-rams; and they must believe in their own missions and force the issue of the times. Elizabeth defied Popes, battled against *their* right divine, overthrew the Catholic Church in her realm, almost in a day; established the supremacy of the throne, and carried empire onward upon her imperial shoulders. She further fortified the struggling Protestants in Germany, Sweden, Denmark, the Netherlands, and Scotland. Her countenance and alliance encouraged the revolution of the age everywhere; and even to those whom she aided indirectly, Elizabeth, among sovereigns the representative of the era, became as a tower of strength.

Cromwell, in his turn, completes the other half of the age; and now the work is both in antagonism and concord with the first half which Elizabeth typed. Here again we see that religious revolutions produce their exact counterpart, in social and political changes; and in the case of these remarkable characters and their surroundings, one seems like the other repeated in a few but closely relative phase. How much Elizabeth and Shakspeare type their age! How much Cromwell and Milton theirs! How marked their relation and comparison! Elizabeth made Cromwell a necessity. So sure as that she had come, so must he follow, and their correspondents of mission and character were certain to be remarkable. She knew not that in beating down the past, which Popes represented, she was calling up a character like herself, but leading another mission in the world's destiny, to pull down the other half of the past, which monarchs held by assumed right divine. Cromwell in reality was her heir, and not James of Scotland—the heir of her mission; the heir of her imperial sway, and the

repeater of the acts that have blackened their names to this day in the people's minds. She sent the unfortunate Mary Stuart to the headsman in 1586, under the infatuation that her rival cousin, being the heiress and claimant of her throne, and a Catholic princess, must be sacrificed as a dire necessity; and Cromwell, under a similar infatuation, sent her grandson, Charles the First, to the ax, Jan. 30, 1649. If we carry the suggestive train of relations further, William of Orange (William the Third of England) comes the next, as the heir to the leadership of the age, and James the Second loses his throne, by the revolution of 1688, but not his head like his father Charles and great grandmother Mary. What evil fate was there with the Stuarts? This one, and no other: they were ever with the past, and not with the future; they were ever standing in the way of the onward-rolling world, and not leading it; and they fell upon times when the ponderous wheels were rolling. They were, the whole race of them, crushed beneath those wheels. Shall we hold William of Orange, or Cromwell, or Elizabeth, or the revolutions of the people, in too strict account because the times were onward and the Stuarts would stand in the way, or disgrace an earnest age by profligacy? Who are they that a world should wait for them, or be hindered by them? The only good they ever did to the world was that, in a time big with empire and revolutions, which have not yet found all their final issues, their evil genius threw the greatest of those issues upon this continent. We may weep for their unfortunate lives and cruel fates, but shall we more than for George the Third, who lost more than a head and a throne when he stood in the way and lost America? George Washington and his compeers held the world's destiny that had passed farther on the western course of empire, and George the Third's head would have been cut off too, had it been under the wheels; but the world, with its van, had passed England, and America held the leadership now. Perchance that saved George the Third from the fate of the Stuarts.

To fully comprehend an era we must have its links in the chain; nor must we think that Elizabeth and Cromwell are far removed from us because a couple of centuries stand between us and them. They, in the aggregate periods of empires, are but as years in man's three-score-and-ten.

The temporal supremacy of the Church, since Elizabeth fully exploded it in England, had become exploded for all time. In hurling Popes, as her father had done, from temporal dominion in her realm, she hurled them from final *temporal* supremacy everywhere. One was but the beginning, the other the great consummation. And there is the relative of this in what Oliver Cromwell represented. It was the supremacy of the people, and the Church spiritual, above monarchy and popedom of every name. It is not the Roman Catholic religion that is exploded, or the Protestant religion. They may advance to higher forms of civilization and Christianity, still continue to divide the world, till in a circle they meet in Christian brotherhood of two faiths, vying together in liberality of spirit and progressive institutions of church and state. But Elizabeth cast out the supremacy of popedom, and Cromwell cast out the supremacy of kings above peoples. The problem solved in them and their era, for it was two halves and not two wholes, was

that the *finale* is the Church and the people, with the king-craft and priest-craft demolished.

Oliver Cromwell was forty years of age before he began to make his great mark in the world. He was born at Huntingdon, April 25th, 1599, and hence was living in the time of Elizabeth, who died in 1603. There were in the world together, the one going off, the other coming on, the stage of life, two of the mightiest personages of English history—a male and female—both of whom so well represented England in their own great characters, and under whose potent rule England gained a prestige of empire in Europe, such as she held not before nor since has held, nor ever will again, unless such personages rise once more to fill an old nation with the might of manhood and the grand earnestness of a mission.

Cromwell was of Welsh extraction; but his ancestor, whose name was Williams, married a sister of Thomas Lord Cromwell, Earl of Essex, and *assumed* the name of Cromwell; and, by marriage, his family was connected with some of the best names of England. He is also said to be related to the Stuarts, by his mother's side; and if his family pedigree be correct in this, Charles II was a distant cousin of Oliver's.

When boys of about the same age, so runs the traditions of Huntingdon, Charles and Oliver met at Hinchinbrook House, the seat of his uncle, Sir Oliver Cromwell. The youths had not long been together before they disagreed, and Oliver, who regarded his princely sanctity as little then as thereafter, thrashed the then future "Lord's Anointed," in king-craft pittance, and made the blood flow copiously from the prince's nose. "This was looked upon as a bad presage for the king when the civil war commenced."

It is said that, when a boy, Oliver had a remarkable vision. Noble, an eminent authority, tells us that Cromwell himself "often averred, when he was at the height of his glory, that on a certain night in childhood he saw a gigantic figure, which came and opened the curtains of his bed and told him that he should be the greatest person in the kingdom, but did not mention the word king;" and, continues Noble, "though he was told of the folly, as well as wickedness of such assertion, he persisted in it, for which he was flogged by Dr. Beard at the particular desire of his father; notwithstanding which, he would sometimes repeat it to his uncle Stewart, who told him it was traitorous to relate it." Those who have aimed to blacken the name of Oliver, such as Lord Clarendon, also refer to this vision as a proof of Cromwell's visionary and fanatical tendency of mind, and his ambitious dreams from childhood of the crown. On the other hand, such as his relative, Oliver Cromwell, Esq., would have us believe that his great kinsman ought not to have anything so disreputable as a vision pinned on to his memory. But wherefore should he not see a vision, or have a dream of empire to come in his life? Such men as Cromwell and Napoleon do thus dream and see visions in their boyhood, of armies at their command and scepters in their grasp, and we need no higher psychological explanation than the great conceptive instincts of their imperial minds, that paints, in fancy's forms, the kingdoms in themselves.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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IS THE WORLD ADVANCING?

No. 2.

We have shown that the days of Abraham, as well as those of the Jewish prophets, were dark, gloomy and backward periods of our world's history. The truths revealed to Jewish prophets were valuable indeed, and exalted in character, but their blessed effects were mainly confined to their own souls. In their isolated and unknown little nation, these solitary lights of revealed truth seldom had even the companionship of a friend. Darkness surrounded them in their own nation, while a denser gloom and deeper barbarism prevailed over the world outside.

When we talk of apostolic days as wondrous times of light and truth, from which the world has retrograded, we forget that, holy and sublime as were the truths, such men bore witness to, their own age did not accept them. We forget that it was the late periods of the world which first endorsed their views; ages had to pass before their leaven spread abroad and impregnated large nationalities. Before the idols melted from the thrones to give place to the one Jehovah; and heart-worship superseded—even in degree—bloody sacrifices to revengeful deities.

We have never asserted that superior light and glorious privileges were not enjoyed by these men of God. Our point is that their age did not share them. They had revelation, it is true, but they had it to themselves. The difference between their age and later ones was, that in their time a few men had revelation but with no effect on the world at large; while in later periods, the world did not have such special revelations, but it had the *effects* of those revelations—spreading like wild-fire—modifying customs, laws, and changing the faiths of the entire civilized globe. Hence the world as a whole did advance. They did not have the blessing of living prophets as in the Jewish days, but the world had far less of the brutal faiths and bloody practices of the days when such prophets lived.

We are not trying the question whether one man, or sixty, had more light in ancient days than afterwards; but whether—balancing one thing with another—the world at large had more as it advanced in age. Who would exchange the bloody and benighted days of Abraham for the generous and enlightened civilization that began to warm the hearts of mankind in the days of Jesus? In Abraham's days, men, in general, did not live, they simply existed. Eating and drinking is not life, it is simply vegetating. What is life without music and literature for the mind, or without sentiments of tenderness and affection for the heart. Or what, again, without protection and security between man and man. In the days of Abraham, and even of the prophets who succeeded him, with the world at large the intellect and the heart both slept; it was one bloody rule of might—one ceaseless period of robbery and wrong to earth's unoffending millions; but as ages rolled along, when the prophets

their graves, partly through the words of the dead prophets themselves, and partly through other civilizing influences, the enjoyments of life began to be realized and the principles of right and humanity gained ground amongst men—from which they have never receded. And there has been as much solid advancement since the days of Jesus, as ever before. The Church of Revelation fell away, and the Priesthood was in a sense "caught back to God and to his throne," but the progress of humanity did not stop. Omnipotent agencies preparing the day for the period when that priesthood should be restored, began to prevail everywhere. The priesthood with its ordinances ceased for a time; but many of the greatest, most purifying and elevating of its principles instead of being crushed out, have ceaselessly gained ground. The Gospel is incomplete without Priesthood and ordinances; that is to say, its best effects cannot possibly be obtained without them—and the whole world will realize this sooner or later—but the Gospel includes much more than these divine institutions: It includes freedom of opinion; it includes the rights of men to their own; and the right of self-government. In all these things the world was woefully behind in the days of Jesus. Indeed, the first grand assertion of these truths; and their first acceptance by the world in general, has been *since* the apostles left the earth. They were believed by *individuals* in their times, but were asserted in secret and with fear and trembling. It has taken later ages to popularize them and bear them triumphantly aloft. Had not the world advanced since the days of the apostles, there would now be no American nation—no such thing as English liberties. Such grand conceptions had then not even entered the hearts of men. The ancient apostles themselves did not dare assert them, but taught submission to the despotic, malicious and revengeful, "powers that be" as ordained of God. To-day we tread such tyrannies beneath our feet, topple such rulers from their thrones, and strike into the dust their "divine right" to rule or hurt even a hair of the beggar in the streets. To this point of human freedom and individual liberty, we have only arrived through the slow process of ages—a point to which we never should have attained but for the fact that the world is ceaselessly advancing and getting better all the time.

SAXEY'S HISTORY.

This valuable historical record, to which the wondering eyes of future ages will doubtlessly be admirably turned, is omitted this week. Its learned and laborious author having undertaken to see the government through its labors, was, the last time heard from, surrounded to his armpits with state documents and fighting his way through. Unless the governorship of the four States to which we are to belong, be forced upon him by a grateful nation, Saxey will, probably, return to private life in a few days and resume his brilliant biographical sketch. "So mote it be."

CORRESPONDENCE.

A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER FROM THE FIRST who writes us some nonsense about "the monarchy of such a Dynasty as you have placed upon the throne" is requested not to be in a hurry but to wait awhile and he will see some one else on "The Throne."

REGISTER.—The words Aleph Beth, Gimel, etc., dividing portions of the Psalm referred to, are the first letters of the Hebrew alphabet. They are used, we believe, to divide the Psalm into portions sufficient for certain religious exercises.

PLEASANT GROVE, FEB. 8TH. 1869.

MR. HIRED MAN:

Dear Sir—I have a question, I want you to answer, in your next communication to the public. Since I saw your last, I have been confined to my bed some nine or ten days and nights with a fever, attended with a dreadful cough. Yes, I coughed until my eyes were ready to fly out of their sockets, and my head and body felt all smashed up. As for sleeping, it was quite out of the question for either myself or my family. Although I swallowed more prescriptions than is made up at W. S. G's store in a month, yet I could not get any permanent relief; so I became quite disheartened, and concluded mine was a hard case. When all of a sudden, a happy idea flashed across my mind—Try and Read.

So I adjusted my lamp, and commenced reading the UTAH MAGAZINE. I read, and read, and read, until all my family were fast asleep; and I still kept reading, when suddenly my wife awoke, and being surprised at how long a time I had been quiet, and free from coughing, said: "Why, father, you must be better." I looked up and thought a while, then said, "I think I am." So down I put the MAGAZINE, and lowered my lamp, and prepared for a nap. But, lo! just as I was fixed all right, I began coughing again as bad as ever, until all the family were wide awake again. Well, thought I, I'll try reading again, and see if that will stop my coughing. So I commenced reading things theatrical, quizzical and historical; things intellectual, novel and orthodoxical; things biographical, scientific and phenological; things political, geological and poetical; which with other things, combined, I think are commendable; for the influence it diffuses is quite evangelical.

Well, you will say, "Question, question." Don't be in a hurry, I am coming to it as soon as I can, it will be a TEASER when it does come. Here it is: What is it in or about the UTAH MAGAZINE that so enchants its readers as to make them forget to cough, when they have colds and their lungs are full of phlegm? (I cannot answer it, for I am not a professional man, perhaps the "only one west of the Missouri river.") Well, if your modesty prevents you from doing so, just step to the other end of your office, to the desk of my intellectual friend Edward, and get the loan of his pen and ink, and you will have the idea in bold relief in a few seconds.

Ah! talking about ideas, I had one this morning. I thought that if reading the UTAH MAGAZINE would stop every one from coughing that had a cold why, surely writing to your "Hired man," would cure both cold and cough too. So up I jumped, called for my writing desk, pillows to my back, and a blanket over my shoulder, and at it I went, setting up in bed, like Darby and Joan (minus Joan and the night-cap). Now, if my experiment proves a success, I shall largely patronize the UTAH MAGAZINE. Here is my first specimen for publication, which I shall expect to appear, when I send the pay.

To all Utah (before it is cut up) and every body else—The best Cough-curing and Cough-preventing medicine in the world (barring Ayer's cherry pectoral and other remedies) may be obtained GRATIS, at Godbe's, Exchange Buildings, Salt Lake City, by writing to the Hired Man, at the office of the Utah Magazine.

ORDIAH.

ENGLISH MAGAZINES AND NEWSPAPERS.

We draw attention to the corrected prospectus of our new volume, to be found in this number.

It will be seen that we have added to the list of publications, to be given free to clubs for the UTAH MAGAZINE, those popular periodicals, The Family Herald, The London Journal, and Bow Bells.

Either of these publications as well as any ENGLISH NEWSPAPER can be had with the Utah Magazine at greatly reduced rates. Send on your orders.

THE DIAMOND STEALERS,

THE STORY OF A FATAL GIFT.

CHAPTER II.

There was one person on board the Fair Endeavor who watched Ned Carrow depart with an anxious countenance—one person who, as he walked briskly away, felt her heart the lighter for every step he took. This was Miss Marion Wyatt—a young lady possessing a handsome, but rather heavy, face, a singularly quiet step, and observing manner, and a ready hand. Did any one mislay a book, Miss Marion Wyatt always knew where it was, and her slim fingers seemed ever on the alert to fetch it forth from some forgotten nook. Did any lady passenger lose her work, her scissors, her thimble, Miss Wyatt was usually appealed to with success; her observant eye had seen the missing article, or nimble hand had picked it up, and stored it away in safety. People grew exceedingly grateful to her for these little attentions. "What a head you have!" said the ladies, admiringly, as they pocketed their restored property.

"Upon my word, you are very obliging!" observed the gentlemen, as some old, faded glove, some battered cigar-case, some worthless penholder, was amiably restored to them by watchful Miss Wyatt.

Of course, there were occasions when this young lady's wary eye and ready hand were both at fault—occasions when things were irretrievably lost, and all her willing readiness to aid in their search proved unavailing. This was the case once, when ivory card-cases mysteriously disappeared. On each of these occasions, Miss Wyatt had not seen the articles in question; she had been unfortunately reading or writing, and, therefore missed these opportunities of showing a kindness to her fellow-passengers.

"My dear Miss Wyatt, if you have not seen my thimble, I give it up altogether," remarked the lady who had lost it; "for I am sure there is no one else who would have the sense and kindness to notice in what careless place I left it."

"I have searched for it everywhere," responded Miss Wyatt, with immense earnestness; "and I am quite certain I should have found it, had it been here. It is my opinion one of those mischievous children has thrown it overboard."

This caused the old maid to whom she spoke to regard the children for many a day with a malignant eye; but it also caused her to cease all search for the missing property, as useless.

Meanwhile, the thimble, the card-case, and many other little things of value, reposed quietly in Miss Wyatt's trunk. She had a mania for pilfering small articles; and being rich, and apparently above suspicion, she was able to indulge her propensity with very little risk. The only child of a wealthy money-lender, who adored her, and who gratified her tastes and fancies with a lavish hand, it was no great wonder that her mind, grown morbid through indulgence, should at last hanker after unattainable things. Some good that was not to be bought, some pleasure belonging to another, was invariably the possession which she most coveted. Card-cases and other toys her father would have bought her by the dozen; but those would have had no value in her eyes. No one would have missed them, no one would have searched for them grieving; in a word, the sense and sorrow of loss in another was what pleased her, and not the gain to herself. This strange selfishness—this cruel greed in her soul—was the fruit of all these years of blind indulgence during which her father had gratified her every whim.

"Set a thief to catch a thief," says a proverb. That means, there is an affinity in evil, and a covetous eye will recognize a kindred spirit with half a glance. Thus, Miss Marion Wyatt, watching Ned Carrow, soon perceived an uneasiness in the man—a false flow of spirits, and a forced tranquillity, which, to her acute mind, betokened the possession of unlawful goods. It amused her to notice how often his eyes turned to his cabin door, how quick his step grew as he neared it, and how nervous and eager his hand appeared as he closed it against the world. Then, again, this closing of the door was always followed to her strained ear by a subdued and shuffling noise—a sound in which such a sense as hers recognized caution and fear.

"I should like to know what he looks at every time he shuts himself up in his cabin," said Miss Wyatt to herself. And with every remarkable patience she waited for an opportunity to gratify this curiosity. It came at last. It was the captain's

birth-day, and an exceedingly good dinner was followed by a convivial meeting among the gentlemen, who sat up late, and toasted each other, and bopraised each other, and slapped each other on the back with a great deal of noise, and a large amount of liquor.

During this time, Miss Wyatt, lying "asleep" on one of the sofas, saw Edward Carrow, while fumbling in his pocket for a borrowed cigar, let fall on the floor a small key. When it was gone, she pounced on it silently as a cat; and while the fun among the gentlemen grew fast and furious, she crept into his cabin, and looked around her with sly, blinking eyes, some box or case to fit the key. She found it very soon—a little cupboard made in the beams running across the roof of the cabin—a contrivance and economy of space often found on board ships. On opening this, Miss Wyatt's disappointed gaze fell on an old pair of slippers, a hair brush, and a meerschaum pipe, and she was about to close the door, with a vexed air, when a curious sparkle in one of the capacious slippers caught her eye. She snatched it up, and found the diamond necklace. The setting was black and tarnished, and the stones so dull by this means, that she was far from guessing their real value; but she none the less made up her mind to take possession of it at the earliest opportunity. She was too cunning to steal now, because Ned Carrow had seen her sleeping on the sofa when he dropped the key. Accordingly she replaced the key in the slipper, with its costly lining, in the box; and, after locking it, she crept back softly to the sofa, putting the key precisely on the same spot on the carpet where she found it. She had not long to wait before Ned Carrow, with a white face, came back again in the saloon.

"Miss Wyatt, are you sleeping?" he said. "I have lost a little key; have you seen it anywhere?"

"No," returned Miss Wyatt, opening her eyes in the sleekest manner. "How should I see it, when I have been fast asleep?"

As she spoke, Ned Carrow pounced on his knees on the floor and found the key.

"Ah! here it is. I must have dropped it just now," he said carelessly.

He forthwith disappeared in his cabin, and Miss Wyatt laughed when he reappeared with an assured countenance.

"But he won't keep the necklace in the cupboard now," she said. "He'll be afraid."

She was right. He hid the diamonds in a place where it was much easier for her to get at them.

In all the uproar and search that followed, no one on board suspected the quiet, rich Miss Wyatt to be the thief. Nevertheless, safe as she felt herself to be, there was sometimes a slight tightening of the nerves as she thought of the diamond necklace lying in her trunk; and on landing, it was a great relief to see the reckless figure of Ned Carrow disappear for ever from her sight.

It was not alone the goods of others that Marion Wyatt coveted. She was one of those jealous natures that can never be content with what is their own. Thus, a love offered to herself was worthless, while she would strive with heart and soul to win a love from another woman. Too often she succeeded, and then the man, in his turn, was forsaken, as heartlessly he had been won; her old failing in her soul made him no value now; her only pleasure being in having caused a loss to another. Hence it can be imagined with what feelings she saw the only desirable man on board bestow all his attention on her pretty companion, Lucy Mainwaring.

She had not troubled herself much about him at first, but soon as she perceived that Lucy had won him, and Lucy loved him, she became passionately bent on winning him herself. Day by day she set herself to this task, and the desire increased with the pursuit, she had the misery at last of perceiving that she had fallen desperately in love, without a hope of return.

As for Captain Calverley himself, he evidently considered it a very proper and natural thing that the two handsomest young ladies on board should be in love with him. But being as much attached to Lucy as he could be to any one except himself, and not liking Miss Marion Wyatt, he troubled himself very little to be civil to her. This was the aspect of affairs when the Fair Endeavor disembarked her passengers at the port of London.

"Papa," whispered Miss Wyatt, "ask Captain Calverley to come and see us, and make him fix a day for dining with us."

Thus prompted, Mr. Wyatt extended his invitation in the heavy, pompous manner peculiar to him.

"I shall be delighted, I am sure," returned the Captain, with a glance at Lucy. "Where do you hang out?"

"My town house is in Eaton Square," responded Mr. Wyatt, in a fat voice. "And our dinner hour is seven. Then I may expect you on Thursday?"

The Captain fascinated both young ladies with a splendid smile, as he answered in the affirmative.

"I suppose the old fellow has got some good wine," he observed to himself; "and that hard daughter of his is excellent fun. Then there's little Lucy, on whom I'm doozed spooney. Oh, I see I shall enjoy myself. I shall count the minutes until Thursday," he said to Lucy, as he squeezed her hand. "Good bye, Miss Wyatt; it will really seem an age until we meet again."

Having thus made himself agreeable, he departed in an almy manner, kissing his hand as his Hansom darted round the corner after Ned Carrow's fading footsteps.

"Papa, are they never going to get our luggage on shore?" said Miss Wyatt, wearily. "Do go and see what the men are about. I am tired to death of waiting here."

Then, as her obedient parent hastened to obey her behest, she turned angrily on her companion.

"Pray, don't stand there, Miss Malawaring, staring after that departed cab, like a captive chained to the chariot wheel of her conqueror. You mayn't know it, but you are making yourself ridiculous."

Lucy started, and blushed crimson.

"No, of course not," returned Marion Wyatt; "people never have any idea of it when they are making fools of themselves. I tell you out of kindness. I should be sorry to see you fix your heart on a man who can't marry you."

"Who can't marry me?" repeated Lucy.

"No; how can he? You haven't a penny, have you?" snapped Miss Wyatt. "And an officer is the most extravagant and expensive biped in nature. All he thinks of in matrimony is the last word of it—the money; and quite right too. He can't keep a wife; he looks to his wife to keep him; and he expects to be kept in good style—else, of course, he won't sacrifice himself. There, that's his idea of marriage."

Lucy Mainwaring's heart sank as she listened to this worldly interpretation of her lover's feelings. If this were true, then, indeed, there was no hope for her, and she hastily brought what little pride that she had to her aid.

"It can be of no consequence to me what Captain Calverley's ideas are," she said, coldly. "Beyond making himself agreeable, he has never led me to suppose that he thought of me seriously; and, unless he did that, it is not likely that I should think of him."

"I wouldn't advise you to," returned Miss Wyatt, superciliously, "because he can't afford to be sentimental. He owes it to his tailor to take care of himself in marriage. With what sort of a countenance would that long-enduring individual look at him if he walked into his establishment, and said, 'I've married for love, and my wife hasn't a penny?'"

"You needn't ridicule me," said Lucy Mainwaring, with a little spirit; "and Captain Calverley's tailor is a person in whom I am not interested."

"I am not ridiculing you, retorted Miss Wyatt; "I am setting things before you in their true and practical light, that's all. But you are just like everybody who has got no money. You fancy, because you have none yourself, and don't care much for it, that it is a matter of no consequence. Bless your Arcadian simplicity, you make a great mistake. Money is a good deal to most men; but to military men it is everything. Ah! here's 'pa with the luggage at last! Now, I suppose we may start."

There were tears in Lucy's eyes when she took her place on the back seat of the carriage, and the drive home for her was a sad one.

"It serves her right," thought Miss Wyatt, as she looked at her with hard eyes. "It is too presuming in her to fall in love with Captain Calverley. I mean to triumph over her. I stake my money against her sickly little face, and I back myself to win."

Marion Wyatt had a great opinion of her own address and cleverness; she was not, therefore, discouraged by Captain Calverley's coolness, or by his evident admiration for her companion.

These rather braced her for the fight, and made her enjoy her anticipated victory all the more.

On the expected Thursday, she swept into the drawing-room in amber silk, with pearls in her dark hair; while Lucy, plainly attired in muslin, seemed to shrink and shiver before her splendid presence.

"Captain Calverley," said the page in buttons, setting the drawing-room door wide open.

Miss Wyatt sailed towards him, with extended hand, which the smiling Captain took most graciously; but his glance, nevertheless, fell on the little shrinking figure by the window, and, dropping the jewelled fingers that had lingered in his, he walked swiftly forward, and greeted Lucy in a voice whose accents were far lower than had ever touched her rival's ear.

Raging with jealousy, Marion stood a moment and watched the lovers. She saw Lucy's cheek kindle, and the Captain's eyes grow soft and tender; and, biting her lip, she turned away with a fire in her heart.

"There is no bearing his smiling impudence!" she said to herself. "What does he mean to do? Will he marry the girl, penniless as she is? Surely not! He will hardly afford himself the luxury of a love match: it would cost him too much. Oh, if I could only get him into my power!"

But, at dinner, no shade of anger appeared upon her face, and she was so animated, that Captain Calverley once or twice paused in his gay chat to remark to himself that Marion Wyatt was really a very handsome woman, only a little too beetle-browed, and heavy about the chin.

In the course of the evening, feeling sure, after her talk with Lucy, that the unhappy girl would be reserved and cold with her admirer, she purposely gave them opportunities for momentary snatches of conversation.

"What is the matter, Lucy?" said the Captain, in his softest and most insinuating tone. "You are changed to me. Have I offended you?"

"No," returned Lucy, "but I think it is cruel—"

"Oh, Captain Calverley, do try this song!" said Miss Wyatt, advancing towards him with a malicious smile.

Of course, he was obliged to respond politely, though, inwardly, he gnashed his teeth, and wished his tormentor in the unpleasantest quarters upon earth.

"What is it you think cruel, Lucy?" he asked, late in the evening, as he bent over the music.

"I think it cruel for a man to amuse himself at another's expense," she answered. "I think it cruel to feign love that is never felt."

"Do you suppose me capable of anything so heartless?" he said, eagerly. "Do you really doubt my sincerity?"

"Captain Calverley," returned Lucy, coldly, "during our long voyage you paid me much attention; you singled me out as the recipient of many compliments; but surely, now that you are on shore, you can find some better, not to say nobler, amusement."

The Captain stared at the girl in a bewildered way, and his face grew clouded and angry.

"I saw you were changed," he said, in a low voice. "To whose kind interposition do I owe this?"

He glanced at Marion Wyatt, and then went on more earnestly, "You may believe me or not, Lucy, but every thought of mine has been yours, this long while past, afloat or ashore."

"Are you never going to find that music," asked Miss Wyatt. "Papa and I are tired quite of waiting for your promised song, Lucy."

Lucy sang with trembling voice and burning cheeks, while the Captain, as he turned the pages, whispered adroitly, "Write to me to-morrow, and say you believe me, Lucy."

Lucy did not answer him, for Marion Wyatt crept forward, and laid her hand upon her shoulder.

"Don't sing any more, my dear," she said: "I hear, by your voice, you are tired to death."

In a few minutes more the Captain took his departure, without any further opportunity being given him to speak to Lucy; and the moment the door closed on him, she hurried away to her own room, to hide her agitation. Thus Miss Wyatt and her father were left alone.

"Marion," said the money-lender, abruptly, "don't fall in love with Captain Calverley."

"Why not?" returned his daughter, with audacious selfishness; "why should I not fall in love with him, if I like?"

"Because you will be an egregious simpleton if you do," observed Mr. Wyatt. "The man is hopelessly in debt."

"Is he, really?" exclaimed Marion; and her face grew radiant with hope. "Then, of course, he can't afford to marry a poor girl."

"Not unless he wants to spend his honeymoon in gaol," said Mr. Wyatt. "I would advise you, Marion, to think no more of him. Captain Calverley is too expensive a toy for me to buy for you, even with his moustache, and opaquets, and agate cane, thrown into the bargain."

"What would it cost to buy him, father?" asked the girl, in a careless tone.

"Cost?" said Mr. Wyatt. "There is no telling the price at

which such a fellow as he is, estimates himself. I should say his lowest figure would be fifty thousand. For anything less than that, he'd consider he made a sacrifice in marriage."

"No, no; I don't mean that, father. What are his debts, do you suppose?" asked Marion, nervously.

"I can't tell exactly, my dear. I am happy to say he is not on my books: his elder brother is too healthy; I couldn't see any safety in speculating on his going off. Well, certainly, the Captain must owe quite £6,000. So, my dear child, I must insist upon your putting him out of your thoughts, for I really do not intend to indulge you in such a piece of extravagance as buying Captain Calverley, debts and all."

"Perhaps he isn't to be bought, father," said Marion. "I don't think he is a marrying man."

"Very fortunate, too, for the women," returned Mr. Wyatt, yawning. "He'll be a hard bargain to some rich simpleton one of these days. Good night, my dear!"

With this speech, Mr. Wyatt took his bed-candle, and departed; while his daughter, left alone, began to ponder on the possibility of buying up the Captain's debts, and putting such a pressure on him, that he should be grateful to accept the aid and the hand of the woman whom he treated with indifference.

"I wonder if I can do it," she said. "I wonder what that necklace is worth; perhaps that will help a little."

She rose in the morning with the same thought in her mind, and taking the stolen property from the secret drawer where she kept her spoils, she gazed, with anxious eyes, upon the tarnished setting and the glittering stones.

"What can I do?" she said to herself. "I dare not sell the necklace myself, and I must not be seen by the Captain's creditors. I must trust some one to do all this for me; but whom can I trust? Ah, I know! Moses Solomon—he is the man to do it!"

Moses Solomon was Mr. Wyatt's head clerk and confidential man—a sleek, sly, quiet man—a man who knew everybody's business, but, like a pyramid, kept his secrets to himself in a silent, stony, aggravating way. He had schemes of his own, too—deep-laid schemes and plots for his own aggrandizement, for the fulfillment of which he bided his time in mute patience. He was quite a young man for his place, not more than thirty-five; and, in spite of his yellow face, he was as hard and as lasting as the monument.

Mr. Wyatt evidently liked to stand well in his chief clerk's estimation, for he took the trouble to patronize him, asking him to dinner pretty often, and sometimes allowing him to accompany his daughter to a theatre or a concert. Hence Miss Wyatt knew him sufficiently well to feel that she could ask a favor of him safely.

"Papa," she said, at breakfast. "we shall be dreadfully dull this evening by ourselves. Bring home that good creature, Solomon, to dinner with you."

This request was, of course, acceded to most willingly by the unwitting Mr. Wyatt, while the "good creature" himself accepted the invitation, with an unusual glitter of his small eyes.

If it was in the power of such a pyramid to look surprised, he might have looked so that night, when Marion Wyatt, after an evening of special graciousness, slipped a note into his hand at parting. He read it by the light of the first street lamp he reached, and found only these words:

"Meet me to-morrow on Waterloo Bridge, at five o'clock."

The clerk thrust the note in his pocket, but he neither looked bewildered nor astonished. He merely whistled, and told himself his luck was coming.

Punctual as the bank, he was at the appointed place next day to the minute; but Miss Wyatt was there before him. With his countenance a perfect blank, and no more expression of curiosity in him than in an oyster, he stood mute, while the young lady poured into his ear a rather feverish account of her desire to buy up Captain Calverley's debts.

"You deliberately think it worth your while, to do this?" asked Solomon.

Marion set her firm lips closely together, and her determined chin seemed to grow more massive, as she paused a moment in her reply.

"Deliberately, yes, Mr. Solomon. I have made up my mind in this matter, and nothing will turn me now. I shall trust to you to buy up the debts at the cheapest rate possible. I am going to part with my jewels to accomplish this, so you perceive I am in earnest indeed. Here is an old diamond necklace, which I have had by me these years past, and never wear, it is so old fashioned you must get as much as you can for it. And here are my pearls, and five hundred pounds in money.

Now, come to me again in a fortnight's time, and tell me I am the Captain's chief creditor, and can look him up when please."

Solomon pocketed the precious parcels with a stony countenance, and his eyes fixed on Miss Wyatt's face.

"You are in earnest?" he said, slowly. "Well, you may as well upon me to do my best for you. And now I think I had better get into a cab, for I don't feel I should like to walk up to Strand with diamonds in my pocket."

"Is it hatred, or is it love?" said Solomon to himself, as he drove off. "A spice of both, I expect, hatched up into a dish of revenge. Well, as it helps me on my road, she is quite welcome to grind up the Captain's bones, if she can derive any satisfaction from the process."

In one of the dingiest dens of the city, there lived a grapping, greedy spider of a man, called Jabez Giles, an unscrupulous dealer in jewels, gold dust, old plate, diamonds, or any other prey out of which money was to be made. He was a wonderful old spider, never fussing himself, never looking on for flies, but sitting tranquilly in his den, knowing they would drop upon him of their own accord. He always did business in the quietest way, giving prompt checks for his spoils, and thereby usually securing them to himself at a tenth of the value.

To this man Solomon betook himself.

"What is it?" asked Jabez Giles, looking up calmly from his ledger.

"Diamonds," said Solomon, laying the necklace on his desk.

The old Spider finished the entry in his book, with a quivering hand, and then let his greedy eye fall upon the gleaming stones. He weighed them, he tried them, he tested them, and, lastly, he measured Solomon from head to foot. Now the Spider's success in life had depended on this one faculty. He knew whom it was safe to cheat. In a word, he recognized a fly, and sucked the marrow from his bones, and flung the dried carcass from his web to flutter down the winds of fortune. As for a wasp, he dealt with him fairly, and let him go. He saw Solomon was a wasp, and treated him accordingly.

"These are true diamonds, of a good water. What do you want for them?"

"Let me hear your idea of a price first," said Solomon.

"The price of diamonds is as fixed as the price of gold," returned the dealer. "You saw the weight of them; there's pencil and paper; what do you make the price to be?"

Solomon made the computation rapidly.

"Only £1,200," he said, in a voice of feigned disappointment. "But that's not counting the setting; and its putting the diamonds at the lowest price in the market."

"The setting is only silver, and it is so hideous it must be broken up. I don't want the setting; the diamonds I am ready to give you a check for if you choose," said Jabez Giles.

Solomon did choose, and forthwith departed with the check in his pocket, and a considerable deal of wonderment in his head, to think that such a queer, tarnished old necklace was worth so much money.

He worked indefatigably at the business Miss Wyatt had entrusted him to do; in fact he worked at it as a man works when the business is his own, and he thinks it is taking him by large strides to the goal of success. Thus, in less than a fortnight, he was able to present himself at the family mansion in all the serenity of triumph.

In most cases it had been easy work—the Captain's creditors, as a body, being perfectly well pleased to dispose of their claims to any lunatic speculator mad enough to think a shilling was to be got out of him.

When Solomon entered the drawing-room, he was rather amused to find Captain Calverley there.

The many passages of arms between himself and that gentleman's creditors, the many uncomplimentary expressions they had used regarding him, and the remembrance of a little packet of receipts now reposing in his pocket, all came into his mind, bringing a rare twinkle of laughter into his stony eye. But he quenched it instantly, and bowed to the Captain with all the deference due from a hard-working snob to a swell, who has not the least idea what working is.

"Is that a city specimen?" whispered Captain Calverley to the hostess.

"Yes; he's 'pa's chief clerk. He is going to dine here to-day; but he is such a good creature, I am sure you won't mind it," said Marion.

"Mind it!" returned the Captain. "My dear Miss Wyatt, I

be delighted. I am fond of curiosities. I wish you would Magog and Magog here expressly to meet me. I'd come, I see you. I should like to see those two great city nobles myself."

Miss Wyatt laughed, but Lucy Mainwaring rose, and offered him a chair.

At dinner, the conversation turned on their voyage in the Fair Endeavor, Mr. Wyatt remarking there were a "queer lot" on board.

And the queerest was that shipwrecked speculator, Edward Brown," observed Captain Calverley. "Do you know, I never saw that fellow lost a locket."

"No?" said Mr. Wyatt. "What do you think he lost, then?" "Oh, I fancy the rascal lost something far more valuable. I saw he had diamonds or gold nuggets on board, stowed away somewhere," said the Captain.

Surely, he would have insisted on a more minute search, if it was the case," remarked Lucy.

Not if the scamp had stolen them himself," returned the Captain, carelessly.

Solomon listened to every word of this dialogue, with a nervous light creeping over his mind; and while he watched Marion Wyatt's face, he became convinced that the diamond locket was the article stolen on board the Fair Endeavour. He held his peace grimly on this suspicion, and in a moment talk changed to other subjects.

Miss Wyatt permitted Lucy and her lover to whisper as much as they pleased that evening, while her father slumbered in his chair, and she, under the pretence of playing cribbage, received from Solomon an account of his mission.

Can you lock him up to-morrow?" she said, as she shuffled cards energetically.

The day after would be easier," replied Mr. Solomon. Then let it be done. And where can I meet you afterwards?"

Solomon named an out-of-the-way hotel in the Borough.

Very good," said Miss Wyatt—"I'll be there. It is my dear Lucy, my dear, I am the winner. I have won my game to-night."

Quite true," said Solomon. "Miss Wyatt, you are the best at cribbage that I ever saw."

If he had not been too insignificant a person to think about, Marion might have considered his smile unpleasant. But hers turned in an instant on Captain Calverley, and the jealousy gnawing at her heart only permitted her to see him.

She had led Lucy Mainwaring such a life of late, that she had grown hectic and worn, and there burnt on her cheek a feverish beauty almost painful to look on. Half remorseful, Captain Calverley gazed on her with a sigh of self-proach.

"Upon my word, this won't do," he said, apostrophising himself. "I have no right to break this girl's heart—I haven't, really. I have been rather selfish in giving myself the pleasure of seeing her constantly, but I must drop it now. I must all up. I must exchange for Gib, or some other rock, where there isn't a girl to be seen. I'm a pauper, you know—a sort of a swell pauper; and I can no more marry than I can wear my own livery, or clean my own boots. Faith! I should look as like a lunatic doing one than the other."

This sudden outburst of conscientiousness made the Captain hurry away early, giving Lucy such a cold farewell, that her heart sank within her, and a shiver of fear and sorrow crept over her frame.

Three days after this, Marion Wyatt sat alone in a musty room in that quiet inn in the Borough, where Solomon had pointed to meet her. Every nerve in her body was quivering with impatience. The Captain was in Whitecross Street; and she had written him a passionate letter, with offers of money and rescue. To this she added a promise that her father should settle with all his creditors, and make smooth her path in life, if only he would give her his affection, and accept her hand. She had not much doubt of the result. A desperate man will snatch at straws; and she had rendered the object of her selfish adoration as desperate as a baited bear. At, certainly, he was in no melting mood, and, when he read Miss Wyatt's fervent epistle, he positively tilted back his rickety chair, and laughed.

Solomon looked at him with an answering twinkle in his gray eyes, and the corners of his stony mouth twitched a little.

"You understand the purport of this choice epistle, I presume?" said the Captain.

"I guess it," replied Solomon.

"Well, you may guess also that I am not going to marry a

hyena," said the Captain. "Much obliged for the offer—very grateful, and all that style of thing, but I'd rather hang myself."

"Is that your reply?" asked Solomon.

Captain Calverley twisted the letter in his hands, and looked, for a moment, undecided.

"Whitewash is an unpleasant mess," he said, reflectively; "it sticks to a fellow, for life; but I suppose I can get out of this that way."

"Not so easy," observed Solomon. "You'll be opposed by every creditor you've got."

"Upon my word, sir, you seem to know a good deal," said the Captain.

"I believe I know more than you do, sir," returned the stony Solomon. "I've got pretty well acquainted with your creditors lately."

"The deuce! Perhaps you'll be kind enough to explain yourself Solomon," remarked the Captain, with extreme politeness.

"Will my explanation never reach Miss Wyatt? Will you consider it strictly confidential?" asked Solomon. "If you don't give me your word of that, I can say nothing."

Greatly perplexed, Captain Calverley gave his word, whereupon Solomon promptly explained that Marion herself was that gentleman's chief creditor.

The astonishment of the gallant officer was beyond words. He grasped the back of the rickety chair, and sat staring at Solomon, with his face getting paler than ever it would have grown under cannon shot; while his wonder expanded until it had swallowed up every other expression upon his usually self-satisfied and handsome countenance.

"I bought 'em up, every one," concluded Solomon, "except an old Jew fellow, who held on to a bond of yours like grim death. 'Bahaw!' he said, 'I mean to be paid in full. You Christians have no faith—I have. The Captain is a young man who will always come down upon his feet. There is but one life between him and eight thousand a-year. Pooh! I keep my bond—there's the door!'"

"That Jew is a brick!" said Captain Calverley, gradually recovering his well-bred composure; "but he is mistaken. My brother has got the constitution of a rhinoceros, and he is as close-fisted as a miser at ninety."

"Then will you accept Miss Wyatt?" asked Solomon, a little uneasily.

"Hang Miss Wyatt!" returned the Captain. "I would not accept her if she had a million. This plot of hers disgusts a man to his marrow. Even to get out of prison a man would object to live all his life long with a toad down his back, and that is precisely the uncomfortable feeling that creeps over me when I think of marrying Marion Wyatt."

"You'll please to express those sentiments in writing," observed Solomon. "I shouldn't like to deliver them to her verbally."

"Certainly," said the Captain, with a grim smile, as he opened his writing-case. "The lady shall have a written reply—in strong language, too."

As he spoke a warden entered, and brought him a letter. It was a girlish, tender, letter full of love and compassion—full of heartfelt longings to soothe him in his distress—full of generous sympathy and affection. She offered to come with her mother every day to see him, if her presence would comfort him; and she entreated his permission to do this, and to be allowed to help him in any way possible with her poor means.

Regimental life, with its abrupt partings, its little loves, its empty flirtations, and its broken friendships, had not quite hardened the young man into that species of careless military target best suited to the purpose of war; so he was touched and wrote in reply a few hurried lines, tender and self-reproachful. This letter and the one to Miss Wyatt, he placed in Solomon's hands.

"Will you post this one for me to Miss Mainwaring?" he said. "The other, perhaps, you will deliver to the hyena yourself?"

Upon this they parted.

Miss Marion Wyatt sat listening to every step with a heart that beat feverishly with passionate hope and longing. If Captain Calverley had accepted her proposal, he would be freed now, and perhaps he would come hither himself to thank her. But no! This is Solomon's heavy step upon the stairs at last; and she rushed to the door, and seized him by the arm, as he entered.

"Well, what does he say? Where is his answer?"

"Here!" said Solomon, placing the letter in her hand. "I don't know what is in it, but if it is anything like his speech, it is not very complimentary."

With a face growing livid white, Marion read the few scornful words, in which the man whom she so wilfully loved rejected her money and herself. Trembling in every limb, she sank into a chair, and covered her eyes with her hand, while a sob of despair rose to her lips.

He despised her—he hated her! She had humiliated herself in vain. He loved Lucy, and this weak, foolish girl would triumph over her.

At this thought, her blood ran cold, and she started up in an impatient fury, terrible to witness.

"Don't distress yourself so much, Marion," said Moses Solomon, with sudden familiarity in his tone. "This popinjay officer is, surely, not the only man in the world! There are plenty of others ready to love and admire you, if only assured that you would accept their affection."

Miss Wyatt paused in her magnificent rage, and stared, in mute indignation and surprise, at her father's clerk.

"I speak of myself," said Moses; and his yellow, stony face flushed a little. "I have loved you long in secret! I love you dearly—truly!"

"Stop!" exclaimed Marion in fury. "Do you know to whom you are speaking, Mr. Solomon?"

"Perfectly!" returned Moses, in a calm tone. "I am speaking to the lady whom that military idiot scorns, rejects and despises—the lady of whom he speaks with bitter contumely and contempt, but whom I love with all my heart!"

His words poured over Marion's spirit like molten fire. To have Captain Calverley's scorn repeated to her, through the lips of this poor worm she had despised all her life long, was a bitter cup indeed.

"Leave Captain Calverley out of the question, if you please," she said, with quivering lips; "and remember you are speaking to your master's daughter!"

"I have no master!" returned Moses, with a sneer; "and I see no reason why I should not love Mr. Wyatt's daughter, and marry her, too!"

"You are mad!" cried Marion, with intense contempt.

As she spoke, she let her eyes fall on the man, with a shudder. The difference between his shambling, ungainly figure, his yellow ugliness, and uncouth manners, and Captain Calverley's ease and grace, and manly beauty, irritated her into bitterness, as, mentally, she made the contrast.

"Leave me!" she exclaimed, as her eyes flashed. "I loath the sight of you!"

But Solomon set his back against the door, and stood there, stolid as a block.

"If I leave you, Miss Wyatt, I shall go to your father, and divulge everything!" he said. "You forget that you are in my power!"

"I don't see it!" returned the girl. "You may tell my father I have spent 2,000*l.* for a whim, and I shall keep Captain Calverley in prison till he pays me. You will find the information will only cost you your place. Let me pass sir!"

"I shall tell him more than that," replied Moses. "I shall tell him his daughter is a thief!"

And he smiled triumphantly as he saw her face blanch to the hue of snow, while her lips stood apart and quivering.

"You had better try to understand your position more clearly," he continued. "I am willing to put it before you in very few words. You have stolen a diamond necklace, value 1,200*l.* Well, I find out Edward Carrow, the owner, who gets a warrant for your apprehension, and lodges you in Newgate. I am the principal witness against you, and my evidence transports you. That is your position and mine at present, and you can only alter it by becoming my wife."

"How much money will buy you off?" asked Miss Wyatt, with shaking lips, as she sank into a chair.

"Well, Miss Wyatt, you see, it is a great disappointment to me not to marry you," returned Solomon. "I had set my heart upon it for years."

"Name your price!" she answered, as she turned her white face away from him in proud misery.

Moses Solomon drove a hard bargain with the desperate woman he had crushed. He made her pay for his disappointment—he made her pay for every little slight and sneer she had ever flung on him—and he did not declare himself contented, till she had given him a written promise to make over to him nearly all that she possessed, independent of her father.

This done, he closed the door on her, and left her alone.

For one bitter moment Marion Wyatt burst into passionate

tears and sobs, mingled with execrations against her own folly. But she did not give way to this weakness long.

"He is not—he cannot be—sure that I stole the necklace," she reflected; "and when once he has taken my money, he must, for his own sake, be quiet."

Reassured by this thought, she stooped wearily to pick up Captain Calverley's scornful letter, which she had flung on the floor. And then she saw lying on the carpet another letter, unopened.

It was the one for Lucy, which Moses Solomon, in his agitation and selfishness, had dropped and forgotten.

Marion Wyatt caught it up and looked at it with glaring eyes. In another moment she had opened it cautiously and devoured the contents. The loving words poured over her heart like a flood of lava, scorching up all pity, and filling her with a burning hatred against the poor girl to whom they were addressed.

She rang the bell, and sent for a bottle of gum; then, with deliberate hand, she placed Captain Calverley's contemptuous letter to herself in the envelope addressed to Lucy, and by the aid of the gum she refastened it so skilfully, that no eye could have detected that it had been opened.

She posted it herself in the Borough, on her way home.

A woman, when she is jealous, is merciless. Therefore, Miss Wyatt never winced when the postman came, and she saw that letter handed to her victim.

Lucy recognized the writing, and with flushing face she ran to her own room, and tore the letter open with trembling fingers. Then her eyes fell on these cruel words:

"MADAM,—

"I have the honor to acknowledge your very fervent epistle. I presume I ought to be flattered by the tender sentiments you are pleased to express, but being only a careless, hardhearted sort of fellow, I really am not overwhelmed by them. I am, on the contrary, so ungrateful and untouched, that I feel the gift of your affection quite an embarrassing burden. Moreover, I am at a loss to know, for which of my merely ordinary attentions, you have chosen to bestow upon me so large a portion of your regard. I really regret you should have mistaken me so completely, and sincerely trust you will not permit blighted hopes, and all that sort of thing, to injure your health and happiness.

"Allow me to tender you my thanks for your obliging offer to play the good Samaritan to a poor prisoner; but I believe, on the whole, I would rather take care of myself. Your proffers of aid are therefore declined with—I must confess it—more contempt than I ever yet permitted myself to feel for a lady. I assure you I am not a marrying man, and I am quite sorry you should have wasted so much time and trouble on such an unpromising subject as myself.

"I have the honor to be, madam,

"Your obedient servant,

"HORACE CALVERLEY."

OATHS OF DIFFERENT NATIONS.

MEN have always sworn by one name only, in Chaldean, Egyptian, Hebrew, Sanscrit, Greek, Etruscan, Latin, Celtic, Teutonic, Slavic, Peruvian, Australian and Yollof.

In Chaldean, they say: By the god Nebo, whose right buttock is of gold!

In Egyptian: By the god Osiris, whose ears are in his heels!

In Hebrew: By Jehovah, whose feet rest upon the stars!

In Sanscrit: By Astarte!

In Greek, Etruscan and Latin: By Zeus!

In Celtic: By Tentates!

In Teutonic and Slavic: By Odin!

In Peruvian: By the Sun!

In Australian: By the Bear's ham!

In Yollof: By the great serpent Manitou!

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POETRY

BEAUTIFUL DREAMS.

Soft are the slumbers of minds fill'd with love,
Blissful the hours of repose,
Bearing the thoughts to the regions above,
Drowning all troubles and woes;
Mem'ries of dear ones then float thro' the brain,
Fancies of long treasur'd schemes,
Alas! and alas! that they cannot remain,
Beautiful, innocent, beautiful dreams.
Beautiful dreams, beautiful dreams,
Heav'nly, fairy-like, beautiful dreams.

The friends we have lost live over again,
They smile and they weep as of yore;
The objects we wish for we seem to obtain.
And we tread upon fairyland's shore,
Our enemies love us—the world seems so fair,
Alas! that it's not as it seems!
They come like a perfume, and vanish like air—
Beautiful, innocent, beautiful dreams.
Beautiful dreams, etc.

Oh! would they were lasting—oh! would they were true,
Those dreams of an innocent heart,
And would that the dreamer might never awake
To the truth—they so quickly depart.
Oh! would that the visions of maidens and babes—
Each one that with loveliness teems—
Could last for a life-time, a foretaste of Heav'n,
Beautiful, innocent, beautiful dreams.
Beautiful dreams, etc.

HAROLD,

THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

All within the palace of Westminster showed the confusion and dismay of the awful time; all, at least, save the council chamber in which Harold, who had arrived the night before, conferred with his thegns. It was evening; the courtyards and the halls were filled with armed men, and almost with every hour came rider and bode from the Sussex shores. In the corridors the Churchmen grouped and whispered, as they had whispered and grouped in the day of King Edward's death. Stigand passed among them, pale and thoughtful. The serge gowns came rustling round the Arch-prelate for counsel or courage.

"Shall we go forth with the king's army?" asked a young monk, bolder than the rest, "to animate the host with prayer and hymn?"

"Fool!" said the miserly prelate, "fool! if we do so, and the Norman conquer, what become of our abacies and convent lands? The duke wars against Harold, not England. If he slay Harold——"

"What then?"

"The Atheling is left us yet. Stay we here and guard the last prince of the House of Cerdic," whispered Stigand, and he swept on.

In the chamber in which Edward had breathed his last, his widowed queen, with Aldyth her successor, and Githa and some other ladies, waited the decision of the council. By one of the windows stood, clasping each other by hand, the fair young bride of Gurth and the betrothed of the gay Leofwine. Githa sat alone, bowing her face over her hands—desolate; mourning for the fate of her traitor son; and the wounds, that the recent and holier death of Thyra had inflicted, bled afresh. And the holy Lady of Edward attempted in vain, by pious adjurations, to comfort Aldyth, who scarcely heeding her, started ever and anon with impatient terror, muttering to herself, "Shall I lose this crown too?"

In the council hall debate waxed warm—which was the wiser, to meet William at once in the battle-field, or to delay, till all the forces Harold might expect (and which he had ordered to be levied, in his rapid march from York), could swell his host?

"If we retire before the enemy," said Gurth, "leaving him in a strange land, winter approaching, his forage will fail. He will scarce dare to march upon London; if he does, we shall be better prepared to encounter him. My voice is against resting all on a single battle."

"Is that thy choice?" said Vebba, indignantly. "Not so, I am sure, would have chosen thy father; not so think the Saxons of Kent. The Norman is laying waste all the lands of thy subjects, Lord Harold; living on plunder, as a robber, in the realm of King Alfred. Dost thou think that men will get better heart to fight for their country by hearing that their king shrinks from the danger?"

"Thou speakest well and wisely," said Haco; and all eyes turned to the young son of Sweyn, as to the one who best knew the character of the hostile army and the skill of its chief. "We have now with us a force flushed with conquest over a foe hitherto deemed invincible. Men who have conquered the Norwegian will not shrink from the Norman. Victory depends upon ardor more than numbers. Every hour of delay damps the ardor. Are we sure that it will swell our numbers? What I dread most is not the sword

of the Norman duke, it is his craft. Rely upon it, that if we meet him not soon, he will march straight to London. He will proclaim by the way, that he comes not to seize the throne, but to punish Harold, and abide by the Witan, or perchance by the word of the Roman pontiff. The terror of his armament unresisted, will spread like a panic through the land. Many will be decoyed by his false pretexes, many awed by a force that the king dare not meet. If he comes in sight of the city, think you that merchants and cheapmen will not be daunted by the thought of pillage and sack? They will be the first to capitulate at the first house which is fired. This city is weak to guard against siege; its walls long neglected; and in sieges the Normans are famous. Are we so united (the king's rule thus fresh), but what no cabals, no dissensions will break out among ourselves? If the duke come, as come he will, in the name of the Church, may not the churchmen set up some new pretender to the crown—perchance the child Edgar? And, divided against ourselves, how ingloriously should we feel! Besides, this land, though never before have the links between province and province been drawn so close, hath yet demarkations, that make the people selfish. The Northumbrians, I fear, will not stir to help London, and Mercia will hold aloof from our peril. Grant that William once seize London, all England is broken up and dispirited; each shire, nay, each town, looking only to itself. Talk of delay as wearing out the strength of the foe! No, it would wear out our own. Little can, I fear, be yet left in our treasury. If William seize London, that treasury is his, with all the wealth of our burgesses. How should we maintain an army, except by preying on the people, and thus discontenting them? Where guard that army? Where are our forts? where our mountains? The war of delay suits only a land of rock and defile, or of castle and breastwork. Thegns and warriors, ye have no castles but your breasts of mail. Abandon these, and you are lost."

A general murmur of applause closed the speech of Haco, which, while wise in arguments our historians have overlooked, came home to that noblest reason of brave men, which urges prompt resistance to foul invasion.

Up, then, rose King Harold.

"I thank you, fellow-English, for that applause with which ye have greeted mine own thoughts on the lips of Haco. Shall it be said that your king rushed to chase his own brother from the soil of outraged England, yet shrunk from the sword of the Norman stranger? Well indeed might my brave subjects desert my banner if it floated idly over these palace walls, while the armed invader pitched his tent in the heart of England. By delay, William's forces, whatever it be, can not grow less; his cause grows more strong in our craven fears. What his armament may be, we rightly know not; the report varies with every messenger, swelling and lessening with the rumors of every hour. Have we not around us now our most stalwart veterans—the flower of our armies—the most eager spirits—the vanquishers of Hardrada? Thou sayest, Gurth, that all should not be periled on a single battle. True. Harold should be periled, but wherefore England? Grant that we win the day; the quicker our dispatch, the greater our fame, the more lasting that peace, at home and abroad, which

rests ever its best foundation on the sense of the power, which wrong can not provoke unchastised. Grant that we lose; a loss can be made gain by a king's brave death. Why should not our example rouse and unite all who survive us? Which the nobler example, the one best fitted to protect our country—the recreant backs of living chiefs, or the glorious dead with their fronts to the foe? Come what may, life or death, at least we will thin the Norman numbers, and heap the barriers of our corpses on the Norman march. At least, we can show to the rest of England how men should defend their native land! And if, as I believe and pray, in every English breast beats a heart like Harold's, what matters though a king should fall?—Freedom is immortal."

He spoke; and forth from his baldric he drew his sword. Every blade, at that signal, leaped from the sheath. And in that council hall, at least, in every breast beat the heart of Harold.

By the altar of the Abbey Church of Waltham, that night, knelt Edith in prayer for Harold.

She had taken up her abode in a small convent of nuns that adjoined the more famous monastery of Waltham; but she had promised Hilda not to enter on the novitiate until the birthday of Harold had passed. She herself had no longer faith in the omens and prophecies that had deceived her youth and darkened her life; and, in the more congenial air of our holy church, the spirit, ever so chastened, grew calm and resigned. But the tidings of the Norman's coming, and the king's victorious return to his capital, had reached even that still retreat; and love, which had blent itself with religion, led her step to that lonely altar. And suddenly, as she there knelt, only lighted by the moon through the high casements, she was startled by the sound of approaching feet and murmuring voices. She rose in alarm—the door of the church was thrown open—torches advanced—and among the monks, between Osgood and Alred, came the king. He had come, that last night before his march, to invoke the prayers of that pious brotherhood; and by the altar he had founded, to pray that his one sin of faith forfeited and oath abjured might not palsy his arm and weigh on his soul in the hour of his country's need.

Edith stifled the cry that rose to her lips, as the torches fell on the pale and hushed and melancholy face of Harold; and she crept away under the arch of the vast Saxon columns, and into the shade of abutting walls. The monks and the king, intent on their holy office, beheld not that solitary and shrinking form. They approached the altar, and the mass was said and sung; and then the king knelt down lowly, and none heard the prayer. But as Osgood held the sacred rood over the beaded head of the royal suppliant, the Image on the crucifix, (which had been a gift from Alred the prelate, and was supposed to have belonged of old to Augustine, the first founder of the Saxon Church; so that by the superstition of the age, it was invested with miraculous virtues), bowed itself visibly. Visibly, the pale and ghastly Image of the suffering God bowed over the head of the kneeling man; whether the fastenings of the rood were loosened, or from what cause soever, in the eyes of all the brotherhood, the Image bowed. A thrill of terror froze every heart, save Edith's, too remote to

perceive the portent, and save the king's whom the omen seemed to doom, for his face was buried in his clasped hands. Heavy was his heart, nor needed it other warnings than its own gloom.

Long and silently prayed the king—and when at last he rose, and the monks, though with altered and tremulous voices, began their closing hymn, Edith passed noiselessly along the wall, and stealing through one of the smaller doors which communicated to the nunnery annexed, gained the solitude of her own chamber. There she stood, benumbed with the strength of her emotions at the sight of Harold thus abruptly presented. How had the fond human heart leaped to meet him! Twice, thus, in the august ceremonies of religion, secret, shrieking, unwitnessed, had she, his betrothed, she the partner of his soul, stood aloof to behold him. She had seen him in the hour of his pomp, the crown upon his brow—seen him in the hour of his peril and agony, that anointed head bowed to the earth.

And in the pomp that she could not share, she had exulted; but, oh, now—now—Oh now that she could have knelt beside that humble form, and prayed with that voiceless prayer!

The torches flashed in the court below—the church was again deserted; the monks passed into mute procession back to the cloister; but a single man paused, turned aside, and stopped at the gate of the humbler convent: a knock was heard at the great oaken door, and the watch-dog barked. Edith started, pressed her hand on her heart and trembled. Steps approached her door—and the abbess, entering, summoned her below, and heard the farewell greeting of her cousin, the king.

Harold stood in the simple hall of the cloister: a single taper, tall and wan, burned on the oak board. The abbess led Edith by the hand, and, at a sign from the king, withdrew. So, once more upon earth, the betrothed and divided were alone.

"Edith," said the king, in a voice in which no ear but hers could have detected the struggle, "Do not think I have come to disturb thy holy calm, or sinfully revive the memories of the irrevocable past; where once on my breast, in the old fashion of our fathers, I wrote thy name; is written now the name of the mistress that supplants thee. Into eternity melts the past; but I could not depart to a field from which there is no retreat—in which, against odds that men say are fearful, I have resolved to set my crown and my life—without once more beholding thee, pure guardian of my happier days! Thy forgiveness for all the sorrow that in the darkness which surrounds man's hopes and dreams, I have brought on thee, (dread return for love so enduring, so generous and divine)!—thy forgiveness I will not ask. Thou alone perhaps on earth knowest the soul of Harold; and if he hath wronged thee, thou seest alike in the wronger and the wronged, but the children of iron duty, the servants of imperial Heaven. Not thy forgiveness I ask—but—but Edith, holy maid! angel soul!—thy—thy blessing!" His voice faltered, and he inclined his lofty head as to a saint.

"Oh that I had the power to bless!" exclaimed Edith, mastering her rush of tears with a heroic effect, "and methinks I have the power—not from virtues of mine own, but from all that I owe to thee! The

grateful have the power to bless. For what do I not owe to thee—owe to that very love of which even the grief is sacred? Poor child in the house of the heathen, thy love descended upon me, and in it, the smile of God! In that love my spirit awoke, and was baptised: every thought that has risen from earth, and lost itself in heaven, was breathed into my heart by thee! Thy creature and thy slave, hadst thou tempted me to sin, sin had seemed hallowed by thy voice; but thou saidst, 'True love is virtue,' and so I worshipped virtue in loving thee. Strengthened, purified, by thy bright companionship, from thee came the strength to resign thee—from thee the refuge under the wings of God—from thee the firm assurance that our union yet shall be—not as our poor Hilda dreams, on the perishable earth—but there! oh, there! yonder, by the celestial altars, in the land in which all spirits are filled with love. Yes, soul of Harold! there are might and holiness in the blessing the soul thou hast redeemed and reared sheds on thee!"

And so beautiful, so unlike the beautiful of the common earth, looked the maid as she thus spoke, and laid hands, trembling with no human passion, on that royal head—that could a soul from paradise be made visible, such might be the shape it would wear to a mortal's eye! Thus, for some moments both were silent; and in the silence the gloom vanquished from the heart of Harold, and, through a deep and sublime serenity, it rose undaunted to front the future.

No embrace—no farewell kiss—profaned the parting of those pure and noble spirits—parting on the threshold of the grave. It was only the spirit that clasped the spirit, looking forth from the clay into measureless eternity. Not till the air of night came once more on his brow, and the moonlight rested on the roofs and fanes of the land intrusted to his charge, was the man once more the human hero: not till she was alone in her desolate chamber, and the terrors of the coming battle-field chased the angel from her thoughts, was the maid inspired, once more the weeping woman.

A little after sunrise, the abbess, who was distantly akin to the house of Godwin, sought Edith, so agitated by her own fear, that she did not remark the trouble of her visitor. The supposed miracle of the sacred Image bowed over the kneeling king, had spread dismay through the cloisters of both nunnery and abbey; and so intense was the disquietude of the two brothers, Osgood and Alred, in the simple and grateful affection they bore their royal benefactor, that they had obeyed the impulse of their tender, credulous hearts, and left the monastery with the dawn, intending to follow the king's march, and watch and pray near the awful battle-field. Edith listened, and made no reply; the terrors of the abbess infected her; the example of the two monks woke the sole thought which stirred through the nightmare-dream that suspended reason itself; and when, at noon, the abbess again sought the chamber, Edith was gone—gone, and alone—none knew wherefore—none guessed whither.

A very beautiful actress, none too witty, but very frank-hearted, says:

"How unfortunate I am! No sooner do I fall in love with one man than I prefer another to him."

REPRESENTATIVE MEN OF UTAH.

Character-sketches and Biography.

BY E. W. TULLIDGE.

"If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer, it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolved to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiassed truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless, and this is the course I take myself."—Dr. Fox.

A biographer chooses men whose lives abound with incidents or who in their types are illustrative of some phase of social development, or else for some special individuality of character. It is not always his policy to select men for his sketches whom everybody will applaud: indeed his subjects are, oftentimes, more taking when they are unpopular, because they provoke discussion. Not long since one of our classical American writers took up for his pen "The Wickedest Man in New York," and it created, not only a national interest, but quite a religious revival among the wickedest folks of New York. Now I am not on the hunt for the *wickedest* men in Utah, these I leave to the custodians of the law, but if a score or so who have found themselves out to be the *Foolishest* men in Utah will send me the notes of their biographies, we will publish sketches of them in THE UTAH MAGAZINE. Among them, I am sure, will be found those who imagine that I am setting up my "Representative Men" as the most illustrious or omnipotent among the people.

I am not specially designing now to write the history of the leaders of the people and the authorities of the kingdom of God. Joseph Smith, Brigham Young and the Twelve Apostles are something more than the representative men of Utah—they are the representative men of the Priesthood of Eternity—the representative men of a new dispensation.

I shall give them sketches among the groups, but I have designed, some day, to write extensively the biographies of Brigham Young and the apostles, to be published, not in Utah, but in the United States and England. Had I led off with even President Young, all the congregation of Israel would have said amen, without reading the sketch, for he is a subject so well known, so universally revered. I preferred to lead off with William Jennings, because all the congregation of Israel would not equally say amen. Certainly, he is the most representative merchant of Utah, viewed from the point of magnitude. But the meaning THE UTAH MAGAZINE attaches to the style "Representative Men" may be gathered from the following paragraph sketches which will be elaborated with biographies hereafter.

WILLIAM J. SILVER.

Here is the man who has made the first steam-engine in Utah. He is, therefore, a representative man, not only of engineers, but actually of an epoch of mechanical development in the Rocky Mountains. When Watt discovered and applied the power of steam, and made it one of the great agencies to move along the world in the course of God's providence,

he almost created a new age, even as he conferred unbounded blessings and facilities of progress on the human race. George Stephenson followed, and the new high-roads of a rapid civilization were cast up over all the earth; and now shall we say, even as I believe, that one of these new highways has been cast up unto our God, and that on the Pacific Railroad a greater manifestation of a wondrous Providence is fast approaching our Rocky Mountain home. Such men as Watt and George Stephenson, then, are among the *world's* representative men, though they were neither statesmen, generals, kings nor priests. So also is William J. Silver, the maker of the first steam engine of Utah, a representative man. Despise not the day of small things! Let none think that this modest, but skillful mechanic, is not a man in the world. He has won a prize which cannot be taken from him. He is foremost in the race among his class. A unique item it may perchance be, in a hundred years hence, that William J. Silver made the first steam engine in Utah. My brother, modest as thou art skillful, without desiring it, thou hast made for thyself an historical name. The tide of a thousand years of civilization, rising to the very peaks of the Rocky Mountains, will never drown thy first steam engine. Henceforth, in the class of engineers, thou art one of the representative men of Utah.

DAVID O. CALDER.

Here is the pioneer of organized musical movements and systematic class teaching, not only of Utah, but I presume he is the first in all these Rocky Mountain Territories. Undoubtedly there have been organized bands, choirs, ball-room instrumentalists, concerts, and all kinds of miscellaneous performances, prior to the musical labors of David O. Calder, but harmonic *institutions* derived their origin from him, under the patronage of President Brigham Young. A stone cast into the ocean! How many circles will it multiply? In the organized introduction of musical refinement to nearly the entire Territory, David O. Calder has won for himself the rank of an apostle in his sphere. He is one of the representative men of Utah—representative of musical development, representative as the pioneer of class teaching, representative as the promoter of harmonic societies, and for his untiring labors in his spheres which nearly cost him his life through physical exhaustion. The name of David O. Calder symbolizes the growth of an institution in the Rocky Mountains; and, therefore, in the UTAH MAGAZINE, which is the "Home Journal of the People," he is entitled to a character sketch and biography.

T. B. H. STENHOUSE.

In introducing the editor and proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph*, I ask not whether he is a popular or an unpopular man. He is a representative man of the press, just as David O. Calder is of musical development. T. B. H. Stenhouse is an *institution*. He is the founder of the first daily paper in Mormondom, to use a now accepted phrase which has even a wider significance than the proper name Utah. He is the proprietor of a daily, a semi-weekly and a weekly newspaper, and, on his return from the East, he will be the founder and proprietor of the *Ogden Times*.

He has one of the best printing establishments on the Pacific; he aims to be the great publisher of the Rocky Mountain Territories, and I have sufficient confidence in the capacity and perseverance of the man to be assured that he will reach all for which he resolutely and persistently aims. Moreover, he teaches after so much in his own special sphere as a journalist, that I have no doubt his future enterprise, as a representative of the potency and mission of the press, will stamp him as forcibly upon the public mind as any man in Utah. Yet Stenhouse is not one of the leaders of the Church; and he never expects to be, though he was one of the first and most prominent missionaries on the continent of Europe. He is a man of very great mark, both in his character and life; in fact he is one of the most representative of men. If he lives, and the Pacific coast reaches that splendid destiny to which we all look forward, he will carve out a name in its history which will last for generations. It is true, I have a very extravagant opinion of my friend T. B. H. It is well known that I am strongly attached to him. Doubtless it is one of my eccentricities, and I presume that my proposed character sketch and biography of Stenhouse will be so extravagant, that few but myself will believe in its soundness. Not unlikely it will provoke more criticism than the one on William Jennings. One thing, however, I do know, T. B. H. Stenhouse and myself will fight it out. Gentlemen, not with the sword. The pen is mightier than the sword!"

JOHN T. CAINE.

Here is another historical name in the development of civilization in the Rocky Mountains. When in the order of Representative Men of Utah a special sketch and biography of this gentleman is under composition, the author will claim the privilege of being just and generous with his subject, giving all the merit due to the untiring zeal of this gentleman in his sphere. In claiming John T. Caine most emphatically as one of the representative men of Utah the author runs not more than the ordinary risk of being barked at by the envious for giving a poetical rather than a just and discriminating appreciation. The biographer and the historian must be just, and the social philosopher in tracing the growth of Utah in the higher phases of civilization would affirm most emphatically that John T. Caine has been one of its chief promoters. The influence of the drama in the growth and refinement of a nation is immense. Theatres did more to advance the masses of England in the path of civilization than all the churches and cathedrals in the land, and Shakspeare has done more for human progress than any hundred English bishops who ever lived. Indeed Shakspeare is the chief creator of the present English language as well as the great first architect of our temples of the dramatic art. The apostleship of John T. Caine, therefore, is most legitimate in the growth of the civilization of the Rocky Mountains.

SAVAGE AND OTTINGER.

Here are men who represent two branches of art—the photographic and also that of the legitimate artist, the painter. They have not only done much to establish by their practice a gallery of the fine arts, but in doing this have created a taste for refinement and

prepared the way for an Arts' Union. After them will come academies and a "National Gallery." They have done more than our Legislature in this department of civilization, for, left to legislators, we should never get public libraries nor galleries of art, beyond resolutions and charters. Savage and Ottinger, therefore, are representative men of Utah, in their sphere, and thus they are looked upon throughout the United States, and their pictures of our mountain scenery have gone east and west, and familiarized tens of thousands with views of Zion and her surroundings.

DAN A. WEGGELAND.

This is another gentleman of the artistic class. He was a student of the Royal Academy in Copenhagen. He is not an amateur, but legitimately a professional painter, and it is time that he should not only be noticed as a man of talent, a representative of art, but also patronized as such. Indeed it is time that we should patronize one another generally, and not exclude each other from our patronage and "select circles," because we are brethren of the same family. Had Dan A. Weggeland been a Gentile painter, on a visit to our New Jerusalem of the West, his excellent pictures and portraits would have been appreciated like the portraits of Mr. Perry.

HOWARD EGAN.

There are also men representative of romance and adventure. These afford an author his richest and most interesting subjects. This class of men he must not pass by, for they are properly the heroes of biographical and novelistic literature, and it is quite a godsend for an author to hit upon a Howard Egan. When I come to his life and adventures, I shall dwell upon my subject with that love which every artist experiences when he has found a unique ideal, or he happens upon an uncommon original among men. There is not one in all Mormondom whose life is so rich with adventures and romance as that of Major Egan. He is the Kit Carson of the Mormons, and in his sterling qualities and manly character he has few equals among the adventurous class. I have persecuted him to supply me with the incidents of his life, and have prevailed, and the romance of Howard Egan shall appear in due time. I could publish it in the *Phrenological Journal*, or in almost any of the best magazines of America, and be well paid for it. The Kit Carson of Mormondom would be considered quite a hit. This is a hint to the "Foolishest Men of Utah." They only will object, while the great bulk in whose hearts our manly brother lives, will, as would the publishers of the United States, look upon Howard Egan as one of the representative men of Utah. With him will come another hero of romance.

LOT SMITH.

The famous episode in Mormon history, in which this brave, true man figured, is a romance in itself. The burning of the wagons of the "enemy" is quite a bit of national history of a very extraordinary kind.

SETH M. BLAIR.

Here is another man of historical mark, whose biography must in the order appear. He was not only the appointee of Government to the office of United

States Attorney, when Brigham Young was the Governor of Utah, but long before that period he figured in the revolution of Texas under Gen. Sam Houston, who recommended him for that office. The appreciation of him by his old and renowned commander, may be gathered from the speech of Gen. Houston to the Senate, and in his letter to the New York *Herald* upon the subject of Seth M. Blair's resolution to defend his brethren with his sword. Said the General: "This man I know well. He was a soldier under me in the Texas war. What he says, with those brave Texas Rangers, he will carry out to the letter."

Thus, in the foregoing illustrations, we have presented our readers with ample illustrations of what is meant by "Representative Men of Utah." Not individually representative of all the glory, intellect or majesty of the people, but each representative of a class valuable to our progress and interesting in our history. Such, in our sketches, will be found interspersed with more potent names.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE,

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1869.

IS THE WORLD ADVANCING?

No. 3.

How sublimely the whole civilized world has moved steadily upwards since the days of Jesus is shown by the curiosity with which we now look upon the bloody, rude, and barbaric ideas of the best part of the world in his time. Then the conquerer who did not murder all his captives taken in war was considered a special instance of goodness and recorded for after ages to wonder at. To slay a man in time of peace, simply because he belonged to another nation or tribe, was understood to be something that no right-minded man could object to. Nations of different tongues regarded each other as lawful prey whom it was their duty to get rid of as wild beasts on the first favorable opportunity. It took ages after the death of the apostles for men to get it through their thick heads that they could by any possibility be of one blood, or that God could be the common father of all.

And what is the condition of the world to day, as to prostitution of womanly purity and delicacy; and as to her protection from lustful violence compared with ancient days?

Look first at the days of Israel when fathers and mothers, sanctioned by the debased views of their times, held the right to condemn their daughters to the hateful embrace of any stranger, be he even ignorant or brutal, so long as he obtained their consent to his marriage; and all society said amen, called it "righteousness," one of the ways of the Lord; and the women of all Israel were subject to similar treatment if the whims or selfishness of their parents made it to their interest to have it so. Such ideas were sanctioned, of course, by Moses, as he sanctioned and taught the barbaric law of "an eye for an eye," and blood for

blood, because the debasement of the age could permit no higher sentiment to be taught.

Then review those detestable days when a king of Israel could send out his servants all over the country and drag to his bed the fair and innocent maidens of Israel, force them from their fathers and lovers, and without love, without affection, and with or without their consent, appropriate them to himself because he was king, and be justified by the customs of the land. Fancy any king or president doing to day as "the sweet singer of Israel" did in this respect; we should quickly make a singer of him in another sphere now-a-days but David's time, not he, was to blame.

At later periods look at the festivals of debauchery and lust of Greece and Rome, when days of wholesale public lewdness were looked forward to with barbarous delight by whole communities. Days of national prostitution and beastliness so low that the historian can scarcely describe them. Alongside of which the secret prostitution of any modern city is a mere pin's point of national grossness. Then look at the more advanced, but still polluted times of England under Charles II., when the whole Court was one vast brothel, and noblemen introduced their bastards into society and obtained for them titles, as Lords Fitzosborne, Fitzcharles or Fitzwilliam, scores of which remain to this day to mark the corruption of that age 'Fitz' signifying illegitimate. Compare these times with the pure atmosphere surrounding Victoria of England.

The amount of elevated sentiments gained every age, as to the delicacy and purity with which women should be treated, is the best index we can have of the advancement of the world. How far are we above the times when to violate the women of a conquered city was considered a soldierly right and requisite? Or above the customs which subjected a daughter's affections, as well as her delicacy of soul to a brutal parent's will. The world is thousands of years ahead of these times and gaining every day. Women are now treated with a loving respect, a forbearance and a consideration for their feelings, to which the time of the Savior was an utter stranger.

Prostitution, it is true, exists to-day, as it has existed in all ages. Excepting with the Jews, all big cities comparing in size with New York, London or Paris, have ever had their thousands of debased women. Licentiousness, in this form, exists no more in proportion to the population to-day, than in any former time. The passions of bad men have always found vent in some form or other. The principal difference of this age in respect to licentiousness, is, that where once it was brutal and openly gloried in, it is now secretive and banished from open day.

Prostitution is simply a natural outgrowth of poverty, want, overcrowded cities, and the miscellaneous bringing together in certain localities of the floating scum of the earth. If prostitution exists more to-day than heretofore, or is seen in larger proportions in any one place, it is because these causes—one or all—exist more largely than they ever did before. But it is not by the standing aged institution of prostitution that we are to judge of the advancement of the world on the great question of womanly purity, but by the growth of public enlightenment on the subject of woman's true treatment and estimation.

It can be stated fearless of contradiction that in respect this age exceeds all former ones, for the *cut truth* of the NECESSITY to *mankind of womanly* *virtu* is established in the hearts of millions—comprehended and sensed by the world at large as no former age ever realized it. Before which world-wide enlightenment silently pushed along every day by the mighty—and aided and increased, as it will be by light from Zion, the institution of prostitution is doomed to fall; bringing proof that on this, as on all great questions of moral elevation, the world advances unceasingly and for ever.

REPRESENTATIVE BOYS OF UTAH.

Character-Sketches and Biography.

BY SAXEY.

SAXEY—Continued.

Saxeys sheep speculation was as signal a failure as Barker's Gulf Stream of Eternity. The author has often thought that Barker's philosophical views were not adopted, solely because they were not comprehended by the masses. It is only the *select* intellect of the community that can grasp such ponderous subjects with their multitudinous amalgamations, and give them a perceptible location in the understanding. For the benefit of those who do not understand this theory, we shall say nothing further in relation to the subject.

Dancing has always been a favorite and patronized recreation in this country. It is a principal of jumpiness as natural in Utopians, as it is for hay from the country to come into the city damp or *with men* it. It is reported that a whole family were sold the other day at the rate of fifty dollars per ton. If they were a moral family the *buyer* done well, and if they were otherwise the *family* done well; but the opposition is the man who sold them "done" better than either of the other parties.

A "Select Dance" was on the tapis, and Saxeys was one of the invited guests; it was a genuine *select* party, a "very select" party in fact, and no one was expected to go without an invitation, unless they went prepared to pay, and any one that could pay was "selected," provided they came. This may not be a very lucid and clear definition of a "select party," but it is sufficiently complete to show the reader that the authors views are not yet fully matured on the subject.

Saxeys had an invitation to the dance. It was to be a pic-nic, and in addition to the pic-nic, each person was expected to find their own victuals; or in case any one was too poor to provide themselves with grub, there was a committee appointed to recommend such parties to *fast*. Instead of the usual word complimentary on the tickets, there was inserted in its stead "\$2.00 per couple," with another section something like this, "additional lady, 50 cents." That was to accommodate our peculiar institutions, and a Lady Subscriber and Contributor."

Utah then was not as Utah now; people then went forth to the enjoyment of the dance with their partners hanging affectionately to one arm, while the other encircled a sack containing a half bushel of wheat, oats, barley, carrots, potatoes, or perchance a well developed squash, which was never refused in liquidation of current expenses. A hunk of dried beef, mixed in with a little cooked raw-hide and a few substantial musty corn-meal biscuits, was the principal bill of fare among all classes. Neither were we then overly "stuck up" in regard to fashionable dress. The boys used to wear the particular kinds of coats their fathers happened to have on at the time of their extermination from the States; some were frock, others on the "long tailed blue" order, and many of the kind known as swallow-tailed. The dances then were not as *mixed* as they now are, that is the older people had their exercises together, and the young were more exclusive in their dances; but the *same clothes* did all the dancing. This state of things made it almost an impossibility for the clothes to fit *gently*. Saxeys borrowed his uncle's suit on the occasion of this dance, but it so happened that Saxeys was very slim and tall, (as well as graceful), while his uncle was short and chubby, that is "low up and high around." When dressed, Saxeys presented a very respectable appearance, though there was a space of about "two inches *duration*" between the top of his (uncle's) boots and the bottom of his (uncle's) pants, but a leather string securely attached to the boot-straps and pants rendered it an impossibility for the breach to become any larger, a swallow-tailed coat with one flap eat off by the grasshoppers, and a somewhat dilapidated stove-pipe hat from which a hen had just brought forth a brood of chickens, completed Saxeys's outfit for the dance. All that was necessary now was a partner. He was not at any loss to find one, but he was at some trouble to find one that would go with him. It always so happens that where a boy is hard up for a companion, there is some girl in precisely the same fix if you can only find her. As the poet beautifully says:

"There never was goose yet so gray,
But an honest gander came that way."

Saxeys struck just such a conditioned female, and an understanding for the dance was speedily affected, the young lady agreeing to be ready at 7 p. m., provided she could borrow another girl's "Grecian bend," (the proper name is "Grecian hump,") water-fall, gored dress, balmoral skirt, and a few other things not proper to mention. That young girl is now a woman, old age has set his mighty mark where once the rosy smile of happy girlhood played in beauty on a lovely face. If that isn't pathetic and *manly* then what is the use of a dictionary. She now writes what some editors call "*di*gs" at her former friend, because, forsooth, time has dealt more gently with him, as it always does with the innocent.

[At this interesting point, it grieves the editor to defer Saxeys dance with this sweet girl till next week, but it must be stopped here for lack of space, unless Saxeys is willing to dance off the edge of the paper.—"OUR HIRED MAN."]

THE DIAMOND STEALERS,

THE STORY OF A FATAL GIFT.

CHAPTER II.

[CONTINUED.]

As Lucy read, there grew such a tightness about her heart that she thought the hand of death was on her; and, crushing the cruel letter in her nervous grasp, she fell back, pale and fainting.

But her torture was too great for insensibility; and as the blood returned to her cheeks, there came with it a rush of shame, and pain, and misery that struck her to the earth. She lay upon the floor, not faint, not dying, but crushed as by some great blow, and shivering as though the chill of a fever fit was on her.

Her daily life, lately, had been fevered, for Miss Wyatt had given her no peace; hourly, she had struck the stings of doubt and jealousy into her flesh, and the girl's health was shattered by this constant fretting of her spirit. Now, it seemed to her that Marion Wyatt had been her best friend, in warning her that this man only meant cruelty—was, in fact, but playing with her silly heart. She rose, and read the letter again. And there was a postscript—the sharpest, bitterest words of all.

"To prevent further mistakes, I think it fair to say, my affections are engaged to a lady, whom, should fate and circumstances ever permit, I intend to ask to be my wife. As the lady is not unknown to you, I need not descant upon her worth and beauty."

"That will grind her to powder," the Captain had said, as he wrote it. But he little thought the stroke would fall on Lucy's neck.

"Does he mean Marion?" the unhappy girl cried to herself. And rushing down to the drawing-room, she laid the letter on Miss Wyatt's lap.

"I am sorry," said the trembling girl, kneeling down by her side, "that ever I disbelieved you. I think you have tried to save me from this misery. Is it you he means here?" And her wan fingers pointed to the postscript.

"You would not be warned," returned Miss Wyatt, in a cold gentle tone. "And now it is useless to be sorry for you. Here; you may read this if you will."

She drew a letter from her bosom, and taking care to let Lucy see the address, "Miss Marion Wyatt," in Captain Calverley's bold writing, she took the paper from the envelope, and put it in her hand. The words were so few; they were read in a moment; but that moment was an agony that cost Lucy Mainwaring her life:

"MY DEAREST GIRL—

I am a sad fellow, unworthy of your goodness and your love. Come to me if you will. I am selfish to say so, but how can I deny myself so much happiness? I am grateful for your dear letter, and will tell you so more fully when we meet.

Ever yours,

HORACE."

"Thank you," said Lucy, gently, laying the letter down, "I am glad you let me see this. It was better for me to know the truth. I did not think he was so deceitful."

Her face looked wan and shrunken as she went away softly, and that night she awoke from a troubled sleep in the delirium of fever.

A month in prison does not improve a man. Captain Calverley looked seedy, uncomfortable, and forlorn. He had heard nothing of Lucy, seen nothing of her; and after writing two or three times, and getting no reply, he had at length concluded that, like the rest of the world, she had forsaken him in his misfortunes.

While in this weary state of mind, he was surprised by a visitor.

"I am Mr. Levi," said the visitor.

"It is that brick of a Jew," said the officer to himself. "Pray sit down, sir."

"This is a bad place to sit in," said the Jew; "and a worse place to lie in. I suppose you'd be glad to get out?"

Captain Calverley gnawed his moustache, and stared.

"I rather think I should," he replied.

"Well, if you choose to put yourself into my hands, you may walk out of that door to-morrow."

"Sir, I put myself not only into your hands, but into your arms, if that is satisfactory," said the Captain.

"Then, perhaps, you'll sign this," returned Mr. Levi. It was a post obit, payable on the decease of the rhinoceros brother, and the amount covered the Captain's debt, and good deal more.

Captain Calverley signed with perfect serenity, and handed the bond, with a bow, to Mr. Levi.

Putting it in his pocket, that gentleman departed. He went straight to Eaton Square, and asked to see Miss Wyatt.

"What is your business, sir?" said the lady haughtily.

"I want Calverley's discharge, and the receipts you purchased of his creditors."

Marion looked at him, as though she considered him a fanatic.

"You can go back to him," she said, pointing to the door.

"Pardon me," said Mr. Levi; "I'll go back by-and-by. I have a cousin in the City, named Jabez Giles. A short time ago he purchased a diamond necklace of one Moses Solomon; he suspects the diamonds to be stolen, and he desired me to call upon you to give him some information concerning them."

Ah, me! it is a sad thing not to have a clear conscience. less than half an hour, Mr. Levi went back to Whitecroft Street with the discharge and the receipts in his pocket, and is surprising how very cheaply he had bought them.

The next morning brought Captain Calverley a new surprise. He lay in bed in his lodgings, with a rare sense of luxury and rest about him, when there entered abruptly an old servant from Calverley Grange.

"I have had a world of trouble to find you, sir," said Tom.

"You must please to get up, and come home."

"What is the matter?" cried the excited Captain.

The matter was, that the rhinoceros brother was drowned while bathing.

"When did it happen?" asked Horace, in a low voice.

"The day before yesterday," said Tom; "but nobody knew your address, and no one thought of sending me to find you till last evening."

"Mr. Levi is a remarkably clever man, and gets family news very promptly," observed Calverley to himself. "Ah! I wish Lucy had been as true and good as I once thought her. In that case, this would be a happier day to me than it is now."

A few weeks more passed away, and then, among all the shadows that jostled him in the street, Captain Calverley stumbled against the stolid and stony shadow called Moses Solomon.

"Excuse me," said the yellow man; "I've been wanting to see you. I lost that letter you gave me, I never posted it, never could find it. I hope it was not of much consequence. The other you know reached its destination."

And with a grim smile, Moses walked on.

Frantic, angry, full of strange fear, Horace Calverley called a cab, and drove to Eaton Square.

"I wish to see Miss Mainwaring," he said, peremptorily.

The servant stared at him in a strange way.

"You had better walk in, sir," he said.

He was ushered into the drawing-room, where he found Marion Wyatt.

She was pale—she was thin—she was strangely altered—her face looked wild and haggard.

"I wish to see Lucy," said Captain Calverley, in a hard tone.

"There has been foul play, Miss Wyatt, and I will not bear it. Lucy is my affianced wife; I insist upon seeing her."

"Come with me, then," returned Miss Wyatt, in a ghastly voice.

Wonderingly, he followed her, as she passed silently up the stairs, a strange stillness and awe crept over him as he went. All the house had seemed unnaturally still, but now the atmosphere grew ghastly cold to him, and his heart stood still with fear. Then she opened a chamber door and beckoned him within. And on the snowy bed, he saw the white, dead face of Lucy Mainwaring.

"You and I have killed her!" said Marion Wyatt. And falling on her knees by the bed-side, she burst into a paroxysm of bitter, remorseful tears.

When Captain Calverley left the house, he felt that henceforth he should think less well of all women, because of Marion Wyatt's sin.

CHAPTER III.

It is not every one who would know where to find the obscure and dingy office of Jabez Giles, the purchaser from Moses Solomons of the diamond necklace; nor would many

des the initiated, guess the amount of business done by the spider, who spun his web continually, never annoying customers with awkward questions, nor keeping anything in his possession which was likely to be inquired after by a prying gentleman, the detective.

His first intention was to break up his purchase, and dispose of the stones separately, but as he turned it over in his hand, regretted the necessity. Much as he had disparaged the set of the ornament, he knew that its antique style and the dexterity of the workmanship greatly enhanced its value.

"What a pity," he mused, "that I can't lay my hand on some that's very rich, and wants to stick up for good family. I don't only have to put these round his wife's throat, and desire they were his great grandmother's grandmother's, and I don't suppose any one would go so far as to doubt his word. Diamonds, like sovereigns are very convincing things, and a long way towards settling such questions."

A slight cough broke upon his reverie, and, with a start, he slipped the necklace into his capacious pocket. A customer had stolen upon him before he was aware of it; but his face altered when he saw who it was. Mr. Wormwold, as he liked to be called—or Wormeaten, as the London boys jeeringly designated him—was a safe man. Giles, although by no means a trusting nature, would have freely admitted his present visitor into any of his boards; for Wormwold, miser though he was, covetous of gain, scraping and hoarding for the mere love of acquisition, was yet honest, and bore about him some vestige of the time when—a gentleman himself by birth and education—he assembled round his table some of the choicest spirits of the day.

"How do, Mr. Wormwold? You gave me quite a start!" said Giles, in a manner that was meant to be gracious.

"I am sorry," the miser answered, carelessly, as he turned over the leaves of a small pocket-book—"very sorry! I came to point out an error in our last accounts. I bring you three-half-penny in my debt, Mr. Giles."

"I don't think you do," retorted Giles, shortly, you drove a hard bargain, and had rather the best of me."

"I doubt any one having that, friend," the miser answered with a grim smile lighting up his features; "and you acknowledge that our agreement was respecting the halfpence. Now, these are pence; and I can't afford to lose the fair profits of what I sell; I can't, indeed. It's a hard thing to live now-a-days!"

"Very," said Giles, counting out the pennies, and putting them down before his visitor with a thump. "Specially to folks like you and me, who's snapped up so precious sharp by our customers. Mr. Wormie, I only wish we were both better off, specially yourself, as I could sell you a bargain this afternoon."

The miser examined and dropped the last penny into a leather bag before he answered: "I'm rather chary of buying at any one's recommendation: and money's scarce—very scarce. But I'll look at the article, Mr. Giles. Yes, I'll look at it."

"There it is, then," and Jabez laid the glittering, flashing stones before his visitor.

It was something strange and sad to see how the miser grasped the costly gems, turned them over and over, calculated their value in his mind, and longed to call them his own. But his manner was studiously cold as he said, "They are pretty, and of fair value; but you'll find them a trouble to you."

"How so?"

"In this way: there are men in the diamond trade who know the size, shape, defects, and value of every stone above a certain weight. These have been, as you perceive, carefully selected and matched. Such a necklace must be known to many and would be easily recognised, if offered for sale publicly."

"Very true!" nodded the dealer. "I don't mind telling you that it's just this that makes me willing to part with it for what I gave."

"And that was—how much?" asked Wormwold, eagerly.

"Thirteen hundred pounds, Mr. Wormwold, is what I gave for that necklace," said Giles, who saw no harm in netting a hundred by the transaction, if he could. "I gave a cheque to that amount for these diamonds, and I didn't budge it."

"It's too much to risk—it's more than the stones are worth," muttered the miser, still clutching and eyeing the sparkling things. "It's too much, Mr. Giles."

Giles smiled carelessly. "Then I've been taken in, that's all; and yet I consider myself a fair judge of such things. Anyhow, I'm not afraid but what I shall make my money of them," and he held out his hand for the necklace, as if the matter was ended,

But Wormwold was in no such hurry to part with it. "One moment, friend; here's some one coming in. Attend to him, for I'm in no hurry, and I'll wait—yes, I'll wait!"

It happened that Jabez Giles's new customer was a foreigner who wished to sell some old coins; and between the difficulty of comprehending what he said, and making him comprehend in his turn, the intricacies of our weights and measures, the best part of half an hour was consumed. Wormwold, with the diamonds hidden between his hands, was in a fever of doubt and impatience. He wavered between the fear of being overreached and an insane desire to possess the jewels. One small circumstance decided him. As Giles went to his desk for a note wherewith to pay the foreigner, his open cheque book caught the miser's eye. One swift glance showed him that a cheque had been drawn for one thousand—before he could learn the rest, the desk was closed; but he no longer doubted the dealer's truth.

With trembling eagerness, he paid for his purchase in notes which he drew from a secret pocket in his waistcoat; and then hurried away, alarmed at the prospect of being overtaken by night ere he reached home, and deposited the necklace in a place of safety.

A long walk was before him, for rents are high in and near London, and Mr. Wormwold detested tax-gatherers. Yet, on the other hand, he was equally fearful of residing in some lonely place where a rumor of his savings might expose him to the visits of burglars. After long search, he had been so fortunate as to meet with a house that suited him. A respectable, red brick, comfortable-looking dwelling, in every way adapted for the residence of one of those respectable citizens who prefer to pass their nights and keep their families beyond the dense atmosphere of the London smoke. There were many such houses on every side; streets of them—terraces, triangles, and squares of them; all so much alike that it was hard to tell one from another; yet the house Mr. Wormwold secured had not been dwelt in for years; nor could any one but himself be found hardy enough to tenant it.

It was a house of ill omen. The oldest inhabitants had dark tales to tell concerning it. If a fraudulent trader had ever taken up his abode amongst them, it was safe to have been in that house. If cholera, or any other epidemic, visited the neighborhood, it was there it made its greatest ravages; the gang of colliers who, in the specious disguise of a foreign count and countless, victimised all the trades-people round about, rented it; and, to cover it with lasting disgrace and horror, there had been a dreadful murder committed within its walls.

A young baronet, immensely wealthy, and foolishly good-natured, suffered himself to be decoyed there, and was seen no more until the police discovered his remains in the cellar. There were still traces on the walls and floor where the assassins had dragged their bleeding victim along; and it was currently reported and believed by many that those agonizing cries for help which had startled the neighbors from their slumbers on the night of the cruel deed, might still be heard echoing through the deserted house.

On Mr. Wormwold's strong nerves the tales told him of figures seen at the windows, and lights mysteriously appearing and disappearing, had no effect. He took the house off the landlord's hands at a nominal rent; and when questioned respecting its ghostly tenants, would shake his head, and preserve a mysterious silence, which was interpreted to mean that he could tell a great deal if he dared.

This was enough to make his superstitious neighbors view him with awe, and, in the course of time, avoid him. He was known to be of eccentric habits; he was suspected to be a miser. But no one had ever interfered with him during the years he dwelt in the house which Sir Roland's murder had darkened with a curse.

A simple fellow, named Job Hardcastle, who was too idle, or stupid, or both, to work at a trade, ran Mr. Wormwold's few errands, dug his garden—where useful roots had long usurped the place of flowers—and watched the house when his master was absent. At first, he was not allowed to remain all night; but, as age crept on, and thoughts which would not always be put aside haunted and troubled the miser, he was glad to know that a fellow-creature was near him.

Sometimes, in the dead of the night, he would start from a dream, and, with the dews of alarm on his brow, and his gray hair bristling with fright, listen breathlessly. The loud breathing of Job in his heavy slumbers, would reassure him, and he would lie down again, murmuring, "Thank heaven, 'twas but a dream! It would be fearful indeed to awake to the conviction that I was dying, with no living soul at hand to succor me."

Hugging the diamond necklace to his heart, Mr. Wormwold hastened home. Every now and then his hand went into his vest pocket, and the stones were felt and counted. Once, when in a very dark and lonely part of the road, he was about to draw it out, and solace himself with a glance of the sparkling jewels; but the thought was abandoned, with a startled glance around him, lest any one should be lurking near who had divined his intention. Then there came upon him a dread that he was followed by some person or persons who had tracked him from the office of Jabez Giles; that foreigner, perhaps. His knees trembled under him; and he expended one of the pennies received from Giles on two stout lads, to keep them near him, until he could satisfy himself that it was not the case. All the while, the wind blow, and raged, and roared around his thin form, buffeting him so spitefully, that he had much ado to stand against it. But his dreary dwelling, whose threshold the foot of woman never crossed, whose walls never echoed with the merry laughter of the young, was in sight at last. More eagerly than ever he pressed onward, inventing an errand for Job Hardcastle, which, at as little outlay as possible, would take him some time to execute. For he must be got rid of while the miser hid his purchase in the secret place which held his hoard; that cunningly contrived receptacle which no one could discover without his assistance.

He had passed through the gate of the small fore-court, when a gust of wind, more violent than any of the preceding ones, whirled madly round the corner of the house; there was a loud crash, and a loose slate lay at Mr. Wormwold's feet, broken into fragments.

He had staggered back as it fell, half-stunned by the violent blow it inflicted on his head in its descent. His hat was broken, an acute pain began to make itself felt, and in the lull which followed he could hear large drops of something falling on the stones at his feet.

Still dazed by the violence of the blow, he put up his hand. It came in contact with a fearful gash just above the temple, from which the blood was fast flowing. The throbbing, smarting sensation was now increasing to agony; and holding his handkerchief to the wound, he staggered to the door.

Job Hardcastle came shambling along the passage to admit him, and started back open-mouthed when he saw his master's condition.

"Shut the door! Don't you see how the candle is flaring and wasting? What made you light one before I came home? What could you want with one? Don't you cost me enough without such wilful extravagance?"

"I didn't want yer candle," retorted Job, with the surliness which his master esteemed as one proof of his honesty. "An' I didn't light it nayther—now, then! You's always goin' on at me about something or 'nother!"

"You didn't light it!" said the miser, propping himself against the door, for he was sick and faint—"you didn't do it? What do you mean?"

"Why, 'twas him as lit it, wi' a match out o' his own pocket—him as is up stairs, awaiting to see ye."

"Rascal!" cried Mr. Wormwold forgetting his injuries in his wrath. "Haven't I told you repeatedly never to admit any one in my absence, especially my ruffianly nephew! Is it he?"

Job nodded.

"How dared you?—how dared you?" Mr. Wormwold added, passionately.

"I did not 'mit him," cried Job; "now, then! He 'mitted himself. He knocks, and says he, 'Old un in?' 'No,' says I. 'Then, I'll wait,' says he. 'Very well,' says I; and I was a-shutting to the door, when he puts his foot agin it. 'No,' says he, 'I likes the inside of it best.' 'But,' says I, 'you ain't to be let in.' Then he gives a shove as sends me back 'ards, an' says he, 'I am in.' 'Then,' says I, 'my orders is to put ye out again.' 'Very well,' says he, 'do it.' And I was a-thinking which'd be the best way a-setting about it, when you came home."

"You're a fool!" snarled the miser.

"May be," said Job, curtly.

"How long has he been here?" asked his master.

"Nigh upon an hour. Long enough to be very sick of his own company; an' I don't like him well enough to oblige him wi' mine."

"Give me your arm. Let me go and rid myself of him," faltered the old man, who could scarcely sustain himself. "But first bind this handkerchief around my head."

Job, who was not without feeling, winced a little when he saw the extent of the injury. "I say, master, if I've got such a hole in my nob as this 'ere, I'd take him to the doctor."

"No doubt—no doubt you would, ass, idiot, wasteful, sense-

less animal that you are! You'd go and pay good silver shillings for a halfpenny-worth of sticking-plaster and a bottle of ditch-water! Hold your tongue, and help me up stairs."

In what had once been the back drawing-room, but which having ascertained that it was the warmest room in the house, Mr. Wormwold had converted into a sitting, eating and sleeping apartment for himself, sat John Drake, his sister's son, and the only near relative he possessed.

There was a stain on John Drake's character. For years he had been drifting from bad to worse. He had been tried late for taking part in a burglary, and had only escaped imprisonment because there was not evidence enough to convict him. His face wore the hard, sullen look of utter recklessness; and when Wormwold began to reproach him for the intrusion, it was aggravatingly insolent.

"What am I here for?" he repeated. "Why, because I was something, I suppose. You'd say it was so, if it wasn't. Why do I want? Why money! I can't live upon air any more than you can; and I want a bed, for I've had to bolt from my lodging, because I couldn't pay for it. Now you know all about it!"

"And you think, because I am old and weak, that you can compel me to submit to your unconscionable demands?" shouted the angry old man. "Go away, sir—go away! You are a villain!"

"I'm what you made me," was the sullen reply. "You let me to my own resources when poor mother died. Why did you keep me out of evil company, and give me the means to do better? It was thieves, and such like, that took pity on me when I was naked and starving; and if I'm like them, 'tis your fault, not mine!"

"I—I feed you!" cried the miser. "Do you know that I would well to do, until I was fool enough to be security for your father? He failed, and ruined me. Am I to go through the same process with his equally worthless son?"

"Not a word against the dead!" vociferated Drake, coming towards him with clenched fist. "Not a word against them or—"

"Or you'd strike me, eh? Fell me to the earth, and then roar, I suppose?" And as Wormwold retreated before his fierce nephew, he slid his hand into the pocket that held the diamond necklace.

Pale and panting with fright he dropped into a chair. was gone—gone!

"Old gent's going into a fit, I do believe!" muttered Drake. "Here, Job, bring some water for your master. Be quick!"

"No, no," gasped the miser. "I want nothing—nothing but to be rid of you. Go—go! Here's money—here's a shilling. Well, well, here's two! Shame on you for depriving me of them! Take them, and go!" And in his eagerness to be rid of his visitor, so that he might search for the diamonds, Wormwold pressed the money upon him.

"Fahaw!" cried Drake, rudely. "What's the use of that? should want some more in the morning. Make it sovereigns!"

"Here's water—what's it for?" asked Job, coming in with a jug. "And here's a thing as I picked up, just outside the door. Is it yours, Master Drake?"

The miser, with a wild cry, snatched the necklace from his hand. He remembered now that he was holding it between his fingers, when the slate struck him, and, instead of dropping it back into his pocket, he must have let it fall on the earth.

"Diamonds, by Jove!" exclaimed Drake, stepping forward to take a near glance.

But the miser huddled it out of sight. "No, no, you are mistaken!" he said, agitatedly. "What a ridiculous idea! worthless string of beads, that's all; not even good imitation. Trash, I assure you. John—mere trash! In fact, I bought the thing to give—to give to a child—a little girl I'm—I'm fond of, that's all!"

Job Hardcastle burst into a roar of laughter. "Well, if ever I heard the likes o' that! Lor', master, you are a rum 'un!"

"Silence, and quit the room! Do you hear?" his master vociferated.

"I'm a-going, ain't I?" grumbled Job. "I musn't laugh nor nothing else, I musn't. Well, I should like to see that child that's so fond o' you, master—that I should!" And he went off into another chuckle outside the door.

The miser felt that his strength was fast failing; and, afraid of his nephew, whose fixed stare unnerved him, he reluctantly produced half a sovereign.

"I can't spare more, John—I really can't. Take that and go, or I'll call in the police to remove you! I will—I will!"

"You needn't trouble them," said John, easily. "The inconvenience will be yours, not mine; for, of course, as you won-

sell out more liberally, the result will simply be, I shall have to come again all the sooner."

He spun the coin in the air, slipped it into his waistcoat pocket, and left the room, followed by his uncle, who was on horns until he saw him safely barred out of the house. "You'll not say anything about the silly trinket I was foolish enough to buy?" detaining him for a moment. "They might fancy—as you did, till I undeceived you—that it was valuable, and break in to obtain it. Not that I've anything to lose, but they might ill-use me, and I'm your mother's own brother, John."

With a contemptuous exclamation, Drake shook off the miser's clutch on his sleeve, and ran down stairs. Job, was still lingering, let him out, and called after him as he went down the garden path. "Good night, mister! Won't ye leave your love for the little gal? Ho, ho, ho!"

Infuriated at the want of tact with which Job had produced the necklace in the presence of his nephew, the miser hurried towards him, and snatching a walking-stick from a corner, ruck him with it repeatedly.

Job, staggering under the unexpected attack, shielded his head with his arms, and shouted vociferously, "None o' that now, master! I ain't going to stand it, I can tell ye! What ye hitting of me for? Ha' done, I say!"

"Rascal, hav'n't you been trying to ruin me? Couldn't you have kept the necklace out of sight till that ruffian had gone? And to ridicule me—to rouse his suspicion of my truth—bah! could kill you!"

As he advanced again with stick upraised, Job—now really frightened—rushed to the door, opened it, and made his escape. With malicious satisfaction, Wormwold drew the bolts and put up the chain.

Wormwold dragged himself to the hiding-place of his riches with difficulty, for the excitement that had hitherto sustained him was passing away. The precious stones, for which he had already suffered such an agony of fear, were carefully concealed; and when he had satisfied himself that the door and shutters were properly secured, he went to bed.

Now, as he had often done before in such solitary hours, he reviewed the past; saw himself as he was when fortune smiled, and a fair, gentle girl had promised to be his. Then memory brought back the misfortunes that assailed him—his endeavors to regain his position—that gentle girl's hopeful prognostications of success, and her ardent promises to wait for him for years. Nor could he hide from himself how, as he toiled for money, he learned to love the dress; to value it far, far beyond its worth; so that as his store increased, the image of his beloved faded out of his heart. How well, too, he remembered their parting! How sad, yet how tender she was! "Farewell!" he said—the words seemed to be ringing in his ears now—"farewell! I give you back your troth. If we ever meet again, shall pray that it may be when you have returned to the God you are now forgetting, and have overcome the hateful vice that is now for ever separating us."

Then he began to think what a burden and anxiety his wealth had been! How many hours of toil it had cost to amass it; how many wakeful hours, lest he should lose it! Dear as it was, there was pains and penalties attached to its possession, and he sighed dolefully as he thought so; and reminded himself that it was for his wealth the young baronet was deprived of life, within a few feet of where he lay.

Wormwold was in general a brave man, and scouted the idea of visions or spirits; but to-night, as he lay there, with his excited fancy vividly picturing the horrible details of the murder, cold chill crept over him, and he thrust his head under the clothes.

In this posture he fell asleep, waking as a clock in a church loze by began to strike the hour of two. As the sound died away, they were followed by others so strange, that he sprang up in his bed. Voices were whispering so close to him, that, instinctively, he put out his hand to grasp the speakers. Then remembering the care with which he had fastened himself in, he began to wonder whether his ears deceived him. Not that they were again, those inarticulate murmurings, and seizing the pistol that always lay under his pillow, he asked loudly who spoke.

No answer was returned, save that the murmurs seemed to form themselves into the words, "Lost—lost! All lost!"

"What is lost? Good heavens, have I lost anything?" He was out of bed in an instant, striking a light with hands that trembled so they almost defeated his purpose.

Again he fancied he heard the murmuring voice sigh, "All—lost! Gold—jewels all!"

"Is this a friendly warning?" the miser loudly exclaimed. "Or is some one playing a trick upon me? If so, let them beware, for I am well armed!"

A peal of mocking laughter echoed through the lonely house; and then a silence followed, broken only by his own suppressed breathing. Growing desperate in his uncertainty, Wormwold suddenly flung open his door, and emerged into the passage, his light in one hand, his pistol nervously grasped in the other.

The feeble glimmer of his small candle only lit up a space immediately around him; but in the darkness beyond, there hovered a tall, shadowy form, whose extended arms invited him to follow, as it glided towards the staircase.

It was not in man to resist a thrill of terror now, and the miser recoiled. Was the tale really true that he had so often heard, and laughed at? Did the phantom of Sir Roland actually visit the scene of his dying agonies? And if so, for what purpose?

Ere these thoughts had passed through his mind, the figure again beckoned him to follow, and disappeared.

After a little hesitation, he summoned courage to approach the spot where he had last seen it. There was nothing visible. He looked down the carpetless stairs. He could have fancied he heard something creeping stealthily away; but the rats often made such noises, he inwardly thought, and one scented past him at this moment, as if to verify the supposition.

It was very strange. Had the shadows thrown by his own light deceived him? It might be so. But the voice—the voice? He felt his burning hands and temples, and decided that the sounds were created by his overwrought nerves. If all were perfectly secure below, he should no longer doubt it.

Moving cautiously, with his finger on the trigger of his weapon, he proceeded down stairs. Every door was locked as he had left it a few hours previously. In the cellar where his treasure was hidden all was as usual, the few faggots of firewood—the two or three rotting hampers thrown carelessly in to deceive a casual observer—nothing was disturbed.

Fastening the door inside, he opened the secret receptacle cunningly contrived in the roof of the cellar, gazed his eyes with a sight of the necklace—restored it to its place, and returned to his room—not to sleep, however, but to wake and watch, until the approach of daylight reassured him.

He had enjoyed a refreshing nap, when Job Hard castle, looking more stupid than usual, rapped for admittance.

"Now, then," he said, when his miserly master descended to admit him; "I ain't a coming in, mind ye, to be knocked about again—I can tell you that, master!"

"Behave yourself, then, with more discretion," said the miser,—"and take care you never admit that fellow again, unless you would have me discharge you altogether."

With a few inaudible mutterings, Job went about his morning's work—lighting the fire beneath the bachelor's kettle, and making the coffee for his master's breakfast. As he watched for its boiling, he blurted out, "Master Drake's none such a bad un, nayther! He gave me more beer at the 'Nelson's Arms,' down street, nor ever I had in my life. Didn't it make me feel funny! I could ha' danced my legs off; an' I did pretty nigh."

A yawn testified to Job's fatigue after the exertion.

"How came you in Drake's company?" asked the miser, suspiciously.

"How came I with him? Why, he turned back to know what I was a hollerin' about when you thrashed me; and he took and gave me a pint to ease my bruises, and another to cure 'em—and so on."

"And he drank with you, and talked with you—eh? What about? What did he ask you? Tell me—tell me!"

Job scratched his head stupidly.

"Blest if I know! He asked if the wall was high at the bottom of the garden, and I asked him why he wanted to know, and he said because he thought he'd seen me get over it; and I said no, he hadn't—though, may be I could, if I wanted to, just in the left-hand corner, where there was two bricks out."

Wormwold gnashed his teeth and shook his fist with rage.

"And you permitted yourself to be drained dry of the little information you could give him? Imp that you are! Don't you know that he is capable of breaking into the house, and murdering us in our beds?"

Job looked a little staggered, but tried to defend himself.

"If you knows this, why did you drive me away last night? I'm careful, if I'm nothing else. Ye never caught me doing as you did—going to bed with the back door unbolted!"

Wormwold started from his chair, with staring eyes and extended hands.

"Boy, it was fastened when I went to bed—it was safely secured at two this morning!"

"Then it must ha' been Sir Roland's ghost, as everybody says walks about the house, that undere it, for the bolt were drawn just now," said Job, pouring out the coffee.

With a ghastly face, the miser pushed away the cup he held. "Drink it yourself! I'm ill—I'm busy—I have forgotten something! Stay here till I come back! And mind you, don't attempt to follow me!"

He effectually prevented any disobedience of this command, by locking the door after him. Job, accustomed to his oddities, swallowed the breakfast which his night's debauch rendered doubly acceptable, discussed his master's slice of bread as well as his own, then stretched his legs out, and, in a few moments, with his head on the table, slept long and heavily.

When he awoke, and found that the miser had not returned to release him from his imprisonment, he began to grow uneasy. Wormwold's hat and coat hung in the room, so that it was not likely that he had quitted the house. Job hammered at the door, and shouted until his increasing fears gave him courage to force his way out. From room to room he ran, calling on his master, but without receiving any reply. The cellar was open, and as he entered he caught a glimpse of a kneeling figure within. It was Wormwold, his face buried in his hands. The secret receptacle was open and empty. The gold he had achieved by the sacrifice of all human feelings, the diamond necklace which he had coveted only to lose, were his no longer.

Awed by his silence, Job gently touched his shoulder. The old man looked up vacantly, then dropped into his arms, a dead, heavy weight. Wormwold, the miser, was no more.

He would have had a pauper's funeral, so few and miserable were his effects, but that there hung by a ribbon from his neck a small gold ring, the gift, many years ago, of his betrothed. Thus he literally owed his decent interment to the woman he had deserted for the worship of Mammon.

No one knew what he lost, nor how it vanished, until John Drake, in a fit of drunken remorse, revealed to a companion how he had resolved to possess himself of the diamond necklace. Having gleaned some knowledge of the miser's habits from Job, he made his way from an empty house in the same row to the roof of his uncle's, and squeezed himself through a trap-door that opened into the attic. He had guessed already where the miser's hoard was concealed, and had provided himself with well-oiled keys which admitted him to the cellar. But there he was at fault; until, by acting on Mr. Wormwold's fears, he drew him to the spot, to ascertain the safety of his treasures. Little did their unconscious owner dream that, beneath the old rotting baskets, crouched one who breathlessly watched his movements, and was prepared, if detected, to commit any crime rather than be foiled in his nefarious intentions.

An inquest on the body of the miser ended in a verdict of "Death from natural causes." Job Hardcastle shambled away to seek a new master, and the house of ill omen was once more tenantless.

OLIVER CROMWELL - HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER.

While under Dr. Beard, our hero is said to have been aspiring, stubborn and obstinate; at Cambridge to have figured most in wrestling, cricketing, and such like exploits; and, as a young man, to have been turbulent and "fond of the juice of the grape and the charms of the fair." His kinsman, in his memoirs of his illustrious namesake, essays to soften down these features of his youthful character, and to wipe out such flaws from the life of the greatest man that Europe has produced. But better that we know him as he was; for he illustrates himself in a stronger light, and makes himself a harmony more sonorous by his very discords. The impetuous energy and potent quality of action in the man, which when a boy was turbulence, is eminently in harmony with that power of character which won the revolution for the Parlia-

ment, struck off the head of the king, mastered Parliament in turn, and made all Europe tremble at the might of the man, and to humble itself in the very dust to England. As for the sins of his youth, which he confesses to, they but intensified the fervor of his puritanic spirit; and when, afterward, was superadded to it the great ambition which took possession of his soul, it made him a grand enthusiast over his mission as a mighty instrument for the "work of the Lord."

Oliver married a young lady of piety and excellence of mind, and this, doubtless, had a chastening religious influence over his future life. He was returned twice as a member of Parliament for Huntingdon; but, until the great revolution of his country called him out as the man of the times, he sustained a no more prominent part than that of a sober gentleman farmer, of an earnest puritanic prestige—champion of the rights of the middle classes, and antagonist to the exactions of the crown in his local province. His great local mark, and that which doubtless paved his way to a membership in the "Long Parliament" as representative for Cambridge was made in his vigorous support of the popular Earl of Bedford against the king. In the notorious circumstance of the drainage of the Fens, when Oliver put to the worst the king's Commissioner, and aroused the universal spirit of the country. From that day his cousin, the famous patriot Hampden, pronounced him a man that would "sit well at the mark." Prior to this, disgusted with the king's tyranny and the ecclesiastical outrages instigated by Archbishop Laud, eight ship-loads of the Puritans were about to set sail for America. A proclamation of the king authorized the "Lord Treasurer to take speedy and effectual course for the stay of the eight ships now in the Thames preparing to go to New England," etc. One of those ships were Cromwell and his illustrious cousin and compatriot Hampden. How blind are foolish are tyrants! Charles had stopped the emigration of the man destined to hurl him from his throne and take his head off!

In 1633, Oliver and his cousin Hampden were hindered from sailing to America. In 1639 came his famous resistance of the king's Commissioners in support of the Earl of Bedford; and now the lion was fairly aroused for the great struggle between the king and the nation. Eleven years had elapsed since Parliament of England had been assembled; but the king now deemed it necessary to call one to aid him to expel the Scotch army which had marched into England, in revolt against Charles, for meddling with the religion of Scotland. Cromwell was elected from Cambridge. Finding Parliament not on his side, the king dismissed it after a sitting of only twenty-three days, but assembled it again in the following November. Lord Digby, one day going down the stairs of Parliament House, inquired of Hampden "who that sloven was." It was Cromwell! "That sloven whom you see before you hath no ornament in his speech that sloven, I say, if we should ever come to a breach with the king (which God forbid), in such a case, I say, that sloven will be the greatest man in England." The sequel, which was rapidly coming along, wonderfully verified Hampden's prediction concerning his great cousin, "the sloven."

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POETRY

THE LONELY WRECK.

A shattered bark was lying,
Wrecked on a rock-bound shore,
And the pitiful winds were sighing
For the dead the waters bore.

No eye of man was keeping
The last sad watch of love;
The only voice of weeping
Was that of a tender dove.

A dove, whose master had freed her,
When first they touched the strand,
Wishing her flight would speed her
In safety to the land.

Fiercely the scornful surges
Their helpless prey up-tossed,
And the winds sang mournful dirges
For the death-pangs of the lost.

O'er them the dove still hovered.
Shielding the ghastly sight,
Till the cruel waters covered,
The victims of their might.

Then, friendless, lone, and dreary.
She sank beneath the wave,
And, closing her wing so weary,
With the loved one found a grave.

HAROLD,

THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

All the pomp of the English army burst upon Harold's view, as, in the rising sun, he approached the ridge of the capital. Over that bridge came theately march—battle-ax, and spear, and banner, glittering in the ray. And as he drew aside, and the trees defiled before him, the cry of "God save King Harold!" rose with loud acclaim and lusty joy, borne over the waves of the river, startling the echoes in the ruined keeps of the Roman, heard in the halls re-echoed by Canute, and chiming, like a chorus, with the chants of the monks by the tomb of Sebba in St. Paul's—by the tomb of Edward at St. Peter's.

With a brightened face and a kindling eye, the king saluted his lines, and then fell into the ranks toward the rear, where, among the burghers of London

and the lithsmen of Middlesex, the immemorial custom of Saxon monarchs placed the kingly banner. And looking up, he beheld, not his old standard with the tiger head and the cross, but a banner both strange and gorgeous.

On a field of gold was the effigies of a fighting warrior; and the arms were bedecked in orient pearls, and the borders blazed in the rising sun, with ruby, amethyst, and emerald. While he gazed, wondering, on this dazzling ensign, Haco, who rode beside the standard-bearer, advanced and gave him a letter.

"Last night," said he, "after thou hadst left the palace, many recruits, chiefly from Hertfordshire and Essex, came in; but the most gallant and stalwart of all, in arms and in stature, were the lithsmen of Hilda. With them came this banner, on which she has lavished the gems that have passed to her hand through long lines of northern ancestors, from Odin, the founder of all northern thrones. So, at least, said the bode of our kinswoman."

Harold had already cut the silk round the letter, and was reading its contents. They ran thus—

"King of England, I forgive thee the broken heart of my grandchild. They whom the land feeds, should defend the land. I send to thee, in tribute, the best fruits that grow in the field and the forest, round the house which my husband took from the bounty of Canute; stout hearts and strong hands! Descending alike, as do Hilda and Harold (through Githa thy mother), from the Warrior God of the North, whose race never shall fail—take, O defender of the Saxon children of Odin, the banner I have brodered with the gems that the chief of the Asas bore from the east. Firm as love be thy foot, strong as death be thy hand, under the shade which the banner of Hilda—under the gleam which the jewels of Odin—cast on the brows of the king! So Hilda, the daughter of monarchs, greets Harold the leader of men."

Harold looked up from the letter, and Haco resumed—

"Thou canst guess not the cheering effect which this banner, supposed to be charmed, and which the name of Odin alone would suffice to make holy, at least with thy fierce Anglo-Danes, hath already produced through the army."

"It is well, Haco," said Harold with a smile. "Let priest add his blessing to Hilda's charm, and heaven will pardon any magic that makes more brave the hearts that defend its altars. Now fall we back, for the army must pass beside the hill with the crommell and gravestone; there, be sure, Hilda will be at watch

for our march, and we will linger a few moments to thank her somewhat for her banner, yet more justly, methinks, for her men. Are not you stout fellows all in mail, so tall and so orderly, in advance of the London burghers, Hilda's aid to our Fyrd?"

"They are," answered Haco.

The king backed his steed to accost them with his kindly greeting; and then, with Haco, falling yet farther to the rear, seemed engaged in inspecting the numerous wains, bearing missiles and forage, that always accompanied the march of a Saxon army, and served to strengthen its encampment. But when they came in sight of the hillock by which the great body of the army had preceded them, the king and the son of Sweyn dismounted, and on foot entered the large circle of the Celtic ruin.

By the side of the Teuton altar they beheld two forms, both perfectly motionless; but one was extended on the ground as in sleep or in death; the other sat beside it, as if watching the corpse, or guarding the slumber. The face of the last was not visible, propped upon the arms which rested on the knees, and hidden by the hands. But in the face of the other, as the two men drew near, they recognized the Danish prophethess. Death in its dreadest characters was written on that ghastly face; woe and terror, beyond all words to describe, spoke in the haggard brow, the distorted lips, and the wild, glazed stare of the open eyes. At the startled cry of the intruders on that dreary silence, the living form moved; and though still leaning its face on its hands, it raised its head; and never countenance of Northern Vampire, cowering by the rifled grave, was more fiend-like and appalling.

"Who and what art thou?" said the king, "and how, thus unhonored in the air of heaven, lies the corpse of the noble Hilda? Is this the hand of Nature? Haco, Haco, so look the eyes, so set the features, of those whom the horror of ruthless murder slays even before the steel strikes. Speak, hag, art thou dumb?"

"Search the body," answered the witch, "there is no wound! Look to the throat—no mark of the deadly gripe! I have seen such in my day. There are none in this corpse, I trow; yet thou sayest rightly, horror slew her. Ha! ha! she would know, and she hath known; she would raise the dead and the demon; she hath raised them; she would read the riddle—she hath read it. Pale king and dark youth, would ye learn what Hilda saw—eh? eh? Ask her in the Shadow-World where she awaits ye! Ha! ye too would be wise in the future; ye too would climb to heaven through the mysteries of hell. Worms! worms! crawl back to the clay—to the earth! One such night as the hag ye despise enjoys as her sport and her glee, would freeze your veins, and sear the life in your eyeballs, and leave your corpses to terror and wonder, like the carcass that lies at your feet!"

"Ho!" said the king, stamping his foot, "Hence, Haco; rouse the household; summon hither the handmaids; call henchman and coarl to guard this foul raven."

Haco obeyed; but when he returned with the shuddering and amazed attendants, the witch was gone, and the king was leaning against the altar with downcast eyes, and a face troubled and dark with thought.

The body of the Vala was borne into the house; and the king, waking from his reverie, bade them send for the priests, and ordered masses for the parted soul. Then kneeling, with pious hand he closed the eyes and smoothed the features, and left his mournful kiss on the icy brow. These offices fulfilled, he took Haco's arm, and leaning on it, returned to the spot on which they had left their steeds.

They mounted in silence; and ere they regained the army, paused, by a common impulse, and looked behind. Awful in their desolation rose the temple and the altar! And in Hilda's mysterious death it seemed that their last and lingering Genius—the Genius of the dark and fierce, the warlike and the wizard North, had expired forever.

On the broad plain between Pevensey and Hastings, Duke William had arrayed his armaments. In the rear he had built a castle of wood, all the framework of which he had brought with him, and which was to serve as a refuge in case of retreat. His ships he had run into deep water, and scuttled; so that the thought of return, without victory, might be banished from his miscellaneous and multitudinous force. His outposts stretched for miles, keeping watch night and day against surprise. The ground chosen was adapted for all the manœuvres of a cavalry never before paralleled in England, nor perhaps in the world—almost every horseman a knight, almost every knight fit to be a chief. And on this space William reviewed his army, and there planned and schemed, rehearsed and reformed, all the stratagems the great day might call forth. But most careful, and laborious, and minute, was he in the manœuvre of a feigned retreat. Not, ere the acting of some modern play, does the anxious manager more elaborately marshal each man, each look, each gesture, which are to form a picture on which the curtain shall fall amidst deafening plaudits, than did the laborious captain appoint each man, and each movement, in his lure to a valiant foe: The attack of the foot, their recoil, their affected panic, their broken exclamations of despair; their retreat, first partial and reluctant, next seemingly hurried and complete—flying, but in flight carefully confused: then the settled watchword, the lightning rally, the rush of the cavalry from the ambush; the sweep and hem round the pursuing foe, the detachment of leveled spears to cut off the Saxon return to the main force, and the lost ground—were all directed by the most consummate mastership in the stage play, of war, and seized by the adroitness of practiced veterans.

Not now, O Harold! hast thou to contend against the rude heroes of the Norse, with their ancestral strategy unimproved? The Civilization of Battle meets thee now! and all the craft of the Roman guides the manhood of the North.

It was in the midst of such lessons to his foot and his horsemen—spears gleaming—pennons tossing—lines re-forming—steeds backing, wheeling, flying, circling—that William's eye blazed, and his deep voice thundered the thrilling word; when Mallet de Graville, who was in command at one of the outposts, rode up to him at full speed and said, in gasps, as he drew breath:

"King Harold and his army are advancing furiously. Their object is clearly to come on us unawares."

"Hold!" said the duke, lifting his hand; and the knights around him halted in their perfect discipline; then after a few brief but distinct orders to Odo, Fitzosborne, and some other of his leading chiefs, he headed a numerous cavalcade of his knights, and rode east to the outpost which Mallet had left—to catch sight of the coming foe.

The horsemen cleared the plain, passed through a wood, mournfully fading into autumnal hues—and, on emerging, they saw the gleam of the Saxon spears rising on the brows of the gentle hills beyond. But even the time, short as it was, that had sufficed to bring William in view of the enemy, had sufficed also, under the orders of his generals, to give to the wide plain of his encampment all the order of a host prepared. And William, having now mounted on a rising ground, turned from the spears on the hill tops, to his own fast-forming lines on the plain, and said with stern smile—

"Methinks the Saxon usurper, if he be among those on the height of yon hills, will vouchsafe us time to breathe! St. Michael gives his crown to our hands, and his corpse to the crow, if he dare to descend."

And so indeed, as the duke with a soldier's eyes foresaw from a soldier's skill, so it proved. The spears rested on the summits. It soon became evident that the English general perceived that there was no Hardrada to surprise; that the news brought to his ear had exaggerated neither the numbers, nor the arms, nor the discipline of the Norman; and that the battle was not to the bold, but to the wary.

"He doth right;" said William, musingly; "nor sink, O my queens, that we shall find a fool's hot rain under Harold's helmet of iron! How is this broken ground of hillock and valley named in our part? It is strange that we should have overlooked its strength, and suffered it thus to fall into the hands of the foe. How is it named? Can any of ye remember?"

"A Saxon peasant," said De Griville, "told me that the ground was called Senlac or Sanglac, or some such name, in their musicless jargon."

"Gramercy!" quoth Grantmesnil, "methinks the name will be familiar ere hereafter; no jargon seems the sound to my ear—a significant name, and ominous—Sanglac, Sanguelac—the Lake of Blood."

"Sanguelac!" said the duke, startled; "where have I heard that name before? it must have been between sleeping and waking. Sanguelac, Sanguelac—truly I jest thou, through a lake of blood we must wade indeed!"

"Yet," said De Griville, thine astrologer foretold that thou wouldst win the realm without a battle."

"Poor astrologer!" said William; "the ship he sailed in was lost. Ass indeed is he who pretends to warn others, nor sees an inch before his eyes what is his own fate to be! Battle shall we have, but not yet. Hark thee, Guillaume, thou hast been guest with this usurper; thou hast seemed to me to have loved him—love for him—a love natural since thou didst see fight by his side; wilt thou go from me to the Saxon host with Hugues Maigrot, the monk, and back with a message I shall send?"

The proud and punctilious Norman thrice crossed himself ere he answered—

"There was a time, Count William, when I should have deemed it honor to hold parley with Harold the brave earl, but now, with the crown on his head, I hold it shame and disgrace to barter words with a knight unfeal and a man forsworn."

"Nathless, thou shalt do me this favor," said William, "for (and he took the knight somewhat aside) I can not disguise from thee that I look anxiously on the chance of battle. Yon men are flushed with new triumph over the greatest warrior Norway ever knew; they will fight on their own soil, and under a chief whom I have studied and read with more care than the comments of Cæsar, and in whom the guilt of perjury can not blind me to the wit of a great general. If we can yet get our end without battle, large shall be my thanks to thee, and I will hold thine astrologer a man wise, though unhappy."

"Certes," said De Griville, gravely, "it were discourteous to the memory of the star-seer, not to make some effort to prove his science a great one. And the Chaldeans!"

"Plague seize the Chaldeans!" muttered the duke. "Ride with me back to the camp, that I may give thee my message, and instruct also the monk."

"De Griville," resumed the duke, as they rode toward the lines, "my meaning is briefly this. I do not think that Harold will accept my offers and resign his crown, but I design to spread dismay, and perhaps revolt, among his captains; I wish that they may know that the Church lays its curse on those who fight against my consecrated banner. I do not ask thee, therefore, to demean thy knighthood, by seeking to cajole the usurper; no, but rather boldly to denounce his perjury, and startle his liegemen. Perchance they may compel him to terms—perhaps they may desert his banner; at the worst they shall be daunted with full sense of the guilt of his cause."

"Ha, now I comprehend thee, noble Count; and trust me I will speak as Norman and knight should speak."

Meanwhile, Harold, seeing the utter hopelessness of all sudden assault, had seized a general's advantage of the ground he had gained. Occupying the line of hills, he began forthwith to intrench himself behind deep ditches and artful palisades. It is impossible now to stand on that spot without recognizing the military skill with which the Saxon had taken his post, and formed his precautions. He surrounded the main body of his troops with a perfect breastwork against the charge of the horse. Stakes and strong hurdles, interwoven with osier plaits, and protected by deep dykes, served at once to neutralize the effect of that arm in which William was most powerful, and in which Harold almost entirely failed; while the position of the ground must compel the foe to march and to charge, up hill, against all the missiles which the Saxons could pour down from their entrenchments.

Aiding, animating, cheering, directing all, while the dykes were fast hollowed, and the breastworks fast rose, the King of England rode his palfrey from line to line, and work to work, when, looking up, he saw Haco leading toward him, up the slopes, a monk, and a warrior who, by the bandoral on his spear, and the cross on his shield, he knew to be one of the Norman knighthood.

At that moment, Gurth and Leofwine, and those thegus who commanded counties were thronging round their chief for instructions. The king dismounted, and, beckoning them to follow, strode toward the spot where he had just planted his royal standard. There halting, he said, with a grave smile—

"I perceive that the Norman count hath sent us his bodes; it is meet that with me, you, the defenders of England, should hear what the Norman saith."

"If he saith aught but prayer for his men to return to Rouen—needless his message and short his answer," said Vebba, the bluff thegn of Kent.

Meanwhile the monk and the Norman knight drew near, and paused at some short distance, while Haco, advancing, said briefly—

"These men I found at our outposts; they demand to speak to the king."

"Under his standard the king will hear the Norman invader," replied Harold, "bid them speak."

The same sallow, mournful, ominous countenance, which Harold had before seen in the halls of Westminster, rising deathlike above the serge garb of the Benedict of Caen, now presented itself, and the monk thus spoke—

"In the name of William, duke of the Normans in the field, count of Rouen in the hall, claimant of all the realm of Anglia, Scotland, and the Walloons, held under Edward his cousin, I come to thee Harold his liege and earl."

"Change thy titles or depart," said Harold, fiercely, his brow no longer mild in its majesty, but dark as midnight. "What says William the count of Foreigners, to Harold, king of the Angles, and Basileus of Britain?"

"Protesting against thy assumption, I answer thee thus," said Hughes Magrot. "First, again he offers thee all Northumbria, up to the realm of the Scottish sub-king, if thou wilt fulfil thy vow and cede him the crown."

"Already have I answered—the crown is not mine to give; and my people stand round me in arms to defend the king of their choice. What next?"

"Next, offers William to withdraw his troops from the land, if thou and thy council and chiefs, will submit to the arbitrement of our most holy pontiff, Alexander the Second, and abide by his decision whether thou or my liege have the best right to the throne."

"This, as churchman," said the abbot of the great convent of Peterbro' (who, with the abbot of Hyde, had joined the march of Harold, deeming as one the cause of altar and throne), "this as churchman may I take leave to answer. Never yet hath it been heard in England, that the spiritual suzerain of Rome should give us our kings."

"And," said Harold, with a bitter smile, "the pope hath already summoned me to this trial, as if the laws of England were kept in the rolls of the Vatican! Already, if rightly informed, the pope hath been pleased to decide that our Saxon land is the Norman's. I reject a judge without a right to decide; and I mock at a sentence that profanes heaven in its insults to men. Is this all?"

"One last offer yet remains," replied the monk sternly. "This knight shall deliver its import. But ere I depart, and thou and thine are rendered up to Vengeance Divine, I speak the words of a mightier chief

than William of Rouen. Thus saith his holiness with whom rests the power to bind and to loose, bless and to curse:—'Harold, the Perjurer, thou art accursed! On thee, and on all who lift hand in thy cause, rests the interdict of the Church. Thou art excommunicated from the family of Christ. On thy land, with its peers and its people, yea, to the bee in the field and the bird in the air, to the seed as the sower, the harvest as the reaper, rests God's anathema. The bull of the Vatican is in the tent of the Norman; the gonfalon of St. Peter hallows yon armies to the service of Heaven. March on, then; ye march as the Assyrian: and the angel of the Lord awaits ye the way!'"

At these words, which for the first time apprised the English leaders that their king and kingdom were under the awful ban of excommunication, the thegns and the abbots gazed on each other aghast. A visible shudder passed over the whole warlike conclave, save only three, Harold, and Gurth, and Haco.

The king himself was so moved by indignation at the insolence of the monk, and by scorn at the fulmination which resting not alone on his own head, presumed to blast the liberties of a nation, that he strode towards the speaker, and it is even said of him by the Norman Chroniclers, that he raised his hand as if to strike the denouncer to the earth.

But Gurth interposed, and with his clear eye serenely shining with virtuous passion he stood between the monk and king.

"O thou," he exclaimed, "with words of religion in thy lips, and devices of fraud in thy heart, hide thy face from the light, and slink back to thy master. Heed ye not this bad, false man offer as, if for peace, a treaty with the desire of justice, that the pope should arbitrate between your king and the Norman? yet all while the monk knew that the pope had predetermined the cause; and, had ye fallen into the wile, would but have cowered under the verdict of a judgment that has presumed even before it invoked ye to the trial, to dispose of a free people and an ancient kingdom!"

"It is true, it is true," cried the thegn, rallying from their first superstitious terror, and, with the plain English sense of justice, revolted at the perfidy which the priest's overtures had concealed. "We will hear no more; away with the swikebode."

The pale cheek of the monk turned yet paler, seemed abashed by the storm of resentment he had provoked, and, in some fear perhaps at the defiance bent on him, he slunk behind his comrade knight, who as yet had said nothing, but, his face concealed by his helmet, stood motionless like a statue. And, indeed, these two ambassadors, the monk in his monk garb, the other in his iron array, with their types and representatives of the two forces brought to bear upon Harold and England—Chivalry and the Church.

At the momentary discomfiture of the Priest, he stood forth the Warrior; and, throwing back his helmet, so that the whole steel cap rested on the nape of his neck, leaving the haughty face and half-shaven head bare, Mallet de Graville thus spoke—

"The ban of the Church is against ye, warriors of England, but for the crime of one man! move it from yourselves: on his single head be the curse and the consequence. Harold, called king

England—failing the two milder offers of my comrade, thus saith from the lips of his knight (once thy guest, thy admirer, and friend), thus says William the Norman;—"though sixty thousand warriors under the banner of the Apostle wait at his beck (and from what I see of thy force, thou canst marshal to my guilty side scarce a third of the number), yet will Count William lay aside all advantage, save that dwells in strong arm and good cause; and here, in the presence of thy thegns, I challenge thee in his name, to decide thy sway of this realm by single battle. On horse and in mail, with sword and with spear, knight to knight, man to man, wilt thou meet William the Norman?"

Before Harold could reply, and listen to the first apulse of a valor, which his worst Norman maliguer, the after day of triumphant calumny, never so lied to impugn, the thegns themselves, almost with one voice, took up the reply.

"No strife between a man and a man shall decide the liberties of thousands!"

"Never," exclaimed Gurth, "It were an insult to the whole people to regard this as a strife between two chiefs,—which should wear a crown. When the invader is in our land, the war is with a nation, not a king. And, by the very offer, this Norman knight (who can not even speak our tongue), shows how little he knows of the law by which, under our native kings, we have all as great an interest as in ourself, in our Fatherland."

"Thou hast heard the answer of England from these lips, Sire De Graville," said Harold: "mine I repeat and sanction it. I will not give the crown to William in lieu for disgrace and an carldom. I will not abide by the arbitrement of a pope who has led to affix a curse upon freedom. I will not so violate the principle which in these realms knits king and people, as to arrogate to my single arm the right to dispose of the birthright of the living, and their bones unborn; nor will I deprive the meanest soldier under my banner, of the joy and the glory to fight for his native land. If William seek me, he shall find me, where war is the fiercest, where the corpses of his men lie the thickest on the plains, defending this standard, or rushing on his own. And so, not monk and pope, but God in his wisdom, adjudge between us."

"So it be," said Mallet De Graville, solemnly, and his helmet re-closed over his face. "Look to it, recreant knight, perjured Christian, and usurping king! The bones of the Dead fight against thee."

"And the fleshless hands of the Saints marshal the hosts of the living," said the monk.

And so the messengers turned, without obeisance or salute, and strode silently away.

OLIVER CROMWELL—HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER.

BY F. W. TULLIDGE.

The famous attempt of the king to seize the five members of the House of Commons, among whom were Hampden and Pym, brought Parliament to the rescue, and the popular cry arose,—"To your tents, O Israel;" and the Parliamentary army was organized

under the command of the Earl of Essex. But previous to actual hostilities, Cromwell exhibited his energy and character. He distributed arms in the town of Cambridge, raised a troop of horse, seized a magazine in Cambridge Castle for the use of Parliament, and stopped a lot of plate which was on its way from that University to the king at York, crushed the efforts of the king's party in several counties to raise forces, and arrested the sheriff of Hertfordshire, when about to publish the king's proclamation declaring the Parliamentary commanders all traitors.

At first the Parliamentary forces were beaten everywhere. Nothing but the genius of Cromwell saved the glorious cause from utter defeat. Here let the man himself reveal his genius and matchless policy. At the famous meeting between Oliver and the Committee, when he refused the crown, he related a conversation between himself and his cousin Hampden, in which, after noticing that the parliamentary troops at his "first going into that engagement were beaten on every hand," he suggested a remedy. "'Your troops,' said I, 'are most of them old, decayed serving men and tapsters, and such kind of fellows; and,' said I, 'their troops are gentlemen's sons, younger sons, and persons of quality. Do you ever think that such base and mean fellows will ever be able to encounter gentlemen that have honor and courage and resolution in them?' Truly, I did tell him, 'you must get men of a spirit—of a spirit that will go as far as gentlemen will go.' Hampden," he said, thought he "talked a good notion, but an impracticable one; but," continued Oliver, "I raised such men as had the fear of God before them and made a conscience of what they did; and from that day forward, I must say to you, they never were beaten, but whenever they were engaged they beat continually." How strongly does this tell us that the whole issue of the man himself! His genius solved the problem, and his impetuous, lion-like character was equal to the task of carrying out his great programme, big with human philosophy. Against the chivalry of English knights and gentlemen, pit the grand fanaticism of a grand and iron age! It was the only solution of success. But, then, where was the man in the world but Cromwell capable of organizing such troops, and inspiring them with his own grand, forceful soul? As it was, the Parliamentary generals were overmatched by the gallant Cavaliers; but Cromwell and his redoubtable Ironsides were ever invincible. He was the host that won the republican cause by his genius and forceful character. Tell us not that he was a hypocrite; it is but the fool's explanation. Rather tell us that he was the inspired "Captain of the Lord's host," even if moved by no higher inspiration than that of his own mighty soul.

With the foregoing brief sketches, we close for the present the life of this remarkable man. It is our purpose to present a fuller illustration of his life and times, in a new work to be entitled "The World's History illustrated in its Great Characters," by the same author, which will appear in our new volume.—[En.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE,

SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1869.

IS THE WORLD ADVANCING?

[CONCLUDED.]

It is therefore not true that the world has only advanced in the arts and sciences since the days of Jesus. It has advanced, as we have shewn, in one of the principles most essential to a pure life and domestic bliss—namely, a higher view of woman's nature. In fact, it has brought the principle out and made a world-wide sentiment of it since his day. The world has also, advanced in the general acceptance of the great truth that God is the father of the whole human family, a principle almost totally unrealized when he left the earth. Age after age this truth has advanced, gaining upon mankind every century. Never did the whole world accept this doctrine so universally as they do to-day. Upon this glorious truth stands the basework of so much that is glorious and hopeful for the world that all who sense the grand advance made by mankind in this respect must rejoice.

But this is not all the advance the world has made in Gospel truths, for the Gospel includes family endearments, the courtesies of life, gentleness, tenderness, delicacy of feeling, forbearance and a thousand special beauties of character. Qualities which—outside Grecian and Roman civilization or the little circle of the Church—in the days of the Apostles were uncultivated and almost totally unknown. Rude, coarse, physical strength then held sway. But the sentiments of Jesus have been operating ever since his day, and in consequence the coarse physical beast is no longer the model-man of society, as he once was. Barbarous and semi-bandit nobles no longer can compel their poor dependents to cut throats at their command. The coarse animal ideas which prevailed as to the relations which should exist between husband and wife, and parents and children, have been disappearing for ages. The idea of home has been created. The affection, the purity which should exist between its members, and which should enshrine it, and band them together, is an idea—a conception of later ages. In ancient times, these sentiments, doubtless, animated solitary individuals, and were felt in degree to the extent of the little feeble Church of Jesus, but they now are incarnated, breathed and realized by whole nations, and mighty ones at that. Ten thousand homes as yet uncontrolled by love—ten thousand or ten times ten thousand men and women, living in violation of these principles to-day, will not weigh a hair alongside of the grand fact of a whole world impregnated with these divine truths—a resistless leaven which must, in time, leaven the whole lump.

This, then, is the fact which we present before the intelligent mind; and this is the summing up: sensual, selfish and unrefined men and women doubtless exist by the thousand to-day, but that proves nothing for the non-advancement of the world. God has made the world at large to feel the blessedness of womanly purity; to sense the heaven-born sentiments of home,

and the one great fatherhood of God, and that is what he had *not* succeeded in doing in the days of Jesus. These three grand points once established in the minds of the good of men, the world is, of necessity, on the open road to all that God or man can desire. Prostitution, corruption, selfishness and all other evils are only questions of time.

We are living in an age which will give Prostitution a blow it has never received before. The elements for a Zion of womanly purity and chastity have been laid by the Providences of God. From out the Zion, when she shall fully "arise and shine and put on her beautiful garments," there shall yet roll out such waves of heavenly influence, such sentiments of angelic purity, that shall surprise and enchant the world of the pure and good. But powerless and useless would be the establishment of a Zion here as a fountain of pure feeling to the world, unless now, and for years past, a wide-spreading preparation had been going on in the hearts of men to receive her light when she shall arise. Therefore, in the wide-laid plans of Deity, while a Zion has been contemplated as a central influence from which good shall radiate, it has also evidently been designed that by the elevation of public sentiment, and by the growth of civilizations and refinements all over the world, the earth as a whole, shall be prepared to be impressed by her, and to receive the still higher civilizations which shall unfold.

God does nothing by halves. He has not raised up a series of civilizations extending over six thousand years, now, like a foiled and impatient child, to blot them out of his sight. But He raised them up that they might grandly co-operate with and dovetail into that latest and grandest of His civilizations which shall flow out of Zion. He that cannot see that God in humanity, has been ceaselessly gaining toward this end, that He has lost no day, no age since the world began, and that every age has counted to Him as the Great Civilizer and constant Advancer of Humanity, to him the facts of history and of daily life speak in vain.

REPRESENTATIVE BOYS OF UTAH

Character-Sketches and Biography.

BY SAXEY.

SAXEY—Continued.

At the proper time Saxey waited upon his partner who was ready, punctually, two hours after she agreed to be, but made it all up in walking slow after she started, they went nearly as slow as the United States Mails when they get into a freight train drawn by oxen, or under contract by Leonard I. Speaking of the mails reminds me that times are vastly improved since it took 60 days to get through mails from America; now we have them every day and sometimes many of them, that they seriously interfere with the convenience of the "Railroad News Depot," at the Post Office. The "Y. X. Company" used to carry the mails for \$20,000 per annum; but since the Pacific Railroad has been nearly completed and the Indian have increased so largely on the Plains, and the roads have become so bad, and so many toll-bridges

have been erected, Government finds it necessary to increase our postal facilities some *seventeen hundred thousand dollars* annually from terminus to terminus. Saxey arrived in due season at the dance, secured his number by handing the committee a "taller" candle, and after dancing with his "gal," took a conspicuous seat in the corner to take notes, and watch his hat. (It is not presumed here that any person is so far lost to honesty as to steal another person's hat at a dance; but it is a remarkable fact that a great many *mistakes* are made; and what is still more remarkable, is that good new hats are invariably mistaken for old, worthless ones. If a person wishes to establish his reputation for honesty, let him for once make a mistake by leaving his good hat and taking somebody's old one. Such a thing never was heard of, much less performed.) The author has never seen any elaborate essays on dancing in Utah, it is a subject prolific with interest—and Saxey noted the different styles, the different steps and different manners of the dancers. One little square-built gentleman struck out in what might be termed the *side-step*—one foot dancing out gently to one side till it couldn't get any further, when the other would gradually overtake it, then one would start east, the other west, and after a long separation be brought together with a jerk that would cause a snapping of the hair, something like a road-agent's up a telegraph pole, only not quite so *sensational*. Another adopted the *limber* dance; this is decidedly the most comfortable and easy of any in practice; just unscrew all your nerves, use no restraining force whatever over your muscles, and go in with a plentiful supply of *power* and you can come as near enjoying yourself and preventing others from doing so, as do certain parties who crack nuts in the theater, and tell "what's coming next" in a voice a little louder than the actors. If the managers of that respectable institution would furnish us *boys* in the first circle (counting from the ceiling) some first class tin whistles, and a few sledge hammers to throw into the parquette, between acts, it would save us a vast amount of lung exercise and be *felt* by the patient audience below. Another would sail in on the stiff dance, each particular joint being thoroughly braced, the movement of the body intimating a diet of *pokers* or broom-handles, that rendered it an impossibility for the body or any portion thereof to bend the least in the world without a general contortion of the whole physical organization. Another would pitch in and dance well with one leg for a while, but could not use the other and preserve the equilibrium of balance at the same time. Dancing is just like skating, it is a science that requires practice and the exhibition of a great many blunders before anything like perfection is attained. With some persons, dancing is a past-time and recreation, while with others, it is decidedly a laborious exercise, worse than sawing wood on a hot day or packing three-bushel sacks of wheat into the upper room of a four-story building. The author has seen strong able-bodied men perspire and do more genuine sweating, when called upon to "gentleman solo," than would be expected of an ordinary individual undergoing the trying perplexities of a criminal execution.

But while dancing has the effect of trying brave men's souls (soles), it never yet was guilty of intim-

idating the other sex in any way or manner that ever came to the writer's knowledge. The more difficult and intricate the figure to dance, the better the ladies seemed to like it, and the greater the blunders made by the gents the more enjoyment was manifested by the softer sex. At this particular dance, all the difficult styles known to the art were represented in their true colors, and if everybody did not enjoy themselves, there was nothing deducted from the admission-fee to make up the deficiency. To use a quotation that is very applicable to dances but seldom ever used—"all went merry as a marriage bell."

It sometimes occurs, however, that this marriage bell don't "went" as "merry" as one would naturally anticipate. Instances of this kind has been known even in this generation—but the Editor of the Magazine don't think the parties would be willing to pay the advertisement of their names, therefore we shall omit the publication of them until the parties in question can be consulted in regard to this matter. Some persons who have married "uncomfortably" think that Shakspeare had the "marriage bell" in view, When he wrote—

"Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell
That summons thee to Heaven or Hell."

While on the subject of marriage, it might not be amiss to throw out a few comforting and encouraging remarks to certain parties known as *Bachelors*, who at this time, and all other times, are living in direct opposition to the laws of nature, the laws of all nations, and the laws of this community, also the laws of common sense, in such cases made and provided,—and other laws in full force and vigor wherever humanity dwells and all other habitable parts of the earth, except the northern continent of Wahno. I have come to the following conclusions in regard to Bachelors:—First, the only reason why they are respected at all, is because they generally have good parents. Second, the alarming though unfortunate increase of this useless element, renders the erection of a Lunatic Asylum absolutely necessary (see appropriation of Utah Legislature). Thirdly, they were not incorporated in the beginning as a part of the creation, and are, therefore, a human invention.

Fourthly, there is no provision made for them that we know of in the great hereafter, therefore, it is uncertain whether they are immortal or merely temporary in their existence.

Lastly, they do not fill any blank in the world, neither are they adapted to suit any deficiencies. They monopolize space that never was designed to be occupied. They are entitled to no charity on the grounds of humanity, and can only be used advantageously in times of war and great calamities. If it was necessary that a nation should be visited with a great plague, a regiment or two of bachelors would fill the bill handsomely; and further your deponent deposes not further on this subject at this present time.

THE DIAMOND STEALERS,

THE STORY OF A FATAL GIFT.

CHAPTER IV.

Those who have traveled in and about London—who have passed through its various highways and by-ways—cannot have failed to notice the exceptional character of the dingy, mysterious sets of offices specially devoted to gentleman of the legal profession. There is an air of quiet, dignified repose about these inns, contrasting strangely with other parts of the bustling, busy City. The noisy traffic of the streets—the great tide of humanity ebbing and flowing through the leading thoroughfares—rarely disturbs the precincts of those who are so assiduously engaged in transcribing costly riddles wrought on parchment.

There is certainly nothing romantic in the appearance of the buildings themselves; nevertheless, many of them are the receptacles of dread secrets; and if mute stone and mortar were sentient, what strange tales of human error and passion might be made known to the world!

Two young barristers, named Jasper Cloudsman and Ernest Plodd, occupied chambers together in Lincoln's Inn. They were friends and companions—albeit there was no similitude either in their disposition or temperaments. Plodd was persevering, industrious, and sought by steady application to win far himself a name and position; he was content to climb the ladder of fame step by step—to advance by slow degrees. Cloudsman, on the contrary, more sanguine by nature, and lacking the industrious business-like habits of his companion, hoped to gain his end by a sudden coup. He had unlimited faith in what he termed a lucky turn of fortune, and was constantly occupied in endeavoring to bring to a successful issue some scheme—some pet project which he fondly imagined would lead him to wealth and honorable distinction.

The city clocks have struck seven. Most of the lawyers' clerks in Lincoln's Inn have left for the night. Ernest Plodd is still hard at work; he is busily occupied in examining papers, searching for precedents, and poring over Acts of Parliament which he believes to be more especially relevant to a case he has in hand, to master the intricacies of which he has been steadily and perseveringly reading up. Plodd is the junior counsel, and, consequently, all the hard work falls to his share; the oratorical flourishes and forensic eloquence belong to the other gentleman, whose business it is to lead the defence. While thus engaged, the door of his chamber is slowly opened. Plodd turns his eyes in that direction, and beholds the cheerful countenance of his volatile companion, Cloudsman.

"So you are engaged!" observed the latter. "Still busy, it would seem! I'll not disturb you."

"Come in, do!" exclaimed the other, quickly.

"You'll kill yourself, that's what you'll do, if you go on like this," said Cloudsman, emitting a blue wreath of smoke from the cigar he was smoking. "Ah, I wish I could make up my mind to sacrifice myself as you do; but I can't—it isn't in me. You are an example to the whole Inn—a paragon of perfection—a self-sacrificing man; and do you know that, at times I am quite envious of you. It's an uncharitable feeling, I confess, but—"

The speaker paused, and dropped into the nearest chair. Plodd left off writing, regarded his companion for a moment or so, and then burst out in a short laugh; after which he said, "I rather think the contrary is the case. I ought to be envious of you."

"Bah! My dear boy, you'll be Lord Chancellor some of these days; whilst I—"

"We can none of us make sure of reaching the winning-post, Jasper. That's a sporting phrase, and will therefore be the more readily understood by you," said Plodd.

"Umph! You are satirical. But I forgive you," observed the other, with a wave of the hand.

"You do not seem to take heed of my previous observation: I say again, I ought to be envious of you."

"And wherefore, pray?"

"You have won the heart of the charming Isabel Wainwright."

"Have I?"

"Yes. Why, its not a fortnight ago since I introduced you to the Wainwrights."

"What of that?"

"What! Well, I suppose you'll admit you passed a delightful day there?"

"Yes; and that they are nice people, and all that sort of thing."

"Hark ye, Jasper! you have a fine chance. Miss Wainwright is a rich heiress. Shall I tell you a secret? This is confidential, mind you!"

"Ah!—in confidence. Well, go on!"

"Mr. Wainwright has plainly hinted to me that he would have liked to have had you for a son-in-law. What say you to that?"

"Highly complimentary of the old gentlemen, I'm sure; and of course, it is duly appreciated by me."

"I'm not jesting. You are a monstrous favorite with them all; but, of course, as usual, you are blind to your own interest, and must be flirting with that artful, intriguing little wench, instead of paying attention to Isabel Wainwright."

"I didn't flirt with her."

"Oh, didn't you? Why everybody remarked it, I don't think you had any serious thoughts of her. Indeed, if you had, they are, of course, now for ever dispelled."

"What mean you?" inquired Cloudsman, quickly.

"Why, don't you know that she has again sacrificed herself at the hymeneal altar—that she was married last week?"

"Hold!" exclaimed Cloudsman, rising from his seat. "Cease your rallery!"

"My dear Jasper, I am serious."

"What! Do you mean to tell me that she has married again?"

"Don't take my word—convince yourself!" answered Plodd, handing his companion a paper containing the announcement of the widow's marriage at St. George's Church. The latter read the paragraph in question, and then said, rather spitefully, it must be confessed, "The incorrigible little flirt! The fellow, whoever he is, married her for her money. I should suppose."

"That is a question I cannot answer. She is supposed to be rich—if one can believe vague rumor. Miss Wainwright, I know, has a handsome income in her own right, independent of her father's property. You've played your cards badly, Jasper; but it is not too late to repair the evil. Mr. Wainwright, as I have before said, has taken a great fancy to you, and I believe that, even now, you might have his amiable and charming daughter."

"I'm an egregious blockhead, I know that!" said Cloudsman. "Still, I've plenty of irons in the fire. You'll cease your banter when you find one of my undertakings prosper. It will be my turn to laugh then. Let me see: first, there's the Craven Mining Company (Limited); shares already at a premium, a safe fortune. Then there's the tunnel to France; that is not in quite so forward a state as the other. Then—"

The speaker paused suddenly.

"Ah, do go on!" said his friend, with an irrepressible smile.

"Pray, go on. Any aerial speculation?"

"Perhaps it would be best for me to remain silent, since you turn all I have to say into ridicule. It checks and damps one's enterprise. You are essentially practical, and have no faith in—"

"Ahem!"

"Not in visionary schemes. My very excellent friend, in the world, we meet with so little that is not in the beaten track that one's ideas seem mechanical. In getting out of it, we folks like you, we blunder on a new train of thought now and then. But you should bear in mind, Jasper, that nothing makes a man worse company than being in love with his own contemplations."

"You are severe, perhaps needlessly and unjustly so. Remember that also," answered Cloudsman.

This conversation was abruptly brought to a close by a gentle rap at the office door.

A boy entered, who handed a letter to Cloudsman.

The young barrister opened it, and hastily perused the contents.

"A letter from my friend, the burglar!" he ejaculated.

"From whom?" inquired his companion.

"Why, from a rascal whom I had the honor of defending upon a charge of housebreaking. I was lucky enough to obtain an acquittal, more from a deficiency of evidence than from any ability of mine."

"Umph! You had a respectable man for a client, it would seem."

"Well, he's about the only one I remember having," returned Cloudsman, with a smile, "and it appears now that I am about to lose him."

"How came you to make his acquaintance?"

"Met him at a sporting-house. I rather fancy that his an-

cedent's won't bear very close scrutiny. It appears—so I learn from this letter—that he is in the hospital, and is not expected to live; he has therefore sent for me.”

“To make a full and ample confession, I presume?”

“Not so. He says I shall hear of something to my advantage.”

“Ah! No doubt he is about to give you a tip for next year's Derby. Very kind of him, indeed.”

“Confound it, don't be so sarcastic!”

“Look here,” said Plodd; “you'd best have naught to do with this rascal; you'll only be compromising yourself if you do. Think no more of the witching little widow who has served you so badly. Dine with me at Wainwright's next Sunday, and I will bring about a reconciliation. All may be made right. Do you hear me, Jasper?”

“Yes; but, for all that, I must see this Drake.”

“Drake! Who is he?”

“The man who has sent me this letter—who desires to see me; he has something to communicate—some terrible secret to impart. I tell you, I must see him, Plodd. He is under the impression—it may be an erroneous one—still he is under the impression—that he owes me a deep debt of gratitude for what he's pleased to term past favours.”

“And is desirous of making you heir to his ill-gotten wealth. Is it not so, my friend? It would be far better to court the society of the pure and right-minded.”

“Admitted. We will talk of the other matter thereafter.” said Cloudsman, grasping the hand of his friend. “Till then, farewell!”

He hastily left the chambers, and was conducted by the boy who had brought the letter to the hospital, where the sick man lay, anxiously awaiting his appearance. Upon inquiry for John Drake, he found himself conducted through several spacious wards and corridors.

“Ah, sir!” said the nurse who attended him; “I'm glad you've come, for he has been raving about you, and the doctors have given him over. He cannot last long, poor man; and”—here she dropped her voice to a whisper—“I'm afraid he's something on his mind.”

“Ah! that's likely enough,” murmured the barrister.

“He's led an evil life, I fear, at one time. But of course that's no business of mine.”

“What makes you think so?”

“At times, he talks so strangely.”

“What does he say, then?”

“Speaks of crimes he has committed. But this, after all, may be only the effect of delirium. This way, sir, if you please.”

Cloudsman was shown into a ward in the west wing of the building; everything was scrupulously clean and well ordered for the comfort of the patients. At the further extremity of the ward, he beheld the wretched man whom he had come to see. John Drake was propped by pillows. He was so strangely altered in appearance, that his visitor had some difficulty in recognizing him as the same person. A life of crime—always a life of care. Drake had been hunted by the officers of justice. He was kept in a constant state of fear and watchfulness—every faculty was strained to its utmost. All the cunning he possessed was brought into play to avoid recognition and capture. He flew to drink, the solace of the wretched; and eventually, the man who once boasted of an iron constitution and the frame of an athlete, was reduced to a miserable wreck. His dark eyes were sunk deep in their sockets, and bore a restless, feverish expression, which produced a feeling of pain to look upon; his lips were bloodless;—indeed, his whole appearance denoted at once that he was soon to pass into the valley and shadow of death.

The barrister, slowly and almost noiselessly, approached the bedside of the sufferer, who gave a sickly smile of thankfulness, and then stretched forth his thin, bony hand, which the other grasped.

“So you have come, Mr. Cloudsman,” said Drake, in a voice which was a little broken by emotion; for, case-hardened as the man had been reputed to be, the softer and gentler part of his nature was especially manifested as he approached the closing scene of his earthly career; “you have come,” he repeated. “A little while longer, and it would have been too late—yes, too late! But I thought you would be here; I felt assured that you would not neglect me in my last extremity. There are not many men who care a rush about John Drake, and there are not many living now whom he cares about. But you were always kind to me, Mr. Cloudsman always, I can't forget that.”

As he gave utterance to these last words, his lips trembled, and his voice, usually so harsh and discordant, became deep,

low and plaintive. He spoke with evident difficulty, in short, detached sentences, with long pauses between each.

The barrister was touched, and said, kindly, “I am sorry to see this, Drake—very sorry.”

“I believe you are, sir,” answered the dying man. “I've nearly come to the end of my journey; haven't far to go now—not far.”

He ceased speaking, and closing his eyes for a few moments. His countenance at this time was even more ghastly than before. Presently he opened his eyes again, and fixing them intently on his visitor.

“Before I go, I must tell you something,” he whispered. “But it's for your ears alone.”

The nurse comprehended his meaning, and quietly withdrew without making any observation. This seemed to be a great relief to Drake, who then proceeded to make Cloudsman acquainted with the particulars connected with the necklace—how he'd become possessed of the same, and how, in consequence of his being “wanted” by the police, he had found it impossible to turn his treasure into money.

The barrister listened to the recital, which necessarily occupied some time in delivering, and then said—“But I cannot become the recipient—” He paused suddenly, upon observing an altered expression on the wan countenance of his companion.

“It's come honestly by, sir,” ejaculated Drake. “Leastways, it's mine by right, seeing that I am my uncle's heir. I took it before then, it is true; but what of that? Had I waited, it would have been bequeathed to me. It matters little whether it remained in the possession of Mr. Wormwood. He never intended to part with it during his lifetime. But he is gone, even as I am going. At his death it became mine. Were not this the case, I should not offer it to you. My ways have been evil enough, and wicked enough—(here he sighed deeply);—but, for all that, it is not likely that in this, my last hour, I should seek to insult an honorable gentleman like yourself by the offer of stolen property. Ah, no, Mr. Cloudsman, not at all likely! Do not think so badly of me as that. As a dying man's last request, let me beg of you not to refuse this gift. It is the only recompense I am able to make to one who saved me from a felon's doom. Think of that!”

“But what use can I make of this trinket, assuming I accept?” inquired the barrister.

“Use!” returned the other. “It is worth over a thousand pounds. Take it, with the assurance that it is honestly mine—take it as a reward for past favours and services.”

“A thousand pounds!” exclaimed Cloudsman, in a tone of surprise, and it might be incredulity at the same time.

“Yes; more than that, it is honestly mine—honestly! A strange word, you will say, to fall from the lips of John Drake.”

“I had many things to say to you, Mr. Cloudsman, which I fear must now remain unsaid. I was not always so bad as when you first knew me—no, indeed, not always so bad; although, perhaps, but few persons now living would believe this. But of what use is it my troubling you with the record of a misspent life? In my early days I was treated with harshness and cruelty, and was never taught to know right from wrong. Alas, sir! I have found, indeed, that a life of crime brings with it its own punishment. Look at me now! Think of the many, many miserable hours I have passed; how I have been hunted from place to place, until I feared my own shadow. You are kind and good, and will find it difficult to understand the anxious cares, and, at times, the utter despair, of those who are under the ban of the law. I say good and kind, for so you have ever been to me; but—

His voice became suddenly checked; he stretched out his arms as if endeavoring to clutch at some invisible substance; his body was convulsed, and he vainly strove to articulate.

Mr. Cloudsman was at this time seriously alarmed; he believed the guilty man was about to pass away without making known his secret, for he had not as yet stated where the treasure was concealed. A feeling of something like despair seemed to find its way to the heart of the barrister, who bent over the dying man, whom he called by name. “Drake, Drake, my friend!” said Cloudsman. “speak! Alas, he is dying!”

“Yes, dying!” repeated Drake. “Diamond necklace—remember—diamond necklace, worth over a thousand pounds—go there—No. 20, Shorter's Alley, Leather Lane—my room—first place—lift up—”

The dews of death were gathering on his forehead, his eyes were turned for a moment towards his friend the barrister, and then closed for ever. With one deep-drawn sigh, John Drake breathed his last.

Cloudsman, unused to such scenes—it was the first death he had ever witnessed.—was, for a brief space of time, completely overpowered. He looked vacantly around, and presently beheld the hospital nurse passing through the ward, and making her way towards the bed on which the dead body of Drake was lying.

She drew close to the troubled barrister, and said, in a low tone, "He is gone, sir."

"Yes," murmured Cloudsman. "How suddenly he has passed away! He was speaking to me but a few seconds since."

"We have been expecting it to take place for some time past. Be not surprised or alarmed."

The barrister rose from the chair on which he had been seated, and walked a few paces from the bed, and beckoned to the woman.

"You have been kind and attentive to him; accept this as a small recompense," he said, slipping a sovereign into her hand. He then left the hospital, and returned to Lincoln's Inn. As a natural consequence, the scene he had witnessed made a deep impression on him.

Upon his gaining his chambers, he found Plodd absent; he had, therefore, ample time for reflection. After thinking the matter over, and, in a measure, regaining his calmness, he felicitated himself upon the opportune visit he had made at the hospital; and, after mature consideration, he came to the conclusion that he could, consistently with his own honor, accept the gift so earnestly and persistently pressed upon him by Drake. When a man's interest is on one side of the argument, it is astonishing how weak the other side becomes. Yes, he would possess himself of the treasure which good fortune had thrust upon him. But how? This was not so easy to divine. Mr. Cloudsman, as we have already seen, had diverse schemes in hand—golden dreams. The matter-of-fact Plodd called them visionary ones. No matter for that, Plodd was a clever fellow—a good fellow; nevertheless, he was not everybody, his friend and companion was wont to observe. Any way, a thousand pounds would be especially useful in furthering the interests of the Cressus Mining Company (limited). "As to Elizabeth Wainwright, it will be time enough for me to marry some five or six years hence," said Cloudsman, "There are plenty of other women in the world to be had with fortunes; besides, a man is never his own master when he sacrifices himself at the altar upon mercenary considerations only. How many of us go drowning on, making a sufficiency for bare existence only, until, by some lucky stroke of fortune—some bright scheme, which turns up a trump card—" Mr. Cloudsman rubbed his hands together in a highly satisfactory manner to himself. He felt convinced that he was about to get into a groove which would lead him to wealth and position in the world, and that he should thereby distance the sarcastic Plodd in the race. Poor dreamer! he knew not that he was about to realize the fable of losing the substance by grasping at the shadow.

Upon returning to rest that night, bright visions of rich treasures and garnered gold floated before him; the ring of the precious metal sounded in his ears. All at once, the air seemed to be peopled with strange beings, whom he remembered to have read about years and years before in delightful stories from the East. He soon fancied that some invisible beings were bearing him to a far-distant, but happy land, where he beheld caves of sapphires, valleys of diamonds, and mountains of gold, all sparkling and flashing beneath the rays of a meridian sun. Something whispered in his ear that before him lay the rich abodes of happy elves—the busy and bright workshops of gnomes and sprites, whose unseen and unceasing hammers resounded on their fruitful anvils through wall and earth, and told the wayfarer of the mineral treasurers they were fabricating and storing for his use. The sleeping man sighed heavily, and panted to be the possessor of the garnered wealth which imagination so plainly pictured. Presently the scene changed: the elves, the caves of sapphire, and valleys of diamonds, passed away "like the baseless fabric of a vision, leaving not a wreck behind." "A change came o'er the spirit of his dream," although it was still about gold and diamonds, or some such treasure. He thought of the stir and turmoil of those restless days in England, when faction and religious rage seethed throughout the land. Imagination carried him back to the period of Cromwell, when civil wars were rife; at which time men were wont to hide their riches in the hollows of a wall, or holes in the earth, or entrusted them—like those silver bells of St. Mary's Cathedral, at Limerick—to the silent keeping of the eternal river. Thus did the night wane slowly away with Jasper Cloudsman; and when morning came, he awoke with a feverish pulse and throbbing temples. He made

Plodd acquainted with all that had passed, for whatever his faults might be, he had on all occasions been open and candid to his friend, never concealing anything from him. Plodd once declared that he entirely disapproved of a search being made for the missing necklace; but his arguments were thrown away upon his more sanguine companion, who was bent upon gaining the treasure so unexpectedly and strangely bequeathed to him.

He left the chambers in the afternoon, and bent his steps in the direction of Leather Lane. Upon reaching Holborn, he observed a man of uncouth appearance looking inquiringly at him. Cloudsman paused, the man halted also, and gave a sort of nod or jerk of the head.

"Do you know me, my friend?" inquired the barrister.

"I think so, sir," answered the other. "Bogs yer pardon? I'm mistaken, but you're Mr. Cloudsman, of Lincoln's Inn."

"Yes, that's right enough; and who may you be, pray? I have an indistinct notion that I've seen you before."

"Yes, you have, sir. I'm Job Hardcastle."

"I am as wise as ever," thought the barrister. "However the fellow knows me, that's certain. Oh, indeed!" he said aloud.

"Yes," continued Job; "I was servant to the late Mr. Wormwood, whose nephew you defended."

"What was his name?"

"John Drake," answered Job. "Poor fellow. he is dead. I've been to see him at the hospital."

"Ah, have you?"

"Yes. I wonder what became of the necklace he had from master?"

Cloudsman hesitated for a moment, and then said, "I can't tell you; but what are you doing now? Got another situation—eh?"

"No; I ain't doing anything."

"Indeed! Well, look here. I'm in a hurry now, but possibly I may be of service to you; here's my card. Give me a call to-morrow or next day. Do you hear?"

This kindness and condescension on the part of the barrister completely overwhelmed Job Hardcastle; so much so, indeed, as to incapacitate him from expressing his thanks. He took the card, however, and, with a wave of the hand, Mr. Cloudsman passed on, murmuring to himself, "Singular rencontre! But the fellow has an honest look, rough as he is; he may be useful. I'm glad I told him to call. The humblest instrument is at times serviceable in the hands of the skillful. Now for this—this Shorter's Alley."

Job Hardcastle might be termed an original: he was unlike the ordinary run of human beings—was singular in his ways—of a rough and uncouth demeanor, but, withal, faithful and attached to those who treated him kindly; and there were not many persons who had taken it into their heads to do this. Had he not been possessed of these attributes, he could not so long have abided with the deceased miser. Jasper Cloudsman had sufficient penetration to read the character of Job—or, at any rate, to sufficiently comprehend and appreciate his rough, ingenuous nature.

"He is a strange creature," muttered the lawyer to himself, as he took his way along Holborn. "I have all my life been fond of little bits of originality; specimens of humanity that have not had their natural qualities rubbed down by the grindstone of business, or polished into shape by the habits and conventions of society; fractions, as it were, broken off from the great whole, and scattered over the earth. It is good to consort with them at times. One picks up such novel views of life, and sees so much more of its pleasant diversities and picturesque groupings. When one gets hold of a fellow like that, one finds at once that he represents himself alone, and not a class. He sees not through the spectacles of education, and speaks not in the language of magazines or newspapers; and, if I mistake not, he is a rough diamond, a natural gem."

It will be seen by this soliloquy that our barrister was somewhat of a philosopher. His friend Plodd would most likely say, a dreamer.

With accelerated speed, the lawyer hastened on towards Leather Lane, and had no difficulty in finding out Shorter's alley. The dulcet sounds of a barrel organ were charming the inhabitants of that aristocratic locality, when Mr. Cloudsman first made its acquaintance. Several children, ragged and dirty, but, for all that, happy and contented, were dancing to the sounds of music.

"They are enjoying themselves, I suppose, despite the poverty and squalor with which they are surrounded," muttered

Cloudsman. "And, after all, which is not so potent as one might imagine."

Having delivered himself of this scrap of philosophy, he walked on till he came opposite to No. 20. To his infinite satisfaction, he observed a bill in the parlor window of the house, on which was printed, "Rooms to let." His heart beat audibly.

"Just as it should be!" he ejaculated. "Rooms to let, eh? Now for it! I'll take every room that's vacant."

He knocked at the door, which was opened by a short, stout woman.

"What apartment have you to let?" inquired Cloudsman.

"Well, sir, there is one room vacant; leastways, I s'pose so. The party as occupied it doesn't seem likely to come back."

"He has left, then?"

"Well, he didn't say he was a-going to leave; but the fact is, he was behindhand with his rent, and I think he was in trouble—leastways, that's my opinion; and he was very ill, poor man."

"Can I have the room?"

"Oh, yes, sir, if it will suit you. You'll excuse it being a little untidy."

"I'm not a particular man," observed Cloudsman, with a smile.

"For a single person, I 's'pose, sir?" said the woman, leading the way upstairs.

"Yes; I am a bachelor at present."

The barrister was conducted into a dingy, shabbily furnished bed-room, which, however, he was most desirous of occupying.

"This will suit me admirably," he ejaculated, after a cursory examination of the apartment. "I will take it, and pay you a week's rent in advance, and continue to do so as long as I remain. You will therefore be sure of not-losing anything by me."

"Oh, dear, there's no call for that, sir."

"But I wish to do so. You lost by the last lodger, it appears. By the way, what was his name?"

"Mr. Drake," answered the woman; who added, in a confidential tone. "And do you know, sir, if the truth may be spoken—But, of course, this is between ourselves."

"Oh, certainly. It shall go no further, I promise you."

"Well, one never knows people now-a-days; but it's my opinion that the p'leece were after him, and it's likely enough that he's in trouble now, poor man."

"The room will suit me very well," said Cloudsman, quickly. "You require seven shillings rent for it. I will enter upon possession this evening. Here is the first week's rent in advance."

He handed the woman the requisite sum, and left Shorter's Alley; very well satisfied with the successful issue of his first visit. Upon returning to Lincoln's Inn, he was pleased to find Plodd busily occupied with one of his clients, and betook himself to his own room, and began to consider his plan of operation.

When night came on, he packed up a few articles he required for immediate use, and deposited them in a capacious carpet-bag, and crept out of his chambers unperceived by anybody but the porter, who naturally enough concluded that he was about to take a short holiday trip in the country.

Shorter's Alley did not present a more inviting appearance by night than it had done in the morning. But our treasure-seeker was oblivious to the objectionable character of the locality. He ascended the stairs, and gained his own room. As he was about to enter this, a little girl—the daughter of the landlady, as it afterwards appeared—presented herself, and inquired if he wanted anything—either tea or supper.

Cloudsman answered in the negative, saying, at the same time, that he had a good deal of writing to do, which would occupy him till bed-time, and that he desired not to be disturbed. Upon this, the young handmaiden, after handing the new lodger a candle, descended to the regions below. Cloudsman took the key out of the door, and locked himself in the room. He sat himself in one of the cane-bottomed chairs, and repeated over several times the last words uttered by Drake—

"20, Shorter's Alley, Leather Lane—my room—fire-place—lift up—"

"This is the room—there can be no question of that," said the barrister. "So far, all is well; but what about the fire-place, and what have I to lift up?"

He took the candle, and made a careful inspection of the grate, which was an old-fashioned one, with small hobs, and semi-circular bars in front.

Mr. Cloudsman was disappointed. It occurred to him that possibly the stove would prove to be a registered one, and in that case, the meaning of the word "lift up," might refer to the trap at the back, behind which the necklace was lying 'perdu'; but no trap was there, and, consequently, there was an end to that supposition.

He proceeded to examine every article in the room in a most systematic way. The floor was covered all over with a Kidderminster carpet, much the worse for wear. The bedstead was a small four-post one, with chintz hangings trimmed with faded crimson fringe; the other articles of furniture consisted of a dressing-table, wash-stand, and a bureau, made of oak. In kneeling down on the floor, and placing the light in front of him, the treasure-seeker commenced operations by creeping slowly over its surface, and feeling, as he went along, for any substance concealed beneath the carpet. He was not successful in detecting anything beyond the usual inequalities of the boards so generally observable in all old houses. A fugitive thought passed through his brain while thus occupied: it might be possible that one of the boards beneath the carpet was movable, and the words "lift up" referred to this. He rose from his kneeling position, and again seated himself on one of the chairs. "It must be here!" he ejaculated; "and I'll pull the place to pieces but what I'll find it!"

The bedstead and its hangings now attracted his attention. Drawing off his boots, that he might make as little noise as possible, he stood on a chair by the side of the bed, and began to examine the chintz curtains. He pressed them together in every part; turned them back; removed the bedstead from its position; looked behind and beneath it; turned the clothes over, also the bed itself, which he tumbled about, that he might squeeze every portion of the feathers. No necklace could he find. He repeated the words "lift up" once more. A sudden thought seized him: walking direct to the bureau, he lifted up its lid, pulled out every drawer, but could find nothing beyond a pair of worn-out kid gloves, a few envelopes and an old play-bill or two. He searched in the drawer of the dressing-table, with a like result; and then turned his attention to the cupboard, which was in one corner of the room, near the fire place. In this he found some scraps of paper, with writing on each: to all appearances, they had been torn out of a pocket-book.

"Possibly this may be a key to the mystery," he ejaculated. "Who knows? I am not acquainted with the handwriting of Drake; but, doubtless, this is his. It is but fair to assume so, at all events."

He placed the light on the dressing table, sat down, and began to read as follows: "20 to 4 on Priam; 16 to 4 against Magsman.—Mem.: Harry says that the first and second favorites will not be placed."

"Bah!" he exclaimed, in undisguised disgust. "What is all this? Why, simply a few leaves from somebody's betting book!"

Albeit he was an amateur betting man himself, he was supremely disgusted at this time with the whole fraternity. Tossing the leaves of the pocket-book contemptuously aside, he began to consider what next steps it would be advisable to take. He examined the walls of the room, and could find no nook or cranny wherein the necklace might be concealed. Taking off his coat, and turning up his shirt sleeves, he thrust one of his bare arms up the chimney, raked about the soot; he put the candle, and then his head, into the aperture. No jewels reflected back the rays of light from out the dark and sooty cavity. With blackened arms and hands, and a begrimed face, Mr. Cloudsman withdrew from his unpleasant position, and finished by having a good wash. He was a little dashed in spirits; nevertheless he did not intend to give up the search.

"It must be here," he exclaimed. "The only question is, where? But it is concealed in this room, and have it I will, at all hazards, if I work all night."

He looked thoughtfully at the grate; and while thus occupied, a gleam of light seemed to come across him—a ray of hope shed its light upon him.

The hearthstone was cracked, and seemed—so he thought—as if, at one time or another, it had been removed from its position.

"I have it now!" he murmured. "I have it! Fireplace—right hand—lift up! I see it as clearly as the sun at noonday. It is the right hand side of the hearthstone, poor Drake meant. Not a question about it! The stone is cracked—is in two pieces; lift up the right hand piece, and the necklace is mine—mine! Hurrah! What an idiot I was, not to think of this before!"

Having become possessed of this idea, he found it impossible to divest himself of the thought, which every moment grew stronger. He put on his hat and coat, and prepared to leave the house, that he might purchase, at the nearest ironmonger's, the necessary implements for his purpose. Before descending the stairs, he took the precaution to lock the door of his apartment. Upon reaching the first landing, he encountered a man who occupied a room on the first floor. This personage regarded our treasure-seeker with a mysterious inquiring and suspicious look. There are times when men are more keenly alive to glances of this nature. Such was the case with Cloudsman, who was haunted throughout the night by the dark eyes of his fellow-lodger. He found no difficulty in procuring the tools he required, and in less than half an hour returned with them to his domicile in Shorter's Alley. Upon ascending the stairs, the man whom he had before met emerged from his room, and examined his features with a scrutinizing glance. Cloudsman took no notice, but passed on quickly; the other all the while watching him as he passed up the flight of stairs which led to his own apartment.

"He must suspect something," he muttered. "Who and what is he, I wonder?"

After this unpleasant rencontre he was afraid to commence removing the hearthstone, so he sat for some time sad, silent, and dejected. Presently, to his infinite relief, he heard the man below slam his door, lock it, and then proceed down stairs. Cloudsman, from his own window, saw him pass quickly along Shorter's Alley until he was lost to sight.

"No fear, now," he said; "so let me take time by the forelock, and bring this treasure to light during the absence of that troublesome fellow."

He soon found out that the task he had set himself was not quite so easy as he had at first anticipated; but he did not give way to despair. What will not men do who are moved to action by a greed of gain? He scraped away the mortar by the sides of the stove—this occupied him some time; he then inserted a long screwdriver, with which he strove to release the right-hand piece of the hearthstone from its position, but it resisted all his efforts. Big drops of perspiration poured down his forehead—the screwdriver bent—but the stone was still in its place. It was work he had not been used to, albeit he could turn his hand to a good many things, and was by no means deficient in mechanical knowledge. He labored with an assiduity and determination that would have done credit to the most industrious artisan. At length, after sundry devices and prodigious efforts, he succeeded in lifting up the stone. A smile irradiated his countenance, which was succeeded by an expression of blank despair. No necklace was visible. He searched busily for the missing jewels. To lift up the other half of the stone was an easy matter; but when this was done he appeared to be no nearer to the result which he had so fondly anticipated. It would be a tedious task to tell how the greater part of that night was spent by Jasper Cloudsman; how this young man, gently born, tenderly nurtured, and highly educated, eagerly and industriously worked throughout the livelong night—worked as prisoners work for crime—or as the Australian digger worked when the gold fever was on him—that he might thereby wrest from the earth that precious ore in the pursuit of which he had been tempted to give up home, friends and kindred, brothers and sisters.

Cloudsman did not leave a single inch of the room unsearched; till, at length, he was compelled to give the task up in despair; and even then his labors had not ended. A considerable time was spent in replacing, as well as he could, all the things in their original position.

It was morning when he stretched himself on the bed, with its ehintz hangings. Worn out with fatigue and anxiety, he sunk into a fitful and troubled sleep, from which he was aroused by a gentle rap at his door.

"Who's there?" inquired Mr. Cloudsman, jumping out of bed and hastily putting on his clothes.

"It's me, sir," said some one from the outside. "Mother says would you like breakfast?"

He had no difficulty in recognizing the voice as being that of the little girl who had attended upon him on the previous evening.

"Breakfast? Ah, well, yes—I suppose so," he muttered, rubbing his eyes.

"Would you like it in the parlor, or shall I bring it up here sir?" was the next question.

"Oh, in the parlor, if convenient," returned Cloudsman, quickly. "I will be down directly, my good girl."

He made a hasty toilette, and proceeded below.

"Oh, your servant, sir!" said a woman whom he had seen before. "I sent Tilda up to ask if you'd like to breakfast here. Some of my gentlemen prefer having their meals in their own rooms; others like to be in the parlor."

"You are very kind, I am sure," said Cloudsman, in obliging accents. "I was not aware of that—is no arrangement made last night with the landlady?"

"I am the landlady," said the female.

"Well, but you are not the lady I saw yesterday?"

"Oh, dear, no!" she returned with a smile. "I was from home, and left the house in charge of a neighbor."

"Beg pardon, I'm sure! Was not aware of that, Mrs.—"

"Clacket," said the landlady.

"Well, Mrs. Clacket, we shall be better acquainted awhile, I hope; and—ahem!—I shall understand the rules of your establishment," observed the barrister, seating himself at the breakfast-table.

"I'm sorry I was out, sir, when you came; but it general happens so. Only to think that two gentlemen should take apartments during my absence! Yes—there's yourself and that gentleman in the room beneath yours. It's strange—but went out last night, and has not yet returned. I hope he's not going to serve me the same as Mr. Drake did, who had the room he occupies."

"What?" exclaimed Cloudsman. "I do not understand you, my dear madam. I have the room Mr. Drake occupied."

"Oh, dear, no, sir!" answered Mrs. Clacket, with an incredulous smile.

"But the party who let it told me so."

"Then she was under a great mistake. The other gentleman has Mr. Drake's room."

Mr. Cloudsman felt quite faint. All his labors had been thrown away. No wonder. The mysterious-looking individual, with the dark, suspicious-looking eyes, was in possession of the apartment in which the necklace had been secreted.

There was a pause after this. It took some little time for our barrister to recover himself. When he had done so, he said, "But, Mrs. Clacket, there is some sad mistake. That the room I desired to occupy, and I will give you double the rent for it."

"I'm sure you are very liberal."

"Yes—double the rent. Can I have it now?"

"I'm afraid not, sir. The gentleman has paid in advance. If you can persuade him to give it up, well and good. I'm agreeable to the change. My principle is to make my lodger as comfortable as possible."

"You are very good. I will ask him. The only question is whether he will ever come back."

"I am sure I hope he will, sir. It would indeed be a something if he served me as poor Mr. Drake did."

"Why poor?" said the barrister, cracking one of the eggs before him.

"Well, sir," answered Mrs. Clacket, "I say poor, because do think he was in trouble. Of course it's no business of mine to inquire into the private affairs of any gentleman. Still, you know, one can't help having one's own ideas upon most subjects."

"Quite right—I agree with you, my dear madam," said Cloudsman, encouragingly. "And so you think—"

"Well, I do think a great number of things at times, and it struck me that it was not all smooth sailing with Mr. Drake. Indeed, he hinted to our Tilda that he had been drifting out into troubled waters. He must have been a suffering man at one time, I fancy—leastwise if one might judge from his conversation."

"I believe he was."

"You knew him, then?" said the landlady, in a tone of surprise.

"Ahem!—well, yes—years ago."

Crack went another egg, and the barrister was earnestly engaged in devouring the morning meal. Mrs. Clacket grew contemplative. She busied herself with the ornaments on the shelf, and gave several furtive and inquiring glances at her lodger.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

A. P.—Unsuited for our columns.

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POETRY

MY FIRST LOVE.

I never can forget her—
Sweet idol of my heart;
Ah! every blooming flower
Adds bitterness in part,
And turns my thoughts of gladness—
Thoughts that the heart obey—
Into a gloomy channel,
A dark and dismal day.

But why should I forget her
That flower of fairest birth?
A paragon of heaven,
She was too pure for earth.
Yet, oh! 'tis hard to shadow
What love and hearts doth fill;
Though death has smote my flower,
She lives to memory still.

I never can forget her—
Sweet idol of my heart;
No transient bursts of gladness
Can ever heal the smart,
Until the Son of Glory
Shall call me to his side,
Mid Eden's deathless flowers,
To claim my angel bride.

HAROLD,

THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

The rest of that day and the whole of the next, were consumed by both armaments in the completion of their preparations.

Dull came the shades of evening, and pale through the rolling clouds glimmered the rising stars; when, all prepared, all arrayed, Harold sat with Haco and Gurth in his tent; and before them stood a man, half French by origin, who had just returned from the Norman camp.

"So thou didst mingle with the men undiscovered?" said the king.

"No, not undiscovered, my lord. I fell in with a knight, whose name I have since heard as that of Mallet De Graville, who wilily seemed to believe in what I stated, and who gave me meat and drink with debonnaire courtesy. Then said he, abruptly, 'Spy

from Harold, thou hast come to see the strength of the Norman. Thou shalt have thy will—follow me.' Therewith he led me, all startled I own, through the lines; and O king, I should deem them indeed countless as the sands, and resistless as the waves, but that, strange as it may seem to thee, I saw more monks than warriors."

"How! thou jestest!" said Gurth, surprised.

"No; for thousands by thousands, they were praying and kneeling; and their heads were all shaven with the tonsure of priests."

"Priests are they not," cried Harold, with his calm smile, "but doughty warriors and dauntless knights."

Then he continued his questions to the spy; and his smile vanished at the accounts, not only of the numbers of the force, but their vast provision of missiles, and the almost incredible proportion of their cavalry.

As soon as the spy had been dismissed, the king turned to his kinsmen.

"What think you?" he said, "shall we judge ourselves of the foe? The night will be dark anon—our steeds are fleet—and not shod with iron like the Normans—the sword noiseless. What think you?"

"A merry conceit," cried the blithe Leofwine. "I should like much to see the boar in his den, ere he taste of my spear point."

"And I," said Gurth, "do feel so restless a fever in my veins, that I would fain cool it by the night air. Let us go: I know all the ways of the country; for hither have I come often with hawk and hound. But let us wait yet till the night is more hushed and deep."

The clouds had gathered over the whole surface of the skies, and there hung sullen; and the mists were cold and gray on the lower grounds, when the four Saxon chiefs set forth on their secret and perilous enterprise.

Passing their sentinels they entered a wood, Gurth leading the way, and catching glimpses, through the irregular path, of the blazing lights, that shone red over the pause of the Norman war.

William had moved on his army to within about two miles from the farthest outpost of the Saxon, and contracted his lines into compact space; the reconnoiterers were thus enabled, by the light of the links and watchfires, to form no inaccurate notion of the formidable foe whom the morrow was to meet. The ground on which they stood was high, and in the deep shadow of the wood; with one of the large

dykes common to the Saxon boundaries in front, so that, even if discovered, a barrier not easily passed lay between them and the foe.

In regular lines and streets extended huts of branches for the meaner soldiers, leading up, in serried rows but broad vistas, to the tents of the knights, and the gaudier pavilions of the counts and prelates. There were to be seen the flags of Bretagne and Anjou, of Burgundy, of Flanders, even the ensign of France, which the volunteers from that country had assumed; and right in the midst of this capital of war, the gorgeous pavilion of William himself, with a dragon of gold before it, surmounting the staff, from which blazed the papal gonfanon. In every division they heard the anvils of the armorers, the measured tread of the sentries, the neigh and snort of innumerable steeds. And along the lines, between hut and tent, they saw tall shapes passing to and from the forge and smithy, bearing mail, and swords, and shafts. No sound of revel, no laugh of wassail was heard in the consecrated camp; all was astir, but with the grave and earnest preparations of thoughtful men. As the four Saxons halted silent, each might have heard, through the remoter din, the others' painful breathing.

At length, from two tents, placed to the right and the left of the duke's pavilion, there came a sweet tinkling sound, as of deep silver bells. At that note there was an evident and universal commotion throughout the armament. The roar of the hammers ceased; and from every green hut and every gray tent swarmed the host. Now, rows of living men lined the camp-streets, leaving still a free, though narrow passage in the midst. And, by the blaze of more than a thousand torches, the Saxons saw processions of priests, in their robes and ambs, with censer and rood, coming down the various avenues. As the priests paused, the warriors knelt; and there was a low murmur as if of confession, and the sign of lifted hands, as if in absolution and blessing. Suddenly, from the outskirts of the camp and full in sight, emerged, from one of the cross lanes, Odo of Bayeaux himself, in his white surplice, and the cross in his right hand. Yea, even to the meanest and lowliest soldiers of the armament, whether taken from honest craft and peaceful calling, or the outpourings of Europe's sinks and sewers, catamarans from the Alps, and cut-throats from the Rhine—yea, even among the vilest and the meanest, came the anointed brother of the great duke, the haughtiest prelate in Christendom, whose heart even then was fixed on the pontiff's throne—there he came to absolve, and to shrive, and to bless. And the red watchfires streamed on his proud face and spotless robes, as the children of wrath knelt round the delegate of peace.

Harold's hand clenched firm on the arm of Gurth, and his old scorn of the monk broke forth in his bitter smile and his muttered words. But Gurth's face was sad and awed.

And now, as the huts and the canvas thus gave up the living, they could, indeed, behold the enormous disparity of numbers with which it was their doom to contend, and, over those numbers, that dread intensity of zeal, that sublimity of fanaticism, which, from one end of that war-town to the other, consecrated injustice, gave the heroism of the martyr to am-

bition, and blended the whisper of lusting avarice with the self-applauses of the saint!

Not a word said the four Saxons. But as the priestly procession glided to the farther quarters of the armament, as the soldiers in their neighborhood disappeared within their lodgments, and the torches moved from them to the more distant vistas of the camp, like lines of retreating stars, Gurth heaved a heavy sigh, and turned his horse's head from the scene.

But scarce had they gained the center of the wood, than there arose, as from the heart of the armament, a swell of solemn voices. For the night had now come to the third watch, (midnight), in which according to the belief of the age, angel and fiend were alike astir, and that church-division of time was marked and hallowed by a monastic hymn.

Inexpressibly grave, solemn, and mournful came the strain through the drooping boughs, and the heavy darkness of the air; and it continued to thrill in the ears of the riders till they had passed the wood, and the cheerful watchfires from their own heights broke upon them to guide their way. They rode rapidly, but still in silence, passed their sentries, and, ascending the slopes, where the force lay thick, how different were the sounds that smote them. Round the large fires the men grouped in great circles, with the ale-horns and flagons passing merrily from hand to hand, shouts of drink-hæl and was-hæl, bursts of gay laughter, snatches of old song, as old as the day of Athlestan—varying, where the Anglo-Danes lay into the far more animated and kindling poetry of the Pirate North—still spoke of the heathen time when war was a joy, and Valhalla was the heaven.

On the fourteenth of October, 1066, the day of St. Calixtus, the Norman force was drawn out in battle array. Mass had been said; Odo and the Bishop of Coutance had blessed the troops, and received their vow never more to eat flesh on the anniversary of that day. And Odo had mounted his snow-white charger, and already drawn up the cavalry against the coming of his brother the duke. The army was marshaled in three great divisions.

Then William, now completely armed, save his helmet, sprang at one bound on his steed. A shout of admiration rang from the queens and knights.

And all were marshaled according to those touching and accustomèd tactics, which speak of a nation more patient to defend than to aggrrieve. That field the head of each family led his sons and kinsfolk; every ten families (or tything) were united under their own chosen captain. Every ten of these tythings had, again, some loftier chief, dear to the populace in peace: and so on the holy circle spread from household, hamlet, town—till, all combined, a whole county under one earl, the warriors fought under the eyes of their own kinsfolk, friends, neighbors, chosen chiefs! What wonder that they were brave!

Mounting a swift and light steed, intended not for encounter (for it was the custom of English kings to fight on foot, in token that where they fought there was no retreat), but to bear the rider rapidly from line to line. King Harold rode to the front of the vanguard;—his brothers by his side. His head, like his great foe's, was bare, nor could there be a more striking contrast than that of the broad unwrinkled

brow of the Saxon, with his fair locks, the sign of royalty and freedom, parted and falling over the collar of mail, the clear and steadfast eye of blue, the cheek somewhat hollowed by kingly cares, but flushed now with manly pride—the form stalwart and erect, but spare in its graceful symmetry, and void of all that theatric pomp of bearing which was assumed by William—no greater contrast could there be than that which the simple earnest Hero-king presented, to the brow furrowed with harsh ire and politic wile, the shaven hair of monastic affectation, the dark, sparkling tiger eye, and vast proportions that awed the gaze in the port and form, of the imperious Norman. Deep and loud and hearty as the shout with which his armaments had welcomed William, was that which now greeted the king of the English host.

Scarcely had the rapturous hurrahs of the Saxons closed, when full in sight, northwest of Hastings, came the first division of the invader.

Harold remained gazing at them, and not seeing the other sections in movement, said to Gurth, "If these are all that they venture out, the day is ours."

"Look yonder!" said the sombre Haco, and he pointed to the long array that now gleamed from the wood through which the Saxon kinsmen had passed the night before, and scarcely were these cohorts in view, than lo! from a third quarter advanced the glittering knighthood under the duke. All three divisions came on in simultaneous assault, two on either wing of the Saxon vanguard, the third (the Norman) toward the intrenchments.

The two brethren of Waltham, Osgood and Alred, had arrived a little after daybreak at the spot in which, about half a mile to the rear of Harold's palisades, the beasts of burthen that had bore the heavy arms, missiles, luggage, and forage of the Saxon march, were placed in and about the fenced yards of a farm. And many human beings, of both sexes and various ranks, were there assembled, some in breathless expectation, some in careless talk, some in fervent prayer.

The two monks joined, with pious gladness, some of their sacred calling, who were leaning over the low wall, and straining their eyes towards the bristling field. A little apart from them, and from all, stood a female; the hood drawn over her face, silent in her unknown thoughts.

By and by, as the march of the Norman multitude sounded hollow, and the trumps, and the fifes, and the shouts, rolled on through the air, in many a stormy peal, the two abbots in the Saxon camp, with their attendant monks, came riding toward the farm from the intrenchments.

The groups gathered round these new comers in haste and eagerness.

"The battle hath begun," said the Abbot of Hido, gravely. "Pray God for England, for never was its people in peril so great from man."

The female started and shuddered at those words.

"And the king, the king," she cried, in a sudden and thrilling voice; "where is he?—the king?"

"Daughter," said the abbot, "the king's post is by his standard; but I left him in the van of his troops.

Where he may be now I know not. Wherever the foe presses sorest."

The war now raged.

Animated by the presence of their king fighting among them as a simple soldier, but with his eye ever quick to foresee, his voice ever prompt to warn, the men of Kent swerved not a foot from their indomitable ranks. The Norman infantry wavered and gave way; on, step by step, still unbroken in array, pressed the English. And their cry, "Out! out! Holy Crossel!" rose high above the flagging sound of "Ha Rou! Ha Rou!—Notre Dame!"

"*Per la respendar De*," cried William. "Our soldiers are but women in the garb of Normans. Ho, spears to the rescue! With me to the charge, Sires D'Aumale and De Littain—with me, gallant Bruse and De Mortain; with me, De Graville and Grantmeuil—Dex aide! Notre Dame." And heading his prowess knights, William came, as a thunderbolt, on the bills and shields. Harold, who scarce a minute before had been in a remoter rank, was already at the brunt of that charge. At his word down knelt the foremost line, leaving naught but their shields and their spear-points against the horse. While behind them, the ax in both hands, bent forward the soldiery in the second rank, to smite and to crush. And behind, from the core of the wedge, poured the shafts of the archers. Down rolled in the dust, halt the charge of those knights. Bruse reeled on his saddle; the dread right hand of D'Aumale fell lopped by the ax; De Graville, hurled from his horse, rolled at the feet of Harold; and William, born by his great steed and his colossal strength into the third rank—there dealt, right and left, the fierce strokes of his iron club, till he felt his horse sinking under him—and had scarcely time to back out of the foe—scarcely time to get beyond reach of their weapons, ere the Spanish destrier, frightfully gashed through its strong mail, fell dead on the plain. His knights swept round him. Twenty barons sprang from selle to yield him their chargers. He chose the one nearest to hand, sprang to foot and to stirrup, and rode back to his lines. Then as he joined his own chosen knights, and surveyed the field, he beheld an opening which the advanced position of the Saxon vanguard had left, and by which his knights might gain the intrenchments.

"Now, my quens and chevaliers," said William, gayly, as he closed his helmet, and took from his squire another spear: "Now, I shall give ye the day's great pastime. Pass the word, Sire de Tancarville, to every horseman—'Charge—to the Standard!'"

The word passed, the steeds bounded, and the whole force of William's knighthood, scouring the plain to the rear of the Saxon vanguard, made for the entrenchments.

At that sight, Harold divining the object; and seeing this new and more urgent demand on his presence, halted the battalions over which he had presided, and, yielding the command to Leofwine, once more briefly but strenuously enjoined the troops to heed well their leaders, and on no account to break the wedge, in the form of which lay their whole strength, both against the cavalry and the greater number of the foe. Then mounting his horse, and attended only by Haco, he spurred across the plain in the opposite direction to that taken by the Normans, by ^{him} doing so he was obliged to make a considerable circuit toward the rear

of the intrenchments, and the farm, with its watchful groups came in sight. He distinguished the garb of women, and Haco said to him—

"There wait the wives to welcome the living victors."

"Or search their lords among the dead!" answered Harold. "Who, Haco, if we fall, will search for us?"

As the word left his lips, he saw, under a lonely thorn-tree, and scarce out of bow-shot from the intrenchments, a woman seated. The king looked hard at the bended, hooded form.

"Poor wretch!" he murmured, "her heart is in the battle!" And he shouted aloud, "Farther off! farther off!—the war rushes hitherward!"

At the sound of that voice the woman rose, stretched out her arms, and sprang forward. But the Saxon chiefs had already turned their faces toward the neighboring ingress into the ramparts, and beheld not her movement, while the tramp of rushing chargers, the shout and the roar of clashing war, drowned the wail of her feeble cry.

"I have heard him again, again!" murmured the woman, "God be praised!" and she reseated herself quietly under the lonely thorn.

As Harold and Haco sprang to their feet within the intrenchments, the shout of "The king—the king! Holy Crosse!" came in time to rally the force at the farther end, now undergoing the full force of the Norman onrush.

The willow ramparts were already rent and hewed beneath the hoofs of horses and the clash of swords; and the sharp points on the frontals of the Norman destriers were already gleaming within the intrenchments, when Harold arrived at the brunt of the action. The tide was then turned; not one of those rash riders left the intrenchments they had gained; steel and horse alike went down before the ponderous battle-axes; and William, again foiled and baffled, drew off his cavalry with the conviction that those breast-works so manned, were not to be won by horse. Slowly the knights retreated down the slope of the hillock, and the English, animated by that sight, would have left the stronghold to pursue but for the warning cry of Harold. The interval in the strife thus gained was promptly and vigorously employed in repairing the palisades. And this done, Harold, turning to Haco and the thegns around him, said joyously—

"By heaven's help we shall yet win this day. And know you not that this is my fortunate day—the day on which, hitherto, all hath prospered with me, in peace and in war—the day of my birth?"

"Of your birth?" echoed Haco, in surprise.

"Ay—did you not know it?"

"Nay!—strange!—it is also the birthday of Duke William! What would astrologers say to the meeting of such stars?"

Harold's cheek paled, but his helmet concealed the paleness—his arm dropped. The strange dream of his youth came again distinctly before him, as it had come in the hall of the Norman at the sight of the ghastly relics—again he saw the shadowy hand from the cloud—again he heard the voice murmuring, "Lo the star that shone on the birth of the victor!"—again he heard the voice of Hilda interpreting the dream—again the chant which the dead or the fiend had pour-

ed forth from the rigid lips of the Vala. It boomed on his ear—hollow as the death-bell it knelled through the roar of the battle. Suddenly the king was recalled to the sense of the present hour, by shouts and cries, in which the yell of Norman triumph predominated, at the further end of the field. The signal words to Fitzosborne had conveyed to that chief the order for the mock charge on the Saxon vanguard, to be followed by the feigned flight; and so artfully had this stratagem been practised that, despite all the solemn orders of Harold, despite even the warning cry of Leofwine, who, rash and gay-hearted though he was, had yet a captain's skill—the bold English, their blood heated by the long contest and the seeming victory, could not resist pursuit. They rushed forward impetuously, breaking the order of their hitherto indomitable phalanx, and the more eagerly because the Normans had unwittingly taken their way toward a part of the ground concealing dykes and ditches, in to which the English trusted to precipitate the foe. It was as William's knights retreated from the breast-works that this error was committed; and pointing toward the disordered Saxons with a wild laugh of revengeful joy, William set spurs to his horse, and followed by all his chivalry, joined the cavalry of Poitou and Boulogne in their swoop upon the scattered array. Already the Norman infantry had turned round—already the horses that lay in ambush among the brushwood near the dykes, had thundered forth. The whole of the late impregnable vanguard was broken up—divided corps from corps—hemmed in; horse after horse charging to the rear, to the front, to the flank, to the right, to the left.

When Harold looked up, he saw the foot of the hillocks so lined with steel, as to render it hopeless that he himself could win to the aid of his vanguard. He set his feet firmly, looked on, and only by gestures and smothered exclamations showed his emotions of hope and fear.

At length the king could restrain himself no longer. He selected five hundred of his bravest and most practised veterans, yet comparatively fresh, and commanding the rest to stay firm, descended the hill, and charged unexpectedly into the rear of the mingled Normans and Bretons.

This sortie, well-timed though desperate, served to cover and favor the retreat of the straggling Saxons. Many, indeed, were cut off, but Gurth, Leofwine, and Vebba, hewed the way for their followers to the side of Harold, and entered the intrenchments close followed by the nearer foe, who were again repulsed amidst the shouts of the English.

Within the intrenchments not a man had lost heart. The day was already far advanced, not an impression had been yet made on the outworks, the position seemed as impregnable as a fortress of stone; and truth to say, even the bravest Normans were disheartened, when they looked to that eminence which had foiled the charge of William himself. The duke, in the *mêlée*, had received more than one wound—his third horse that day had been slain under him. The slaughter among the knights and nobles had been immense, for they had exposed their persons with the most desperate valor. And William, after surveying the rout of nearly one-half of the English army, heard everywhere, to his wrath and his shame, mur-

murs of discontent and dismay 'at the prospect of scaling the heights, in which this gallant remnant had found their refuge. At this critical juncture, Odo of Bayeux, who had hitherto remained in the rear, with the crowds of monks that accompanied the armament, rode into the full field, where all the hosts were reforming their lines. He was in complete mail, but a white surplice was drawn over the steel, his head was bare and in his right hand he bore the crozier. A formidable club swung by a leathern noose from his wrist, to be used only for self-defence: the canons forbade the priest to strike merely in assault. Behind the milk-white steed of Odo came the whole body of reserve, fresh and unbreathed, free from the terrors of their comrades, and strung into proud wrath at the delay of the Norman conquest.

"How now—how now!" cried the prelate; "do ye flag? do ye falter when the sheaves are down? How now, sons of the Church! warriors of the Cross! avengers of the Saints! Desert your count, if ye please, but shrink not back from a Lord mightier than man. Lo, I come forth to ride side by side with my brother, bare-headed, the crozier in my hand. He who fails his liege is but a coward—he who fails the Church is apostate!"

The fierce shout of the reserve closed this harangue and the words of the prelate, as well as the physical aid he brought to back them, re-nerved the army. And now the whole of William's mighty host, covering the field till its lines seemed to blend with the gray horizon, came on serried, steadied, orderly—to all sides of the intrenchment. Aware of the inutility of his horse, till the breastworks were cleared, William placed all his heavy armed foot, spearmen and archers to open the way through the palisades, the sorties from which had now been carefully closed.

As they came up the hills, Harold turned to Haco and said, "Where is thy battle-ax?"

"Harold," answered Haco, with more than his usual tone of sombre sadness, "I desire now to be thy shield-bearer, for thou must use thine ax with both hands while the day lasts, and thy shield is useless. Wherefore thou strike, and I will shield thee."

"Thou lovest me, then, son of Sweyn; I have sometimes doubted it."

"I love thee as the best part of my life, and with thy life ceases mine; it is my heart that my shield guards when it covers the breast of Harold."

"I would bid thee live, poor youth," whispered Harold; "but what were life if this day were lost? Happy, then, will be those who die!"

Scarce had the words left his lips ere he sprang to the breastworks, and with a sudden sweep of the ax, down dropped a helm that peered above them. But helm after helm succeeds. Now they come on, swarm upon swarm, as wolves on a traveler, as bears round a bark. Countless, amidst their carnage on they came! The arrows of the Norman blacken the air: with deadly precision, to each arm, each limb, each front exposed above the bulwarks, whirrs the shaft. They clamber the palisades, the foremost fall dead under the Saxon ax; new thousands rush on: vain is the might of Harold, vain had a Harold's might been in every Saxon there! The first row of breastworks is forced—it is trampled, hewed, crushed down, cumbered with the dead. "Ha Rou! Ha Rou! Notre Dame!" sounds joyous and shrill. The chargers

snort and leap, and charge into the circle. High wheels in air the great mace of William; bright by his side flashes the crozier of the Church.

"On Normans! Earldom and land!" cries the duke. "On, sons of the Church! Salvation and heaven!" shouts the voice of Odo.

The first breastwork down—the Saxons yielding inch by inch, foot by foot, are pressed, crushed back into the second enclosure. The same rush, and swarm, and fight, and cry, and roar—the second gives way. And now in the center of the third—lo! before the eyes of the Normans, towers proudly aloft, and shines in the rays of the westering sun, broided with gold, and blazing with mystic gems, the standard of England's king! And there, are gathered the reserve of the English host; there, the heroes who had never yet known defeat—unwearied they by the battle; vigorous, high-hearted still; and round them the breastworks were thicker, and stronger, and higher, and fastened by chains to pillars of wood and staves of iron, with the wagons and carts of the baggage, and piled logs of timber—barricades at which even William paused aghast, and Odo stifled an exclamation that became not a priestly lip.

Before that standard, in the midst of the men, stood Gurth, and Leofwine, and Haco, and Harold, the last leaning for rest upon his ax, for he was sorely wounded in many places, and the blood oozed through the links of his mail.

Live, Harold; live yet, and Saxon England shall not die!

The English archers had at no time been numerous; most of them had served with the vanguard, and the shafts of those within the ramparts were spent; so that the foe had time to pause and to breathe. The Norman arrows meanwhile flew fast and thick, but William noted to his grief that they struck against the tall breast-works and barricades, and so failed in the slaughter they should inflict.

He mused a moment, and sent one of his knights to call to him three of the chiefs of the archers. They were soon at the side of his destrier.

"See ye not, *maladroits*," said the duke, "that your shafts and bolts fall harmless on those ozier walls. Shoot in the air; let the arrow fall perpendicular on those within—fall as the vengeance of the saints fall; direct from heaven! Give me thy bow, archer—thus." He drew the bow as he sat on his steed, the arrow flashed up, and descended in the heart of the reserve, within a few feet of the standard.

"So; that standard be your mark," said the duke, giving back the bow.

The archers withdrew. The order circulated through their bands, and in a few moments more down came the iron rain. It took the English host as by surprise, piercing hide cap, and even iron helm; and in the very surprise that made them instinctively look up—death came.

A dull groan as from many hearts boomed from the intrenchments on the Norman ear.

"Now," said William, "they must either use their shields to guard their heads—and their axes are useless—or while they suite with the ax they fall by the shaft. On now to the ramparts. I see my crown already resting on yonder standard!"

Yet despite all, the English bear up; the thickness of the palisades, the comparative smallness of the last

inclosure, more easily therefore manned and maintained by their small force, defy other weapons than those of the bow. Every Norman who attempted to scale the breastwork is slain on the instant, and his body cast forth under the hoofs of the baffled steeds. The sun sinks near and nearer toward the red horizon.

"Courage," cries the voice of Harold, "hold but till nightfall and ye are saved, courage, and freedom."

"Harold and Holy Crosse," is the answer.

Still foiled, William resolves again to bazzard his fatal stratagem. He marked that part of the inclosure which was most remote from the chief point of attack. Thither then the duke advanced a chosen column of his heavy armed foot, tutored especially by himself in the rehearsals of his favorite ruse. The foot column advanced to the appointed spot, and after a short, close, and terrible conflict, succeeded in making a wide breach in the breastworks. But that temporary success only animated yet more the exertions of the beleaguered defenders, and swarming round the breach, and pouring through it, line after line of the foe drop beneath their axes. The column of the heavy armed Normans fall back down the slopes—they give way—they turn in disorder—they retreat—they fly; but the archers stand, midway on the descent—those archers seem an easy prey to the English—the temptation is irresistible. Long galled and maddened by the shafts, the Anglo Danes rush forth at the heels of the Norman swordsmen, and sweeping down to exterminate the archers, the breach that they leave gapes wide.

"Forward," cries William, and he gallops toward the breach.

"Forward," cries Odo, "I see the hands of the holy saints in the air. Forward, it is the dead that wheel the war steeds round the living."

On rush the Norman knights. But Harold is already in the breach, rallying around him hearts eager to replace the shattered breastworks.

"Close shields. Hold fast," shouts his kingly voice.

Before him were the steeds of Bruse and Grantmesnil. At his breast their spears; Haco holds over the breast the shield. Swinging aloft with both hands his ax, the spear of Grantmesnil is shivered in twain by the king's stroke. Cloven to the skull rolls the steed of Bruse. Knight and steed roll on the bloody sword.

But a blow from the sword of De Lacy has broken down the guardian shield of Haco. The son of Sweyn is stricken to his knee. With lifted blades and whirling maces the Norman knights charge through the breach.

"Look up, look up, and guard thy head," cries the fatal voice of Haco to the king.

At that cry the king raises his flashing eyes. Why halts his stride? Why drops the ax from his hand? As he raised his head, down came the hissing death-shaft. It smote the lifted face; it crushed into the dauntless eyeball. He reeled, he staggered, he fell back several feet, at the foot of his gorgeous standard. With desperate hand he broke the head of the shaft, and left the barb, quivering in the anguish.

Gurth knelt over him.

"Fight on," gasped the king, "conceal my death. Holy Crosse, England to the rescue, woe—woe."

Rallying himself a moment, he sprang to his feet, clenched his hand, and fell once more, a corpse.

At the same moment a simultaneous rush of horsemen toward the standard bore back a line of the Saxons, and covered the body of the king with heaps of the slain.

His helmet cloven in two, his face all streaming with blood, but still calm in its ghastly hues, amidst the foremost of those slain, fell the fated Haco. He fell on the breast of Harold, kissed the bloody cheek with bloody lip, groaned and died.

Inspired by despair, with superhuman strength Gurth, striding over the corpses of his kinsmen, opposed himself singly to the knights; and the entire English remnant coming round him at the menace, danger to the standard, once more drove off the assailants.

"Thine be the honor of lowering that haughty flag," cried William, turning to one of his favorite and most famous knights, Robert de Tessin.

Overjoyed, the knight rushed forth, to fall by the hand of that stubborn defender.

"Sorcery," cried Fitzosborne, "sorcery. This is no man but fiend."

"Spare him, spare the brave," cried in a breath Bruse, D'Aincourt and De Gravelle.

William turned round in wrath at the cry of mercy, and, spurring over all the corpses, with the sacred banner borne by Tonstain close behind him, so that it shadowed his helmet—he came to the foot of the standard, and for one moment there was single battle between the knight-duke and the Saxon hero. Now even then, conquered by the Norman sword, but exhausted by a hundred wounds, that brave chief fell, and the falchion vainly pierced him, falling. So, last man at the standard, died Gurth.

The sun had set and the first star was in the heavens, the "Fighting Man" was laid low, and on that spot where now, all forlorn and shattered, amidst stagnant water, stands the altar-stone of Battle Abbey, rose the glittering dragon that surmounted the consecrated banner of the Norman victor.

THE 15th WARD EDUCATIONAL SOLICITOR.

We have on our table the first number of the *Educational Solicitor*, a manuscript magazine, compiled in the 15th ward for the benefit and improvement of the Sabbath School children, with a monthly change of conductors. This pretty little home made magazine bears on its neatly written front the following motto—

"Literature is an avenue to glory, it opens its portals to those who wish, and are desirous of memories long enshrined in the hearts of those yet unknown."

The *Educational Solicitor* is, externally, a tastefully got up little paper, and its contents reflect credit on the taste, judgment and noble purposes of its conductors and contributors. As an elevating and refining agency among our young people we wish every Sabbath School had a similar institution. We shall not fail to extract from its pages where suitable for our own, in testimony of our appreciation.

REPRESENTATIVE MEN OF UTAH.

Character-sketches and Biography.

PHILIP MARGETTS.

Our popular comedian, Philip Margetts, was born in Warwickshire, England, on the 10th of February 1829. His early life was interspersed with the usual romance which comes in the drama of self-reliant boys. At school we can well imagine our favorite comedian extemporizing a farce of some "Two Oats," to the infinite amusement of his school-fellows; but when he reached the age of twelve there came on a diviner drama of his life, it was the one in which thousands of us Mormon Elders have been devoted actors even from our boyhood. At twelve Philip Margetts became a juvenile in the most legitimate of plays, in which he has never been a comedian but a sterling actor in a diviner part.

Heber C. Kimball and Orson Hyde opened the British mission in the middle of the year 1837 and in 1840 Brigham, with eight more of the Twelve Apostles, arrived in England. About this period the family of the Margetts embraced the gospel of the new dispensation opened a few years previous in the mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith; and in 1841 our esteemed brother Philip came into the Church of Latter-day Saints. Over a quarter of a century of his life has been spent in active usefulness among the people of his adoption, and it must be truly gratifying to him to receive the often manifestations of the public favor, and to know that to-day there is scarcely a man in Utah who has an unkindly feeling toward Philip Margetts.

From the period 1841 until 1850, with the exception of a few months, his life as a mechanic was devoted to the engineering department, duly passing through the different grades of training necessary, to qualify him for the responsible position of engine driver. At the time he was preparing to leave England for America he had reached the position for which he had qualified himself and ran his trains on the tracks of the London and North Western Railway.

Our favorite made up his mind to resign his excellent situation and start for Great Salt Lake City, which he did in January 1850. With his mother and two of his brothers and sister he left Liverpool in the ship *Argo* and landed at New Orleans in March. He passed up the rivers to St. Louis, St. Joseph and Kansasville. He then crossed the plains with ox teams as far as the upper crossing of the Platte. He there left the train by permission and started with his brother Henry and another young man for Great Salt Lake City on foot. In this circumstance there is a touch of adventure. "The trials, privations and incidents which we met on the route," says "Phil," "during our nineteen days' journey, walking most of the time, with little or no food would, perhaps, be interesting to read, but nothing but pleasant to pass through again." As our hero is more emphasized upon the public mind for his powers to charm us into laughter and good humor with ourselves and everybody else we will not break his potency by pathetic touches in his life; and the romance of those three young "greenhorns" from England traveling nineteen days across the plains and Rocky Mountains, we must leave to the imagination of our readers.

On the 5th of November 1850 the subject of our sketch married Miss Elizabeth Bateman and about this time joined the "Nauvoo Brass Band." The members of this historical band organized the first dramatic company of Utah. Our talented friend was one of that corps; the first piece produced was *Robert Macaire*. As it is generally considered a matter of historical interest to have the first programme of every notable institution we present the first cast of the first dramatic company of Utah: Robert Macaire, John Kay; Jacques Strop, II. B. Clawson; Pierre, Philip Margetts; Marie, Miss Orum; Clementina, Miss M. Judd (the present Mrs. M. G. Clawson). This piece was performed in the old Bowery, situated on the South East corner of the Temple Block. Several other plays were also produced during the first theatrical season, and we understand that they were creditably performed by the company.

In 1851 the Musical and Dramatical Company, as it was designated, was re-organized and named "The Deseret Dramatic Association," with Bishop Raleigh as its president. Pieces were cast, written out and rehearsed to prepare for the opening of the Social Hall. In 1852 this historical hall was built, expressly for the intellectual recreation of the Saints and their social amusement, was opened and dedicated, and the classical

play of *The Lady of Lyons* was produced, in which Mr. Margetts appeared in a minor part. The opening of the Social Hall may be said to make an epoch in the development of civilization in the Rocky Mountains, and the birth of the drama in Utah was one of its signs. During the opening season in the Social Hall Mr. Margetts became a favorite as a comic and sentimental singer. He also made a hit as Harry Hammer, in *The Golden Farmer*, Jerry Clip in *The Widow's Victim*, and in various other plays.

Mr. Margetts continued playing with the Dramatic Association every season until the year 1857 when he was called to go to Europe on a mission to preach the Gospel; no longer a comedian, but now an Elder of Israel, sent with the glad tidings of a new revelation from the oracles of Heaven. He started with seventy-two others across the plains. These Elders were known as the "Handcart Company of Missionaries." From Great Salt Lake City to the Missouri River, over one thousand miles, these devoted brethren pulled their handcarts. They then proceeded to England to fulfill their mission.

As a minister of the gospel to the world—as an Elder in Israel to the flock, Philip Margetts was as faithful as he has been efficient in his professional sphere. We are all somewhat different when abroad on missions, for we are living a diviner life and calling, laboring in our Master's holy service. Then, at least, as a rule, the Elders have been men of God and ministers of salvation. Such was brother Philip as a missionary to his native land in 1857-8. Suddenly the rumbling thunder of a "Utah War" was heard, and the press both in America and Europe agitated for a Crusade against the Saints and certain were the predictions of the finale of the Mormon problem, while from our side, both in Zion and abroad, swelled the bold strain in song "The Kingdom of God or Nothing."

At that period Samuel Richards arrived in England as a special messenger from President Young, to call all the Elders from Zion home, except one left to preside over the European mission. This chiefly left the work in Europe in the hands of the native Elders who had not previously gathered, and gave release to Philip Margetts and a host of other brave men, to return to defend the cause of Zion with their lives and their all. Undoubtedly when they left England their expectation was that they should fight the army which was at that time going up against the Saints. But thank the Providence that designed it otherwise, and brought the nation to a better judgment.

(To be Continued.)

ADDITIONAL ATTRACTION.

THE NEXT NUMBER closes the present volume of the *MAGAZINE*. All who wish to continue their subscriptions will please notify us as soon as possible.

The next volume will present the largest amount of reading matter ever given for the money in this Territory. We shall publish a sixteen-page weekly, each page considerably larger than the present, at the unexampled price of \$4.50 per year; out of which small sum we return to clubs, in periodicals and gifts, about \$1.50 to each subscriber.

MUSIC, ETC.

We intend to make the new volume *THE HOME JOURNAL OF THE PEOPLE*. In carrying out this idea, we shall encourage home talent and home progress, in every branch of literature and art. Among other important features, a musical department will be added to the *MAGAZINE*; and we shall publish from time to time the choicest productions of our home musicians, as well as the best selections from standard composers. Our Musical Editor will conduct this department, and will answer all questions on musical subjects.

An entirely new and thrilling story, by one of the greatest writers of the day, will commence with the new volume. "The History of the World, as Illustrated in its Great Characters," expressly written for the *MAGAZINE*, will also appear; with a series of original articles by the Editor and the best writers in the Territory.

We intend that typographically and editorially the *MAGAZINE* shall be surpassed by none. It will present the cheapest and largest amount of reading matter ever published in the Rocky Mountains.

THE DIAMOND STEALERS,

THE STORY OF A FATAL GIFT.

CHAPTER IV.

"I should like to know what has become of poor Mr. Drake," she presently said.

"Can't inform you," answered Cloudsman.

"No, I suppose not."

"Nevertheless, I am desirous of becoming an occupant of his room. Hope the other gentleman will come back."

"I hope so too," returned his companion.

Mrs. Clacket went below, and left her lodger to his own reflections. He waited some time for the re-appearance of the mysterious individual on the first floor, when just as he began to give up the case as hopeless, he observed, through the half-opened door of the parlor, the person in question enter the passage, and pass up stairs.

Mr. Cloudsman immediately arose and followed.

"One word, if you please, sir," he said addressing his fellow-lodger. "I have a favor to ask. I dare say it will not make any difference to you."

"What is it you desire?" said the other, curtly.

"Will you mind changing rooms with me? It is merely to gratify a whim. I will pay you handsomely—in short, anything you may require for the favor."

"I don't choose to give up my room; and, what is more, I won't!" said the first-floor lodger, entering his apartment, and slamming the door in Cloudsman's face.

"He's on the same track as myself!" observed the latter. "What is to be done now? I wonder whether he has found the necklace? Should suppose not, or he would not have returned."

For some days after this rencontre, these two men—Cloudsman and the occupant of Drake's room—most narrowly watched each other's movements. Both were cognizant of this fact, which every day became more and more apparent.

Cloudsman endeavored to ascertain something about the uncourteous gentleman on the first floor. He made inquiries of Mrs. Clacket; told her that he considered him to be a most mysterious personage—a singular being—whom he should like to understand better.

The landlady looked puzzled, and positively averred that she knew nothing more about the party in question beyond the fact of his being a quiet, good lodger—that was all she could say.

The occupant of Drake's room seemed to be equally interested with regard to Cloudsman, about whom he was continually cross-questioning his landlady, who vowed and declared that she had never, in all her experience, met with such a queer pair of lodgers.

One morning, Cloudsman, while still in bed, was perfectly astounded at finding the door of his room opened with a skeleton key; and, before he had time to recover from his first surprise, the mysterious man with the dark eyes sprang upon him, and clapped a pair of handcuffs on his wrists with professional adroitness.

"Resistance is useless," said his assailant. "You are my prisoner."

"Are you mad?" exclaimed Cloudsman. "Your prisoner?"

"Yes; I've been watching for you. Don't think to deceive me. We know you, although you pass under another name. I am Knabsman, the detective."

"Are you?" said the barrister. "Then, Mr. Knabsman, this time you have got the wrong man. I am Mr. Jasper Cloudsman, of Lincoln's Inn."

The detective gave a smile of incredulity, and said, with the most provoking coolness, "You must come with me; so you had better get up and dress yourself;" at the same time he relieved him of one of his handcuffs.

There was no help for it; so Cloudsman obeyed, and suffered himself to be taken in a four-wheeled cab to the police-station.

It so happened that Job Hardcastle had called that morning in Lincoln's Inn, from which place he was just returning, when he caught sight of Mr. Cloudsman in the cab. Job followed the vehicle, with something between a walk and a trot.

He was at the police-station as soon as Mr. Knabsman and his prisoner. Upon the latter alighting, Job uttered an exclamation of surprise, and called him by name.

"Ah, my worthy friend, is it you?" said Cloudsman. "The very man for my purpose. Go, like a good fellow, to my chambers, and tell Mr. Plodd he must return with you at once.

Do you understand? I am arrested, and cannot obtain my lease until some one comes forward to prove my identity."

"Arrested!" exclaimed Job, opening his eyes to their full extent.

"Well I never! Why, Mr. Cloudsman, what be the meaning of this? You in custody? What for?"

"I shall have some difficulty in answering that question. It is enough to know that here I am, under the tender care of celebrated, but blundering, Mr. Knabsman."

"Well, I never!" again ejaculated Job. "Mr. Cloudsman, barrister at law, to be taken up, and brought afore the bench? It ain't reasonable, and it can't be possible!"

"It certainly is, my friend; you are witness of the humiliating fact. Mr. Knabsman is obdurate, and refuses to believe me. Go, therefore, at once for my friend Plodd, and lose no time. Now, be off at once, there's a good fellow. I'll say you well for the service."

"I want no payment," answered Cloudsman's newly found and faithful friend.

Off Job trotted, never pausing to take breath until he arrived at the lawyer's chambers. Mr. Plodd returned with him, and very soon satisfied Mr. Knabsman that he had made a most egregious mistake, and had captured the wrong man.

The detective was deeply mortified, and said, addressing himself to Cloudsman—

"I beg you ten thousand pardons, sir; but these mistakes will occur sometimes with the best of us. I'm sure I am very sorry—"

"Say no more," interrupted the barrister. "I forgive you, Mr. Knabsman, upon one condition only."

"My dear sir, you may command the services of Jem Knabsman."

"Good! Let us return to Shorter's Alley."

They entered the cab once more, and were driven back to the place from whence they came. While they were proceeding along, Cloudsman asked his companion if he had found anything in the room he occupied.

"Found? No!" said the latter.

"No jewels—no necklace?"

"No; certainly not."

Mr. Cloudsman explained everything to his dark-eyed friend, who said, when the narrative was completed, "Well, after all matters will turn out better than we expected. The necklace must be in my room, and, when found, it shall be handed over to you. You are justly entitled to it."

"It seems we now understand one another," observed the barrister, with a smile.

Upon arriving at Shorter's Alley, they both rushed up stairs and proceeded at once to search for the missing jewels, which, however, they did not succeed in finding. Mr. Knabsman began to lose his temper—he grew wrathful. To take up wrong man was enough, but not to be able to find an article which was known to be in the room was too bad. If Knabsman was wrathful, Mrs. Clacket, in her turn was astonished so much so, indeed, that she could restrain herself no longer. She called up from the bottom of the stairs, saying, "For mercy's sake, gentlemen, do tell me what is the matter?"

"Matter, marm," growled the detective, in reply. "Robbery is the matter—felony! A necklace of great value was in the room, and now is nowhere to be found. Has any one been here during my absence?"

"A necklace! I vow and declare I never set eyes upon such a thing. A necklace, indeed! What can a single gentleman want with a trinket like that?"

"That's no business of yours. Don't prevaricate, woman."

"Don't what?"

"Prevaricate—fence!"

"The man's mad! What do you mean by fencing?"

"Now, look here, Mrs. Clacket!" said Mr. Knabsman, in a tone which was peculiar to him, when about to cross-examine any one. "The wisest course for you to adopt will be to speak the truth. Has any one been here?—any stranger? Now do attempt to deceive me, or it may go hard with you."

"Well, yes—there was a woman," stammered out the landlady.

"Confound it, marm, tell us the truth at once!" exclaimed the detective, hastening down stairs, and entering the parlor, whither he was followed by Cloudsman.

"Oh, gentlemen, dear, good gentlemen, I would not wish to have this happen for the world!" said the perturbed Mrs. Clacket. "But, you must know, I certainly did think it a most remarkable circumstance."

"Never mind what you thought!" exclaimed Knabsman. "Confine yourself to the facts."

"Yes, sir, of course—that's what I intend to do. During my absence, a charwoman has been in your room. She commenced cleaning it; when, all at once, to my utter astonishment, Tilda told me she had left it only half done; and that she came down stairs in a flurry, and took herself off."

"Took herself off, eh! Humph! I dare say she's a cunning lady, this charwoman, or thinks herself so; but we must let her out, marm. That's what we must do, before she falls to bad company. Do you see that?"

"Yes, sir."

"I say we must find out this antiquated and peculiarly honest and respectable old party."

"Certainly, sir."

"Where does she live?"

"Eh?"

"Where does this old woman live? Can't you understand a hint in question?"

Mrs. Clacket, as she afterwards observed, was in such a state of frustration that she could not reply; to use her expressive caseology. "Her heart seemed to be in her mouth."

"What is her name? and where does she live?" inquired Mr. Knabsman.

"Her name? Let me see—her name was Naracot, I think. Yes, that was her name. She was a stranger to me. I never employed her before."

"Where does she live?"

"She gave her address to 'Tilda.'"

"The girl was had up and examined. She had lost the paper containing the address, and no one in the house could remember where it was. Nothing was known of the charwoman, beyond the fact of her name being Naracot."

One lodger after another came from their doors, to undergo a searching examination of Mr. Knabsman. They one and all declared they knew nothing of the missing Mrs. Naracot. A detective was beginning to lose all patience; he had not much to spare at any time, even under the most favorable circumstances. He stamped with rage; but this did not bring back the charwoman, whom nobody seemed to know anything about.

Mrs. Clacket wrung her hands.

Mr. Knabsman frowned, and eyed each lodger with an expression of unutterable disgust. He felt himself to be most miserably at fault, but did not choose to confess it.

"Oh, mercy on me, that I should live to see this day!" exclaimed the landlady. "I who have always boasted of having respectable lodgers! What will poor Clacket say when she hears of this?"

"She's got the necklace, safe enough," observed the detective.

"Foiled! baffled! outwitted by an old woman!" exclaimed Cloudsman, striking his clenched fist against his forehead; and being out of the house, he bent his way to his chambers.

"It's no more than I expected, my dear Jasper," said Mr. Plodd, after he had been made acquainted with the issue of the proceedings in Shorter's Alley. "You have lost the substance in running after the shadow. You might have had Isaac Wainwright."

"Might have had! And may, I suppose?"

"Plodd shook his head."

"It is too late, then," said his companion.

"My dear fellow," observed Mr. Plodd, "did I not do all in my power to persuade you to have Miss Wainwright. 'There's a tide in the affairs of man, which, taken at the flood, leads to fortune.' You would not take the current when it would have you; now it is too late. I am engaged to Miss Wainwright."

"I give you joy!" exclaimed Cloudsman, with a generosity which fairly astonished his companion; "joy. Earnest! I've been headstrong and wilful, and am deservedly punished. I've learned a lesson which I shall not easily forget."

Some few months after this, Mr. Cloudsman was Plodd's best man on the interesting occasion of his wedding with the beautiful and wealthy Miss Wainwright.

CHAPTER V.

"What a pure, innocent face!" said Captain Calverley, impulsively, to his companion.

Major Hamilton laughed aloud. "Innocence and purity in a green-room! One would think you were a greenhorn, Calverley."

The handsome Captain bit his lips. It was rarely he exposed himself to ridicule; and in his far from greenhornish state, he felt his friend's sarcasm was merited.

"Is she an actress, then?" he asked, in well-feigned surprise. "Yes; actress or singer—what you will."

Innocence in the green-room, indeed! But the fair face he had just passed had called up the memory of another face—a face last seen white, and pure, and passionless as the driven snow. How could anything that resembled Lucy Mainwaring be otherwise than innocent? He was not such a greenhorn as to make his friend the confidant of the reason of that suppressed sigh; and hastily making some excuse for leaving him, he turned down a street that ran parallel to that down which the girl had passed.

Florence Grainger steadily pursued her way. She had frowned a little, and quickened her pace, as she passed the two officers, for Major Hamilton was well known to her as one of the most unscrupulous of the green-room haunters. She had been conscious of the prolonged gaze of his companion; and feeling pretty sure that the Major and his friend were on a par, her only anxiety was to escape them without molestation.

Florence was hurrying to give her ill-paid singing lesson at a "seminary for young ladies," her thoughts engrossed with the misery she had left at home, and calculating, over and over again, how far her scanty earnings would go towards arresting the starvation that threatened those so dear.

It was the old story. A father mad after speculation. The gradual sinking of his unhappy family from competence to abject want. The sickness that follows in the wake of scant living and wearing anxiety to the last stage, when the mother lay dying on a wretched pallet, her end hastened by the want of the common necessities of life. The father little better. Two young sisters crying for food. The landlord clamorous for rent. And to fight against all this, only Florence and her wondrous voice.

It was not astonishing that she forgot the two gentlemen as soon as they were out of sight; nor that she should be quite unconscious that the Captain followed her, till she stood on the steps of the school-house.

That terrible episode of his wasted life, when he stood by the death-bed of the only woman he had ever really loved, would have wrought a salutary change in most men. But with Captain Calverley, the carelessness and levity that bordered upon profligacy, were too deeply engrained in his character. True, he did not seek out fresh objects of admiration for some time after Lucy's death. But when chance placed them in his way, he pursued them almost as warmly as in former times; and now he tried to persuade himself that it was some impulse of a virtuous kind that caused him to hurry after Florence—some act of atonement towards Lucy.

The Captain's pursuit seemed already to have cast a shadow over Florence's life. Everything went wrong that day; the pupils were unusually provoking; the schoolmistress was cross; she got home late, to find that her mother's sufferings were at an end. Death! But no reprieve for Florence! She might weep, but she must not stay. If she failed to appear that night, the manager would probably dismiss her. She was very late at the theatre. She dared not run, for fear of getting out of breath, for she had to go on first. Some one was standing in the doorway, and, all unknowingly, Florence gave the figure a slight push.

The girl turned sharply.

"It's like your impudence, Grainger!" she cried, in a coarse, harsh voice.

"I beg your pardon," said Florence, meekly, hurrying in.

"What a state you're in!" said the manager, angrily, giving her a by-no means complimentary look. "I declare you're not fit to go on."

Florence said nothing. If she had attempted to give her miserable excuse, she would have broken down outright; so she gulped down the great sob, and went on bathing her eyes.

"What a handsome man!" said the girl who stood in the doorway, to another of the ballet corps. "I wonder if he's up to a lark?"

"No go for you, Fanny," retorted the other. "He has never took his eyes off Grainger since she's come in."

"Well, she's a nice one to make a conquest, I must say!" answered Fanny Naracot. "We'll see if we cannot outstep her, anyway!" and she shot a glance of hatred at the young singer.

When Florence went on for her part, the stranger disappeared from behind the scenes. The jealous eyes of Fanny Naracot, on whom the handsome Captain had made a great impression, noted it. She had always hated Florence, for the difference that she knew there was between them, but to-night her hatred increased tenfold.

"Ah, you're trying to trap him with your airs and graces."

are you?" she muttered, looking savagely at Florence from a chink in the scene; "but I'll foil you this time—I will, if I die for it!" she added, stamping her foot as if she crushed Florence beneath it.

Florence excelled herself that night. It was a pathetic part she had to take, and she sang out of her deep load of grief. There was not a dry eye in the theatre. The manager was delighted. He forgave Florence her red eyes. He forgave even the two great tears that rolled down her cheeks as, with a low wail, she ended her successful song. All eyes followed the pale singer as she disappeared.

A different reception awaited her, however, in the green-room. There were scowls, and cross looks, and jealous mutterings. Florence saw nothing of them; her song had eased her. It was as if she cried forth some of her sorrow, and it had been heard. She had forgotten manager, audience, fellow-actors—all, for a time.

"You've made a good hit to-night. It helps one on, to sing at a fellow, don't it?" said a spiteful voice at her ear.

Florence started, and drew back a little. She had a horror of Fanny Naracot, the ballet-dancer.

"I don't know what you mean," she answered, coldly.

"You mean to pretend you weren't singing and making eyes at him?" said Fanny, indicating, with a jerk of her elbow Captain Calverley, who had again come into the green-room.

"Hush! he will hear you," said Florence, as, glancing in the direction of Fanny's arm, she saw the stranger who had stared so intently at her in the afternoon, with his large, lustrous eyes fixed upon her.

"I'll tell you what, Florence Grainger," cried Fanny, trembling with rage as she saw the glance of recognition; "you're the deepest, wickedest hussy here, in spite of your white face and demure ways. It's all put on—that's what it is!"

Before Florence could reply, Captain Calverley approached her.

"May I be allowed to compliment you on your performance?" he said, in a most fascinating manner. "I was really not prepared for such a treat."

Florence blushed deeply. There was something in his manner that charmed at the same time that it frightened her.

"You are very kind," she said, in a low voice.

"Oh, Miss Grainger's so accustomed to compliments, you must not expect her to be struck all of a heap with what you say," cut in Fanny Naracot.

She might have spared herself the trouble of speaking. The Captain never so much as glanced at her, but stood gazing at Florence.

Fanny was furious. She turned to go, and in passing Florence contrived to catch her thin dress, and make a great rent that exposed poor Florence's not over-tidy under-garments.

She pretended great regret, and in her endeavors to repair the mischief, contrived to attract one look from the handsome Captain.

That night, as Florence went home, two persons dogged her footsteps—Captain Calverley and Fanny Naracot.

"You're late to-night, Fan," said Mrs. Naracot.

"Am I?" replied Fanny, gruffly.

"Anything new, my jewel?"

"Lor', don't bother me, mother. New, no—what should there be new?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Fan," said the charwoman, meekly; "but I thought p'raps as something partickler kep you."

"There, never you mind, mother, what kept me, or what didn't keep me—but give me a bit of supper, and then I'll go to bed. There's rehearsal again to-morrow."

The obedient Mrs. Naracot set about satisfying the wishes of her offspring. Bold, and pert, and blowsy, Fanny was perfection in her eyes; and the good woman honestly believed the theatre could not be kept going without the aid of her child's charms and talents.

Fanny went to bed, but she could not sleep. She had worked herself into a regular frenzy of jealousy about the handsome Captain; and win his notice, in some way or other, she was resolved.

The week that followed the day of her mother's death was the most wretched week of Florence Grainger's life. Toil and struggle as she would, she could not keep the wolf from the door; and yet every night she had to put on a smiling face, and sing, and look gay and happy. She had always hated the life of a professional singer, but now it was becoming insupportable. Fanny Naracot had contrived to get two or three others to join with her to torment Florence. Fanny had no trouble in finding aiders and abettors—there were plenty who hated

Florence cordially, quite as much for her conquest of the handsome Captain, who was so wrapped up in her and so supremely indifferent to them, as for her success on the boards.

"Take my umbrella," said a low voice at Florence's side one Saturday night, the troupe poured out in the pitiless rain.

Florence could not refuse without absolute rudeness; so, for the first time, Captain Calverley gained his desire, walked home with Florence Grainger.

Whatever hesitation he might once have had, he was now resolved now to win the love of the opera girl. He had gone far as that in his reflections—what further object he had in view there would be time to think about by-and-by.

The walk home had never seemed so short to Florence, she blushed even in the darkness when she remembered the stranger had drawn from her all her sad history.

"I have suffered a great deal myself," said the owner of the lustrous eyes. "Let me feel that my trouble has wrought good by urging me to help another in distress."

It was in vain Florence refused. He pleaded so pathetically—it was so entirely out of kindness to him—that at last she accepted the five-pound note.

Perhaps, after all, it was right she should sacrifice her feelings for the sake of those suffering ones, and the money would do them incalculable good.

"I hope you enjoyed your walk home on Saturday," said Fanny, as Florence came in to rehearsal. "It's a pity Moxon has forbid followers at rehearsal."

"Why are you always so cruel, Fanny?" cried Florence petulously, "I have never injured you!"

"You haven't injured me?" Fanny hissed, glaring down at her. "You say you have not injured me? I tell you you have injured me mortally! So now don't put on that look of innocent innocence!"

Florence stared, astonished at her vehemence.

"I love that man!" Fanny went on, forgetting all modesty and her anger—"that new lover of yours! And he would have loved me too if it had not been for your arts and wiles! I'll be revenged on you—on both of you! I gave you what you wanted at the beginning: you wouldn't heed it, but you'll see some day I meant it!"

Florence turned very pale. That new love had been making mighty strides, and threats of vengeance against him were terrible to hear.

Some weeks passed—each day seeing poor Florence engrossed in her devoted love, and Fanny more madly irritated by her jealousy. It was true Captain Calverley spoken to her once or twice when Florence was not by, but had even complimented her on her *pas de deux*; but Fanny understood well enough the sheer carelessness of his manner, and was in vain she plaited and frizzled her jet black hair, spent every available penny on gay ribbons. Florence's dingy brown hair, coiled plainly round her head, was a prisoner the Captain's eyes.

At length Fanny worked herself to such a state that she began to grow thin and pale. Her mother was inconsolable about her; and, at last, wormed out the story of her father's love for the Captain.

It was in vain the charwoman cogitated, and thought, thought, with scrubbing brush suspended in the air; she hit upon no plan which should make the gallant Captain susceptible of her daughter's charms. Love potions were of no fashion, or the widow would have starved herself to purchase one for the Captain's benefit.

But a change was at hand. One evening Fanny came looking brighter than she had done since the night when Captain and Florence vanished under cover of the fringed umbrella.

"I'm going to be prima donna in the pantomime, mother," she said, as she threw aside her bonnet.

"Laws, why you're in luck, Fanny! But I think you always a bit of a favourite with Mr. Moxon."

Fanny's lips curled. "Not much favour in this, any more of the girls don't like floating on a cloud; but I'm frightened!"

"You've a brave heart, Fan—you always had—like poor dear father; but I hope it is not very dangerous."

"Oh, no! Only they're all such a set of poor silly cows. They stared when I said I'd do it, and Mr. Moxon was as like as could be. I'm glad to teach them something of them. He likes bravery, too. I heard him say so to the Grainger girl."

"Well, well, you'll cut her out this time, any way," said mother, consolingly.

Fanny lived in a perpetual flutter from the time of the assignment of the parts till the grand first night. She had taught herself to look upon this as the casting die. If anything could win the Captain's admiration, it was a feat like this. She was resolved he should compliment her, and then she would fall at his feet, and tell him she did it for love of him. Surely, he would not be obdurate. He would transfer his affections, and then she would crush that hateful Grainger—crush her and spurn her in her misery. She had the programme all cut and dried; it was only waiting to be put in action.

Boxing Night came at last, and with it the usual crowds. Captain Calverley was there (he never missed a night now)—so was Major Hamilton—so was Mrs. Naracot.

The widow was in a state of intense excitement. Fanny had not confided the whole of her scheme; but the charwoman knew that she considered her happiness depended on the night's work. Moreover, she was terribly afraid of the material danger for her child. It was to no purpose, Fanny told her that she had gone through it twenty times before at rehearsal. The poor mother trembled from the first moment the pantomime began.

The manager himself was not altogether easy. Nobody but himself and the carpenters knew the real danger.

The corps de ballet joked and chatted, and quizzed and quarreled, as usual; but even they looked on with a little excitement when Fanny came forward to make her final spring, and take her elevated position as Queen of the Clouds.

She looked extremely well. The star-colored dress became her bright complexion, and contrasted admirably with the sparkling eyes and jetty hair.

A murmur of admiration ran through the audience as she came tripping down a mountain path, and many of the girls wished they had clutched this golden opportunity of winning such applause. It was too late now. Fanny had seized the moment. Fanny stood there the centre of attraction. Fanny was their queen, in whose blaze of splendor their charms became as nothing.

Even the handsome Captain gave her a look of admiration, and indolently clapped his hands. Fanny saw the action—caught the glance. Her eyes flashed brighter—a deeper color came to her cheek, and her breath came short and hurried, as she made one light, graceful spring, and mounted on her ethereal throne.

The cloud did not seem to feel its burden, or if it did, it was proud of its Queen. Higher and higher it floated in blue space. Every eye followed it with delight. They praised the actress for her grace and beauty. No one gave a thought to the courage of the poor girl that had thus risked her life. Her companions knew there was danger, but it was with as much curiosity as anxiety that they looked on.

Still, noiselessly and gracefully the cloud floated upwards, with Fanny reclining indolently on the unsubstantial air. Higher still. The Queen gently waved her hand, when suddenly there came a fierce, angry sound of crashing wood. The spectators looked on undismayed; they thought it was part of the fairy scene.

Not so the manager—not so poor Mrs. Naracot. That sound struck on them as a knell. The manager knew his machinery had given way—the mother knew her child was in peril of her life. Quick as light, the crashing sound was followed by a heavy thud. Cloud, Queen, all fell in one mingled heap. There was one wild, piercing cry from the poor crushed Queen, and then, for an instant, utter silence. Only for an instant; then cries and exclamations of sympathy and terror rose loud and high. The manager sprang to where the poor girl lay moaning in agony. At a signal from him, the curtain fell, and shut out idle curiosity.

"The Captain's been here to ask after ye, my darlin'," said Mrs. Naracot, going softly into the room where Fanny lay.

The girl started, and tried to raise herself in bed, in her eagerness to hear; then fell back with a moan of pain.

"What did he say, mother? Tell me every word."

"He said as how it was awful you should have suffered so much from your bravery. He was awful angry with Mr. Moxon, too. He says he's sure as he knew the danger. He's going to get you up a subscription to set you up for life," he says, "now, as you'll never be able to dance again;" and the mother wiped her eyes with the corner of her apron.

"But did he say anything more about me, mother? Did he say that I was a coward?"

"Laws! he talked such a lot about you, I can't remember it all, Fan," Mrs. Naracot replied, anxious, at all hazards, to soothe her.

"Did he say he would come again, mother?"

"Ah, that he did. He said he should be here soon to hear how you was going on, and what the doctor said about your leg. He seemed awful frightened of your being a cripple."

"I must get up and see him next time he comes," said Fanny, after a short pause.

"Well, well; there's plenty of time yet; we'll see about it, Fan. The doctor says ye musn't move yet on no account."

"I don't care what the doctor says; I must see him."

True to his promise, Captain Calverley called again. He was really interested in the fate of the poor dancing girl, whose means of securing a livelihood seemed ruined. But Fanny's vanity interpreted the Captain's kindness differently; she thought her scheme had succeeded, and that at last she had touched the Captain's heart. In spite of her urgent entreaties, her mother had prevented her from getting up to see him the second time he called; but she almost repented her firmness when she saw how Fanny fumed and fretted.

"It's cruel, mother," she said, in one of her most passionate moods, "to deny me the only pleasure that is left me. Fear to make me a cripple! Nonsense, I am a cripple! I know the doctor lies when he says I may be able to get about again with a leg smashed like that!" and she pointed to the bound and aching limb.

"Well Fan, next time you shall get up."

"Next time! P'raps he won't come again! He'll think I don't care about seeing him, and be huffed!"

The Captain did come again; and, in spite of the doctor's warning and her mother's fears, Fanny was up and ready to receive him on the sofa of the little sitting-room.

Captain Calverley was the same kind, careless, indifferent, fascinating man he always was. He made many inquiries respecting Fanny's health, and the probability of her ever being able to resume her occupation. These things Fanny managed to twist into a convincing proof of his affection. She ogled him, and even dared to let her hand rest on his. He did not shake it off; but, more amused than flattered by her persistent offers of love and devotion, suffered it to remain there. He did not actually encourage her in her folly, but he was too idle or too careless to repulse it. When he left, Fanny was in a flutter of excitement. He loved her, she felt sure of it. She might begin her conquest over Florence. However, the premature exertion brought on such a pain and fever, that, for two days, Fanny could think of nothing but her own sufferings. Poor Mrs. Naracot had an ill time of it, but she never murmured. Fan could do no wrong in her eyes; and it was touching to see the poor woman snatch every possible moment from her toil to come and attend upon her child.

"Mother," she said, imperiously, a few days after the Captain's visit, "you must go to the theatre, and tell that Grainger girl to come and see me. I want to talk to her."

"Why, I thought you hated her, Fan? I'm sure I've heard you say so a score of times. She's the Captain's sweet'art, ain't she?"

"Never you mind, mother!" said Fan, gnashing her teeth with rage. "I want to see her, and you must go and tell her so."

Obedient Mrs. Naracot set forth on her mission. A good many of the players had been to see their comrade, but some instinctive fear had made Florence hold aloof. She felt that Fanny knew her secret, and hated her for it.

Florence was intensely, serenely happy. The Captain talked constantly of the day when she should be his wife, and Florence listened and believed. Already he had done much to ameliorate her condition. Her father had rallied with care and good nourishment, and Captain Calverley had obtained him some light employment. The two children had been put to school. So Florence had her time free to devote to her vocation—the Captain.

She was very much surprised when she heard Fanny's message, but she went at once.

Fanny received her smilingly, and seemed anxious to forget all that was disagreeable, and to start on a new footing.

Florence was too happy to bear malice, and so she sat and chatted, and told her all the incidents of the life in the green-room that she could think of to amuse her.

"I suppose Captain Calverley don't come so often now?" said Fanny, carefully looking away from Florence.

Florence started a little. "Hem! I don't know. About the same, I think."

Fanny knitted her brows. "He comes here a good deal," she said.

Now, for some inexplicable reason, Captain Calverley had never mentioned these visits to Florence, and she could not help starting and turning pale.

Fanny had her eyes fixed on her now, and not a single movement escaped her.

"He's done no end of things for me, since I've been ill," she went on; "and I'm sure he seems to question more closely about how I feel than mother herself. What a handsome man he is! I seems never to be tired of looking into his eyes."

She waited a moment, to see if Florence made any answer; but as none came, she rattled on.

"Do you know, I was awful jealous of you at one time! I thought the Captain was struck by your singing. However, he says he likes dancing better than music;" and Fanny gave a malicious laugh.

Florence still sat silent, looking very white. Fanny's words were agony. If Captain Calverley really had no evil motives in those visits, why had he so studiously concealed the fact of them from her?

Fanny watched her with delight. "You look quite pale," she said. "I expect this room's too warm for you."

"It is rather close," Florence said, faintly. "I think I must go now."

"You will come again, won't you? It's so dull lying here; and I like to hear how you all goes on. You'll promise to come?"

Florence promised anything to get away and be alone.

She had not gone very far, when who should she see coming towards her but Captain Calverley. He was going to the Naracots! So all Fanny had said was true!

Her first impulse was to turn and avoid him; but the Captain's eye was too keen. He had seen her. So she had no choice but to wait till he came up.

The change in her manner struck him instantly. Florence could not look up in his face and smile, as was her custom. She was deadly pale, and it was an effort to keep back the tear.

Captain Calverley looked at her earnestly for a moment.

"What is it, Florence?" he said, staying the hand that was about to take his arm, and holding it in his.

"Nothing," murmured Florence.

"You would not cry for nothing, Florence," he said, gravely. "Tell me, honestly, what troubles you?"

"It troubles me that you have not behaved honestly to me!" Florence burst out passionately, snatching away her hand.

The Captain looked staggered. His conscience was not clear enough to bear such a charge unmoved.

"What do you mean, child?"

"I mean that, while you have been pretending to love me, you loved Fanny Naracot all the time."

"Is that all?" said the Captain, immensely relieved. "We will soon get rid of that bugbear, little one. Come—don't let's stand here!" And Florence, all unresisting, allowed him to place her hand on his arm and lead her away.

"The idea of that conceited little vixen?" the Captain chuckled. "And has she told you this clever story herself, Florence?"

"She told me you had been there constantly, and had done everything for her; and that once she had been jealous of me, but now she was not."

"She said that, did she, darling mine? And you were silly enough to believe her?"

Florence hung her head.

"I thought you had more trust in me, little one," said the Captain, in an injured tone of voice. "However, we will not talk about that. Yes, it is quite true that I have been several times to the Naracots since the girl's accident. I was sincerely sorry for her. I thought she was rather affectionate, to tell the truth; but I let the poor wretch amuse herself. She shall be punished now, though. The idea of such malice! She thought she was going to make a quarrel between you and me; but it will want some one cleverer than Miss Naracot to do that."

"Then you don't really care for her?" said Florence, beseechingly.

"No; I care for no one but you, Florence. Do you believe me?"

What would not Florence have believed from him?

She could only beg forgiveness, and promise never, never to doubt again.

Some time passed after that before Captain Calverley called upon the Naracots again. He sent them some money that he had collected for them, and wrote a few lines at the same time.

Fanny lived upon that scrap of paper for days after. The egregious vanity of the girl found food in the simplest circumstances.

Captain Calverley was determined to punish her for her cruelty to Florence, and it was part of his plan not to deceive her yet as to his real sentiments.

Florence had not had courage to go again.

Fanny was thinking whether it was not time to send for her, on some pretext, to show her the Captain's letter; but she resolved to wait a little longer.

At last the Captain came. He did not stay very long, and Fanny fancied his manner was less cordial.

How she fumed and fretted after his departure. How she worried her poor mother with what the Captain said and how the Captain looked.

"I think he despises us, mother, because we are so poor. I saw him looking round the room very scornful like. Oh, if I was only able to dance again, I would get rich! He should love me—I vow he should!"

Poor Mrs. Naracot would only too willingly have got rich immediately at Fanny's desire. But, char as hard as she would, the result was small.

She became a little, a very little, less honest than she used to be. She would not have taken a great thing for the world; but bits of lace and riband, or a dirty flower, did so please poor Fan! I am afraid; if any cash-box had been left open in her way, it would have fared badly.

The next time the Captain called, he was with a friend. Fanny had been worse that day, and thinking there was no chance of his coming, had not left her bed. Her mother was out at work; so one of the women lodging in the house had shown the gentlemen up, and then left them to tell Fanny.

It was in vain she fumed. She could not dress herself and get into the next room alone. The woman was surly, because she got grumbling instead of thanks, for her neighborly kindness, and so went angrily down stairs, and left Fanny to shift for herself.

Captain Calverley and his friend were talking together. She could hear that. If she could not see him, at least she could strain her ears to catch each precious word.

The friend was talking and laughing at something Calverley had said; and she heard the Captain say, in answer, "They'll never catch me, depend upon it."

"Well, I don't know," replied the other. "You'll get caught some day. What are you here for? Every one knows the girl's as fond of you as she can be."

"They all are," replied the Captain. "I've been persecuted by the women since my youth upwards."

His friend laughed immoderately. Fanny managed to get hold of the door and open it wider. The Captain's ear caught the faint creak. Now was the time for the daring Fanny to be castigated.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE CARD FOUND AT THE SECOND GUESS.

Offer the cards to any one, and let him draw one. You then hold the cards behind your back, and tell him to place his card on the top. Pretend to make a great shuffling, but only turn that card with its back to the others, still keeping it at the top. Then hold up the cards with their faces towards the spectator, and ask him if the bottom card is his. While doing so, you inspect his card at your leisure. He of course denies it, and you begin shuffling again furiously. "Let me do that," he will probably say; so, as you are perfectly acquainted with his card, you let him shuffle as much as he likes, and then, when you get the cards back again, shuffle until his card is at the bottom. Then pass them behind your back, make a rattling noise with them, and show him his own card at the bottom.

ANSWER TO NO. 17, PAGE 232.

ENIGMA, BY D. MOUNTAIN DELL. — E. L. T. Harrison.
PUZZLE. Fowl, owl, wolf, ed by Google

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VOL. 2

POETRY

HAPPY DAYS.

Come back—come back—thou youthful time!

When joy and innocence were ours,

When life was in its vernal prime,

And redolent of sweets and flowers.

Come back! and let us roam once more,

Free-hearted through life's pleasant ways.

And gather garlands as of yore.

Come back—come back—ye happy days!

Come back—come back!—'twas pleasant then

To cherish Faith in Love and Truth,

For nothing in dispraise of men

Had sour'd the temper of our youth;

Come back!—and let us still believe

The gorgeous dream romance displays,

Nor trust the tale that men deceive.

Come back come back—ye happy days!

Come back, oh freshness of the past!

When every face seemed fair and kind,

When sunward every eye was cast,

And all the shadows fell behind.

Come back! 'twill come: true hearts can turn

Their own Decembers into Mays;

The secret be it ours to learn,

They come—they come—those happy days!

HAROLD,

THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CONCLUDED.

Close by his banner, amidst the piles of the dead, William the Conqueror pitched his pavilion, and sate at meat. And over all the plain, far and near, torches were moving like meteors on a marsh; for the duke had permitted the Saxon women to search for the bodies of their lords. And as he sate, and talked and laughed, there entered the tent two humble monks; their lowly mine, their dejected faces, their homely serge, in mournful contrast to the joy and the splendor of the Victory-Feast.

They came to the conqueror and knelt.

"Rise up, sons of the Church," said William, mildly, "for sons of the Church are we! Deem not that we shall invade the rights of the religion which we have come to avenge. Nay, on this spot we have already sworn to build an abbey that shall be the proudest in the land, and where masses shall be sung evermore for the repose of the brave Normans who fell in this field, and for mine and my consort's soul."

"Doubtless," said Odo, sneering, "the holy men have heard already of this pious intent, and come to pray for cells in the future abbey."

"Not so," said Osgood mournfully, and in barbarous Norman: "we have our own beloved convent at Waltham, endowed by the prince whom thy arms have defeated. We come to ask but to bury in our sacred cloisters the corpse of him so lately king over all England—our benefactor Harold."

The duke's brow fell.

"And see," said Ailred, eagerly, as he drew out a leathern pouch, "we have brought with us all the gold that our poor crypts contained, for we misdoubted this day," and he poured out the glittering pieces at the conqueror's feet.

"No!" said William, fiercely, "we take no gold for a traitor's body; no, not if Githa, the usurper's mother, offered us its weight in the shining metal; unburied be the Accursed of the Church, and let the birds of prey feed their young with his carcass!"

Two murmurs, distinct in tone and in meaning, were heard in that assembly: the one of approval from fierce mercenaries, insolent with triumph the other of generous discontent and indignant amazement from the large majority of Norman nobles.

But William's brow was still dark, and his eye still stern; for his policy confirmed his passions; and it was only by stigmatizing, as dishonored and accursed, the memory and cause of the dead king, that he could justify the sweeping spoliation of those who had fought against himself, and confiscate the lands to which his own queens and warriors looked for reward.

The murmurs had just died into a thrilling hush, when a woman, who had followed the monks unperceived and unheeded, passed, with a swift and noiseless step, to the duke's footstool; and, without bending knee to the ground, said in a voice, which, though low, was heard by all—

"Norman, in the name of the women of England, I tell thee that thou dar'st not do this wrong to the hero who died in defense of their hearths and their children!"

Before she spoke she had thrown back her hood; her hair, disheveled, fell over her shoulders, glittering like gold, in the blaze of the banquet-lights; and that wondrous beauty, without parallel amid the dames of England, shone like the vision of an accusing angel, on the eyes of the startled duke and the breathless knights. But twice in her life Edith beheld that awful man. Once, when roused from her reverie of innocent love by the holiday pomp of his trumps and banners, the childlike maid stood at the foot of the grassy knoll; and once again, when in the hour of his triumph, and amid the wrecks of England on the field of Sanguelac, with a soul surviving the crushed and broken heart, the faith of the lofty woman defended the Hero Dead.

There, with knee unbent, and form unquailing, with marble cheek and haughty eye, she faced the conqueror; and, as she ceased, his noble barons broke into bold applause.

"Who art thou?" said William, if not daunted at least amazed. "Methinks I have seen thy face before; thou art not Harold's wife or sister?"

"Dread lord," said Osgood, "she was the betrothed of Harold; but, as within the degrees of kin, the Church forbade their union, and they obeyed the Church."

Out from the banquet throng stepped Mallet de Graville. "O my liege," said he, "thou hast promised me lands and earldom; instead of these gifts undeserved, bestow on me the right to bury and to honor the remains of Harold; to-day I took from him my life, let me give all I can in return—a grave!"

William paused, but the sentiment of the assembly, so clearly pronounced, and it may be his own better nature which, ere polluted by plotting craft, and hardened by despotic ire, was magnanimous and heroic, moved and won him.

"Lady," said he, gently, "thou appealest not in vain to Norman knighthood: thy rebuke was just, and I repent me of a hasty impulse. Mallet de Graville, thy prayer is granted; to thy choice be consigned the place of burial, to thy care the funeral rites of him whose soul hath passed out of human judgment."

The feast was over; William the Conqueror slept on his couch, and round him slumbered his Norman knights, dreaming of baronies to come; and still the torches moved dimly to and fro the waste of death, and through the hush of night was heard near and far the wail of women.

Accompanied by the brothers of Waltham, and attended by link-bearers, Mallet de Graville was yet engaged in the search for the royal dead—and the search was vain. Deeper and stiller, the autumnal moon rose to its melancholy noon, and lent its ghastly aid to the glare of the redder lights. But, on leaving the pavilion, they had missed Edith; she had

gone from them alone, and was lost in that dreadful wilderness. And Ailred said despondingly—

"Perchance we may already have seen the corpses we search for, and not recognized it; for the face may be mutilated with wounds. And therefore it is that Saxon wives and mothers haunt our battle-fields, discovering those they search by signs not known within the household."

"Ay," said the Norman, "I comprehend thee, but the letter or device, in which, according to your customs, your warriors impress on their own forms some token of affection, or some fancied charm against ill."

"It is so," answered the monk; "wherefore I grieve that we have lost the guidance of the maid."

While thus conversing they had retraced their steps, almost in despair, towards the duke's pavilion.

"See," said De Graville, "how near you lonely woman hath come to the tent of the duke—yea to the foot of the holy gonfanon, which supplanted 'the Fighting Man'! *Pardee*, my heart bleeds to see her striving to lift up the heavy dead!"

The monks neared the spot, and Osgood exclaimed in a voice almost joyful—

"It is Edith the Fair! This way, the torches hither, quick!"

The corpses had been hung in irreverent haste from either side of the gonfanon, to make room for the banner of the conquest, and the pavilion of the feast. Huddled together, they lay in that holy bed. And the woman silently, and by the help of no light save the moon, was intent on her search. She waved her hand impatiently as they approached, as if jealous of the dead: but as she had not sought, so neither did she oppose, their aid. Moaning low to herself she desisted from her task, and knelt watching them, and shaking her head mournfully, as they removed helm after helm, and lowered the torches upon their stern and livid brows. At length the lights fell rear and full on the ghastly face of Ilaco—proud and sad as in life.

De Graville uttered an exclamation: "The king's nephew: be sure the king is near!"

A shudder went over the woman's form, and the moaning ceased.

They unhelm another corpse; and the monks and the knight, after one glance, turned away sickened and awe-stricken at the sight: for the face was a defeated and mangled with wounds; and naught could they recognize save the ravaged majesty of what had been man. But at the sight of that face a wild shriek broke from Edith's heart.

She started to her feet—put aside the monks with wild and angry gesture, and bending over the face sought with her long hair to wipe from it the clotted blood; then, with convulsive fingers, she strove to loosen the buckler of the breast-mail. "No, no," she gasped out. "He is mine—mine now!"

Her hands bled as the mail gave way to her efforts: the tunic beneath was all dabbled with blood. She rent the folds, and on the breast just above the silenced heart, were punctured in the old Saxon letters, the word "EDITH;" and just below, in characters more fresh, the word "ENGLAND."

"See, see!" she cried in piercing accents; and clasping the dead in her arms, she kissed the lips and called aloud, in words of the tenderest endearments, as if she addressed the living. All there knew

then that the search was ended; all knew that the eyes of love had recognized the dead.

"Wed, wed," murmured the betrothed, "wed at last! O Harold, Harold! the fates were true and kind," and laying her head gently on the breast of the dead, she smiled and died.

At the east end of the choir in the abbey of Waltham, was long shown the tomb of the last Saxon king, inscribed with the touching words—"Harold Infelix." But not under that stone, according to the chronicler who should best know the truth, mouldered the dust of him in whose grave was buried an epoch in human annals.

"Let his corpse," said William the Norman, "let his corpse guard the coast, which his life madly defended. Let the seas wail his dirge, and girdle his grave; and his spirit protect the land which hath passed to the Norman's sway."

And Mallet de Graville assented to the word of his chief, for his knightly heart turned into honor the latent taunt; and well he knew, that Harold could have chosen no spot so worthy his English spirit and his Roman end.

The tomb at Waltham would have excluded the faithful ashes of the betrothed, whose heart had broken on the bosom she had found; more gentle was the grave in the temple of Heaven, and hallowed by the bridal death dirge of the everlasting sea.

So, in that sentiment of poetry and love, which made half the religion of the Norman knight, Mallet de Graville suffered death to unite those whom life had divided. In the holy burial-ground that encircled a small Saxon chapel, on the shore, and near to the spot on which William had leaped to land, one grave received the betrothed; and the tomb of Waltham only honored an empty name.

Eight centuries have rolled away, and where is the Norman now? or where is not the Saxon? The little urn that sufficed for the mighty lord is despoiled of his very dust; but the kingly shade of the mighty freeman still guards the coast, and rests upon the seas. In many a noiseless field, with Thoughts for Armies, your relics, O Saxon heroes, have won back the victory from the bones of the Norman saints; and whenever, with fairer fates, Freedom opposes Force, and Justice, redeeming the old defeat, smites down the armed Frauds that would consecrate the wrong—smile, O soul of our Saxon Harold, smile, appeased, on the Saxon's land!

THE END.

REPRESENTATIVE MEN OF UTAH.

Character-sketches and Biography.

PHILIP MARGETTS.

(Concluded.)

While Mr. Margetts was in England the writer became acquainted with him, and from that day has ever found brother Philip a good and true man. A large room was fitted up in the house of H. E. Bowring, with a stage and good scenery, painted by that excellent artist William V. Morris, and the place of performance was called "Bowring's Theatre." This association was at length broken up in consequence of most of its members belonging to the Deseret Dramatic Association,

which again opened performances in the Social Hall. The company played during a short season, producing some good pieces, and Philip Margetts by this time had established for himself the reputation of a good comedian. After the close of this season there was no more public theatricals in Salt Lake until the opening of our great theatre in 1861.

Although the magnificent theatre built for the people by President Young was opened by the performances of an amateur company, it soon assumed a professional character, and Philip Margetts at once became the people's favorite in comedy. He was in fact, in his cast in the public mind, already a professional man and no amateur. He did, however, still follow his calling as a blacksmith until December 1866, when he was compelled to give up his shop and turn his attention exclusively to the profession of the stage.

HENRY E. BOWRING.

The frequent association of the names of Margetts and Bowring in the history of home theatricals, renders a notice of the above gentleman in this connection very timely.

Bowring and Margetts in times past in Utah have stood together much in the same relationship as Paul Bedford and Wright to London audiences. Bowring's Theatre too, though not of magnificent proportions, was a fact before the professional inauguration of the stage under managers Clawson and Cairne; and at that time supplied a much felt need in public amusements. The following brief sketch of the antecedents of our subject, is presented principally as illustrative of the history of thousands of our Elders previous to their entry upon the engrossing struggle for a life in these mountains.

Henry E. Bowring was born in Stratton, Dorset-shire, England, March 11th, 1821. His family removed from Weymouth to Bath when he was about twenty years of age, leaving the young man in possession of the father's business as a coach builder. His brother William soon became connected with the Latter Day Saints, having been brought into the Church by the celebrated "rough" Thomas Smith of England, well known in Mormon history. William was almost as unique a character as Smith himself, though of a different type.

At the time that talented man John Halliday presided over the South Conference, "Bowring Brothers" carried on a large coach-builders establishment in Warrminster. The writer was with them and in the Church. It was about the date 1817-8. T. B. H. Stenhouse was then opening Southampton—William Bowring was about to lay siege to Warrminster. One of Stenhouse's boys of eighteen stood quite a veteran in the little army of three which my cousin led. This is another example how very generally the churches in Europe were built up by boys.

From the date of Henry Bowring's baptism, by his brother William, Mormonism spread like fire in the country around, until the clergy, the gentry, and the farmers, who supported the coach building establishment, conspired to break up the firm, when a compromise was made, and the two Mormon brothers gave up the business to the father and the younger brother, and went into the ministry as travelling elders to preach the Gospel of the new dispensation. William took Sheerness, and Harry Chatham, where he often suffered for the lack of sufficient food. He was next sent to open Dublin with Sutherland, and during his six years stay there, principally supported the work with his means. He was known as the best coach trimmer in Dublin, and was the president of their society, numbering 500 men. The most of his means at this time was spent on the cause.

There are many in Utah who can remember Henry Bowring in England and Ireland, as a devoted advocate of our great and common cause. After his ordination by John Halliday, he boldly preached the Gospel to his gay companions, the gentry of the town, and willingly sacrificed his splendid business for the sake of his religion. In Ireland he was the same. Noted there for his skill and the carriage which he trimmed for the London exhibition of 1851, he was not less noted for his support of Mormonism in Dublin, over which he presided. After lavishing his earnings upon Mormonism, he at last sold his clothes to raise means to emigrate by the hand-cart companies. He drew his cart 1300 miles, and arrived in Salt Lake City in Capt. McArthur's train. Since then his general life is well known in this city. Like the rest of us he has his faults, and his virtues. Bowring's Theatre, anyway, was a fact in the early days of theatricals in Utah, and his connection with the stage an item of history. Hence this sketch.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1869.

TO OUR PATRONS.

The present Volume concludes the Second Volume of the Magazine, and completes the quantity due to those who subscribed for one year.

Our next volume will contain four pages more reading matter weekly than the present Magazine; this will give us the opportunity we have long desired of giving a greater space to solid and scientific matter without injuring the story department.

With the extra space thus at our command, we shall resume our original programme of making the Magazine an Educator of the people. Among other solid and instructive articles we shall present The History of the World Illustrated in its Great Characters, written expressly for the Magazine; also an able series of articles on the Historical growth of Nations and their Civilizations by Elder Eli B. Kelsey.

The members of musical choirs and patrons of music generally will be glad to learn that we shall publish from time to time, the most popular music of the day, as well as the best compositions of our home musicians.

The immortal "SAXEY," and the no less illustrious "BYJINGO" of *Keepapitchin'* in fame, together with "OUR HIRED MAN," are engaged for our new volume, and will present from time to time their budgets of wit and humorous satire.

To these departments of home talent in History, Music, Poetry and Fun, we shall add a first-class, new sensational story, never before published, by one of the greatest writers of modern times. But mainly we shall seek to give the MAGAZINE a solid character, and render it an embodiment of the great facts and discoveries of modern science, and a representative of the foremost ideas of the age.

With home and foreign literary help combined, and the best typographical aid we can procure, and by publishing at a price far below anything ever attempted in Utah, we hope, with the aid of our friends, to make home-made literature attractive and accessible to all.

We go at this work as missionaries for intelligence and truth. Was the accumulation of money our purpose, we should never invest labor or capital in such an undertaking, when, as everybody of experience knows; capital can be invested in twenty ways far better pecuniary advantage; but we have an ambition to aid in the diffusion of that general intelligence which is to form one of the great stepping-stones to the future greatness and influence of our Zion.

We ask all our friends, who believe with us in the benefits to a people to be derived from the spread of knowledge, to aid us by their influence, good word, and kind example, to this end.

E. L. T. HARRISON, } Publishers.
W. S. GODBE.

REPRESENTATIVE BOYS OF UTAH

Character-Sketches and Biography.

BY SAXEY.

SAXEY—Continued.

Why it is that talented authors and editors are eternally waging war with bachelors or against them is one of the incomprehensible natural facts that cannot be defined by the Rule of Three or any other mathematical mode of demonstrating self-evident truths, unless it be that those unfortunate beings (editors) are, more or less, always married.

The dance was evidently coming to a close, as the fiddlers began to intersperse a great many yawns into their music and evince other positive hints that Morpheus was slowly but surely weaving his unconscious net around them. They probably would have dropped right off their seats, overcome with fatigue, had not the committee offered them a bushel and a half of "rooter-beggars" to cheer up for an hour longer. The offer had the desired effect; instead of slow tunes, as heretofore—like "Old Grimes is dead, that good old man,"—was instituted instead, the "Arkansas Traveler," "Dixie Land," and "High Old Time on Cottonwood," which brought the dance to a happy termination; everybody being awake to the importance of looking after their "gals" in order to see that any other "feller" did not take upon himself the responsibility of seeing some other body's lady home. About this time the hubbub and cry was raised that some gentleman's boots had mysteriously absquatulated! A search was immediately inaugurated, resulting in the discovery of the missing articles just outside the door, the owner (after they were found) distinctly remembering having left them there at the suggestion of the floor-manager who didn't think there was room *inside* for them and the dance too. This little incident gave rise to many remarks about "big feet," "powerful understandings," and other gentle hints of a personal character that seemed to slightly discomfit the aforesaid suspicious individual, who, through the weakness of memory, had inadvertently accused some one in the company, of all hands, of "hooking" his boots, or judging from their size they might more appropriately be termed the cases that boots usually are imported in.

There is no good reason why persons with large feet, big noses, extended mouths, or other physical peculiarities, should be made the subjects of ridicule and jest by their fellow creatures, but such things are indulged in more or less by a great many shallow minded persons, and it is confidently hoped that the Female Relief Societies or some other charitable organization will do all in their power to bring this practice into a high state of disrepute. It don't look well for a little snubby, sway-backed nose, to turn itself up in contempt at the sight of a well developed high toned, Roman proboscis; neither should a near sighted, "cock-eye," say aught lightmindedly to the squinting or goggle-eye; nor should a diminutive, little insignificant, puckered up mouth, twist itself menacingly at beholding one whose boundaries extend, like a poor man's lease, from one year to the other. All these peculiarities are necessary to form the great and endless variety in life.

It is the writers unbiassed opinion that red headed girls are sweet tempered and amiable, as it is

that spotted mules are beautiful and kickish, but this class of females have always been persecuted and accused of possessing very bad, high tempers, and pugilistic inclinations; some going so far as to say that red headed women's husbands soon grow bald and appear dejected in their spirits and thoroughly conquered in their actions. Reader, don't you believe any such a thing, for there is no more truth in that sign than there is in planting potatoes in the dark of the moon, or weaning a child by the zodiacal rule. The author was weaned by the Zodiac and has not recovered it to this day. The reason why so much space has been occupied with this subject of red hair, has been to prepare the reader for the announcement that Saxey's partner at the dance was red-headed, notwithstanding which she got a little miffed at something said about it in a joke, by Saxey, and evinced her amiability by going home with a sandy "complected," emaciated looking, hatchet-faced "feller," whom she subsequently promised to marry, and afterwards subsequently didn't, owing to the unavoidable removal of the young man for a couple of years to the country residence of Mr. A. P. Rockwood, on the bench, (Penitentiary) where in all probability he stayed over night, if the victuals suited him.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN VOL. III.]

GENERAL NOTICE.

Owing to the amount of preparation necessary for the enlarged issue of the MAGAZINE, and the time necessary to get our proposition fully before the Territory, and the returns properly in, it may take two or three weeks before we shall be ready to issue the new volume.

Should such be the case, we solicit the kind indulgence of our friends. Our specimen copy will be issued at the earliest possible moment.

MONTHLY INSTALMENTS TAKEN FOR THE NEW VOLUME!!

Our terms for the next volume are, of course, for cash in advance; but to meet the circumstances of a great many who are desirous of taking it but cannot raise the whole amount at once, we will supply the MAGAZINE for fifty cents a month in advance, when ordered for the year. This will cost the subscriber a trifle more for the whole year, but the increase of price will not be worth as much to us as the whole of the money in advance, at the lower figure.

Monthly Instalments Accepted from Clubs.

We will also accept monthly instalments from clubs, and give them all the advantages of the donations of Eastern and English periodicals promised, provided they forward us one dollar per member to begin with, and the getter-up of the club signs a paper promising to forward the balance in ten instalments, at the rate of fifty cents per member per month, every month in advance. The necessary forms for filling up can be had from the office on application.

Of course to clubs of this kind there can be no cash allowance for the getter up of the club; but we will forward him an extra copy free, for himself, for his trouble and responsibility in forwarding the monies monthly.

With this arrangement, there can be no reason why every settlement should not have at least one or two clubs of twenty persons, each with the advantage of the fine library of periodicals for their amusement and profit, offered with the MAGAZINE.

Such clubs should send on their orders at once, and give us an opportunity to forward the periodicals promised as soon as possible.

THE DIAMOND STEALERS,

THE STORY OF A FATAL GIFT.

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

"I'll tell you what, Thornton," she heard the Captain say, after a pause; "this is about the most ridiculous piece of work I've been engaged in yet. The girl is poor as a rat, a cripple to boot, and she thinks I'm in love with her! There's no doubt she's in love with me, as you say. Now, what would you advise me to do with such a little fool?"

"Cut and run out of her way," said Thornton.

"Pshaw! she's not worth the trouble. The girl's as senseless as she is conceited. I'll amuse myself a little longer; and then, unless she turns out to be a concealed heiress, I'll tell her just what I think."

Fanny fell back on her pillow at those last words. The Captain's punishment was cruel. But if he thought he had crushed that bold spirit, he was mistaken. Fanny succumbed for a moment only, to rise with renewed fury to goad herself on in search of revenge. She had threatened, and he should see, if she was a fool, she was a dangerous one! Oh, if she could feign possession of a fortune only for a few moments, perhaps he would ask her to marry him then.

Mrs. Naracot was quite alarmed when she came home and found what a state of tremor Fanny was in.

"Mother, I must have money, do you hear? I must have it. I tell you, or I shall go mad! If I am rich, the Captain will marry me. I heard him say so. You must get money, mother, if you don't want to see me die!"

In vain poor Mrs. Naracot soothed and caressed.

Fanny kept on the same wild strain all night—"Money, money, or she would die!"

The charwoman went to work next day, feeling that she could almost steal to quiet Fanny. Before she went away she gave a little girl a few pence to look after her. She felt quite fidgety at her excited state.

Fanny lay staring blankly at the opposite wall for some hours after her mother left. Suddenly she started up, and called to the child to bring her pen and paper. After a good deal of searching, the child found a scrap of paper, and then went down stairs to borrow ink.

Fanny was not by any means a ready writer, and even after the infinite contortions and intense labor she bestowed on the scrawl, it was almost illegible.

"Florence is such a good scholar, she'll be able to make it out," she said, ~~half-mad~~, and then she hurried the child off with orders to find Miss Grainger, and give her that.

While the child was gone, Fanny staggered from her bed. She got something from one of the drawers—a little phial. Then she crawled back, and lay staring again. It seemed as if her threats to her mother were no idle ones, and she began herself to think she was going mad. The poor weak brain was overcharged with its load of vanity, mad jealousy, and unutterable shame. She did not know exactly why she wanted to see Florence. She had only some confused idea of revenge.

Very reluctantly Florence obeyed the summons. The child said that Fanny was much worse—almost dying; and Florence was too kind-hearted to let her anger endure. She was quite shocked when she entered the room.

"Surely you ought to send for your mother," said Florence "if you feel so much worse?"

"No, no, it is nothing; and she's gone to some new place to-day—I forgot where."

Florence moved about gently, putting the room tidy.

"Come and talk," said Fanny, peevishly. "I want to hear about you all."

Florence gave her the latest gossip.

"Now tell me about the Captain," said Fanny, in a strange voice: "Does he still make love to you?"

Florence hesitated.

"Tell me!" repeated Fanny.

"Yes," murmured Florence.

"Curses on him, then!" she hissed—"curses on him, and on you, too! You have conspired together to deceive me."

"Fanny, Fanny," said Florence, trembling, "I never deceived you!"

Fanny made no answer for a few minutes.

"Does he say he's going to marry you?" she said, in a hoarse whisper.

Florence felt it was better to say the truth at once.

"Yes," she said, softly, hiding her face from those angry eyes.

Fanny raised herself slowly on her pillow, though the pain was so intense that large drops of agony ran off her forehead. "Listen to me, Florence Grainger! You shall never marry that man! I have sworn it!"

Florence shuddered at her vehemence. Her sense told her that Fanny had no power to prevent her marriage, and yet a thrill of horror ran through her.

Fanny lay perfectly silent for some time after the last words. She quivered as if in pain. At last she uncovered her face. "Go down and call the child," she said, faintly.

Florence went, relieved to get out of her sight. She was obliged to go down two flights of stairs to make the child hear. Fanny listened intently to her retreating footsteps; and then, in spite of the agony that made her writhe, she searched for the phial under her pillow, and poured some drops into the glass beside her. She had scarcely sunk back again, when Florence returned. "Go and fetch mother," she said, feebly.

"I don't know where she is, miss," said the child, in a frightened tone.

"Go!" said Fanny, fiercely; and, terrified, the child went out, and sat down on the stairs. Fanny fell back exhausted, and Florence took up the glass by the bedside, and held it to her lips. She took a sip, and then forcibly threw herself from Florence's supporting arm. "You have poisoned me!" she cried. "You have put something in the water while you were sitting there!"

It was in vain Florence denied, in horror.

"You know you have!" Fanny reiterated with fierce fury. "If you have not, drink some yourself!"

Unhesitatingly, Florence took up the glass.

"How can you suspect me of such a fearful crime?" she said.

Fanny watched her as she drank: her gaze was like a tiger's, feasting on the prey for which there was no escape.

"Now do you believe me?" said Florence, as she set down the half-emptied glass.

Fanny laughed a low, mocking laugh.

"Yes, now I believe!" she whispered. "Give me the rest."

She seemed to gather all her remaining strength to gulp down the liquid, and then the glass fell from her powerless hand.

A strange change had come over Florence's face since she had drunk to prove her innocence. Her features twitched convulsively, the foam gathered on her lips; another minute, and she sank on the ground.

At this instant, hasty steps were heard upon the staircase, and Mrs. Naracot entered, flushed and smiling.

She looked a little shocked to see Fanny's prostrate state, but she was too full of joy to pay much heed.

"Good luck at last, Fan! You shall be a lady yet, my girl! Look here!"—and she held up a chain of stones that, even in that dark, dreary room, shone with a strange brilliancy.

"Mother, mother! what are they?"

"Diamonds, my darlin'—diamonds, as sure as I'm a living woman! I didn't live all my life with a pawnbroker not to know diamonds when I see 'em!"

Fanny gazed fixedly at the shining stones; but the eyes that beheld them were getting duller and dimmer every moment.

"Now, we'll have the Captain down upon his knees!" said the mother, exultingly. "They're yours, Fan, and I came honestly by 'em my girl! I found them under the hearthstone where I've been to work."

No question as to whether such finding constituted rightful possession made Fanny silent.

At last, her mother, frightened at her stony gaze, laid her rough hand upon her arm. "Ain't you glad Fan? Say you're grateful to your poor old mother! We'll all be happy now!"

"Too late, mother—too late!" Fan gasped. "I'm dying!"

"Dying?—when the money's come! When you're going to have your revenge! Never say it, Fan!"

"There's my revenge!" Fanny murmured pointing to the side of the bed opposite to where the widow stood.

Mrs. Naracot leant forward to look over.

"Flora Grainger's dead!"

"Dead!" Fanny murmured like an echo, and she fell back on the pillow.

Mrs. Naracot's screams brought all the other tenants crowding to the room. She could not answer their wild questioning, but, with pale face and starting eyes, pointed to the dead girl.

They hurried off for the doctor. He came. Too late again! Fanny Naracot had breathed her last sigh. He turned to where the inanimate body of poor Florence lay, just as she had fallen. One look sufficed. He shook his head.

"Gone beyond recall!" Then he bent down closer over

Florence's white, strained-back lips, and shook his head again. "Prussic acid," he said, "without a doubt!"

They searched quietly for any evidence, and then the phial was dragged from beneath Fanny's pillow. She had been avenged! Florence would never marry Captain Calverley, and the necklace of gleaming diamonds was found too late!

CHAPTER VI.

We left Ned Carrow round a corner. Round the corner was a blank wall, against which he leant, while he turned over his mind a very important question.

It was a question he had turned over ever so many times during the last two weeks of his sea life, without arriving at any satisfactory conclusion, and now, for the hundredth time, he asked himself, "What's to become of me?"

It is a fine large city is London, and a foot sore wanderer may easily spend a month perambulating its broad surfaces without passing twice down the same street.

There are handsome hotels and eating-houses in London, through the plate-glass windows of which a hungry man is perfect liberty, and without expense, to read a long bill of fare of choice dishes. There are palatial tailor-shops, where ragged and shivering men may contemplate gratuitously the latest improvements in warm winter clothing.

There are money changers, where he may change English money for foreign, or foreign for English, providing only that he has one or the other to change. There are bakers, where bread is always down again, though, perhaps, not down quite as low as his price even yet. The sun in London shines quite brightly enough for shabby clothes, and the air is quite fresh and strong enough for empty stomachs.

If anything, perhaps, there are about two million and a half too many people, or otherwise there might not be quite much difficulty in finding this poor wail and stray a mouthful of food the rest could spare. A rich city, a magnificent city as good a city to starve to death in, stowed away at night some nice quiet hole or corner, as any I know of.

When our rascal set foot in London, he did so without a single penny-piece to bless himself with. At the first part of the voyage he had been popular enough, and, knowing that wealth he possessed in the diamond necklace he had stolen, had neglected to obtain any pecuniary assistance from the other passengers, which he might easily enough have done.

But by the unpleasant affair of the lost locket, he made enemy of everybody on board, for the general impression was that he had not been robbed at all. He was, therefore, unable to raise any funds, and landed in London a beggar.

How to begin? He had a tolerably good suit of clothes on his back, and he had a good address. To find credit at a hotel for a good dinner and a bed was no difficult matter; but what then?

This is too late in the day to make a long story of Ned Carrow's town adventures. If he failed at last, it was not for want of trying. He tried all sorts of things with amazing spirit. He answered advertisements, and advertised himself.

As he stood gazing from his hotel window on the ceaseless traffic in the street below, he said to himself, "There are sure to be nine fools among every twelve passers by. Why are fools so into the world? Why, indeed, unless it is for the sharper folk to prey upon them? Shall not I find enough to live upon among all these? It is a pity if I do not. At any rate, I will try."

He did try, then, as I have said; but, strange to say, found the fools less profitable than he had expected. There were, perhaps, too many other gallant sportsmen bent on bringing them down; and it stands to reason that if a fool's money are soon parted, when the parting has taken place there are no pickings left for those who come after.

It came to pass, therefore, that Ned Carrow sank into the lowest depths of poverty, and finding it impossible to earn his living out of doors, shut himself up in his attic, and made his mind to starve to death, as gently as might be, without making any fuss about the matter.

He had got to be so woefully shabby, he did not like to venture out in the day time. The nights were very wet and cold, and in his weak state the exposure soon told upon him. He fell ill, and took to his bed, and as he lay there undisturbed, the recollection of that other ick man left alone to die, came back forcibly to his mind, and he felt that heaven's vengeance had in its turn fallen upon him, and that his end had come.

He lay for some days in a half-unconscious state, perfectly unheeded by the other inmates of the house, for the hire of

miserable rooms it contained did not include any attendance. The lodgers were at perfect liberty to come in and go out when they listed; to live or die, for what the landlord cared, as long as the rent was well paid up, and there was no trouble with the parish authorities.

No one troubled Ned Carrow.

He might have died, as the song says, several times over, and no one would have been likely to miss him. His next-door neighbors on the same landing did not know his name.

Ah, London is a horrible monster, to swallow up flesh and blood in great gulps! It is only such pictures of squalid, friendless misery as this I am painting that brings the full ruth of the callous selfishness of its feverish life well home to you.

It is a sort of joke to think one does not know the people living in the same street, next door to one; but what do you say to a house full of strangers—a sort of human ant-hill, only ants with a divided purpose—selfish ants, each for himself, and old What's-his-name take the hindermost?

Ned Carrow slunk up stairs, gathering his rags closely around him, lest they should brush against the garments of a woman passing down as he went up; and, unlocking his room door, locked it again hastily as soon as he had got inside.

It was the merry Christmas season, this, and the snow lay half a foot deep in some quiet places, even about the London streets. It was a season of festivity and universal good will to all, and it was bitterly cold.

Most of the windows of the private houses were gaily lit up. The sounds of merriment echoed on the chilly air. Some miserable and forlorn wretches, being homeless too, screwed themselves together as close as might be, and froze to death in forgotten corners.

Ned Carrow had no invitation. I cannot say he was not wanted. Some small expenses in printing had been gone to on his account by the Metropolitan Police. He was posted outside several stations. Some descriptive detail relating to him was also to be found in the "Hue and Cry."

There were several persons here and there—the great Knabsman, among the rest—who would very much have liked to lay a hand upon him; but Slippery Ned had given them all the double, as he called it; and here he was, safe and sound, without a soul in the world having an idea where his hiding place was situated.

"They are at liberty to know all about it in a day or two," he said, with a bitter smile. "They're free to the use of my room, too, when they come, if they'll only wait till I've done with it. How long will that be, I wonder?"

He fell to thinking here. How long would it be? How long could a starving man do without food? He had heard of one who so lived a month—Oh, stop! Was that a rat? It must have been a rat, or a weasel!

"I hope I shan't hang on in that way, or I'll outlive the term of my lodgings, and they'll come and bother me."

They certainly would have done so. There was little credit, and less consideration, in this squalid dwelling, and the landlord's demand for the rent was followed always, at an alarmingly small interval, by the issue of an execution.

But Ned Carrow did not expect to have to turn out. He already felt half dead with fatigue, hunger and sickness. He could do no more but lie down and gasp out the few hours of life remaining to him. They could only be a few.

Therefore he lay down wearily, and lay at rest.

The sun sank, the night set in. The winter's wind howled round the house. Day broke, the sun rose, and still the outcast rascal lay dying.

The day wore slowly out, the darkness gathered round him. He grew light-headed, and sat up and chattered and laughed. The moonlight stole in to peep at him, and danced round his head, upon his hollow cheeks, upon his matted hair and grizzled beard, upon his half glazed eyes fixed vacantly upon the blindless casement.

As, of course, there never was, since the world began, a rule without an exception—for the most part, I have found human rules have more exceptions than examples—there was in the house an exception to the rule of selfish ants.

Ned Carrow's next-door neighbor, then, was not entirely indifferent to Ned Carrow's welfare. Any reader of any experience must understand, even before I go further, that this neighbor was a woman.

She was a young woman—a young girl, as beautiful as poor girl ever is—for poverty is the very worst cosmetic—and as happy as a poor girl had time to be, who had to work very hard for a very little money, a great many too many hours of the day and night.

This girl, who was brown-haired and soft-eyed, was nineteen, at most, and was quite friendless. Left, when a child, to the care of mercenary wretches, who had robbed the poor child, and turned her from the door, she had faced the world with a brave heart, and had fought the battle of life single-handed, with that high courage, in the face of difficulty and danger, which only she young and inexperienced can summon to their aid.

She worked, then, at no matter what—at some laborious, nerve-shaking, sight-trying trade, such as there are many of in London—blunting young lives in the high warehouses of the city.

She got up before it was light, worked until after it was dark, and came home singing blithely to her bare walled attic—full of hope, though her lot seemed hopeless, and full of thankfulness that things were no worse.

Your regular romantic heroine would have pined away under these circumstances, as she faints always in the hour of danger, and drops a dead weight, very inconsiderately, into her lover's arms. But this young girl sang, as she worked, more merrily than any number of larks you may choose to mention, and "held up" right bravely.

It was the young girl Edward Carrow had met as he went up stairs to lock himself in his room. She had often noticed him. He was a handsome, though a shabby and ragged, gentleman.

Having what is called a noble cast of countenance, she supposed him to have a hero's soul. She thought him some genius, struggling—starving.

Taking the interest described in her vagabond neighbor, it was not unnatural that she should turn head as he went up stairs, and note him pass into his room. It struck her he had a very down cast, gloomy air more downcast and gloomy than usual.

"Poor fellow! he is very unfortunate," she said to herself, "and a real gentleman. How hard the life must be to him, and what a dreadful place to live in, when he has been used to such a different home!"

When she returned home—she was on her way out to make some small purchases when she met him—she heard Carrow moving to and fro in his room. Next day, and the next, she stopped at home to do some piece-work she had brought home with her, and the partition between the rooms being of the thinnest, she could hear her fellow-lodger occasionally moving about.

"What is he doing at home so long, I wonder?" she said to herself, for generally he went out a great deal.

At night she heard him talking.

"He has got company," she thought, and she listened with her ear against the wall. But his talk sounded strange and wild. When she caught a few words here and there, it was of a shipwreck, and a desert island, and a sick man left to starve in a cave.

"It's some poetry or a play he has made up," the young girl thought.

It was, however, somewhat surprising that he should keep up this mad chatter so persistently so far into the night; and as the hours passed he grew louder and wilder, and the little girl, listening, became very frightened.

But next morning, and through the day till afternoon, there was a death-like silence in the adjoining chamber; and the listener, growing more frightened still, made up her mind to do a desperate deed, and knocked with her knuckles at the wall. But there was no answer.

"I am sure, though, he has not gone out," she said, and then knocked again.

Presently, she went out upon the landing, and rapped at his door; but he made no answer. She hammered loudly, but with the same result, and then louder again.

"He's ill!" she thought; "perhaps dead!"

Now the arrangements of the house had been made with a view to strict economy; therefore, the landlord had taken several locks of the same pattern for the sake of having them at a reduced price. The lock of her room and that of the poet were of the same mould, and she unlocked his door with her key.

When she had done so, she found him lying in bed, not quite dead, but very nearly so.

Most certainly the villain did not deserve an angel's visit, but then there are so many villains do not deserve the sort of things who are always getting them.

He would have died, sure enough, before another twenty-four hours had passed over his head, had she not come to his

aid. She called a doctor in, and offered to pay him for his visit.

She bought the sick man some little luxuries out of her slender purse; and, oh! how slender that purse was! She watched by his bedside with unflagging patience, working the while as hard as ever her nimble little fingers could work.

One day he opened his eyes, and broke a long silence with a curse. He wanted to know where he was—what he had been doing—why he had not been allowed to die in peace?

She told him her little story with trembling eloquence, and, telling him, told more than she had wished to tell, for she told him the secret of her love.

When, presently, he recovered sufficiently to tell her something of his history, she learnt, with some disappointment, that he was not a poet; and, with delight, that he had led a wild and adventurous life, and seen strange lands and people.

Upon the subject of his wrongs our friend had plenty to say. Everybody since his childhood had cheated him. He had worked hard for money, and in a shipwreck had lost every farthing he possessed in the world, except an enormously valuable diamond necklace, that he had carried safely through a thousand dangers, only to be snatched away by a robbers' hand at last.

When he had described how it was stolen, the girl said, "Why not advertise for it? Perhaps the person who has got it might be sorry for what he has done, when he hears how poor you are owing to his crime."

At this advice, the man of the world burst out laughing.

"If I had five shillings, I shouldn't waste it that way, I don't think."

Five days after this conversation.

"An old woman wants to know if any one of the name of Carrow lives here?"

"Yes."

"She has a packet for him, which she wants to deliver into his own hands."

"He is too ill to see any one. I will take the message."

The young girl came to see her friend with eyes that glistened with delight.

"What do you think I have got here? You will never guess. You recollect our talking about an advertisement for a diamond necklace that was lost? Now, don't agitate yourself—will you promise to be quite quiet if I tell you? Well, then, an old woman has brought it."

"Brought it?"

"Yes, to be sure."

"But why—how?"

"Why—how? Why, because I advertised."

It was the truth. An old charwoman had brought back the long-lost diamond necklace; and, having delivered it, made off in great agitation, seemingly half scared out of her wits.

He was scarcely able to stand without support, yet, taking advantage of the momentary absence of his nurse, Carrow had stolen out, and somehow crawled down stairs into the street. She came back to find him gone, the room door standing open, and the wind blowing to and fro the flaring flame of the candle.

In the next street there lived an old Jew, who had a bad name with the police. Hither he bent his steps, and showed the jewels he had for sale. But the Jew, amazed by their value, refused to deal with him, and, seeing how weak he was, tried to take them from him.

"How did you come by this, my fine fellow? We must have some particulars."

"I came by it honestly enough. It is no business of yours. Let me pass."

"I don't know that I shall."

"Very well, I must see if I can make you." And he drew forth a knife he had fortunately brought with him.

Only with his life he escaped; but the Jew and an associate watched him home, and vowed they would have the treasure.

Ned Carrow staggered into the room, more dead than alive, and found his benefactress in tears. She ran towards him, and caught his hand in hers.

"I knew you had not deserted me," he said. "I thought that now you were rich."

"No, no! I meant to come back."

She smiled through her tears.

"I knew you would, but sometimes people never come back. How many weary years have I been waiting for my poor father to come! He was a sailor, as I have told you. He quarrelled with his friends and ran away to sea, leaving my mother and

me with my mother's friends. And he sent several letters to us, saying he was coming home. Perhaps he may come, yet."

"I hope so. He shall have his share of my diamonds, too, he does. By the way, what was your father's name and you? I've always called you Little Nurse and Lucy. Have another name besides Lucy?"

"Of course, I have," she answered, laughing. "My name is Lucy Westlake—my father's name is Thomas."

Back, with those fatal words, came the recollection of a desert island—of a famished creature clinging to the rocks and signalling hopelessly to the ship which had left him to die. Was it the hand of heaven that had brought him thus face to face with the dead man's child? To what end?

Very early next morning, Ned Carrow's bright-eyed guardian angel came knocking at the door. There was no answer, and she knocked again and again. Turning the handle, she found the door unlocked, the room untenanted, and a letter and a packet, directed to her, lying on the table.

"I am a wretch you should never have known," this letter said; "for your pure nature could never realize a being so base and treacherous. The diamonds are yours. They were your father's."

What had become of this conscience-stricken villain? Ned never knew.

But there were those who could have told the end of an unhappy story. There was a Jew dealer in stolen goods and his accomplice, who could have told her, had they chosen, how they had waylaid and stunned a man that night, upon the river's bank, thinking to find a rich booty on his body.

There was a grey-haired, hard-voiced sailor, too, who had seen Ned Carrow passing in the street, and dogged his footsteps down to the river, and who came upon him—thank heaven, not too late—to find the deed was done already, which would have done himself—for Thomas Westlake found Ned Carrow dead.

Yes, he had returned, miraculously snatched from death. Thomas Westlake had returned to England; had made fruitless search for his child, and the man who had so basely deserted him.

But here, at last, he had found him. He followed him with a trembling eagerness through the busy streets, with no eyes for aught else; followed him on, on in his purposeless wanderings, until they reached a lonely spot—just such a spot as it had been the picking, he would have chosen for his work he had to do.

"What work?"

He set his hat more tightly on his brows, and spoke between his clenched teeth.

"I'll strangle his coward's life out of him!"

But, at this moment, there glided past him, in the gloom, two stealthy figures. They had not noticed him where he stood in the deep shadow. In an instant afterwards, they were upon their victim.

A rain of savage blows—a stifled cry—a hasty search, interrupted by Westlake's approach—and the assassins, flying, left the victim dead on the mud and shingle.

Thomas Westlake found in the dead man's pocket, though a richer treasure than the diamond necklace the villain had stolen, for he found a scrap of paper with an address, which helped him presently to the whereabouts of his daughter.

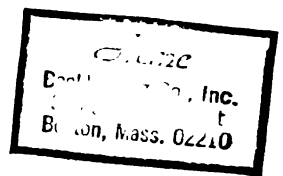
She was sitting with Carrow's letter in her hand, still wondering what horrible mystery the strange words signified.

She heard a heavy footstep on the stairs, and dreading some calamity, came running to the door, carrying a candle in her hand.

She did not recognize the rough, weather-beaten man; but she stood there in the bright light, the recollection of long years ago came back. He saw there the face of the woman he had loved—the who was dead—whose heart he had broken.

It needed but a few words on either side to reveal the truth, and the father caught his lost darling sobbing to his heart.

There came a time when Lucy lived to forget her worthless love, and found another lover worthy of her. I fancy I have told the old sailor—he's a rich old sailor now—telling his long story: a miraculous escape from a desert island, and how a ship picked him up within three days of his desertion; and such is the story we now extract from the pages of BOB BELLS, with which to close the second volume of the UTAH MAGAZINE.





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